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# THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

WRITTEN BY SIR
PHILIP SIDNEY
Knight.

NOW THE THIRD TIME
published, with sundry new additions
of the same Author.

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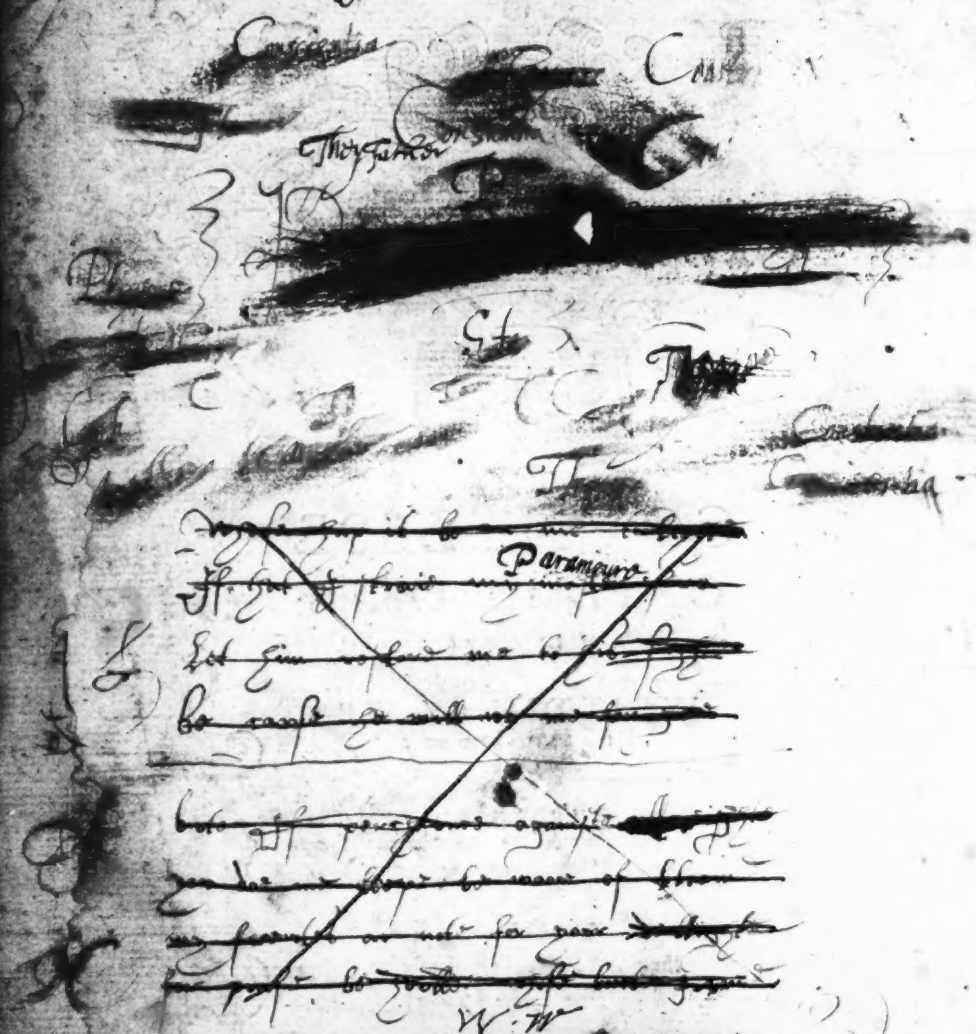
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# TO MY DEARE LADY AND SISTER, THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.

HEre now haue you (moſt deare, and moſt worthie to bee moſt deare Ladie) this idle work of mine: which I feare (like the Spider webbe) will bee thought fitter to bee ſwept away, then worne to any other purpoſe. For my part, in very trueth (as the cruell fathers among the Greekes, were wont to doe to the babes they would not foſter) I could well find in my heart, to caſt out in ſome deſert of forgetfulnes this child, which I am loth to father. But you deſired me to do it, and your deſire, to my heart is an abſolute commandement. Now, it is done onely for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your ſelfe, or to ſuch friends, who will weigh errors in the ballance of good will, I hope, for the fathers ſake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it ſelfe it haue deformities. For indeed, for ſeuerer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your deare ſelfe can beſt witnes the maner, being done in looſe ſheetes of paper, moſt of it in your preſence, the reſt, by ſheetes, ſent vnto you, as faſt as they were done. In ſumme, a yong head, not ſo well ſtaied as I would it were, (and ſhall bee when God

will) hauing many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in ſome way deliuered, would haue growne a monſter, and more ſory might I be that they came in, then that they gat out. But his chiefe ſafety, ſhall be the not walking abroad; and his chiefe protection, the bearing the liuerie of your name; which (if much much good will do not deceiue me) is worthy to be a ſanctuary for a greater offender. This ſay I, becauſe I know the vertue ſo; and this ſay I, becauſe it may be euer ſo, or to ſay better, becauſe it will be euer ſo. Reade it then at your idle times, and the follies your good iudgement will finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And ſo, looking for no better ſtuffe, then, as in a Haberdaſhers ſhop, glaſſes, or feathers, you will continue to loue the writer, who doth exceedingly loue you, and moſte moſte heartilie praies you may long liue, to be a principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

# THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA, VVRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEI.

## *The firſt Booke.*

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparell againſt the approch of her louer, and that the Sun running a moſt euen courſe, becomes an indifferent arbiter betweene the night and the day; when the hopeleſſe ſhepheard *Strephon* was come to the ſands, which lie againſt the Iſland of Cithera; where viewing the place with a heauy kind of delight, and ſometimes caſting his eyes to the Iſleward, he called his friendly riuall, the paſtor *Claius* vnto him, and ſetting firſt downe in his darkened countenance a dolefull copie of what he would ſpeake: O my *Claius*, ſaide he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are ſo called vnto by ouer-buſie Remembrance, Remembrance, reſtleſſe Remembrance, which claymes not only this dutie of vs, but for it will haue vs forget our ſelues. I pray you when we were amid our flocke, and that of other ſhepheards ſome were running after their ſheepe ſtraied beyond their bounds, ſome delighting their eyes with ſeeing them nibble vpon the ſhort & ſweet graſſe, ſome medicining their ſicke ewes, ſome ſetting a bell for an enſigne of a ſheepiſh ſquadron, ſome with more leaſure inuenting new games of exerciſing their bodies and ſporting their wits: did Remembrance graunt vs any holiday, either for paſtime or deuotion, nay either for neceſſary foode or naturall reſt? but that ſtill it forced our thoughts to worke vpon this place, where we laſt (alas that the word laſt ſhould ſo long laſt) did graze our eyes vpon her euer floriſhing beautie: did it not ſtill crie within vs? Ah you baſe minded wretches, are your thoughts ſo deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for reſpect of gaine ſome paultry wooll may yeeld you, to let ſo much time paſſe without knowing perfectly her eſtate, eſpecially in ſo troubleſome a ſeaſon? to leaue that ſhore vnſaluted, from whence you may ſee to the Iſland where ſhe dwelleth? to leaue thoſe ſteps vnkiſſed wherein *Vrania* printed the farewell of all beautie? Wel then, Remembrance commaunded, we obeyd, & here we find, that as our remembrance came euer cloathed vnto vs in the forme of this place, ſo this place giues new heate to the feauer of our languiſhing remembrance. Yonder my *Claius*, *Vrania* lighted, the verie horſe (me thought) bewayled to be ſo disburdned: and as for thee, poore *Claius*, when thou wentſt to help her downe, I ſaw reuerence and deſire ſo deuide thee, that thou didſt at one inſtant both bluſh and quake, and in ſtead of bearing her, weart readie to fall

down thy ſelfe. There ſhe ſate, vouchſafing my cloake (then moſt gorgeous) vnder her: at yonder riſing of the ground ſhee turned her ſelfe, looking backe toward her woonted abode, and becauſe of her parting, bearing much ſorrow in her eyes, the lightſomneſſe whereof had yet ſo naturall a cherefulneſſe, as it made euen ſorrow ſeeme to ſmile; at that turning ſhee ſpake to vs all, opening the cherrie of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine eares did feed vpon the ſweete words ſhe vttered? And here ſhe laide her hand ouer thine eyes, when ſhee ſaw the teares ſpringing in them, as if ſhee would conceale them from other, and yet her ſelfe feele ſome of thy ſorrow: But woe is me, yonder, yonder, did ſhee put her foote into the boate, at that inſtant, as it were diuiding her heauenly beautie, betweene the Earth and the Sea. But when ſhe was imbarked, did you not marke how the windes whiſtled, and the ſeas daunſt for ioy, how the ſailes did ſwell with pride, & all becauſe they had *Vrania*? O *Vrania*, bleſſed be thou *Vrania*, the ſweeteſt fairneſſe and faireſt ſweetneſſe: with that word his voice brake ſo with ſobbing, that he could ſay no further; and *Claius* thus anſwered; Alas my *Strephon* (ſaid he) what needes this skore to recken vp onely our loſſes? What doubt is there, but that the ſight of this place doth call our thoughts to appeare at the court of affection, held by that racking ſteward, Remembrance? Aſwell may ſheepe forget to feare when they ſpie woolues, as we can miſſe ſuch fancies, when we ſee any place made happie by her treading. Who can chooſe that ſaw her but thinke where ſhe ſtayed, where ſhe walkt, where ſhe turned, where ſhe ſpoke? But what is all this? truely no more, but as this place ſerued vs to thinke of thoſe things, ſo thoſe things ſerue as places to call to memorie more excellent matters. No, no, let vs thinke with conſideration, and conſider with acknowledging, & acknowledge with admiration, & admire with loue, and loue with ioy in the midſt of all woes: let vs in ſuch ſort thinke, I ſay, that our poore eyes were ſo inriched as to behold, & our lowe hearts ſo exalted as to loue a maide, who is ſuch, that as the greateſt thing the world can ſhewe, is her beautie, ſo the leaſt thing that may be praiſed in her, is her beautie. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleaſant to behold, then two white kiddes climbing vp a faire tree, and browſing on his tendreſt branches, and yet are nothing, compared to the day-ſhining ſtarres contained in them; and as her breath is more ſweete then a gentle South-weſt wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fieldes and ſhadowed waters in the extreame heate of ſommer, and yet is nothing, compared to the hony flowing ſpeach that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can ſee of her (though when they haue ſeene her, what elſe they ſhall euer ſee is but drie ſtubble after clouers graſſe) is to be matched with the flocke of vnſpeakeable vertues, laid vp delightfully in that beſt builded fold. But in deed as we can better conſider the ſunnes beautie, by marking how he guildes theſe waters and mountaines, then by looking vpon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: ſo it may be our conceits (not able to beare her ſun-ſtayning excellencie) will better way it by her workes vpon ſome meaner ſubiect employed. And alas, who can better witneſſe that then we, whoſe experience is grounded vpon feeling? hath not the onely loue of her made vs (being ſilly ignorant ſhepheards) raiſe vp our thoughts aboue the ordinary leuell of the world, ſo as great clearks doe not diſdaine our conference? hath not the deſire to ſeeme worthie in her eyes, made vs when others were ſleeping, to ſit viewing the courſe of heauens? when others were running at baſe, to runne ouer learned writings? when other marke their ſheepe, we to marke our ſelues? hath not ſhe throwne reaſon vpon our deſires, and, as it were giuen eyes vnto *Cupid*? hath in any, but in her, loue-fellowſhip maintained

friendſhip

friendſhip between riuals, & beautie taught the beholders chaſtitie? He was going on with his praiſes, but *Strephon* bad him ſtay, and looke: and ſo they both perceiued a thing which floated drawing nearer and nearer to the banke; but rather by the fauourable working of the Sea, then by any ſelf induſtrie. They doubted a while what it ſhould be; till it was caſt vp euen hard before them: at which time they fully ſaw that it was a man. Wherupon running for pitie ſake vnto him, they found his hands (as it ſhould appeare, conſtanter friends to his life than his memorie) faſt griping vpon the edge of a ſquare ſmall coffer, which lay all vnder his breaſt: els in him ſelfe no ſhew of life, ſo as the boord ſeemed to be but a beere to carrie him a land to his Sepulcher. So drew they vp a yong man of ſo goodly ſhape, & well pleaſing fauour, that one would thinke death had in him a louely countenance; and, that though he were naked, nakedneſſe was to him an apparell. That ſight increaſed their compaſſion, and their compaſſion called vp their care; ſo that lifting his feete aboue his head, making a great deale of ſalt water come out of his mouth, they layd him vpon ſome of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recouer both breath the ſeruant, and warmth the companion of liuing. At length opening his eyes, he gaue a great groan, (a doleful note but a pleaſant dittie) for by that, they found not onely life, but ſtrength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, vntil (his ſpirits being well returned,) he (without ſo much as thanking them for their paines) gate vp, and looking round about to the vttermoſt limits of his ſight, and crying vpon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor ſeeing nor hearing cauſe of comfort, what (ſaid he) and ſhall *Muſidorus* liue after *Pyrocles* deſtruction? therewithall hee offered wilfully to caſt himſelfe againe into the ſea: a ſtrange ſight to the ſhepheards, to whom it ſeemed, that before being in apparance dead, had yet ſaued his life, and now comming to his life, ſhould be a cauſe to procure his death; but they ranne vnto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force ſtickled that vnnaturall fray. I pray you (ſaid he) honeſt men, what ſuch right haue you in me, as not to ſuffer me to do with my ſelfe what I liſt? and what pollicie haue you to beſtowe a benefite where it is counted an iniury? They hearing him ſpeake in Greeke (which was their naturall language) became the more tender hearted towards him; and conſidering by his calling, and looking, that the loſſe of ſome deare friend was great cauſe of his ſorrow; tolde him, they were poore men that were bounde by courſe of humanitie to preuent ſo great a miſchiefe; and that they wiſht him, if opinion of ſome bodies periſhing bred ſuch deſperate anguiſh in him, that he ſhould be comforted by his own proofe, who had lately eſcaped as apparant danger as any might be. No, no (ſaid he) it is not for me to attend ſo high a bliſſefulnes: but ſince you take care of me, I pray you find meanes that ſome Barke may be prouided, that wil go out of the hauen, that if it be poſſible we may find the bodie farre farre too precious a food for fiſhes: and for the hire (ſaid he) I haue within this caſket, of value ſufficient to content them. *Claius* preſently went to a Fiſherman, & hauing agreed with him, & prouided ſome apparell for the naked ſtranger, he imbarked, & the Shepheards with him: and were no ſooner gone beyond the mouth of the hauen, but that ſome way into the ſea they might diſcerne (as it were) a ſtaine of the waters colour, & by times ſome ſparkes & ſmoke mounting thereout. But the yong man no ſooner ſaw it, but that beating his breaſt, he cried, that there was the beginning of his ruine, intreating them to bend their courſe as neere vnto it as they could: telling, how that ſmoke was but a ſmall relique of a great fire, which had driuen both him & his friend rather to commit themſelues to the cold mercie of the

ſea,than to abide the hot crueltie of the fire : and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ſhip, that he was (if any where) in that courſe to be met withall. They ſteared therefore as neare thither-ward as they could: but when they came ſo near as their eies were ful maſters of the obiect, they ſaw a ſight ful of piteous ſtrãgeneſſe: a ſhip, or rather the carkas of the ſhip, or rather ſome few bones of the carkas, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death hauing vſed more than one dart to that deſtruction. About it floted great ſtore of very rich things, and many cheſtes which might promiſe no leſſe. And amidſt the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewiſe did not only teſtifie both elements violence, but that the chiefe violence was growne of humane inhumanity: for their bodies were full of griſly wounds, and their bloud had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the ſeas viſage: which it ſeemed the ſea would not waſh away, that it might witneſſe it is not alwaies his fault, when we condemne his crueltie. In ſumme, a defeate, where the conquered kept both field and ſpoile: a ſhipwrack without ſtorme or ill footing: and a waſt of fire in the midſt of the water.

But a little way off they ſaw the maſt, whoſe proude height now lay along; like a widdow hauing loſt her make of whom ſhe held her honour: but vpon the maſt they ſaw a yong man (at leaſt if hee were a man) bearing ſhew of about 18. yeares of age, who ſate (as on horſebacke) hauing nothing vpon him but his ſhirt, which being wrought with blew ſilke and gold; had a kind of reſemblance to the ſea : on which the ſun (then neare his Weſterne home) did ſhoote ſome of his beames. His haire (which the young man of Greece vſed to weare very long) was ſtirred vp and downe with the wind, which ſeemed to haue a ſport to play with it, as the ſea had to kiſſe his feete; himſelfe full of admirable beautie, ſet foorth by the ſtrangeneſſe both of his ſeate and geſture: for, holding his head vp full of vnmoued maieſtie, he held a ſword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waued about his crowne, as though he wold threaten the world in that extremitie. But the fiſhermen, when they came ſo neare him, that it was time to throwe out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their ſimplicity bred ſuch amaſement, and their amaſement ſuch ſuperſtition, that (aſſuredly thinking it was ſome God begotten betweene *Neptune* & *Venus*, that had made all this terrible ſlaughter) as they went vnder ſaile by him, held vp their hands and made their praiers. Which when *Muſidorus* ſaw, though he were almoſt as much rauiſhed with ioy, as they with aſtoniſhment, he leapt to the Mariner, and tooke the cord out of his hand and (ſaying, doeſt thou liue, and art well? who anſwered, thou canſt tell beſt, ſince moſt of my well being ſtands in thee,) threwe it out, but alreadie the ſhippe was paſt beyond *Pyrocles* : and therefore *Muſidorus* could doe no more but perſwade the Mariners to caſt about againe, aſſuring them that he was but a man, although of moſt deuine excellencies, and promiſing great rewards for their paine.

And now they were alreadie come vpon the ſtaies; when one of the ſailers deſcried a Galley which came with ſailes and oares directly in the chaſe of them; and ſtreight perceiued it was a wel knowne Pirate, who hunted not only for goods but for bodies of men, which he emploied either to be his Galley ſlaues, or to ſell at the beſt market. Which when the Maiſter vnderſtood, he commaunded foorthwith to ſet on all the canuaſſe they could, and flie homeward, leauing in that ſort poore *Pyrocles* ſo neare to be reſcued. But what did not *Muſidorus* ſaie? what did he not offer to perſwade them to venture the fight? But feare ſtanding at the gates of their eares, put backe all perſwaſions: ſo that he had nothing wherewith to accompanie

*Pyrocles*,

*Pyrocles*, but his eyes; nor to ſuccour him, but his wiſhes. Therefore praying for him, and caſting a long looke that way, he ſaw the Galley leaue the purſuite of them, and turne to take vp the ſpoiles of the other wracke: and laſtly he might well ſee them lift vp the young man; and alas (ſaid hee to himſelfe) deare *Pyrocles* ſhall that body of thine be enchained? ſhal thoſe victorious hãds of thine be cõmanded to baſe offices? ſhal vertue becõe a ſlaue to thoſe that be ſlaues to viciouſneſſe? Alas, better had it bin thou hadſt ended nobly thy noble daies: what death is ſo euil as vnworthy ſeruitude? But that opinion ſoone ceaſed, when he ſaw the gallie ſetting vpon another ſhippe, which held long and ſtrong fight with her: for then he began afreſh to feare the life of his friend, & to wiſh well to the Pirates whom before he hated, leaſt in their ruine he might periſh. But the fiſhermen made ſuch ſpeede into the hauen, that they abſented his eyes from beholding the iſſue: where being entred, he could procure neither them nor any other as then to put themſelues into the ſea: ſo that being as ful of ſorrow for being vnable to do any thing, as voide of counſell how to do any thing, beſides, that ſickneſſe grew ſomething vpon him, the honeſt ſhepheards *Strephon* & *Claius* (who being themſelues true friends, did the more perfectly iudge the iuſtneſſe of his ſorrow) aduiſe him, that he ſhould mitigate ſomwhat of his woe, ſince he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from aſſured perſwaſion of his death, to haue no cauſe to diſpaire of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his ſheepe, ſhould after know they were but ſtraied, would receiue pleaſure though readily he knew not where to find them.

Now ſir (ſaid they) thus for our ſelues it is; We are in profeſſion but ſhepheards, and in this countrie of Laconia little better then ſtraungers, and therefore neither in skill, nor ability of power greatly to ſtead you. But what we can preſent vnto you is this: Arcadia, of which countrie we are, is but a little way hence; and euen vpon the next confines there dwelleth a Gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchſafeth much fauour vnto vs: A man who for his hoſpitalitie is ſo much haunted, that no newes ſtirre, but comes to his eares; for his vpright dealing ſo beloued of his neighbours, that he hath many euer readie to doe him their vttermoſt ſeruice, and by the great good will our Prince beares him, may ſoone obtaine the vſe of his name and credit, which hath a principall ſwaie, not onely in his owne Arcadia, but in all theſe countries of *Peloponneſus*: & (which is worth all) all theſe things giue him not ſo much power, as his nature giues him will to benefit: ſo that it ſeemes no Muſick is ſo ſweet to his eare as deſerued thanks. To him we will bring you, & there you may recouer againe your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent ſearch for your friend: and therefore you muſt labour for it. Beſides, we are ſure the comfort of curteſie, and eaſe of wiſe counſell ſhall not be wanting.

*Muſidorus* (who beſides he was meerly vnacquainted in the countrie, had his wits aſtoniſhed with ſorrow) gaue eaſie conſent to that, from which hee ſaw no reaſon to diſagree: and therefore (defraying the Mariners with a ring beſtowed vpon them) they tooke their iourney together through *Laconia*; *Claius* and *Strephon* by courſe carying his cheſt for him, *Muſidorus* only bearing in his countenance euident markes of a ſorrowful mind ſupported with a weake bodie, which they perceiuing, and knowing that the violence of ſorrow is not at the firſt to be ſtriuen withall: (being like a mighty beaſt, ſooner tamed with following, than ouerthrowne by withſtanding) they gaue way vnto it for that day and the next; neuer troubling him, either with asking queſtions, or finding fault with his melancholie, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous diſcourſes of their owne and other folks misfortune. Which

ſpeeches, though they had not a liuely entrance to his ſences ſhut vp in ſorow, yet like one halfe aſleepe he tooke hold of much of the matters ſpoken vnto him, ſo as a man may ſay, ere ſorow was aware, they made his thoughts beare away ſomething els beſide his own ſorow, which wrought ſo in him, that at length he grew content to marke their ſpeeches, then to maruell at ſuch wit in ſhepheards, after to like their company, and laſtly to vouchſafe conference: ſo that the third day after, in the time that the morning did ſtrow roſes & violets in the heauenly floore againſt the comming of the Sun, the nightingales (ſtriuing one with the other which could in moſt dainty varietie recount their wrong cauſed ſorow) made them put off their ſleep, & riſing from vnder a tree (which that night had bin their pauilion) they went on their iorney, which by and by welcomed *Muſidorus* eyes (wearied with the waſted ſoile of Laconia) with delightfull proſpects. There were hilles which garniſhed their proud heights with ſtately trees: humble valleis, whoſe baſe eſtate ſeemed comforted with refreſhing of ſiluer riuers: medowes, enameld with allſortes of ey-pleaſing floures: thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſant ſhade, were witneſſed ſo too, by the cherefull depoſition of many wel-tuned birds: ech paſture ſtored with ſheepe feeding with ſober ſecuritie, while the pretie lambes with bleating oratorie craued the dams comfort: here a ſhepheards boy piping, as though he ſhould neuer be old: there a yong ſhepherdeſſe knitting, and withall ſinging, and it ſeemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voices muſick. As for the houſes of the country (for many houſes came vnder their eye) they were all ſcattered, no two being one by th' other, & yet not ſo far off as that it barred mutuall ſuccor: a ſhew, as it were, of an accompanable ſolitarines, & of a ciuil wildnes. I pray you (ſaid *Muſidorus*, then firſt vnſealing his long ſilent lips) what countreyes be theſe we paſſe through, which are ſo diuers in ſhewe, the one wanting no ſtore, th'other hauing no ſtore but of want.

The country (anſwered *Claius*) where you were caſt a ſhore, and now are paſt through, is Laconia, not ſo poore by the barrennes of the ſoyle (though in it ſelfe not paſſing fertill) as by a ciuill warre, which being theſe two yeares within the bowels of that eſtate, betweene the gentlemen and the peaſants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this ſorte as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it ſo vnhoſpitall as now you haue found it: the townes neither of the one ſide nor the other, willingly opening their gates to ſtrangers, nor ſtrangers willingly entring for feare of being miſtaken.

But this countrie (where now you ſet your foot) is Arcadia: & euen hard by is the houſe of *Kalander* whither we leade you: this country being thus decked with peace, & (the child of peace) good husbandrie. Theſe houſes you ſee ſo ſcattered are of men, as we two are, that liue vpon the commoditie of their ſheepe: and therefore in the diuiſiō of the Arcadian eſtate are termed ſhepheards; a happy people, wanting litle, becauſe they deſire not much. What cauſe then ſaide *Muſidorus*, made you venter to leaue this ſweet life, and put your ſelfe in yonder vnpleaſant and dangerous realme? Guarded with pouertie (anſwered *Strephon*) and guided with loue. But now (ſaid *Claius*) ſince it hath pleaſed you to aske any thing of vs whoſe baſenes is ſuch as the very knowledge is darknes: geue vs leaue to know ſomething of you, and of the yong man you ſo much lament, that at leaſt we may be the better inſtructed to enforme *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Muſidorus* (according to the agreement betweene *Pyrocles* & him to alter their names) anſwered, that he called himſelfe *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I haue

him

him againe (ſaid he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my ſtorie is of nothing, his entertainment (ſince ſo good a man he is) cannot be ſo low as I account my eſtate: and in ſumme, the ſumme of all his curteſie may be to help me by ſome meanes to ſeeke my friend.

They perceiued he was not willing to open himſelfe further, and therefore without further queſtioning brought him to the houſe; about which they might ſee (with fit conſideration both of the aire, the proſpect, and the nature of the ground) all ſuch neceſſarie additions to a great houſe, as might well ſhew, *Kalander* knew that prouiſion is the foundation of hoſpitalitie, & thrift the fewell of magnificence. The houſe it ſelfe was built of faire and ſtrong ſtone, not affecting ſo much any extraordinarie kind of fineneſſe, as an honourable repreſenting of a firme ſtatelineſſe. The lights, doores and ſtaires, rather directed to the vſe of the gueſt, then to the eye of the Artificer; & yet as the one chieflie heeded, ſo the other not neglected; each place handſome without curioſitie, and homely without lothſomneſſe; not ſo dainty as not to be trode one, nor yet ſlubbered vp with good felowſhip; all more laſting than beautiful, but that the conſideration of the exceeding laſtingneſſe made the eye beleeue it was exceeding beautifull. The ſeruants not ſo many in number, as cleanly in apparell, and ſeruiceable in behauiour, teſtifying euen in their countenances, that their maiſter tooke aſwell care to be ſerued, as of them that did ſerue. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the ſhepheards, as men, who though they were poore, their maiſter greatly fauored; and vnderſtanding by them, that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had ſeen tokens of more then common greatneſſe, how ſoeuer now eclipſed with fortune: he ran to his maiſter, who came preſently forth, and pleaſantly welcomming the ſhepheards, but eſpecially applying him to *Muſidorus*, *Strephon* priuately told him all what he knew of him, and particularlie that he found this ſtraunger was loth to be knowne.

No ſaid *Kalander* (ſpeaking aloud) I am no Herald to enquire of mens pedegrees, it ſufficeth me if I know their vertues; which (if this young mans face be not a falſe witneſſe) do better apparel his mind, thē you haue done his body. While he was thus ſpeaking, there came a boy, in ſhew like a Marchāts prentiſe, who taking *Strephon* by the ſleeue, deliuered him a letter, written iointly both to him and *Claius* from *Vrania*: which they no ſooner had read, but that with ſhort leaue-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly gueſſed and ſmiled at the matter) and once againe (though haſtily) recommending the yong man vnto him, they went away, leauing *Muſidorus* euen loth to part with them, for the good conuerſation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himſelfe tied in vnto them: and therefore, they deliuering his cheſt vnto him, he opened it, and would haue preſented them with two verie rich iewels, but they abſolutely refuſed them, telling him, that they were more then enough rewarded in the knowing of him, & without harkening vnto a reply (like men whoſe harts diſdained all deſires but one) gat ſpeedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that ſight *Kalander* ſoone iudged, that his gueſt was of no meane calling; & therfore the more reſpectfully entertaining him, *Muſidorus* found his ſickneſſe (which the fight, the ſea, and late trauell had layd vpon him) grow greatlie; ſo that fearing ſome ſodaine accident, he deliuered the cheſt to *Kalander*, which was full of moſt precious ſtones, gorgeouſlie and cunningly ſet in diuerſe maners, deſiring him he would keep thoſe trifles, and if he died, he would beſtow ſo much of it as was needfull, to find out and redeeme a young man, naming himſelfe *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of Laconia pirats.

But *Kalander* seeing him faint more and more, with carefull speed conueyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house: where being possest with an extreame burning feuer, he continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victorie of sickneſſe, so that in sixe weeks the excellencie of his returned beautie was a credible Embassador of his health, to the great ioy of *Kalander*; who, as in this time he had by certaine friends of his, that dwelt neare the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seeke and succour *Daiphantus*: so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profite or gratifie *Palladius*.

For, hauing found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daylie discourses, which he delighted himselfe to haue with him, a mind of most excellent composition (a piercing wit quite voyd of ostentation, high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie, an eloquence as sweet in the vttering, as slow to come to the vttering, a behauiour so noble, as gaue a maiestie to aduersitie: and all in a man whose age could not be aboue one and twentie yeares) the good olde man was euen enamoured with a fatherlie loue towards him, or rather became his seruant by the bonds such vertue laid vpon him; once, he acknowledged himselfe so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* hauing gotten his health, & only staying there to be in place, where he might heare answere of the ships set forth, *Kalander* one afternoone led him abroad to a well arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to shew him before his going, as the place himselfe more then in anie other delighted. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as soone as the descending of the staires had deliuered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most tast-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were sodainly stept into a delicate greene, of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being vnder the trees, the trees were to them a Pauillion, and they to the trees a Mosaicall floore: so that it seemed that Arte therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeyting his enemie Errour, and making order in confusion.

In the middest of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking christall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, so that it bare shew of two gardens; one in deede, the other in shadowes: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus: A naked *Venus* of white marble, wherin the grauer had vsed such cunning, that the natural blew veines of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautifull veynes of her bodie. At her breast she had her babe *Aeneas*, who seemed (hauing begun to sucke) to leaue that, to looke vpon her faire eyes, which smiled at the babes follie, meane while the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure built for a sommer retiring place, whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a square roome full of delightfull pictures, made by the most excellent workeman of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Acteon* saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the Painter had set such a colour, as was mixt betweene shame and disdaine; and one of her fooliſh Nymphs, who weeping, and withall lowring, one might see the workman meant to set forth teares of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the posture of whose limmes was so liuely expressed, that if the eyes were the only iudges, as they be the only seers, one wold haue sworn the very picture had run. Besides many mo, as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole*: but in none of them all beautie seemed to speake so much as in a large table, which

which contained a comely old man, with a Ladie of middle age, but of excellēt beautie, and more excellent would haue bene deemed, but that there ſtood between them a young maide, whoſe wonderfulneſſe tooke away all beautie frō her, but that which it might ſeeme ſhe gaue her backe againe by her verie ſhadow. And ſuch difference (being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a perſon liuing) was there betweene her and all the other, though Goddeſſes, that it ſeemed the skill of the Painter beſtowed on the other new beautie, but that the beauty of her beſtowed new skill of the Painter. Though he thought inquiſitiueneſſe an vncomely gueſt, he could not chooſe but aske who ſhe was, that bearing ſhew of one being in deed, could with naturall gifts go beyond the reach of inuention. *Kalander* anſwered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the younger daughter of his Prince, who alſo with his wife were contained in that Table: the Painter meaning to repreſent the preſent condition of the young Ladie, who ſtood watched by an ouer-curious eye of her parents; and that he would alſo haue drawne her eldeſt ſiſter, eſteemed her match for beautie, in her ſhepheardiſh attire, but that the rude clowne her gardian would not ſuffer it; neither durſt he aske leaue of the Prince for feare of ſuſpition. *Palladius* perceiued that the matter was wrapt vp in ſome ſecrecie, and therefore would for modeſtie demaund no further: but yet his countenance could not but with dumbe eloquence deſire it: Which *Kalander* perceiuing, well, ſayd he, my deare gueſt, I know your mind, and I will ſatisfie it; neither will I do it like a niggardly anſwerer, going no further then the bounds of the queſtion, but I will diſcouer vnto you, aſwell that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinarie means is deliuered vnto me: knowing ſo much in you (though not long acquainted) that I ſhall find your eares faithfull treaſurers. So then ſitting downe in two chaires, and ſometimes caſting his eye to the picture, he thus ſpake.

This countrie Arcadia among all the prouinces of Greece, hath euer bene had in ſingular reputation: partly for the ſweetneſſe of the aire, and other naturall benefits, but principally for the well tempered mindes of the pople, who (finding that the ſhining title of glorie, ſo much affected by other nations, doth indeed help litle to the happineſſe of life) are the only people, which as by their iuſtice and prouidence giue neither cauſe nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, ſo are they not ſtirred with falſe praiſe to trouble others quiet, thinking it a ſmall reward for the waſting of their owne liues in rauening, that their poſteritie ſhold long after ſay, they had done ſo. Euen the Muſes ſeeme to approue their good determination, by chooſing this countrie for their chiefe repairing place, and by beſtowing their perfections ſo largely here, that the very ſhepheards haue their fancies lifted to ſo high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and raigneth this Prince (whoſe picture you ſee) by name *Baſilius*, a Prince of ſufficient skill to gouerne ſo quiet a countrie, where the good minds of the former Princes had ſet downe good lawes, & the well bringing vp of the people doth ſerue as a moſt ſure bond to hold thē. But to be plaine with you, he excels in nothing ſo much, as in the zealous loue of his people, wherein he doth not onely paſſe all his own fore-goers, but as I think all the Princes liuing. Wherof the cauſe is, that though he exceed not in the vertues which get admiration; as depth of wiſedome, height of courage and largeneſſe of magnificence, yet is he notable in thoſe which ſtirre affection, as truth of word, meekneſſe, curteſie, mercifulneſſe, and liberality.

He being already well ſtriken in yeares, maried a young Princeſſe named *Gynecia*,

daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beautie, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues than her husband; of most vnspotted chastitie, but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say, it was happie she tooke a good course, for otherwise it would haue bene terrible.

Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may thinke they were borne to shew, that nature is no stepmother to that sexe, how much soeuer some men (sharp-witted only in euill speaking) haue sought to disgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferiour to her sister: for my part, whē I marked thē both, me thought there was (if at least such perfections may receiue the word of more) more sweetnesse in *Philoclea*, but more maiesty in *Pamela*: me thought loue plaid in *Philocleas* eyes, and threatned in *Pamelas*: me thought *Philocleas* beautie only perswaded, but so perswaded as all hearts must yeeld: *Pamelas* beautie vsed violence, and such violence as no heart could resist: and it seems that such proportion is betweene their minds: *Philoclea* so bashfull, as though her excellencies had stolne into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in summe, such proceeding as will stirre hope, but teach hope good maners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who auoyds not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be voyd of pride; her mothers wisedome, greatnesse, nobilitie, but (if I can guesse aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our *Basilius* being so publikelie happie as to be a Prince, and so happie in that happinesse, as to be a beloued Prince, and so in his priuate blessed as to haue so excellent a wife, and so ouer excellent children, hath of late taken a course, which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, hauing made a iourney to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space he brake vp his Court, and retired himselfe, his wife & children into a certain forrest hereby, which he calleth his desert; wherein (besides a house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certaine persons of meane calling, who do all houshold seruices) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himselfe remaines with his yonger daughter *Philoclea*, which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture, without hauing any other creature liuing in that lodge with him.

Which, though it be straunge, yet not so straunge, as the course he hath taken with the Princesse *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truly with none other but one *Dametas*, the most arrant doltish clowne, that I thinke euer was without the priuiledge of a bable, with his wife *Miso*, and daughter *Mopsa*, in whom no wit can deuise any thing wherein they may pleasure her, but to exercise her patience, and to serue for a foyle of her perfections. This lowtish clowne is such, that you neuer saw so ilfauoured a visar; his behauiour such, that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparell, euen a I would wish him: *Miso* his wife, so handsome a beldame, that onely her face and her splay-foote haue made her accused for a witch; only one good point she hath, that she obserues *decorum*, hauing a froward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who neuer agreed in any humour, but in disagreeing) is issued forth mistresse *Mopsa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine owne tongue, since she goes for a woman. The verses are these, which I haue so often caused to be sung, that I haue them without booke:

VVhat

*VVhat length of verſe can ſerue braue* Mopſas *good to show?*
*VVhoſe vertues ſtrange, and beauties ſuch, as no man them may know:*
*Thus shrewdly burdned then, how can my Muſe eſcape?*
*The gods muſt help, and precious things muſt ſerue to shew her shape.*
*Like great god* Saturne *faire, and like faire* Venus *chaſte:*
*As ſmooth as* Pan, *as* Iuno *mild, like goddeſſe* Iris *faſte.*
*VVith* Cupid *she foreſees, and goes god* Vulcans *pace:*
*And for a taſte of all theſe gifts, she ſteales god* Momus *grace.*
*Her forehead Iacinth like, her cheeks of Opall hue,*
*Her twinckling eyes bedect vvith pearle, her lips as Saphir blew:*
*Her haire like Crapal-ſtone, her mouth ô heauenly wide:*
*Her skin like burniſht gold, her hands like ſiluer vre vntride.*
*As for her parts vnknowne, which hidden ſure are beſt:*
*Happie be they which well beleeue, and neuer ſeeke the reſt.*

Now truly hauing made theſe deſcriptions vnto you, me thinks you ſhould imagine that I rather faine ſome pleaſant deuiſe, then recount a truth, that a Prince (not baniſhed from his owne wits) could poſſiblie make ſo vnworthie a choiſe But trulie (deare gueſt) ſo it is, that Princes (whoſe doings haue bene often ſmoothed with good ſucceſſe) thinke nothing ſo abſurd, which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the Princes ſtraying out of the way, on time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way, and ſo falling into other queſtions, he found ſome of his anſweres (as a dog ſure if he could ſpeake, had wit enough to deſcribe his kennell) not vnſenſible, and all vttered with ſuch rudeneſſe, which he interpreted plainneſſe (though there be great difference betweene them) that *Baſilius* conceiuing a ſodaine delight, tooke him to his Court, with apparant ſhew of his good opinion: where the flattering Courtier had no ſooner taken the Princes mind, but that there were ſtraight reaſons to confirme the Princes doing, & ſhadowes of vertues found for *Dametas*. His ſilence grew wit, his bluntneſſe integritie, his beaſtlie ignorance vertuous ſimplicitie: and the Prince (according to the nature of great perſons, in loue with that he had done himſelfe) fancied, that his weakneſſe with his preſence would much bee mended. And ſo like a creature of his owne making, he liked him more and more; and thus hauing firſt giuen him the office of principall heardman; laſtly, ſince he tooke this ſtrange determination, he hath in a maner put the life of himſelfe and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a ſaile for ſo ſmall a boat) doth ſo ouer-ſway poore *Dametas*, that if before he were a good foole in a chāber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy: ſo as I doubt me (I feare me indeed) my maſter will in the end (with his coſt) find, that his office is not to make men, but to vſe men as men are, no more then a horſe will be taught to hunt, or an aſſe to mannage. But in ſooth I am afraid I haue giuen your eares too great a ſurfet, with the groſſe diſcourſes of that heauy peece of fleſh. But the zealous griefe I conceiue to ſee ſo great an errour in my Lord, hath made me beſtow more words, then I confeſſe ſo baſe a ſubiect deſerueth.

Thus much now that I haue told you, is nothing more then in effect anie Arcadian knowes. But what moued him to this ſtrange ſolitarineſſe, hath bene imparted (as I thinke) but to one perſon liuing. My ſelfe can coniecture, and indeed more then coniecture by this accident that I will tell you: I haue an only ſonne, by name *Clitophon*, who is now abſent, preparing for his owne mariage, which I meane ſhortly

ſhalbe here celebrated. This ſonne of mine (while the Prince kept his Court) was of his bed chamber; now ſince the breaking vp thereof, returned home, and ſhewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copie which hee had taken of a letter: which when the Prince had read, he had laid in a windowe, preſuming no body durſt looke in his writings: but my ſonne not only tooke a time to reade it, but to copie it. In truth I blamed *Clitophon* for the curioſitie, which made him breake his dutie in ſuch a kind, whereby kings ſecrets are ſubiect to be reuealed: but ſince it was done, I was content to take ſo much profite, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I euer ſince for my good liking, haue caried about me: which before I reade vnto you, I muſt tell you from whom it came. It is a noble-man of this countrie, named *Philanax*, appointed by the Prince, regent in this time of his retiring, & moſt worthy ſo to be: for, there liues no man, whoſe excellent witte more ſimplye imbraceth integritie, beſides his vnfained loue to his maiſter, wherein neuer yet any could make queſtion, ſauing whether he loued *Baſilius* or the Prince better: a rare temper, while moſt men either ſeruile-ly yeeld to all appetites, or with an obſtinate auſteritie looking to that they fancie good, in effect neglect the Princes perſon. This then being the man, whome of all other (and moſt worthie) the Prince chiefely loues, it ſhould ſeeme (for more then the letter I haue not to gheſſe by) that the Prince vpon his returne from Delphos, (*Philanax* then lying ſick) had written vnto him his determination, riſing (as euidently appeares) vpon ſome Oracle he had there receiued: whereunto he wrote this anſwere.

*Philanax his letter to Baſilius.*

Moſt redoubted and beloued Prince, if as well it had pleaſed you at your going to Delphos as now, to haue vſed my humble ſeruice, both I ſhould in better ſeaſon, and to better purpoſe haue ſpoken: and you (if my ſpeech had preuailed) ſhould haue been at this time, as no way more in danger, ſo much more in quietnes; I would then haue ſaide, that wiſedome and vertue be the onely deſtinies appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to ſeeke all our knowledge, ſince they be ſuch guides as cannot faile; which, beſides their inward comfort, do leade ſo direct a way of proceeding, as either proſperitie muſt enſue; or, if the wickedneſſe of the world ſhould oppreſſe it, it can neuer be ſaid, that euil happeneth to him, who falles accompanied with vertue: I would then haue ſaid, the heauenly powers to be reuerenced, and not ſerched into; & their mercies rather by praiers to be ſought, then their hidden counſels by curioſitie. Theſe kindes of ſooth ſayings (ſince they haue left vs in our ſelues ſufficient guides) to be nothing but fancie, wherein there muſt either be vanitie, or infalliblenes, & ſo, either not to be reſpected, or not to be preuented. But ſince it is weakeneſſe too much to remember what ſhould haue beene done, and that your commaundement ſtretcheth to know what is to be done, I do (moſt deare Lord) with humble boldnes ſay, that the manner of your determination doth in no ſort better pleaſe me, then the cauſe of your going. Theſe thirtie yeares you haue ſo gouerned this Region, that neither your Subiects haue wanted iuſtice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours haue found you ſo hurtleſly ſtrong, that they thought it better to reſt in your friendſhip, then make new trial of your enmitie. If this then haue proceeded out of the good conſtitution of your ſtate, and out of a wiſe prouidence, generally to preuent all thoſe things, which might encomber your happines: why ſhould you now ſeeke new courſes, ſince your own example comforts you to continue, & that it is to me moſt certaine

though it pleaſe you not to tell me the verie words of the Oracle)that yet no deſtiny nor influence whatſoeuer, can bring mans wit to a higher point,than wiſdome and goodneſſe?Why ſhold you depriue your ſelf of gouernment,for feare of loſing your gouernment, like one that ſhould kill himſelfe for feare of death?Nay rather if this Oracle be to be accounted of,arme vp your courage the more againſt it:for who wil ſticke to him that abandons himſelfe; let your ſubiects haue you in their eyes; let them ſee the benefits of your iuſtice dayly more & more; and ſo muſt they needs rather like of preſent ſureties then vncertaine chaunges. Laſtly, whether your time call you to liue or die,do both like a Prince. Now for your ſecond reſolution;which is to ſuffer no worthy Prince to be a ſuter to either of your daughters,but while you liue to keepe them both vnmaried, &, as it were, to kill the ioy of poſteritie, which in your time you may enioy, moued perchance by a miſ-underſtood Oracle: what ſhall I ſay,if the affection of a father to his owne children, cannot plead ſufficientlie againſt ſuch fancies? once certaine it is, the God which is God of nature, doth neuer teach vnnaturalneſſe: and euen the ſame mind hold I touching your baniſhing them from companie,leaſt,I know not what ſtrange loues ſhould follow. Certainlie ſir,in my Ladies your daughters, nature promiſeth nothing but goodneſſe, and their education by your fatherly care hath bene hitherto ſuch, as hath bene moſt fit to reſtraine all euill; giuing their minds vertuous delights,and not grieuing them for want of well ruled libertie. Now to fall to a ſodaine ſtraightning them,what can it do but argue ſuſpition,a thing no more vnpleaſant,then vnſure,for the preſeruing of vertue. Leaue womens minds, the moſt vntamed that way of any: ſee whether a cage can pleaſe a bird?or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying? what doth iealouſie, but ſtirre vp the mind to thinke, what it is from which they are reſtrained? for they are treaſures or things of great delight, which men vſe to hide, for the aptneſſe they haue to each mans fancies: and the thoughts once awaked to that, harder ſure it is to keepe thoſe thoughts from accompliſhment,then had bene before to haue kept the mind (which being the chiefe part, by this means is defiled) from thinking. Laſtly, for the recommending ſo principall a charge of the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whoſe mind goes beyond the gouerning of manie thouſands ſuch) to ſuch a perſon as *Dametas* is (beſides that the thing in it ſelfe is ſtrange) it comes of a verie euill ground, that ignorance ſhould be the mother of faithfulneſſe;O no;he cannot be good that knowes not why he is good,but ſtands ſo farre good as his fortune may keepe him vnaſſayed: but comming once to that,his rude ſimplicitie is either eaſily changed, or eaſily deceiued: and ſo growes that to be the laſt excuſe of his fault,which ſeemed to haue bene the firſt foundation of his faith. Thus farre hath your commandement and my zeale drawne me; which I, like a man in a valley that may diſcerne hilles, or like a poore paſſenger that may ſpie a rocke, ſo humblie ſubmit to your gracious conſideration, beſeeching you againe to ſtand wholly vpon your owne vertue,as the ſureſt way to maintaine you in that you are, and to auoyd any euill which may be imagined.

By the contents of this letter you may perceiue, that the cauſe of all, hath bene the vanitie which poſſeſſeth many, who (making a perpetuall māſion of this poore baiting place of mans life) are deſirous to know the certaintie of things to come; wherein there is nothing ſo certaine as our continuall vncertaintie. But what in particular points the Oracle was, in faith I know not; neither (as you may ſee by one place of *Philanax* letter) he himſelfe diſtinctly knew. But this experience ſhewes vs,that *Baſilius* iudgement,corrupted with a Princes fortune,hath rather heard then

followed the wiſe(as I take it)counſell of *Philanax*. For hauing left the ſterne of his gouernment, with much amazement to the people, among whom many ſtraunge bruits are receiued for currant, and with ſome apparance of danger in reſpect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew,& much enuying the ambitious number of the Nobilitie againſt *Philanax*,to ſee *Philanax* ſo aduanced, though (to ſpeake ſimplie) he deſerue more then as many of vs as there be in *Arcadia*: the Prince himſelfe hath hidden his head, in ſuch ſort as I told you, not ſticking plainely to confeſſe, that he means not (while he breathes) that his daughters ſhal haue any husband, but keepe them thus ſolitary with him:where he giues no other body leaue to viſite him at any time but a certaine Prieſt,who being excellent in poetrie, he makes him write out ſuch things as he beſt likes,he being no leſſe delightfull in conuerſation, then needfull for deuotion, and about twenty ſpecified ſhepheards in whom(ſome for exerciſes,and ſome for Eglogs)he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my ſelfe: wherein if I haue held you ouer long, lay hardly the fault vpon my olde age, which in the verie diſpoſition of it is talkatiue:whether it be(ſaid he ſmiling)that nature loues to exerciſe that part moſt,which is leaſt decayed,and that is our tongue: or, that knowledge being the onlie thing whereof we poore olde men can brag, we cannot make it knowne but by vtterance: or, that mankind by all meanes ſeeking to eternize himſelfe ſo much the more, as he is neare his end, doth it not onely by the children that come of him, but by ſpeeches and writings recommended to the memorie of hearers & readers. And yet thus much I will ſay for my ſelfe, that I haue not laid theſe matters, either ſo openly or largely to anie as to your ſelfe: ſo much(if I much faile not) do I ſee in you, which makes me both loue and truſt you. Neuer may he be old,anſwered *Palladius*, that doth not reuerence that age, whoſe heauineſſe, if it waie downe the frayle and fleſhlie ballance, it as much lifts vp the noble and ſpirituall part; and well might you haue alleaged another reaſon, that their wiſedome makes them willing to profite others. And that haue I receiued of you,neuer to be forgotten,but with vngratefulneſſe. But among many ſtrange conceits you told me, which haue ſhewed effects in your Prince, truly euen the laſt, that he ſhould conceiue ſuch pleaſure in ſhepheards diſcourſes,would not ſeeme the leaſt vnto me,ſauing that you told me at the firſt, that this countrie is notable in thoſe wits, and that indeed my ſelfe hauing bene brought not only to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become ſuch ſhepheards as *Homer* ſpeaks of, that be gouernours of peoples,then ſuch Senators, who hold their Councel in a ſheep-cote. For them two (ſaid *Kalander*) eſpecially *Claius*, they are beyond the reſt by ſo much,as learning commonly doth adde to nature: for, hauing neglected their wealth in reſpect of their knowledge, they haue not ſo much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithſtanding,it is a ſport to heare how they impute to loue, which hath indued their thoughts (ſay they) with ſuch a ſtrength.

But certainly all the people of this countrie from high to lowe, is giuen to thoſe ſports of the wit, ſo as you would wonder to heare how ſoone euen children will begin to verſifie. Once,ordinarie it is amongſt the meaneſt ſort, to make ſongs and dialogues in meeter, either loue whetting their braine, or long peace hauing begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not ſo much,but the Clowne *Dametas* will ſtumble ſometimes vpon ſome ſongs that might become a better braine: but no ſort of people ſo excellent in that kind as the paſtors;for their liuing ſtanding

but

but vpon the looking to their beasts, they haue ease, the Nurse of Poetrie. Neither are our shepheards such, as (I heare) they be in other countries; but they are the verie owners of the sheepe, to which either themselues looke, or their children giue dayly attendance. And then truly, it would delight you vnder some tree, or by some riuers side (when two or three of them meet together) to heare their rurall Muse, how pretilie is will deliuer out, sometimes ioyes, sometimes lamentations, sometimes chalenging one of the other, sometimes vnder hidden formes vttering such matters, as otherwise they durst not deale with. Then haue they most commonlie one, who iudgeth the prise to the best doer, of which they are no lesse glad, then great Princes are of Triumphs: and his part is to set downe in writing all that is said, saue that it may be, his pen with more leasure doth polish the rudenesse of an vnthought-on song. Now the choise of all (as you may well thinke) either for goodnesse of voice, or pleasantnesse of wit, the Prince hath: among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies hauing made wearie of the worlds eyes, haue come to spend their liues among the countrie people of *Arcadia*; and their conuersation being well approoued, the Prince vouchsafeth them his presence, and not onely by looking on, but by great curtesie & liberalitie, animates the shepheards the more exquisitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the Prince for sometimes hearing them; the blame-worthinesse is, that to heare them, he rather goes to solitarinesse, then makes them come to companie. Neither do I accuse my maister for aduauncing a countriman, as *Dametas* is, since God forbid, but where worthinesse is (as truly it is among diuerse of that fellowship) any outward lownesse should hinder the highest raising, but that he would needs make election of one, the baseness of whose mind is such, that it sinks a thousand degrees lower then the baest body could carie the most base fortune: which although it might be answered for the Prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainnesse, then any great aduauncement, but being chiefe heardman; yet all honest hearts feele, that the trust of their Lord goes beyond all aduauncement. But I am euer too long vpon him, when he crosseth the way of my speach, and by the shadow of yonder tower, I see it is a fitter time, with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomacks, then to breake the aire with my idle discourses: and more wit I might haue learned of *Homer* (whom euen now you mentioned) who neuer entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be throughly stopped. So withall he rose, leading *Palladius* through the garden againe to the Parler, where they vsed to suppe; *Palladius* assuring him that he had already bene more fed to his liking, then he could be by the skilfullest trencher-men of *Media*.

But being come to the supping place, one of *Kalanders* seruants rounded in his eare; at which (his colour changing) he retired himselfe into his chamber; commanding his men diligently to wait vpon *Palladius*, and to excuse his absence with some necessary businesse he had presently to dispatch. Which they accordingly did, for some few dayes forcing themselues to let no change appeare, but though they framed their countenances neuer so cunningly, *Palladius* perceiued there was some ill-pleasing accident fallen out. Wherupon, being againe set alone at supper, he called to the steward, and desired him to tell him the matter of his sudden alteration: who after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed vnto him, that his master had receiued newes, that his sonne before the day of his neare mariage, chaunst to be at a battaile, which was to be fought betweene the Gentlemen of Lacedæmon and the

*Helots*: who winning the victorie, he was there made prisoner, going to deliuer a friend of his taken prisoner by the *Helots*; that the poore young Gentleman had offered great ransome for his life, but that the hate those peasants conceiued against all Gentlemen was such, that euery houre he was to look for nothing, but some cruell death: which hitherunto had only bene delayed by the Captaines vehement trauailing for him, who feared to haue a heart of marble, only pitie then the rest. Which losse had stricken the old Gentleman with such sorrow, as if abundance of teares did not seeme sufficiently to witnesse it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and haire, and cursing his old age, that had not made his graue to stop his eares from such aduertisements: but that his faithfull seruants had written in his name to all his friends followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the gouernour refusing to deale in it as a priuate cause, but yet giuing leaue to seeke their best redresse, so as they wronged not the state of Lacedæmon) of whom there were now gathered vpon the frontiers good forces, that he was sure would spend their liues by any way, to redeeme or reuenge *Clitophon*. Now sir (said he) this is my maisters nature, though his griefe be such, as to liue is a griefe vnto him, and that euen his reason is darkened with sorrow; yet the lawes of hospitalitie (long and holily obserued by him) giue still such a sway to his proceeding, that he will no way suffer the stranger lodged vnder his roofe, to receiue (as it were) any infection of his anguish, especially you, toward whom I know not whether his loue, or admiration be greater. But *Pallatius* could scarce heare out his tale with patience, so was his heart torne in peeces with compassion of the case, liking of *Kalanders* noble behauiour, kindnesse for his respect toward him, and desire to find some remedie, besides the image of his dearest friend *Daiphantus*, whom he iudged to suffer either a like or worse fortune. Therfore rising from the boord, he desired the steward to tell him particularly, the ground & euent of this accident; because by knowledge of many circumstances, there might perhaps some way of help be opened. Whereunto the steward easily in this sort condescended.

My Lord (said he) when our good King *Basilius*, with better successe then expectation, tooke to wife (euen in his more then decaying yeares) the faire young Princesse *Gynecia*; there came with her a yong Lord, cousin german to her selfe, named *Argalus*, led hither partly with the loue and honour of his noble kinswoman, partly with the humour of youth, which euer thinks that good, whose goodnesse he sees not: & in this Court he receiued so good increase of knowledge, that after some yeares spent, he so manifested a most vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloried such a plant was transported vnto them, being a Gentleman indeed most rarely accomplished, excellently learned, but without all vaine glorie: friendly, without factiousnesse; valiant, so as for my part, I think the earth hath no man that hath done more heroicall acts then he; how soeuer now of late the fame flies of the two Princes of *Thessalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble Prince *Amphialus*; who indeed, in our parts is onely accounted likely to match him: but I say for my part I thinke no man for valour of mind, and abilitie of body to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*: and yet so valiant as he neuer durst do any body iniurie: in behauiour some will say euer sad, surely sober, and somewhat giuen to musing, but neuer vncurteous; his word euer led by his thought, and followed by his deed; rather liberall then magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had euer good choise of the receiuer: in summe (for I perceiue I shall easilie take a great draught of his praises, whom both I and all this countrie loue so well)

such

ſuch a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the niceſt eye can find a ſpot in, if the ouer-vehemēt conſtancy of yet ſpotleſſe affection, may not in hard wreſted conſtructions be counted a ſpot: which in this maner began that worke in him, which hath made both him, and it ſelfe in him ouer all this countrey famous. My maiſters ſonne *Clitophon* (whoſe loſſe giues the cauſe to this diſcourſe, & yet giues me cauſe to begin with *Argalus*, ſince his loſſe proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young Gentleman, as of great birth (being our kings ſiſters ſonne) ſo truly of good nature, and one that can ſee good and loue it, haunted more the companie of this worthy *Argalus*, then of any other: ſo as if there were not a friendſhip (which is ſo rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word) at leaſt there was ſuch a liking and friendlineſſe, as hath brought forth the effects which you ſhall heare. About two yeares ſince, it ſo fell out, that hee brought him to a great Ladies houſe, ſiſter to my maiſter, who had with her her onelie daughter, the faire *Parthenia*; faire indeed (ſame I thinke it ſelfe daring not to call anie fairer, if it be not *Helena* Queene of *Corinth*, & the two incomparable ſiſters of *Arcadia*) & that which made her faireneſſe much the fairer, was, that it was but a faire Embaſſadour of a moſt faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to iudge it ſelfe, then to ſhew it ſelfe: her ſpeech being as rare as precious; her ſilence without ſullenneſſe; her modeſtie without affectation; her ſhamefaſtneſſe without ignorance: in ſumme, one that to praiſe well, one muſt firſt ſet downe with himſelfe, what it is to be excellent: for ſo ſhe is.

I thinke you think, that theſe perfections meeting, could not chooſe but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likeneſſe of maners is likely in reaſon to draw liking with affection: mens actions do not alwaies croſſe with reaſon: to be ſhort, it did ſo indeed. They loued, although for a while the fire thereof (hopes wings being cut off) were blowne by the bellowes of diſpaire vpon this occaſion.

There had bene a good while before, & ſo continued, a ſuter to this ſame Ladie, a great noble man, though of Laconia, yet neare neighbour to *Parthenias* mother, named *Demagoras*: a man mighty in riches & power, and proud thereof, ſtubbornlie ſtout, louing no body but himſelfe, and for his owne delights ſake *Parthenia*: & purſuing vehemētlie his deſire, his riches had ſo guilded ouer al his other imperfectiōs, that the olde Lady (though contrarie to my Lord her brothers mind) had giuen her conſent; & vſing a mothers authority vpon her faire daughter, had made her yeeld thereunto, not becauſe ſhe liked her choiſe, but becauſe her obedient mind had not yet taken vpon it to make choiſe; & the day of their aſſurance drew neare, when my young Lord *Clitophon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principallie to ſee ſo rare a ſight, as *Parthenia* by all well iudging eyes was iudged.

But though few dayes were before the time of aſſurance appointed, yet loue that ſaw he had a great iourney to make in ſhort time, haſted ſo himſelfe, that before her word could tie her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with ſo gratefull a receipt in mutuall affection, that if ſhe deſired aboue all things to haue *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to miſſe *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and miſliking, louing and loathing, and out of paſſion began to take the authoritie of iudgement; in ſo much, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud ioy) thought to receiue the gift of her ſelfe, ſhe with words of reſolute refuſal (though with teares ſhewing ſhe was ſorie ſhe muſt refuſe) aſſured her mother, ſhe would firſt be bedded in her graue, then wedded to *Demagoras*. The chaunge was no more ſtraunge, then vnpleaſant to the mother: who

being determinately (leaſt I ſhould ſay of a great Lady wilfullie) bent to marie her to *Demagoras*, tried all wayes which a wittie and hard-hearted mother could vſe, vpon ſo humble a daughter; in whō the only reſiſting power was loue. But the more ſhe aſſaulted, the more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more ſhe made her mother obſtinate in the aſſault: who at length finding, that *Argalus* ſtanding betweene them, was it that moſt eclipſed her affection from ſhining vpon *Demagoras*, ſhe ſought all meanes how to remoue him, ſo much the more as he manifeſted himſelfe an vnremoueable ſuter to her daughter: firſt, by employing him in as many dangerous enterpriſes, as euer the euill ſtepmother *Iuno* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his vertue was tried, the more pure it grew, while all the things ſhe did to ouerthrow him, did ſet him vp vpon the height of honour; enough to haue moued her heart, eſpecially to a man euerie way ſo worthie as *Argalus*: but ſhe ſtrugling againſt all reaſon, becauſe ſhe would haue her will, and ſhew her authoritie in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more vertuous *Argalus* was, the more ſhe hated him, thinking herſelfe conquered in his conqueſts, and therefore ſtill imploying him in more & more dangerous attempts: in the meane while, ſhe vſed all extremities poſſible vpon her faire daughter, to make her giue ouer her ſelfe to her direction. But it was hard to iudge, whether he in doing, or ſhe in ſuffring, ſhewed greater cōſtancy of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world ſooner wanted occaſions, then he valour to go through them: ſo to *Parthenia*, malice ſooner ceaſed, then her vnchanged patience. Laſtly, by treaſons, *Demagoras* and ſhe would haue made away *Argalus*; but he with prouidence and courage ſo paſt ouer all, that the mother tooke ſuch a ſpiteſull griefe at it, that her heart brake withall, and ſhe died.

But then, *Demagoras* aſſuring himſelfe, that now *Parthenia* was her owne ſhe would neuer be his, and receiuing as much by her owne determinate anſwere, not more deſiring his owne happineſſe, then enuying *Argalus*, whome he ſaw with narrow eyes, euen ready to enioy the perfection of his deſires, ſtrengthening his conceit with all the miſchieuous counſels which diſdained loue, and enuious pride could giue vnto him; the wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his countrie, to fetch ſome of his principall friends to honour the mariage, which *Parthenia* had moſt ioyfullie conſented vnto) the wicked *Demagoras* (I ſay) deſiring to ſpeake with her, with vnmercifull force (her weake armes in vaine reſiſting) rubd all ouer her face a moſt horrible poyſon: the effect whereof was ſuch, that neuer leaper lookt more vgly then ſhe did: which done, hauing his men and horſes ready, departed away in ſpite of her ſeruants, as ready to reuenge as they could be, in ſuch an vnexpected miſchiefe. But the abhominableneſſe of this fact being come to my L. *Kalander*, he made ſuch means, both by our kings interceſſion, and his owne, that by the King & Senate of Lacedæmon, *Demagoras* was vpon paine of death baniſhed the countrie: who hating the puniſhment, where he ſhould haue hated the fault, ioyned himſelfe, with all the powers he could make, vnto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion againſt that ſtate: and they (glad to haue a man of ſuch authoritie among them) made him their General: & vnder him haue committed diuerſe the moſt outragious villanies, that a baſe multitude (full of deſperate reuenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pitifull fact cōmitted vpon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poore Gentleman) hauing her faire image in his hart, & already promiſing his eyes the vttermoſt of his felicitie, when they (no body elſe daring to tell it him) were the firſt meſſengers to themſelues of their owne misfortune. I meane not to moue

paſſions

passions with telling you the griefe of both, when hee knew her, for at first he did not, nor at first knowledge could possibly haue vertues aide so ready, as not euen weakely to lament the losse of such a iewell, so much the more, as that skilfull men in that art assured it was vnrecouerable: but within a while, truth of loue (which still held the first face in his memorie) a vertuous constancie, and euen a delight to bee constant, faith giuen, and inward worthinesse shining through the fouleſt mistes, tooke so full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not only in such comfort which witty arguments may bestow vpon aduersitie, but euen with the most abundant kindnesse that an eye rauished louer can expresse, he laboured both to driue the extremity of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celeration of their mariage: whereunto he vnfainedly shewed himselfe no lesse cherefully earnest, then if she had neuer bene disinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had so liberally bequeathed vnto her: & for that cause deferred his intended reuenge vpon *Demagoras*, because he might continually be in her presence; shewing more humble seruiceableness, and ioy to content her, then euer before.

But as he gaue this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*: so of the other side, she tooke as strange a course in affection: for, where she desired to enioy him, more then to liue; yet did she ouerthrow both her owne desire and his, and in no sort would yeeld to marry him; with a strange encounter of loues affects, and effects, that he by an affection sprong from excessiue beautie, should delight in horrible foulnesse; & she, of a vehement desire to haue him, should kindly build a resolution neuer to haue him: for truth is, that so in heart she loued him, as she could not find in her heart he should be tied to what was vnworthy of his presence.

Truly Sir, a very good Orator might haue a faire field to vse eloquence in, if he did but only repeate the lamentable, and truly affectionated speeches, while he coniured her by remembrance of her affection, & true oathes of his owne affection, not to make him so vnhappie, as to thinke he had not only lost her face, but her hart; that her face, when it was faireſt, had bene but as a marshall, to lodge the loue of her in his mind; which now was so well placed, as it needed no further helpe of any outward harbinger: beseeching her, euen with teares, to know, that his loue was not so superficiall, as to go no further then the skin; which yet now to him was most faire, since it was hers: how could he be so vngratefull, as to loue her the lesse for that which she had only receiued for his sake? that he neuer beheld it, but there in he saw the loueliness of her loue toward him: protesting vnto her, that he would neuer take ioy of his life, if he might not enioy her, for whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that ouerheard them) she (wringing him by the hand) made no other answere but this: my Lord (said she) God knowes I loue you: if I were Princesse of the whole world, and had withall, all the blessings that euer the world brought forth, I should not make delay, to lay my selfe, and them vnder your feete: or if I had continued but as I was, though (I must confesse) far vnworthy of you, yet wold I (with too great a ioy for my hart now to thinke of) haue accepted your vouchsafing me to be yours, and with faith and obedience would haue supplied all other defects. But first let me be much more miserable then I am, ere I match *Argalus* to such a *Partheniа*: Liue happy, deare *Argalus*, I giue you full liberty, and I beseech you take it; and I assure you I shal reioyce (whatsoeuer become of me) to see you so coupled, as may be fit, both for your honour & satisfaction. With that she burst out in crying and weeping, not able longer to containe her selfe from blaming her fortune, and wishing her owne death.

But *Argalus* with a moſt heauie hart ſtill purſuing his deſire, ſhe fixt of mind to auoid further intreatie, and to fly all company; which (euen of him) grew vnpleaſant vnto her; one night ſhe ſtole away: but whither, as yet is vnknowne, or indeede what is become of her.

*Argalus* ſought her long, and in many places: at length (diſpairing to find her, and the more he deſpaired, the more enraged) wearie of his life, but firſt determining to bee reuenged of *Demagoras*, hee went alone diſguiſed into the chiefe towne held by the *Helots*: where comming into his preſence, garded about by many of his ſouldiers, he could delay his furie no longer for a fitter time: but ſetting vpon him, in deſpight of a great many that helped him, gaue him diuerſe mortall wounds, and himſelfe (no queſtion) had bene there preſently murthered, but that *Demagoras* himſelfe deſired hee might be kept aliue; perchaunce with intention to feede his owne eyes with ſome cruell execution to bee layd vpon him, but death came ſooner then he lookt for; yet hauing had leiſure to appoint his ſucceſſor, a yong man, not long before deliuered out of the priſon of the King of *Lacedæmon*, where he ſhould haue ſuffered death for hauing ſlaine the kings Nephew: but him hee named, who at that time was abſent, making roades vpon the *Lacedæmonians*, but being returned, the reſt of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceiued of that yong man, eſpecially becauſe they had none among themſelues to whom the others would yeeld, were content to follow *Demagoras* appointment. And well hath it ſucceeded with them, he hauing ſince done things beyond the hope of the yongeſt heads, of whom I ſpeake the rather, becauſe he hath hitherto preſerued *Argalus* aliue, vnder pretence to haue him publiquelie, and with exquiſite torments executed, after the ende of theſe warres, of which, they hope for a ſoone and proſperous iſſue.

And he hath likewiſe hitherto kept my young Lord *Clitophon* aliue, who (to redeeme his friend) went with certaine other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to beſiege this young and new ſucceſſor: but hee iſſuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, ſlue many of the noble men, and tooke *Clitophon* priſoner, whom with much a doe he keepeth aliue: the *Helots* being villanouſly cruel; but he tempereth them ſo ſometimes by following their humor, ſometimes by ſtriuing with it, that hitherto hee hath ſaued both their liues, but in different eſtates; *Argalus* being kept in a cloſe and hard priſon, *Clitophon* at ſome liberty. And now Sir, though (to ſay the truth) we can promiſe our ſelues litle of their ſafeties, while they are in the *Helots* hands, I haue deliuered all I vnderſtand touching the loſſe of my Lords ſonne, and the cauſe thereof: which, though it was not neceſſarie to *Clitophons* caſe, to be ſo particularlie told, yet the ſtrangeneſſe of it, made me thinke it would not be vnpleſant vnto you.

*Palladius* thanked him greatly for it, being euen paſſionatly delighted with hearing ſo ſtraunge an accident, of a knight ſo famous ouer the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himſelfe a long deſire to meete: ſo had fame powred a noble emulation in him towards him.

But thē (well bethinking himſelfe) he called for armour, deſiring them to prouide him of horſe & guide, and armed all ſauing the head, he wēt vp to *Kalander*, whom he found lying vpon the ground, hauing euer ſince baniſhed both ſleepe and foode, as enemies to the mourning, which paſſion perſwaded him was reaſonable. But *Palladius* rayſed him vp, ſaying vnto him: No more, no more of this, my Lord *Kalander*; let vs labour to finde, before wee lament the loſſe: you knowe my ſelfe miſſe

one,

one, who though he be not my sonne, I would disdaine the fauour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weakenesse of sorrow, make the strength of it languish: take comfort, and good successe will follow. And with those words, comfort seemed to lighten in his eyes; and that in his face and gesture was painted victorie. Once, *Kalanders* spirits were so reuiued withall, that (receiuing some sustenance, and taking a little rest) he armed himselfe, and those few of his seruants he had left vnsent, and so himselfe guided *Palladius* to the place vpon the frontiers; where already there were assembled betweene three & foure thousand men, all well disposed (for *Kalinders* sake) to abide any perill: but like men disused with a long peace, more determinate to do, then skilfull how to do. Lustie bodies, and braue armours; with such courage, as rather grew of despising their enemies, whom they knew not, then of any confidence for any thing which in themselues they knew; but neither cunning vse of their weapons, nor art shewed in their marching, or in camping. Which *Palladius* soone perceiuing, hee desired to vnderstand (as much as could be deliuered vnto him) the estate of the *Helots*.

And he was answered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of Laconia, that they were a kinde of people, who hauing bene of old, freemen and possessioners, the *Lacedæmonians* had conquered them, and laid, not only tribute, but bondage vpon them; which they had long borne; till of late the *Lacedæmonians* through greedinesse growing more heauie then they could beare, and through contempt lesse carefull how to make them beare, they had with a generall consent (rather springing by the generalnesse of the cause, then of any artificiall practise) set themselues in armes, and whetting their courage with reuenge, and grounding their resolution vpon dispaire, they had proceeded with vnlooked for successe hauing already taken diuerse Townes and Castels, with the slaughter of many of the gentrie; for whom no sex nor age could be accepted for an excuse. And that although at the first they had fought rather with beastly fury, then any souldierly discipline, practise had nowe made them comparable to the best of the *Lacedæmonians*, and more of late then euer by reason, first of *Demagoras* a great Lord, who had made himselfe of their party, and since his death, of another Captaine they had gotten, who had brought vp their ignorance, and brought downe their furie, to such a meane of good gouernment, and withall led them so valourously, that (besides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in some other great conflicts: in such wise, that the estate of *Lacedæmon* had sent vnto them, offering peace with most reasonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* hauing gotte his generall knowledge of the party against whom, as he had already of the party for whom he was to fight, he went to *Kalander*, and told him plainly, that by plaine force, there was small apparance of helping *Clitophon*: but some deuice was to be taken in hand, wherein no lesse discretion then valour was to be vsed.

Whereupon, the counsell of the chiefe men was called, and at last, this way *Palladius* (who by some experience, but especially by reading Histories, was acquainted with stratagemes) inuented, and was by all the rest approoued: that all the men there should dresse themselues like the poorest sorte of the people in *Arcadia*, hauing no banners, but bloudie shirtes hanged vpon long staues, with some bad bagge-pipes in stead of drumme and fife, their armour they should aswell as might bee, couer, or at least make them looke so rustilie, and ill fauouredly as might well become such wearers; and this the whole number should do, sauing two hundred of the best chosen Gentlemen, for courage and strength,

whereof *Palladius* himselfe would bee one, who should haue their armes chayned, and be put in cartes like prisoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the towne of *Cardamila* where *Clitophon* was Captaines, and being come two houres before Sunne set within viewe of the walles, the *Helots* already descrying their number, and beginning to sound the Alarum, they sent a cunning fellow (so much the cunninger as that he could maske it vnder rudenesse) who with such a kind of Rhetorike, as weeded out all flowers of Rhetorike, deliuered vnto the *Helots* assembled together, that they were countrie people of *Arcadia*, no lesse oppressed by their Lords, and no lesse desirous of libertie then they, and therefore had put themselues in the field, and had already (besides a great number slaine) taken nine or ten score Gentlemen prisoners whom they had there well and fast chained. Now because they had no strong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keepe the field against their Princes forces, they were come to them for succour, knowing that dayly more and more of their qualitie wold flocke vnto them, but that in the meane time, least their Prince should pursue them, or the *Lacedemonian* King & Nobility (for the likenesse of the cause) fall vpon them, they desired that if there were not roome enough for them in the towne, that yet they might encampe vnder the walles, and for surety haue their prisoners (who were such men as were euer able to make their peace) kept within the towne.

The *Helots* made but a short cõsultatiõ, being glad that their cõtagion had spread it selfe into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out betweene them and their King, that it was the best way to set fire in all the parts of *Greece*, besides their greedinesse to haue so many Gentlemen in their hands, in whose raunsomes they already meant to haue a share; to which hast of concluding, two things wel helped: the one, that their Captaine with the wisest of them, was at that time absent about cõfirming or breaking the peace with the state of *Lacedemon*: the second, that euer many good fortunes begin to breede a proude reckelnesse in the: therefore sending to view the Campe, and finding that by their speach they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no warre, neuer suspecting a priuate mans credit could haue gathered such a force, and that all other tokens witnessed them to bee of the lowest calling (besides the chaines vpon the Gentlemen) they graunted not onely leaue for the prisoners, but for some others of the companie, and to all, that they might harbour vnder the walles. So opened they the gates, and receiued in the cartes; which being done, and *Palladius* seeing fit time, hee gaue the signe, and shaking off their chaines (which were made with such arte, that though they seemed most strong and fast, he that ware them might easilie loose them) drewe their swordes hidden in the cartes, and so setting vpon the ward, made them to flye either from the place, or from their bodies, and so giue entrie to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make anie head to resist them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened against daungers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market place, and thence would haue giuen a shrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming those that were slow, hartning them that were forward, but especially with his owne example leading them) made such an impression into the squadron of the *Helots*, that at first the great body of them beginning to shake and stagger; at length, euery particular bodie recommended the protection of his life to his feete. Then *Kalander* cried to go to the prison, where he thought his sonne was, but *Palladius* wisht him (first scouring the streetes) to house all the *Helots*, and make themselues maister of the gates.

But

But ere that could bee accompliſhed, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with diuers ſortes of ſhot from corners of ſtreetes, and houſe windowes, galled them; which courage was come vnto them by the returne of their Captaine, who though he brought not many with him (hauing diſperſt moſt of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet poſſeſt by the *Arcadians*, he made them turne face, and with banners diſplayed, his Trumpet giue the lowdeſt teſtimonie he could of his returne; which once heard, the reſt of the *Helots* which were otherwiſe ſcattered, bent thitherward, with a new life of reſolution: as if their Captaine had been a roote, out of which (as into branches) their courage had ſprong. Then began the fight to grow moſt ſharpe, & the encounters of more cruell obſtinacie. The *Arcadians* fighting to keepe that they had wonne; the *Helots* to recouer what they had loſt. The *Arcadians*, as in an vnknowne place, hauing no ſuccour but in their hands; the *Helots*, as in their owne place fighting for their liuings, wiues & children. There was victorie and courage againſt reuenge & diſpaire: ſafety of both ſides being no otherwiſe to be gotten, but by deſtruction.

At length, the left wing of the *Arcadians* began to looſe ground; which *Palladius* ſeeing, he ſtraight thruſt himſelfe with his choiſe band againſt the throng that oppreſſed them, with ſuch an ouerflowing of valour, that the Captaine of the *Helots* (whoſe eies ſoone iudged of that wherewith themſelues were gouerned) ſawe that he alone was worth al the reſt of the *Arcadians*. Which he ſo wondred at, that it was hard to ſay, whether he more liked his doings, or miſliked the effects of his doings: but determining that vpon that caſt the game lay, and diſdaining to fight with any other, ſought only to ioyne with him: which minde was no leſſe in *Palladius*, hauing eaſily marked, that he was as the firſt mouer of all the other hands. And ſo their thoughts meeting in one point, they conſented (though not agreed) to trie each others fortune: and ſo drawing themſelues to be the vttermoſt of the one ſide, they began a combat, which was ſo much inferior to the battaile in noiſe and number, as it was ſurpaſſing it in brauerie of fighting, & (as it were) delightful terriblenes. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neither did their hardineſſe darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardineſſe: both valiant, as men deſpiſing death; both confident, as vnwonted to be ouercome; yet doubtful by their preſent feeling, and reſpectfull by what they had alreadie ſeene. Their feete ſtedie, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their harts reſolute. The partes either not armed, or weakly armed, were well knowne, and according to the knowledge ſhould haue bene ſharply viſited, but that the anſwere was as quick as the obiection. Yet ſome lightning; the ſmart bred rage, and the rage bred ſmart againe: till both ſides beginning to wax faint, and rather deſirous to die accompanied, then hopefull to liue victorious, the Captaine of the *Helots* with a blow, whoſe violence grew of furie, not of ſtrength, or of ſtrength proceeding of furie, ſtrake *Palladius* vpō the ſide of the head, that he reeled aſtonied: and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare headed: but other of the *Arcadians* were readie to ſhield him from any harme might riſe of that nakedneſſe.

But little needed it, for his chiefe enemie in ſteed of purſuing that aduantage, kneeled down, offering to deliuer the pommel of his ſword, in tokē of yelding, withal ſpeaking alowd vnto him, that he thought it more liberty to be his priſoner, then any others General. *Palladius* ſtāding vpō himſelf, & miſdoubting ſome craft, & the *Helots* (that were next their captain) wauering between looking for ſome ſtratagem, or fearing treſō; what, ſaid the captain, hath *Palladius* forgotē the voice of *Daiphātus*?

By that watch word *Palladius* knew that it was his onely friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had loſt vpon the Sea, and therefore both moſt full of wonder, ſo to be met, if they had not bene fuller of ioy then wonder, cauſed the retrait to be ſounded, *Daiphantus* by authoritie and *Palladius* by perſwaſion; to which helped well the little aduantage that was of either ſide: and that of the *Helots* partie their Captaines behauiour had made as many amazed as ſawe or heard of it: and of the *Arcadian* ſide the good old *Kalander* ſtriuing more then his old age could atchiue, was newly taken priſoner. But in deede the chiefe parter of the fray was the night, which with her black armes pulled their malicious ſights one from the other. But he that tooke *Kalander*, meant nothing leſſe then to ſaue him, but onely ſo long, as the Captaine might learne the enemies ſecrets; towards whom he led the old Gentleman, when he cauſed the retreit to be ſounded: looking for no other deliuerie from that captiuitie, but by the painfull taking away of all paine: when, whom ſhould he ſee next to the Captaine (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day againſt the *Arcadians*) but his ſonne *Clitophon*? But now the Captaine had cauſed all the principall *Helots* to be aſſembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receiue a meſſage from the *Arcadians*; Among whom *Palladius* vertue (beſides the loue *Kalander* bare him) hauing gotten principall authoritie, hee had perſwaded them to ſeeke rather by parley to recouer the Father and the Sonne, then by the ſworde: ſince the goodnes of the Captaine aſſured him that way to ſpeede, and his value (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him thinke any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in orderly maner, giuing them to vnderſtand, that as they came but to deliuer *Clitophon*, ſo offering to leaue the footing, they alreadie had in the towne, to goe away without any further hurt, ſo as they might haue the father and the ſonne without raunſome deliuered. Which conditions being heard and conceiued by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* perſwaded them without delay to accept them. For firſt (ſaid he) ſince the ſtrife is within our owne home, if you looſe, you looſe all that in this life can be deare vnto you: if you winne, it will be a bloudie victorie with no profit, but the flattering in our ſelues that ſame bad humour of reuenge. Beſides, it is like to ſtirre *Arcadia* vpon vs, which now, by vſing theſe perſons well, may be brought to ſome amitie. Laſtly, but eſpecially, leaſt the king & nobilitie of *Laconia* (with whom now we haue made a perfect peace) ſhould hope by occaſion of this quarrel to ioyn the *Arcadians* with them, and ſo breake off the profitable agreement alreadie concluded. In ſumme, as in all deliberations (waying the profit of the good ſucceſſe with the harme of the euil ſucceſſe) you ſhall finde this way moſt ſafe and honorable.

The *Helots* as much moued by his authoritie, as perſwaded by his reaſons, were content therewith. Whereupon, *Palladius* tooke order that the *Arcadians* ſhould preſently march out of the towne, taking with them their priſoners, while the night with mutuall diffidence might keepe them quiet, and ere day came they might be well on of their way, and ſo auoid thoſe accidents which in late enemies, a looke, a word, or a particular mans quarell might engender. This being on both ſides concluded on, *Calander* and *Clitophon*, who now (with infinite ioy did knowe each other) came to kiſſe the hands and feete of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father, how *Daiphantus* (not without danger to himſelfe) had preſerued him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: and euen that day going to conclude the peace (leaſt in his abſence he might receiue ſome hurt) he had taken him in his companie, and geuen him armour, vpon promiſe he ſhould take the part of the *Helots*; which he had in this fight performed, litle knowing that it was againſt his father; but (ſaid *Clitophon*)

here

here is he, who (as a father) hath new begotten me, and (as a God) hath saued me from many deathes, which already layed hold on me: which *Kalander* with teares of ioy acknowledged (besides his owne deliuerance) onely his benefite. But *Daiphantus*, who loued doing well for it selfe, and not for thankes, brake off those ceremonies, desiring to know how *Palladius* (for so he called *Musidorus*) was come into that companie, and what his present estate was; whereof receiuing a briefe declaration of *Kalander*, he sent him word by *Clitophon*, that he should not as now come vnto him, because he held himselfe not so sure a maister of the *Helots* mindes, that he would aduenture him in their power, who was so well knowne with an vnfriendly acquaintance, but that he desired him to returne with *Kalander*, whither also he within few dayes (hauing dispatched himselfe of the *Helots*) would repaire. *Kalander* would needes kisse his hand againe for that promise, protesting he would esteeme his house more blessed then a temple of the gods, if it had once receiued him. And then desiring pardon for *Argalus*. *Daiphantus* assured them that he would die but he would bring him (though till then kept in close prison, indeede for his safety, the *Helots* being so animated against him as else he could not haue liued) and so taking their leaue of him, *Kalander*, *Clitophon*, *Palladius* and the rest of the *Arcadians* swearing that they would no further in la any sort molest the *Helots*, they straight way marched out of the towne, carying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were already within the limits of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other side shutting their gates, gaue thẽselues to bury their dead, to cure their wounds, and rest their wearied bodies: till (the next day bestowing the cheerefull vse of the light vpon them) *Daiphantus* making a generall conuocation spake vnto them in this maner. We are first (sayd he) to thanke the Gods, that (further then wee had either cause to hope; or reason to imagine) haue deliuered vs out of this gulfe of daunger, wherein we were already swallowed. For all being lost, (had they not directed, my returne so iust as they did) it had bene too late to recouer that, which being had, wee could not keepe. And had I not happened to know one of the principall men among them, by which meanes the truce began betweene vs, you may easily conceiue, what litle reason we haue to thinke, but that either by some supply out of *Arcadia*, or from the Nobilitie of this Country (who would haue made fruits of wisedome grow out of this occasion) we should haue had our power turned to ruine, our pride to repentance and sorrow. But now the storme, as it fell, so it ceased: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly then his age or quarrel deserued, becomes a sharply learned experience, to vse in other times more moderation.

Now haue I to deliuer vnto you the conclusion betweene the kings with the Nobilitie of *Lacedæmon*, and you; which is in all points as your selues desired: aswell for that you would haue graunted, as for the assurance of what is graunted. The Townes and Fortes you presently haue, are still left vnto you, to be kept either with or without garrison, so as you alter not the lawes of the Countrie, and pay such duties as the rest of the *Laconians* do: Your selues are made by publique decree, free men, and so capable both to giue and receiue voice in election of Magistrates. The distinction of names betweene *Helots* and *Lacedæmonians* to bee quite taken away, and all indifferently to enioy both names of priuiledges of *Laconians*. Your children to be brought vp with theirs in the *Spartane* discipline: and so you (framing your selues to bee good members of that estate) to bee hereafter fellowes, and no longer seruants.

Which conditions you ſee, cary in themſelues no more contention then aſſurance. For this is not a peace which is made with them, but this is a peace by which you are made of them. Laſtly a forgetfulneſſe decreed of all what is paſt, they ſhewing themſelues glad to haue ſo valiant men as you are, ioyned with them, ſo that you are to take mindes of peace, ſince the cauſe of warre is finiſhed; and as you hated them before like oppreſſours, ſo now to loue them as brothers; to take care of their eſtate becauſe it is yours, and to labour by vertuous doing, that the poſteritie may not repent your ioyning. But now one Article onely they ſtood vpon, which in the end I with your commiſſioners haue agreed vnto, that I ſhould no more tarry here, miſtaking perchance my humor, and thinking me as ſeditious as I am young, or elſe it is the king *Amiclas* procuring, in reſpect that it was my ill hap to kill his Nephew *Eurileon*; but how ſo euer it be; I haue condiſcended. But ſo will not we, cried almoſt the whole aſſemblie, counſelling one another, rather to try the vttermoſt euent, then to looſe him by whom they had beene victorious. But he as well with generall orations, as particular dealing with the men of moſt credit, made them throughly ſee how neceſſary it was to preferre ſuch an oportunitie before a vaine affection; but yet could not preuaile, till openly he ſware, that hee would (if at any time the *Lacedæmonians* brake this treatie) come backe againe, and be their Captaine.

So then after a few daies, ſetting them in perfect order, he tooke his leaue of them, whoſe eyes bad him farewell with teares, and mouthes with kiſſing the places where he ſtept, and after making temples vnto him as to a demi-God: thinking it beyond the degree of humanitie to haue a wit ſo farre ouergoing his age, and ſuch dreadfull terror proceede from ſo excellent beautie. But he for his ſake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, whom alſo (vpon oath neuer to beare armes againſt the *Helots*) hee deliuered: and taking onely with him certaine principall Iewels of his owne, hee would haue parted alone with *Argalus* (whoſe countenance well ſhewed, while *Parthenia* was loſt he counted not himſelfe deliuered) but that the whole multitude wold needes gard him into *Arcadia*. Where againe leauing them all to lament his departure, hee by enquirie got to the well-knowne houſe of *Kalander*: There was hee receiued with louing ioye of *Kalander*, with ioyfull loue of *Palladius*, with humble (though dolefull) demeanor of *Argalus* (whom ſpecially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with gratefull ſeruiceablenes of *Clitophon*, & honourable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to haue no haire on his face, to witneſſe him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to looke with a certaine almoſt baſhfull kinde of modeſtie, as if he feared the eyes of men, who was vnmooued with ſight of the moſt horrible countenances of death; and as if nature had miſtaken her worke to haue a *Marſes* heart in a *Cupids* bodie: All that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quicke meſſengers to their minds, that there they had ſeene the vttermoſt that in mankind might be ſeene. The like wonder *Palladius* had before ſtirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as younger and newer come, had gotten now the aduantage in the moyſt and fickle impreſſion of eye-ſight. But while all men (ſauing poore *Argalus*) made the ioy of their eyes ſpeake for their hearts towards *Daiphantus*: Fortune (that belike was bid to that banket, and meant then to play the good fellow) brought a pleaſant aduenture among them. It was that as they had newly dined, there came in to *Kalander* a meſſenger, that brought him word, a yong noble Lady, neare kinſewoman to the faire *Helen* Queene of *Corinth*, was come

thither

thither, and desired to be lodged in his house. *Calander* (most glad of such an occasion, went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving onely *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this company were once broken vp, that he might goe in his solitarie quest after *Parthenia*. But when they met this Lady; *Kalander* straight thought he saw his neece *Parthenia*, and was about in such familiar sort to haue spoken vnto her: but she in graue and honourable manner giuing him to vnderstand that he was mistaken, he halfe athamed excused himselfe with the exceeding likenesse was betweene them, though indeede it seemed that this Lady was of the more pure and daintie complexion; she sayd, it might very well be, hauing bene many times taken one for another. But assoone as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, she desired to speake with *Argalus* publikely, who she heard was in the house: *Argalus* came hastilie, and as hastilie thought as *Kalander* had done, with sudden changes of ioy into sorrow. But she when she had staid their thoughts with telling them her name and qualitie, in this sort spake vnto him. My Lord *Argalus*, sayd she, being of late left in the Court of Queene *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chiefe in her absence (she being vpon some occasion gone thence) there came vnto me the Lady *Parthenia*, so disfigured, as I thinke Greece hath nothing so ougly to behold. For my part, it was many daies, before with vehement oathes, and some good proofes, she could make me thinke that she was *Parthenia*. Yet at last finding certainely it was she, and greatly pitying her misfortune, so much the more, as that all men had euer told me (as now you do) of the great likenesse betweene vs, I tooke the best care I could of her: and of her vnderstood the whole tragicall historie of her vndeserued aduenture: and therewithall, of that most noble constancy in you my Lord *Argalus*: which whosoeuer loues not, shewes himselfe to be a hater of vertue, and vnworthy to liue in the societie of mankind. But no outward cherishing could salue the inward sore of her mind, but a few daies since she died: before her death earnestly desiring, and perswading me, to thinke of no husband but of you; as of the only man in the world worthy to be loued, withall she gaue me this Ring to deliuer you; desiring you, and by the authoritie of loue commanding you, that the affection you bare her, you should turne to me: assuring you, that nothing can please her soule more, then to see you and me matched together. Now my L. though this office be not (perchance) sutable to my estate nor sex, who should rather looke to be desired; yet, an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding: and therefore I am come (with faithfull loue built vpon your worthinesse) to offer my selfe, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble Gentlemen present will say it is great folly, let them withal, say it is great loue. And then she staid, earnestly attending *Argalus* his answere, who first making most harty sighes do such obsequies as he could to *Parthenia*, thus answered her.

Madame (sayd hee) infinitly am I bound vnto you, for this, no more rare then noble courtesie; but most bound for the goodnesse I perceiue you shewed to the Lady *Parthenia* (with that the teares ranne downe his eyes; but hee followed on) and as much as so vnfortunate a man, fit to bee the spectacle of miserie, can doe you seruice; determine you haue made a purchase of a slaue (while I liue) neuer to fayle you. But this great matter you propose vnto me, wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happinesse it should be vnto me; Excellent Lady, know, that if my hart were mine to giue, you before all other should haue it; but *Parthenia* as it is though dead: there I began, there I ende all matter of affection: I hope I shall not long tarry after her, with whose beautie if I had onely bene in loue, I should be so with

you, who haue the ſame beautie: but it was *Parthenias* ſelfe I loued, and loue; which no likeneſſe can make one; no commandement diſſolue, no foulneſſe defile, nor no death finiſh. And ſhall I receiue (ſaid ſhe) ſuch diſgrace, as to be refuſed? Noble Lady (ſaid he) let not that hard word be vſed; who know your exceeding worthineſſe farre beyond my deſert: but it is onely happineſſe I refuſe, ſince of the onely happineſſe I could and can deſire, I am refuſed.

He had ſcarce ſpoken thoſe words, when ſhe ranne to him, and imbracing him, why then *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) take thy *Parthenia*; and *Parthenia* it was indeede. But becauſe ſorrow forbad him too ſoone to beleeue, ſhe told him the truth, with all circumſtances; how being parted alone, meaning to die in ſome ſolitary place, as ſhe hapned to make her complaint, the Queene *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewiſe felt her part of miſeries) being then walking alſo alone in that lonely place, heard her, and neuer left till ſhe had knowne the whole diſcourſe. Which the noble Queene greatly pitying, ſhe ſent her to a Phiſition of hers the moſt excellent man in the world, in hope he could helpe her: which in ſuch ſort as they ſaw he had performed, and ſhe taking with her of the Queenes ſeruants, thought yet to make this triall, whether he would quickly forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her ſpeech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* Gentlemen, who before had kept her counſell, and *Argalus* eaſily perſwaded to what more then ten thouſand yeares of life he deſired: and *Kalander* would needes haue the mariage celebrated in his houſe, principally the longer to hold his deare g ueſts, towards whom he was now (beſides his owne habite of hoſpitalitie) carried with loue and duty: and therefore omitted no ſeruice that his wit could inuent, and his power miniſter.

But no way he ſaw he could ſo much pleaſure them, as by leauing the two friends alone, who being ſhrunke aſide to the banquetting houſe where the pictures were; there *Palladius* recounted vnto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ſhip (& either of them taken ſome thing vnder him, the better to ſupport him to the ſhore) hee knew not how, but either with ouer-labouring in the fight, and ſudden cold, or the too much receiuing of ſalt water, he was paſt himſelfe: but yet holding faſt (as the nature of dying men is to do) the cheſt that was vnder him, he was caſt on the ſands, where he was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, and by them brought life againe, and kept from drowning himſelfe, when hee deſpaired of his ſafetie. How after hauing failed to take him into the fiſher boate, he had by the ſhepheards perſwaſion come to this Gentlemans houſe; where being dangerouſlie ſicke, hee had yeelded to ſeeke the recouery of health, onely for that hee might the ſooner goe ſeeke the deliuerie of *Pyrocles*: to which purpoſe *Kalander* by ſome friends of his in *Meſſena*, had alreadie ſet a ſhippe or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophons* taking had ſo bleſſedly procured their meeting. Then did he ſet foorth vnto him the noble intertainment and carefull cheriſhing of *Kalander* towards him, and ſo vpon occaſion of the pictures preſent, deliuered with the franknes of a friends tongue, as neare as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had told him touching the ſtrange ſtory (with all the particularities belonging) of *Arcadia*, which did in many ſorts ſo delight *Pyrocles* to heare; that hee would needes haue much of it againe repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himſelfe had anſwered him diuerſe queſtions.

But firſt at *Muſidorus* requeſt, though in briefe maner, his minde much running vpon the ſtrange ſtorie of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what courſe of aduentures he was come to make vp their mutuall happineſſe in meeting. When (coſin ſaid he)

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we had ſtript our ſelues, and were both leapt into the Sea, and ſwome a little toward the ſhoare, I found by reaſon of ſome wounds I had, that I ſhould not be able to get the land, and therefore turned backe againe to the maſt of the ſhippe, where you found me, aſſuring my ſelfe, that if you came aliue to ſhoare, you would ſeeke me; if you were loſt, as I thought it as good to periſh as to liue, ſo that place as good to periſh in as another. There I found my ſword among ſome of the ſhrowds, withing (I muſt confeſſe) if I died, to bee found with that in my hand, and withall wauing it about my head, that ſaylers by, might haue the better glimpſe of me. There you miſſing mee, I was taken vp by Pyrates, who putting me vnder boord priſoner, preſently ſet vpon another ſhip and maintaining a long fight, in the end, put them all to the ſword. Amongſt whom I might heare them greatly praiſe one young man, who fought moſt valiantlie, whom (as loue is carefull, and misfortune ſubiect to doubtfulneſſe) I thought certainely to bee you. And ſo holding you as dead, from that time till the time I ſaw you, in truth I ſought nothing more then a noble end, which perchaunce made me more hardie then otherwiſe I would haue beene. Tryall whereof came within two dayes after: for the Kings of *Lacedæmon* hauing ſet out ſome Galleys, vnder the charge of one of their Nephewes, to ſcowre the Sea of the Pyrates, they met with vs, where our Captaine wanting men, was driuen to arme ſome of his priſoners, with promiſe of libertie for well fighting: among whom I was one, and being boorded by the Admirall, it was my fortune to kill *Euryleon* the Kings Nephew: but in the end they preuailed, and we were all taken priſoners: I not caring much what became of me (onely keeping the name of *Daiphantus*; according to the reſolution you know is betweene vs) but being laid in the iayle of *Tenaria*, with ſpeciall hate to me for the death of *Euryleon*, the popular ſort of that towne conſpired with the *Helots*, and ſo by night opened them the gates; where entring and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honeſtie ſake brake open all priſons, and ſo deliuered me: and I mooued with gratefulneſſe, and encouraged with careleſneſſe of life ſo behaued my ſelfe in ſome conflicts they had within few dayes, that they barbarouſlie thinking vnſenſible wonders of mee, and withall ſo much the better truſting mee, as they heard I was hated of the King of *Lacedæmon*, their chiefe Captaine being ſlaine, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perſwaſion) hauing borne a great affection vnto mee, and to auoide the daungerous emulation which grew among the chiefe, who ſhould haue the place, and alſo affected, as rather to haue a ſtraunger then a competitour, they elected mee (God wot little proude of that dignity;) reſtoring vnto me ſuch things of mine as being taken firſt by the Pyrates, and then by the *Lacedæmonians*, they had gotten in the ſacke of the towne. Now being in it, ſo good was my ſucceſſe with many victories, that I made a peace for them to their owne liking the very day that you deliuered *Clitophon*, whom I with much a do had preſerued. And in my peace the King *Amiclas* of *Lacedæmon* would needes haue mee baniſhed, and depriued of the dignitie whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may ſee how much you are bound to mee) for your ſake I was content to ſuffer, a new hope riſing in mee, that you were not dead: and ſo meaning to trauaile ouer the world to ſeeke you; and now heere (my deare *Muſidorus*) you haue mee. And with that (embracing and kiſſing each other) they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* deſired to heare the full ſtorie, which before hee had recounted to *Palladius*, and to ſee the letter of *Philanax*, which hee read and well marked.

But within ſome dayes after, the marriage betweene *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia* being to be celebrated *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* ſelling ſome of their Iewels, furniſhed themſelues of very faire apparell, meaning to do honour to their louing hoſt; who as much for their ſakes, as for the marriage, ſet foorth each thing in moſt gorgeous manner. But all the coſt beſtowed did not ſo much enrich, nor all the fine deckings ſo much beautifie, nor all the daintie deuiſes ſo much delight, as the faireneſſe of *Parthenia*, the pearle of all the maides of *Mantinea*: who as ſhe went to the Temple to be maried, her eyes themſelues ſeemed a temple, wherein loue and beautie were married: her lips though they were kept cloſe with modeſt ſilence, yet with a prety kind of naturall ſwelling, they ſeemed to inuite the gueſts that lookt on them, her cheekes bluſhing, and withall when ſhe was ſpoken vnto, a little ſmiling, were like roſes, when their leaues are with a little breath ſtirred: her haire being laied at the full length downe her backe, bare ſhew as if the voward fayled, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, ô *Iupiter* (ſaid he ſpeaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beautie is onely confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his ſpeech, ſome daies were continued in the ſolemnizing the marriage, with all conceipts that might deliuer delight to mens fancies.

But ſuch a chaunge was growne in *Daiphantus*, that (as if cheereſulneſſe had bene tediouſneſſe, & good entertainement were turnd to diſcourteſie) he would euer get himſelfe alone, though almoſt when he was in company, he was alone, ſo little attention he gaue to any that ſpake vnto him: euen the colour and figure of his face began to receiue ſome alteration; which he ſhewed little to heede: but euery morning earely going abroad, either to the garden, or to ſome woods towards the deſert, it ſeemed his onely comfort was to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true loue made ready to marke, and long knowledge able to marke; and therefore being now growne weary of his abode in *Arcadia*, hauing informed himſelfe fully of the ſtrength and riches of the country, of the nature of the people, and maner of their lawes: and ſeeing the court could not be viſited, prohibited to all men, but to certaine ſhepheardiſh people, he greatly deſired a ſpeedie returne to his owne countrie, after the many mazes of fortune he had troden. But perceiuing this great alteration in his friend, he thought firſt to breake with him thereof; and then to haſten his returne; whereto he found him but ſmally enclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certaine graces and countenances, as if he were diſputing with the trees, began in this manner to ſay vnto him.

A mind well trained and long exerciſed in vertue (my ſweete and worthie coſin) doth not eaſily chaunge any courſe it once vndertakes, but vpon well grounded and well waied cauſes. For being witneſſe to it ſelfe of his owne inward good, it findes nothing without it of ſo high a price, for which it ſhould be altered. Euen the very countenance and behauiour of ſuch a man doth ſhew forth Images of the ſame conſtancy, by maintaining a right harmonie betwixt it and the inward good, in yeelding it ſelfe ſutable to the vertuous reſolution of the mind. This ſpeech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*) the excellencie of whoſe mind and well choſen courſe in vertue, if I do not ſufficiently know, hauing ſeene ſuch rare demonſtrations of it, it is my weakeneſſe, and not your vnworthineſſe, but as in deede I know it, and knowing it moſt dearely loue both it, and him that hath it; ſo muſt I needes ſay, that ſince our late comming into this countrie, I haue marked in you, I will not ſay an alteration, but a relenting truly, and a ſlacking of the maine career, you had ſo notably begun & almoſt performed; and that in ſuch ſort, as I cannot find ſufficient reaſon in my great

loue

loue toward you how to allow it, for (to leaue off other ſecreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me eaſilie find) this in effect to any man may be manifeſt, that whereas you were wont in all places you came, to giue your ſelfe vehemently to the knowledge of thoſe things which might better your mind; to ſeeke the familiaritie of excellent men in learning and ſouldierie: and laſtly, to put all theſe things in practiſe both by continuall wiſe proceeding, and worthie enterpriſes, as occaſion fell for them; you now leaue all theſe things vndone: you let your mind fall aſleepe: beſide your countenance troubled (which ſurely comes not of vertue) for vertue like the cleare heauē is without clouds) & laſtly you ſubiect your ſelfe to ſolitarines, the ſlie enemy, that doth moſt ſeparate a man from well doing. *Pyrocles* mind was al this while ſo fixed vpon another deuotion, that he no more attentiuely marked his friends diſcourſe, then the child that hath leaue to play, markes the laſt part of his leſſon; or the diligēt Pilot in a dangerous tēpeſt doth attēd the vnskilfull words of a paſſinger: yet the very ſound hauing imprinted the generall points of his ſpeech in his hart, pierced with any miſlike of ſo deerely an eſteemed friēd, & deſirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler conſideration of him, with a ſhamefaſt looke (witneſſing he rather could not helpe, then did not know his fault) anſwered him to this purpoſe.

Excellent *Muſidorus*, in the praiſe you gaue me in the beginning of your ſpeech, I eaſily acknowledge the force of your good will vnto me, for neither could you haue thought ſo well of me, if extremitie of loue had not made your iudgement partiall, nor you could haue loued me ſo intirely, if you had not bene apt to make ſo great (though vndeſerued) iudgements of me; and euen ſo muſt I ſay to thoſe imperfections, to which though I haue euer through weaknes bene ſubiect, yet you by the dayly mending of your mind haue of late bin able to looke into them, which before you could not diſcerne; ſo that the change you ſpeake of, falles not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet vnder the leaue of your better iudgement, I muſt needes ſay thus much, my deare coſin, that I find not my ſelfe wholie to be condemned, becaue I do not with continuall vehemency folow thoſe knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it ſelfe muſt (like other things) ſometimes be vnbent, or elſe it wil be either weakned, or broken: And theſe knowledges, as they are of good vſe, ſo are they not all the minde may ſtretch it ſelfe vnto: who knowes whether I feede not my minde with higher thoughts? Truely, as I know not all the particularities, ſo yet I ſee the bounds of all theſe knowledges: but the workings of the mind I find much more infinite, then can be led vnto by the eie, or imagined by any, that diſtract their thoughts without themſelues.

And in ſuch contemplation, or as I thinke more excellent, I enioy my ſolitarineſſe; & my ſolitarines perchance, is the nurſe of theſe cōtemplations. Eagles we ſee flie alone; & they are but ſheepe, which alwayes heard together; condemne not therfore my mind ſometimes to enioy it ſelfe; nor blame not the taking of ſuch times as ſerue moſt fit for it. And alas, deare *Muſidorus*, if I bee ſadde, who knowes better then you the iuſt cauſes I haue of ſadneſſe? And here *Pyrocles* ſuddenly ſtopped, like a man vnſatisfied in himſelfe, though his wit might well haue ſerued to haue ſatisfied another. And ſo looking with a countenance, as though hee deſired hee ſhould know his mind without hearing him ſpeake, and yet deſirous to ſpeake, to breath out ſome part of his inward euill, ſending againe new bloud to his face, he continued his ſpeech in this manner. And Lord (deare coſin, ſaid he) doth not the pleaſantneſſe of this place carry in it ſelfe ſufficient reward for any time loſt in it? Do you not ſee how all things conſpire together to make this countrie a heauenly

dwelling? Do you not see the grasse, how in colour they excell the Emeralds, euery one striuing to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height? And see you not the rest of these beautifull flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, & his life to expres? Do not these stately trees seeme to maintaine their florishing old age with the only happinesse of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beautie here should euer fade? Doth not the aire breath health, which the birds (delightful both to eare and eye) do dayly solemnize with the sweete consent of their voices? Is not euery *Eccho* thereof a perfect Musicke? & these fresh & delightfull brookes how slowly they slide away, as loth to leaue the company of so many things vnited in perfection? & with how sweete a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainely, certainely, cosin, it must needs be that some Goddesse inhabiteth this Region, who is the soule of this soyle: for neither is anie lesse then a Goddesse, worthie to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures: nor anie lesse then a Goddesse could haue made it so perfect a plotte of the celestiall dwellings. And so ended with a deepe sigh, rewfully casting his eye vpon *Musidorus* as more desirous of pitie then pleading. But *Musidorus* had all this while held his looke fixed vpon *Pyrocles* countenance; and with no lesse louing attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both these he perceiued such strange diuersities, that they rather increased new doubts, then gaue him ground to settle anie iudgement: for besides his eyes sometimes euen great with teares, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of shaking vnstayednesse ouer all his body, he might see in his countenance some great determination mixed with feare; and might perceiue in him store of thoughts, rather stirred then digested; his words interrupted continually with sighes (which serued as a burthen to each sentence) and the tenor of his speech (though of his wonted phrase) not knit together to one constant end, but rather dissolued in it selfe, as the vehemency of the inward passion preuailed: which made *Musidorus* frame his aunswere neerest to that humor, which should soonest put out the secret. For hauing in the beginning of *Pyrocles* speech which defended his solitarines, framed in his mind a replie against it, in the praise of honourable action, in shewing that such a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idlenesse; that in action a man did not onely better himselfe but benefit others; that the gods would not haue deliuered a soule into the body, which hath armes and legges, only instruments of doing, but that it were intended the mind should imploy them, and that the mind should best know his owne good or euill by practise, which knowledge was the onely way to increase the one, and correct the other: besides many other argumentes, which the plentifulnesse of the matter yeelded to the sharpenesse of his wit. When hee found *Pyrocles* leaue that, and fall into such an affected praising of the place, hee left it likewise, and ioyned with him therein: because he found him in that humor vtter more store of passion; and euen thus kindly embracing him, he said: Your words are such (noble cosin) so sweetly and strongly handled in the praise of solitarinesse, as they would make me likewise yeeld my selfe vp into it, but that the same words make me know, it is more pleasant to enioy the companie of him that can speake such words, then by such words to be perswaded to follow solitarinesse. And euen so do I giue you leaue (sweete *Pyrocles* euer to defend solitarinesse, so long as to defend it, you euer keepe compánie. But I marueil at the excessiue praises you giue to this country; in truth it is not vnpleasant: but yet if you would returne into *Macedon*, you should either see many heauens, or find this no more then earthly. And euen *Tempe* in my *Thessalia* (where you and

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I to my great happineſſe were brought vp together) is nothing inferiour vnto it. But I thinke you will make mee ſee, that the vigor of your wit can ſhew it ſelfe in any ſubiect: or elſe you feede ſometimes your ſolitarineſſe with the conceipts of the Poets, whoſe liberall pennes can as eaſily trauaile ouer mountaines, as molehils: and ſo like well diſpoſed men, ſet vp euery thing to the higheſt note; eſpecially, when they put ſuch words in the mouthes of one of theſe fantaſtical mind-infected people, that children & Muſitians call Louers. This word, Louer, did no leſſe pierce poore *Pyrocles*, then the right tune of muſicke toucheth him that is ſicke of the *Tarantula*. There was not one part of his body, that did not feele a ſudden motion, while his hart with panting, ſeemed to daunce to the ſonnd of that word, yet after ſome pauſe (lifting vp his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Muſidorus*) armed with the very countenance of the poore priſoner at the barre, whoſe anſwer is nothing but guiltie: with much a do he brought foorth this queſtion. And alas, ſayd he, deare coſin, what if I be not ſo much the Poet (the freedome of whoſe pen can exerciſe it ſelfe in any thing) as euen that miſerable ſubiect of his cunning, whereof you ſpeake? Now the eternall Gods forbid (mainely cryed out *Muſidorus*) that euer my eare ſhould be poyſoned with ſo euill newes of you. O let me neuer know that any baſe affection ſhould get any Lordſhip in your thoughts. But as he was ſpeaking more, *Kalander* came, and brake off their diſcourſe, with inuiting them to the hunting of a goodly ſtagge, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good ſport, and driue away ſome part of *Daiphantus* melancholy. They condiſcended, and ſo going to their lodgings, furniſhed themſelues as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left ſealed in a letter againſt their returne.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander* entertaining them with pleaſant diſcourſing, how well he loued the ſport of hunting, when he was a yong man, how much in the compariſon thereof he diſdained all chamber delights, that the Sunne (how great a iourney ſoeuer he had to make) could neuer preuent him with earlineſſe, nor the Moone (with her ſober countenance) diſſwade him from watching till midnight for the deares feeding. O, ſayd he, you will neuer liue to my age, without you keepe your ſelues in breath with exerciſe, and in heart with ioyfulneſſe: too much thinking doth conſume the ſpirits, and oft it falles out, that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaues to doe the effect of his thinking. Then ſpared he not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was chaunged ſince his youth: actiuitie and good fellowſhip being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, ſtill worſe and worſe. Then would he tell them ſtories of ſuch gallants as he had knowne: and ſo with pleaſant company beguiled the times haſt, and ſhortned the wayes length, till they came to the ſide of the wood, where the hounds were in couples ſtaying their comming, but with a whining accent craning libertie: many of them in colour and markes ſo reſembling, that it ſhewed they were of one kind. The huntſmen handſomely attired in their greene liueries, as though they were children of Summer, with ſtaues in their hands to beate the guiltleſſe earth, when the houndes were at a fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to ſound an alarum vpon a ſillie fugitiue. The hounds were ſtraight vncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to truſt to the nimbleneſſe of his feete, then to the ſlender fortification of his lodging: but euen his feete, betraied him; for howſoeuer they went, they themſelues vttered themſelues to the ſent of their enemies; who one taking it of another,

and ſometimes beleeuing the windes aduertiſements, ſometimes the view of (their faithfull counſellers) the huntſmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begun. Their crie being compoſed of ſo well ſorted mouthes, that any man would perceiue therein ſome kind of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did find a muſicke. Then delight and varietie of opinion drew the horſemen ſundrie wayes; yet cheering their houndes with voyce and horne, kept ſtill (as it were) together. The wood ſeemed to conſpire with them againſt his owne citizens, diſperſing their noiſe through all his quarters, and euen the Nimph *Eccho* left to bewaile the loſſe of *Narciſſus*, and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end ſo hotly purſued, that (leauing his flight hee was driuen to make courage of diſpaire; and ſo turning his head, made the hounds (with change of ſpeech) to teſtifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot purſuite of their enemy, they were ſuddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalander* (by his skill of coaſting the countrey) was a mong the firſt that came in to the beſieged Dere; whom when ſome of the younger ſort would haue killed with their ſwordes, he would not ſuffer: but with a Croſſe-bow ſent a death to the poore beaſt, who with teares ſhewed the vnkindneſſe he tooke of mans crueltie.

But by the time that the whole company was aſſembled, and that the Stagge had beſtowed him ſelfe liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was miſt, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no newes could bee giuen him, but by one that ſayd, he thought hee was returned home; for that hee markt him, in the chiefe of the hunting, take a by way, which might leade to *Kalanders* houſe. That anſwere for the time ſatisfying, and they hauing perfourmed all duties, as well for the Stagges funerall, as the hounds triumph, they returned: ſome talking of the fatneſſe of the Deares body; ſome of the faireneſſe of his head; ſome of the hounds cunning; ſome of their ſpeede; and ſome of their cry: till comming home (about the time that the candles begin to inherit the Sunnes office) they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly maruelling, and a day or two paſſing, while neither ſearch nor inquirie could helpe him to knowledge, at laſt he lighted vpon the letter, which *Pyrocles* had written before hee went a hunting, and left in his ſtudy among other of his writings. The letter was directed to *Palladius* himſelfe, and contained theſe words.

My onely friend, violence of loue leades me into ſuch a courſe, whereof your knowledge may much more vexe you, then helpe me. Therefore pardon my concealing it from you, ſince, if I wrong you, it is in the reſpect I beare you. Returne into *Theſſalia*, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of deſire: and if I liue, I will in ſhort time follow you; if I die, loue my memory.

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twiſe or thriſe ouer. Ah (ſaid he) *Pyrocles*, what meanes this alteration? what haue I deſerued of thee, to be thus baniſhed of thy coũſels? Heretofore I haue accuſed the ſea, cõdẽned the Pyrats, & hated my euil fortune, that depriued me of thee; but now thy ſelf is the ſea, which drownes my comfort, thy ſelf is the Pirat that robs thy ſelfe frõ me: thy own wil becomes my euil fortune. Thẽ turned he his thoughts to all formes of gheſſes that might light vpon the purpoſe and courſe of *Pyrocles*: for he was not ſo ſure by his words, that it was loue, as he was doubtful where the loue was. One time he thought, ſome beautie in *Laconia* had layed hold of his eies; another time he feared, that it might be *Parthenias* excellency, which had brokẽ the bands of al former reſolutiõs; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to thinke, armies of obiectiõs riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

Then

Then as carefull he was what to do himselfe: at length determined, neuer to leaue seeking him, till his search should be either by meeting accomplished, or by death ended. Therfore (for all the vnkindnesse bearing tender respect, that his friends secret determination should be kept from any suspition in others) he went to *Kalander*, and told him, that he had receiued a message from his friend, by which he vnderstood he was gone backe againe into *Laconia*, about some matters greatly importing the poore men, whose protection he had vndertaken, and that it was in any sort fit for him, to follow him, but in such priuate wise, as not to be knowne, and that therefore he would as then bid him farewell: arming himselfe in a blacke armour, as either a badge, or prognostication of his mind: and taking onely with him good store of money, and a few choise iewels, leauing the greatest number of them, and most of his apparell with *Kalander*: which he did partly to giue the more cause to *Kalander* to expect their returne, and so to be the lesse curiously inquisitiue after them: and partly to leaue those honourable thanks vnto him, for his charge and kindnesse, which hee knew hee would no other way receiue. The good olde man hauing neither reason to disswade, nor hope to perswade, receiued the things, with minde of a keeper, not of an owner; but before he went, desired he might haue the happinesse, fully to know what they were: which he sayd, he had euer till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune: but now he could not be so much an enemy to his desires as any longer to imprison them in silence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter was not so secret, but that so worthie a friend deserued the knowledge, and should haue it as soone as he might speake with his friend: without whose consent (because their promise bound him otherwise) he could not reueale it: but bad him hold for most assured, that if they liued but a while, he should find, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would giue him and his cause to thinke his noble courtesie well imployed. *Kalander* would presse him no further, but desiring that hee might haue leaue to goe, or at least to send his sonne and seruants with him, *Palladius* brake off all ceremonies, by telling him; his case stood so, that his greatest fauour should be in making least a do of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber then curtesie, to striue, abstained from further vrging him, but not from hartie mourning the losse of so sweete a conuersation.

Onely *Clitophon* by vehement importunitie obtained to goe with him, to come againe to *Daiphantus*, whom hee named and accounted his Lord. And in such priuate guise departed *Palladius*, though hauing a companion to talke withall, yet talking much more with vnkindnesse. And first they went to *Mantinea*; whereof because *Parthenia* was, he suspected there might be some cause of his abode. But finding there no newes of him, hee went to *Tegæa*, *Ripa*, *Enispæ*, *Stimphalus*, and *Pheneus*, famous for the poisonous *Stygian* water, and through al the rest of *Arcadia*, making their eyes, their eares, and their tongues serue almost for nothing, but that enquirie. But they could know nothing but that in none of those places he was knowne. And so went they, making one place succeede to another, in like vncertainty to their search, many times encountring strange aduentures, worthy to be registred in the roules of fame; but this may not be omitted. As they past in a pleasant valley (of either side of which high hils lifted vp their beetle-browes, as if they would ouer looke the pleasantnesse of their vnder-prospect) they were by the daintinesse of the place, & the wearinesse of themselues, inuited to light from their horses; and pulling off their bits, that they might somthing refresh their mouthes vpon the grasse (which plentifully grew, brought vp vnder the care of those well shading

trees) they themſelues layed them downe hard by the murmuring muſicke of certaine waters, which ſpouted out of the ſide of the hils, and in the bottome of the vallie made of many ſprings a pretie brooke, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while harkened to the perſwaſion of ſleepe, they roſe, and walkt onward in that ſhadie place, till *Clitophon* eſpied a peece of armour, and not far off another peece: and ſo the ſight of one peece teaching him to looke for more, he at length found all, with head-peece and ſhield, by the deuice whereof, which was he ſtraight knew it to be the armour of his coſin, the noble *Amphialus*. Wherupõ (fearing ſome inconuenience hapned vnto him) he told both his doubt and cauſe of doubt to *Palladius*, who (conſidering thereof) thought beſt to make no longer ſtay, but to follow on: leaſt perchance ſome violence were offered to ſo worthie a Knight, whom the fame of the world ſeemed to ſet in ballance with any Knight liuing. Yet with a ſudden conceipt, hauing long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought beſt to take that armour, thinking thereby to learne by them that ſhould know that armour, ſome newes of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the ſearch of *Daiphantus* too. So he by the helpe of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one peece wanting, though hacked in ſome places, bewraying ſome fight not long ſince paſſed. It was ſomething too great, but yet ſerued wel inough. And ſo getting on their horſes, they trauelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley into a faire field, they met with a coach drawne with foure milke-white horſes furniſhed all in blacke, with a blacke a More boy vpon euery horſe, they all apparelled in white, the coach it ſelfe very richly furniſhed in blacke and white. But before they could come ſo neare as to diſceme what was within, there came running vpon them aboue a doſen horſemen, who cried to them to yeelde themſelues priſoners, or elſe they ſhould die. But *Palladius* not accuſtomed to graunt ouer the poſſeſſion of himſelfe vpon ſo vniuſt titles, with ſworde drawne, gaue them ſo rude an aunſwere, that diuerſe of them neuer had breath to reply againe: for being well backt by *Clitophon*, and hauing an excellent horſe vnder him, when he was ouerpreſt by ſome, he auoided them, & ere th'other thought of it, puniſhed in him his fellowes faults: and ſo either with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either liuing, or able to make his life ſerue to others hurt. Which being done, he approched the coach, aſſuring the blacke boies they ſhould haue no hurt, who were elſe ready to haue run away, and looking into the coach, he found in the one end a Lady of great beautie, & ſuch a beautie, as ſhewed forth the beames both of wiſedome and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with ſorrow. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanure ſhewed well, they were but her ſeruants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly Gentleman (whom he knew not) painted, hauing in their faces a certaine waiting ſorrow, their eies being infected with their miſtres weeping. But, the chiefe Lady hauing not ſo much as once heard the noiſe of this cõflict (ſo had ſorrow cloſed vp all the entries of her mind, & loue tied her ſẽces to that beloued picture (now the ſhadow of him falling vpon the picture made her caſt vp her eie, & ſeeing the armour which too well ſhe knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the Lord of her deſires (bloud cõming more freely into her cheekes, as though it would be bold, & yet there growing new againe pale for feare) with a pitiful look (like one vniuſtly condemned:) My Lord *Amphialus* ſayd ſhe, you haue inough puniſhed me: it is time for crueltie to leaue you, and euill fortune me; If not I pray you (and to graunt, my praier fitter time nor place you can haue

haue) accompliſh the one euen now, & finiſh the other. With that, ſorow impatient to be ſlowly vttered in her often ſtaying ſpeeches, poured it ſelfe ſo faſt in teares, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam (ſaid he) I perceiue you miſtake me: I am a ſtranger in theſe parts, ſet vpon (without any cauſe giuē by me) by ſome of your ſeruants, whom becauſe I haue in my iuſt defence euill entreated, I came to make my excuſe to you, whom ſeeing ſuch as I do, I finde greater cauſe, why I ſhould craue pardon of you. When ſhe ſaw his face, & heard his ſpeech, ſhe looked out of the coach, & ſeeing her men, ſome ſlaine, ſome lying vnder their dead horſes, & ſtriuing to get from vnder them, without making more account of the matter, Truly (ſaid ſhe) they are wel ſerued that durſt lift vp their armes againſt that armour. But Sir Knight (ſaid ſhe) I pray you tell me, how come you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owed it, then haue I more to ſay vnto you. *Palladius* aſſured her it was not ſo; telling her the true manner how he found it. It is like enough (ſaid ſhe) for that agrees with the manner he hath lately vſed. But I beſeech you Sir (ſaid ſhe) ſince your proweſſe hath bereft me of my company: let it yet ſo farre heale the wounds it ſelfe hath giuen, as to gard me to the next towne. How great ſo euer my buſineſſe be fayre Lady (ſaid he) it ſhall willingly yeeld to ſo noble a cauſe: But firſt euen by the fauour you beare to the Lord of this noble armour, I coniure you to tell mee the ſtorie of your fortune herein, leſt hereafter when the image of ſo excellēt a Ladie in ſo ſtrange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemne my ſelfe of want of conſideration in not hauing demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without proteſtation, that wherein my ſword and faith may auaile you, they ſhall bind themſelues to your ſeruice. Your coniuration, faire Knight (ſaid ſhe) is too ſtrong for my poore ſpirite to diſobey, and that ſhall make me (without any other hope, my ruine being but by one vnrelieueable) to graunt your will herein: and to ſay the truth, a ſtrange niceneſſe were it in me to refraine that from the eares of a perſon repreſenting ſo much worthineſſe, which I am glad euen to rockes & woods to vtter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth: and hitherto poſſeſſion of the faire citie & territorie of *Corinth*. I can ſay no more of my ſelfe, but beloued of my people: and may iuſtly ſay, beloued, ſince they are content to beare with my abſence, & folly. But I being left by my fathers death and accepted by my people, in the higheſt degree, that countrie could receiue; aſſoone, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it; my court quickly ſwarmed full of ſuters; ſome perchance louing my ſtate, others my perſon, but once I know all of them, howſoeuer my poſſeſſions were in their hearts, my beautie (ſuch as it is) was in their mouthes; many ſtrangers of princely & noble blood, and all of mine own countrie, to whom either birth or vertue gaue courage to auowe ſo high a deſire.

Among the reſt, or rather before the reſt, was the Lord *Philoxenus*, ſonne & heire to the vertuous noble man *Timotheus*: which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which paſſed all theſe) goodnes, and (which followed all theſe) loue of the people, beyond any of the great men of my countrie. Now this ſonne of his, I muſt ſay truly, not vnworthie of ſuch a father, bending himſelfe by all meanes of ſeruiceablenes to mee, and ſetting forth of himſelfe to win my fauour, wan thus farre of mee, that in truth I leſſe miſliked him then any of the reſt: which in ſome proportion my countenance deliuered vnto him. Though I muſt proteſt it was a verie falſe embaſſadour, if it deliuered at all any affection, whereof my heart was vtterly void, I as then eſteeming my ſelfe borne to rule, and thinking foule ſcorne willingly to ſubmit my ſelfe to be ruled.

Dalgonez

But whiles *Philoxenus* in good ſort purſued my fauour, and perchance nouriſhed himſelfe with ouer much hope, becauſe he found I did in ſome ſort acknowledge his valew, one time among the reſt he brought with him a deare friend of his. With that ſhe looked vpō the picture before her, & ſtraight ſighed, & ſtraight teares followed, as if the Idole of dutie ought to be honoured with ſuch oblations, and then her ſpeach ſtaied the tale, hauing brought her to that looke, but that looke hauing quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pitying ſo ſweete a ſorrow in a Ladie, whom by fame he had already knowne & honoured, beſought for her promiſe ſake, to put ſilence ſo long vnto her moning, till ſhe had recounted the reſt of this ſtory. Why ſaid ſhe, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I ſay more to you? what eare is ſo barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who followes deeds of armes, but euery where findes monumēts of *Amphialus*? who is curteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are al heroical parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus* I would thou were not ſo excellent, or I would I thought thee not ſo excellent, and yet would I not that I would ſo: with that ſhe wept againe, till he againe ſoliciting the concluſion of her ſtory: Then muſt you (ſaid ſhe) know the ſtory of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life, his life my hiſtory: and in deed in what can I better emploie my lips then in ſpeaking of *Amphialus*?

This Knight then whoſe figure you ſee, but whoſe mind can be painted by nothing, but by their true ſhape of vertue, is brothers ſonne to *Baſilius* King of *Arcadia*, and in his childhood eſteemed his heire: till *Baſilius* in his old yeares marrying a yong and a faire Ladie, had of her thoſe two daughters, ſo famous for their perfection in beautie: which put by their yong coſin from that expectation.

Whereupon his mother (a woman of a haughtie heart, being daughter to the King of *Argos*, either diſdaining, or fearing, that her ſonne ſhould liue vnder the power of *Baſilius*, ſent him to that Lord *Timotheus* (betweene whom and her dead husband there had paſſed ſtraight bands of mutuall hoſpitalitie, to be brought vp in companie with his ſonne *Philoxenus*.

A happie reſolution for *Amphialus*, whoſe excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as any Princes ſonne in the world could haue, which otherwiſe it is thought his mother (farre vnworthie of ſuch a ſonne) would not haue giuen him. The good *Timotheus* no leſſe louing him then his own ſonne, well they grew in yeares; and ſhortly occaſions fell aptly to trie *Amphialus*, and all occaſions were but ſteppes for him to clime fame by. Nothing was ſo hard, but his valour ouercame: which yet ſtill he ſo guided with true vertue, that although no man was in our parts ſpoken of but he for his manhood, yet, as though therein he excelled him ſelfe, he was commonly called the curteous *Amphialus*. An endleſſe thing it were for me to tell, how manie aduentures (terrible to be ſpoken of) he atchieued: what monſters, what Giants, what conqueſts of countries, ſometimes vſing policie, ſometimes force, but alwaies vertue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus*: betweene whom, and him, ſo faſt a friendſhip by education was knit, that at laſt *Philoxenus* hauing no greater matter to imploy his friendſhip in, then to winne me, therein deſired, & had his vttermoſt furtherance: to that purpoſe brought he him to my court, where truely I may iuſtly witneſſe with him, that what his wit could conceiue (and his wit can conceiue as farre as the limits of reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forward the ſuite of his friend *Philoxenus*: mine eares could heare nothing from him, but touching the worthineſſe of *Philoxenus*, and of

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the great happineſſe it would be vnto me to haue ſuch a husband; with manie arguments, which God knowes, I cannot well remember becauſe I did not much beleeue. For why ſhold I vſe many circumſtances to come to that where already I am, & euer while I liue muſt continue? in fewe words, while he pleaded for another, he wanne me for himſelfe: if at leaſt (with that ſhe ſighed) he would account it a winning, for his fame had ſo framed the way to my mind, that his preſence ſo full of beautie, ſweetnes, & noble conuerſation, had entred there before he vouchſafed to call for the keyes. O Lord, how did my ſoule hang at his lippes while he ſpake! O when he in feeling maner would deſcribe the loue of his friend, how wel (thought I) doth loue betweene thoſe lippes! when he would with daintieſt eloquence ſtirre pitie in me toward *Philoxenus*, why ſure (ſaid I to my ſelfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pitie: and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who in deede had but waited of him therein, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus* how euil doth it become thy name to be ſubſcribed to his letter? what ſhould I ſaie? nay, what ſhould I not ſaie (noble Knight) who am not aſhamed, nay am delighted, thus to expreſſe mine owne paſſions?

Dayes paſt, his eagerneſſe for his friend neuer decreaſed, my affection to him euer increaſed. At length, in way of ordinarie curteſie, I obtained of him (who ſuſpected no ſuch matter) this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I feare that I ſhall euer enioy: and growen bolder, or madder, or bolde with madneſſe, I diſcouered my affection vnto him. But, Lord, I ſhall neuer forget, how anger and curteſie, at one inſtant appeared in his eyes, when he heard that motion: how with his bluſh he taught me ſhame. In ſumme, he left nothing vnaſſayed, which might diſgrace himſelf, to grace his friend; in ſweet termes making me receiue a moſt reſolute refuſall of himſelfe. But when he found that his preſence did far more perſwade for himſelfe, then his ſpeech could do for his friend, he left my court: hoping that forgetfulneſſe (which commonly waits vpō abſence) would make roome for his friend: to whom he would not vtter thus much (I thinke) for a kinde feare not to grieue him, or perchaunce (though he cares litle for me) of a certaine honourable gratefulneſſe, not yet to diſcouer ſo much of my ſecrets: but as it ſhould ſeeme, meant to trauel into farre countries, vntill his friends affection either ceaſed, or preuailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to ſee how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in trueth I cared not much how he took it) he found me ſitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am ſure with a moſt affectionate mind. I ſtraight found ielouſie & diſdaine tooke hold of him: and yet the froward paine of mine own heart made me ſo delight to puniſh him, whom I eſteemed the chiefeſt let in my way; that when he with humble geſture, & vehement ſpeeches ſued for my fauor; I told him, that I would heare him more willingly, if he would ſpeake for *Amphialus*, as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: he neuer anſwerd me, but pale & quaking, went ſtraight away; and ſtraight my heart miſgaue me ſome euil ſucceſſe: and yet though I had authoritie enough to haue ſtayed him (as in theſe fatall things it falles out, that the high-working powers make ſecōd cauſes vnwittingly acceſſarie to their determinations) I did no further but ſent a foot-man of mine (whoſe faithfulnes to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, & bring me word of his proceedings: which (alas) haue brought forth that which I feare I muſt euer rewe.

For he had trauailed ſcarſe a daies iorney out of my countrey, but that (not farre from this place) he ouer-tooke *Amphialus*, who (by ſuccouring a diſtreſſed Lady)

had bene here ſtayed: and by and by called him to fight with him, proteſting that one of them two ſhould die: you may eaſily iudge how ſtrange it was to *Amphialus*, whoſe hart could accuſe it ſelf of no fault, but too much affectiō toward him, which he (refuſing to fight with him) would faine haue made *Philoxenus* vnderſtand, but (as my ſeruant ſince told me) the more *Amphialus* went back, the more he followed, calling him Traytor, & coward, yet neuer telling the cauſe of this ſtrange alteratiō. Ah *Philoxenus* (ſaid *Amphialus*) I know I am no Traytor, & thou well knoweſt I am no coward: but I pray thee content thy ſelfe with this much, & let this ſatisfie thee, that I loue thee, ſince I beare thus much of thee, but he leauing words drew his ſword & gaue *Amphialus* a great blow or two, which but for the goodnes of his armor would haue ſlaine him: and yet ſo far did *Amphialus* containe himſelfe, ſtepping aſide, and ſaying to him: Well *Philoxenus*, & thus much villany am I content to put vp, not any longer for thy ſake (whom I haue no cauſe to loue, ſince thou doſt iniurie me, & wilt not tell me the cauſe) but for thy vertuous fathers ſake, to whom I am ſo much bound. I pray thee go away, & conquer thine owne paſſions, & thou ſhalt make me ſoone yeeld to be thy ſeruant. But he would not attend his words, but ſtill ſtrake ſo fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end (nature preuailing aboue determination) he was faine to defend himſelfe, & withall ſo to offend him, that by an vnlucky blow the poore *Philoxenus* fel dead at his feet; hauing had time only to ſpeak ſome words, wherby *Amphialus* knew it was for my ſake: which whē *Amphialus* ſaw, he forthwith gaue ſuch tokens of true-felt ſorow; that as my ſeruant ſaid, no imagination could cōceiue greater wo. But that by and by, an vnhappie occaſion made *Amphialus* paſſe himſelfe in ſorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the ſame place, the aged & vertuous *Timotheus*, who (hauing heard of his ſonnes ſodaine and paſſionate manner of parting from my Court) had followed him as ſpeedily as he could; but alas not ſo ſpeedily, but that he found him dead before he could ouertake him. Though my heart be nothing but a ſtage for Tragedies; yet I muſt confeſſe, it is euen vnable to beare the miſerable repreſentation thereof: knowing *Amphialus* to *Timotheus* as I haue done. Alas what ſorrow, what amaſement, what ſhame was in *Amphialus*, when he ſaw his deere foſter father, find him the killer of his onely ſonne? In my heart I know, he wiſhed mountaines had laine vpon him, to keep him from that meeting. As for *Timotheus*, ſorrow of his ſonne & (I think principally) vnkindneſſe of *Amphialus* ſo deuoured his vitall ſpirites, that able to ſay no more but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, haue I? he ſanke to the earth, and preſently died.

But not my tongue, though daily vſed to complaints; no nor if my heart (which is nothing but ſorrow) were turned to tongues, durſt it vnder-take to ſhew the vnſpeakablenes of his griefe. But (becauſe this ſerues to make you know my fortune) he threw away his armour, euen this which you haue now vpon you, which at the firſt ſight I vainly hoped, he had put on againe; and then (as aſhamed of the light) he ranne into thickeſt of the woods, lamenting, and euen crying out ſo pitifully, that my ſeruant, (though of a fortune not vſed to much tenderneſſe) could not refraine weeping when he told it me. He once ouertooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his ſword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpoſe) he carried about him, threatned to kill him if he followed him, and withall bad him deliuer this bitter meſſage, that he wel inough found, I was the cauſe of all this miſchiefe: and that if I were a man, he would go ouer the world to kill me: but bad me aſſure my ſelfe, that of all creatures in the world, he moſt hated me. Ah ſir knight (whoſe eares I think by this time are tired with the rugged wayes of theſe

misfor-

misfortunes) now weigh my case, if at least you know what loue is. For this haue I left my countrey, putting in hazard how my people will in time deale by aduenturing what perils or dishonors might ensue, onely to follow him, who claimeth hate against me, & to bring my neck vnto him, if that may redeeme t. tresp asse and asswage his furie. And now sir (said she) you haue your request, I pra. you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather such of my company againe, as your valor hath left me. *Palladius* willingly cõdiscended: but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who hauing bene something hurt by one of them, had pursued him a good way: at length ouertaking him, and ready to kil him, vnderstood they were seruants to the faire Queene *Helen*, and that the cause of this enterprise was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* prisoner, whom they knew their mistresse sought; for she concealed her sorrow, nor cause of her sorrow frõ no body.

But *Clitophon* (verie sory for this accident) came back to comfort the Queene, helping such as were hurt, in the best sort that he could, and framing friendly constructiõs of this rashly vnder-taken enmitie, whẽ in comes another (til that time vnseen) all armed, with his beuer downe, who first looking round about vpon the company, as soone as he spied *Palladius*, he drew his sword, & making no other prologue, let flie at him. But *Palladius* (sorie for so much harme as had alreadie happened) sought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be some one that belonged to the faire Queene, whose case in his heart he pitied. Which *Clitophon* seeing, stept betweene them, asking the new come knight the cause of his quarell; who answered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had stolen away his maisters armour, if he did not restore it. With that *Palladius* lookt vpon him, and saw that he of the other side had *Palladius* own armour vpon him: truely (said *Palladius*) if I haue stolen this armour, you did not buy that: but you shall not fight with me vpon such a quarell, you shall haue this armour willingly, which I did onely put on to do honor to the owner. But *Clitophon* straight knew by his words and voice, that it was *Ismenus*, the faithfull and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deserued all honor, the yong Gentleman pulled off his head-peece, and (lighting) went to kisse *Palladius* hands; desiring him to pardon his follie, caused by extreame griefe, which easilie might bring foorth anger. Sweete Gentleman (said *Palladius*) you shall onely make me this amends, that you shall carie this your Lords armour from me to him, and tell him from an vnknown knight (who admires his worthinesse) that he cannot cast a greater mist ouer his glorie, then by being vnkind to so excellent a Princesse as this Queene is. *Ismenus* promised he would as soone as he durst find his maister: and with that went to do his duetie to the Queene, whom in all these encounters astonishment made hardie; but assoone as shee saw *Ismenus* (looking to her picture) *Ismenus* (said shee) here is my Lord, where is yours? or come you to bring me some sentence of death from him? if it be so, welcome be it. I pray you speake; and speake quickly. Alas Madame, said *Ismenus*, I haue lost my Lord, (with that teares came vnto his eyes) for assoone as the vnhappie combat was concluded with the death both of father and sonne, my maister casting off his armor, went his way: forbidding me vpon paine of death to follow him. Yet diuers daies I followed his steppes; till lastly I found him, hauing newly met with an excellent Spaniell, belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dog straight fawned on my maister for old knowledge: but neuer was there thing more pitifull then to heare my maister blame the dog for louing his maisters murtherer, renewing a fresh his complaints,

with the dumbe counſeller, as if they might comfort one another in their miſeries. But my Lord hauing ſpied me, roſe vp in ſuch rage, that in truth I feared he would kill me: yet as then he ſaid only, if I would not diſpleaſe him I ſhould not come neere him til he ſent for me: too hard a commaundement for me to diſobey: I yeelded, leauing him onely waited on by his dog, and as I thinke ſeeking out the moſt ſolitary places, that this or any other countrie can graunt him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another in ſteede thereof, and (diſdaining I muſt confeſſe that any ſhould beare the armour of the beſt Knight liuing) armed my ſelfe therein to play the foole as euen now I did. Faire *Iſmenus* (ſaid the Queene) a fitter meſſenger could hardly be to vnfold my Tragedie: I ſee the end, I ſee my end.

With that (ſobbing) ſhe deſired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be waited on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earneſt entreatie, who deſired alone to take that melancholy courſe of ſeeking his friend: and therefore changing armours againe with *Iſmenus* (who went withal to a caſtle belonging to his maiſter) he continued his queſt for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his courſe to *Laconia*, aſwell among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*. There indeede he found his fame flouriſhing, his monuments engraued in Marble, & yet more durably in mens memories; but the vniuerſall lamenting his abſented preſence, aſſured him of his preſent abſence. Thence into the *Elean* prouince, to ſee whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) he might in ſuch concourſe bleſſe his eyes with ſo deſired an encounter: but that huge and ſportfull aſſemblie grew to him a tedious lonelineſſe, eſteeming no bodie found, ſince *Daiphantus* was loſt. Afterward he paſſed through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, prowde of their two Seas, to learne whether by the ſtreight of that *Iſthmus*, it were poſſible to know of his paſſage. But finding euery place more dumbe then other to his demaunds, and remembring that it was late-taken loue, which had wrought this new courſe, he returned againe (after two moneths trauaile in vaine) to make a freſh ſearch in *Arcadia*; ſo much the more, as then firſt he bethought him ſelfe of the picture of *Philoclea* (which reſembling her he had once loued) might perhaps awake againe that ſleeping paſſion. And hauing alreadie paſt ouer the greateſt part of *Arcadia*, one day comming vnder the ſide of the pleaſant mountaine *Menalus*, his horſe (nothing guiltie of his inquiſitiueneſſe) with flat-tyring taught him, that diſcreete ſtayes make ſpeedie iourneis. And therfore lighting down, & vnbridling his horſe, he him ſelfe went to repoſe him ſelfe in a litle wood he ſaw there by. Where lying vnder the protection of a ſhadie tree, with intention to make forgetting ſleepe comfort a ſorrowfull memorie, he ſaw a ſight which perſwaded, and obtained of his eies, that they would abide yet awhile open. It was the appearing of a Ladie, who becauſe ſhe walked with her ſide toward him, he could not perfectly ſee her face; but ſo much he might ſee of her, that was a ſuretie for the reſt, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceiue the hanging of her haire in faireſt quantitie, in lockes ſome curled, and ſome as it were forgotten, with ſuch a careleſſe care, & an art ſo hiding art, that ſhe ſeemed ſhe would lay them for a pattern, whether nature ſimply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the reſt whereof was drawne into a coronet of gold richly ſet with pearle, and ſo ioyned all ouer with gold wiers and couered with feathers of diuers colours, that it was not vnlike to an helmet, ſuch a glittering ſhewe it bare, & ſo brauely it was held vp from the head. Vpon her body ſhe ware a doublet of Skie colour ſattin, couered with plates of gold, and as it were nailed with precious ſtones, that in it ſhe might ſeem armed; the neather part of her garment

garment was full of ſtuffe, and cut after ſuch a faſhion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might ſometimes diſcerne the ſmall of her legge, which with the foote was dreſſed in a ſhort paire of crimſon veluet buſkins, in ſome places opē (as the ancient maner was) to ſhew the faitneſſe of the skin. Ouer all this ſhe ware a certaine mantell, made in ſuch maner, that comming vnder her right arme, and couering moſt of that ſide, it had no faſtening on the left ſide, but onely vpon the top of the ſhoulder, where the two ends met, and were cloſed together with a verie rich iewell: the deuiſe whereof as he after ſaw was this: a *Hercules* made in litle forme, but ſet with a diſtaffe in his hand as he once was by *Omphales* commandement with a word in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Neuer more valiant*. On the ſame ſide, on her thigh ſhe ware a ſword, which as it witneſſed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profeſſion, ſo it ſeemed but a needleſſe weapō, ſince her other forces were without withſtāding. But this Ladie walked outright till he might ſee her enter into a fine cloſe arbour: it was of trees whoſe branches ſo louinglie enterlaced one the other, that it could reſiſt the ſtrōgeſt violence of eye-ſight; but ſhe went into it by a doore ſhe opened; which moued him as warilie as he could to follow her, and by and by he might heare her ſing this ſong, with a voice no leſſe beautifull to his eares, then her goodlineſſe was full of harmony to his eyes.

*TRansformd in shew, but more transformd in mind,*
*I ceaſe to ſtriue with double conqueſt foilde:*
*For (wo is me) my powers all I find*
*VVithoutward force, and inward treaſon ſpoilde.*

*For from without came to mine eyes the blow,*
*VVhereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld:*
*Both theſe conſpir'd poore Reaſons ouerthrow;*
*Falſe in my ſelfe, thus haue I loſt the field.*

*Thus are my eyes ſtill captiue to one ſight,*
*Thus all my thoughts are ſlaues to one thought ſtill:*
*Thus Reaſon to his ſeruants yeelds his right,*
*Thus is my power transformed to your vvill:*
*VVhat maruell then I take a womans hue,*
*Since what I ſee, thinke, know, is all but you?*

The dittie gaue him ſome ſuſpition, but the voice gaue him almoſt aſſurance, who the ſinger was. And therefore boldly thruſting open the doore, and entring into the arbour, he perceiued indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus diſguiſed, wherwith not receiuing ſo much ioy to haue found him, as griefe ſo to haue found him, amazedlie looking vpon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he ſaw *Daphne* ſodainly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much ſhame, as *Muſidorus* had ſorow) riſing to him, would haue formed a ſubſtantiall excuſe; but his inſinuation being of bluſhing, and his diuiſion of ſighes, his whole oration ſtood vpon a ſhort narration, what was the cauſer of this Metamorphoſis. But by that time *Muſidorus* had gathered his ſpirits together, and yet caſting a gaſtfull countenance vpon him (as if he would coniure ſome ſtrange ſpirits) he thus ſpake vnto him.

And is it poſſible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onlie young Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exerciſe of vertue? or is it indeed ſome *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this ſort to vexe me? for likelier ſure I would haue thought it, that any outward face might haue bin diſguiſed, then that the face of ſo excellent a mind could haue bin thus blemiſhed. O ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſeparate your ſelfe a little (if it be poſſible) from your ſelfe, and let your owne mind looke vpon your owne proceedings, ſo ſhall my words be needleſſe, and you beſt inſtructed. See with your ſelfe, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne ſo great a Prince, and of ſo rare, not only expectation but proofe, deſired of your old father, and wanted of your natiue countrie, now ſo neare your home, to diuert your thoughts frō the way of goodneſſe, to looſe, nay to abuſe your time. Laſtlie, to ouerthrow all the excellent things you haue done, which haue filled the world with your fame; as if you ſhould drowne your ſhip in the long deſired hauen, or like an ill player, ſhould marre the laſt act of his Tragedie. Remember (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reaſonable part of our ſoule is to haue abſolute commandement; againſt which if any ſenſuall weakneſſe ariſe, we are to yeeld all our ſound forces to the ouerthrowing of ſo vnnatural a rebellion, wherein how can we want courage, ſince we are to deale againſt ſo weake an aduerſarie, that in it ſelfe is nothing but weakneſſe? Nay, we are to reſolue, that if reaſon direct it, we muſt do it; and if we muſt do it, we will do it; for to ſay I cannot, is childiſh, and I will not, womaniſh. And ſee how extreamely euery way you endaunder your mind; for to take this womaniſh habite (without you frame your behauior accordingly) is whollie vaine: your behauiour can neuer come kindly from you, but as the mind is proportioned vnto it. So that you muſt reſolue, if you will play your part to any purpoſe, whatſoeuer peuiſh imperfectiōs are in that ſexe, to ſoften your hart to receiue thē, the very firſt down-ſtep to all wickednes, for do not deceiue your ſelfe, my deare coſin, there is no man ſodainly either excellently good, or extreamly euill, but growes either as he holds himſelfe vp in vertue, or lets himſelfe ſlide to viciouſneſſe. And let vs ſee, what power is the authour of all theſe troubles; forſooth loue, loue, a paſſion, and the baſeſt and fruitleſſeſt of all paſſions: feare breedeth wit, anger is the cradle of courage; ioy openeth and enableth the heart: ſorrow, as it cloſeth, ſo it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it ſelfe; and ſo all of them generallie haue power towards ſome good by the direction of Reaſon. But this baſtard Loue (for indeed the name of Loue is moſt vnworthily applied to ſo hatefull a humour) as it is engendred betwixt luſt and idleneſſe, as the matter it works vpon is nothing but a certain baſe weaknes, which ſome gentle fooles call a gentle heart; as his adioined companions be vnquietneſſe, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, iealouſies, vngrounded rages, cauſleſſe yeeldings; ſo is the higheſt end it aſpires vnto, a litle pleaſure with much paine before, and great repentance after. But that end how endleſſe it runnes to infinite euils, were fit enough for the matter we ſpeak of, but not for your eares, in whom indeed there is ſo much true diſpoſitiō to vertue: yet thus much of his worthy effects in your ſelfe is to be ſeene, that (beſides your breaking lawes of hoſpitalitie with *Kalander*, and of friendſhip with me) it vtterly ſubuerts the courſe of nature, in making reaſon giue place to ſence, & man to woman. And trulie I thinke hereupon it firſt gat the name of Loue: for indeed the true loue hath that excellēt nature in it, that it doth transforme the verie eſſence of the louer into the thing loued; vniting, and as it were incorporating it with a ſecret and inward working. And herein do theſe kind of loues imitate the excellent;

for

for as the loue of heauen makes one heauenly, the loue of vertue, vertuous, ſo doth the loue of the world make one become worldly, and this effeminate loue of a woman, doth ſo womanize a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not onely make him an *Amazon*, but a launder, a diſtaffe ſpinner, or whatſoeuer other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine and their weake hands performe. Therefore (to trouble you no longer with my tedious but louing words) if either you remember what you are, what you haue bene, or what you muſt be: if you conſider what it is that moued you, or by what kind of creature you are mooued, you ſhall finde the cauſe ſo ſmall, the effect ſo dangerous, your ſelfe ſo vnworthie to run into the one, or to be driuen by the other, that I doubt not I ſhall quicklie haue occaſion rather to praiſe you for hauing conquered it, then to giue you further counſell, how to do it. But in *Pyrocles* this ſpeech wrought no more, but that hee, who before he was eſpied, was afraid; after, being perceiued, was aſhamed, now being hardly rubd vpon, left both feare and ſhame, and was moued to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Muſidorus* ſtriuing with it, he thus, partly to ſatisfie him, but principally to looſe the reines to his owne motions, made him anſwere. Coſin, whatſoeuer good diſpoſition nature hath beſtowed vpon me, or howſoeuer that diſpoſition hath bene by bringing vp confirmed, this muſt I confeſſe, that I am not yet come to that degree of wiſdome, to thinke light of the ſexe, of whom I haue my life; ſince if I be any thing (which your friendſhip rather finds, thē I acknowledge) I was to come to it, borne of a woman, & nurſed of a woman. And certainely (for this point of your ſpeach doth neareſt touch me) it is ſtrange to ſee the vnmanlike crueltie of mankind; who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to haue brought the others vertuous patience vnder them (like childiſh maiſters) thinke their maiſterhood nothing, without doing iniurie to them, who (if we will argue by reaſon) are framed of nature with the ſame parts of the minde for the exerciſe of vertue, as we are. And for example, euen this eſtate of *Amazons*, (which I now for my greateſt honour do ſeeke to counterfeit) doth well witneſſe, that if generally the ſweetneſſe of their diſpoſition did not make them ſee the vainneſſe of theſe things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairneſſe take away their force. And truely we men, and praiſers of men ſhould remember, that if we haue ſuch excellencies, it is reaſon to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom we are, ſince a Kyte neuer brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it ſuperfluous to vſe any words of ſuch a ſubiect, which is ſo praiſed in it ſelfe as it needs no praiſes, ſo withall I feare leaſt my conceit (not able to reach vnto them) bring forth words, which for their vnworthineſſe may be a diſgrace to them I ſo inwardly honour. Let this ſuffice, that they are capable of vertue, and vertue (you your ſelues ſay) is to be loued, and I too trulie, but this I willinglie confeſſe, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to ſeeke it in an ilfauored creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an vnciuill gueſt to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward gueſt my ſelfe am hoſte vnto, ye would thinke it verie excuſable, in that I rather performe the duties of an hoſt, then the ceremonies of a gueſt. And for my breaking the lawes of friendſhip with you (which I would rather die, then effectuallie do) truely, I could finde in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your now handliug of me giues me reaſon to confirme my former dealing And here *Pyrocles* ſtayed, as to breath himſelfe, hauing bene tranſported with a litle vehemencie, becauſe it ſeemed him *Muſidorus* had ouer-bitterly glaunced againſt the reputation

of womankind: but then quieting his countenance (aſwel as out of an vnquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Loue (ſaid he) deare coſin, is litle beholding vnto you, ſince you are not contented to ſpoile it of the honour of the higheſt power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed vnto it, but ye deiect it below all other paſſions, in truth ſomwhat ſtrangely; ſince, if loue receiue any diſgrace, it is by the company of theſe paſſions you preferre before it. For thoſe kinds of bitter obiections (as, that luſt, idleneſſe, and a weake heart, ſhould be, as it were, the matter and forme of loue) rather touch me, deare *Muſidorus*, then loue: but I am good witneſſe of mine owne imperfections, and therefore will not defend my ſelfe: but herein I muſt ſay, you deale contrarie to your ſelfe: for if I be ſo weake, then can you not with reaſon ſtir me vp as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertue: or if indeed I be vertuous, then muſt ye confeſſe, that loue hath his working in a vertuous heart; and ſo no doubt hath it, whatſoeuer I be: for, if we loue vertue, in whom ſhall we loue it but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I ſhould loue this word *Vertue*, where I ſee it written in a booke. Thoſe troubleſome effects you ſay it breeds, be not the faults of loue, but of him that loues, as an vnable veſſell to beare ſuch a liquor; like euill eyes, not able to looke on the Sun; or like a weake braine ſooneſt ouerthrowne with the beſt wine. Euen that heauenly loue you ſpeake of, is accompanied in ſome hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and diſpaires. And in that heauenly loue, ſince there are two parts, the one the loue it ſelf, th'other the excellencie of the thing loued; I, not able at the firſt leap to frame both in me, do now (like a diligent workeman) make ready the chiefe inſtrument, & firſt part of that great worke, which is loue it ſelfe; which when I haue awhile practiſed in this ſort, then you ſhall ſee me turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it pleaſe you) thinke of me. Neither doubt ye, becauſe I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womaniſh, ſince I aſſure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I deſire more, then fullie to proue my ſelfe a man in this enterpriſe. Much might be ſaid in my defence, much more for loue, and moſt of all for that diuine creature, which hath ioyned me and loue together. But theſe diſputations are fitter for quiet ſchooles then my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deeds to performe, then in words to defend the noble deſire that poſſeſſeth me. O Lord (ſaid *Muſidorus*) how ſharp-witted you are to hurt your ſelfe? No (anſwered he) but it is the hurt you ſpeake of, which makes me ſo ſharp-witted. Euen ſo ſaid *Muſidorus*) as euerie baſe occupation makes one ſharpe in that practiſe, and fooliſh in all the reſt. Nay rather (anſwered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned, ſerues for a meaſure of all other knowledges. And is that become (ſaid *Muſidorus*) a meaſure for other things, which neuer receiued meaſure in it ſelfe? It is counted without meaſure (anſwered *Pyrocles*) becauſe the workings of it are without meaſure, but otherwiſe, in nature it hath meaſure, ſince it hath an end alotted vnto it. The beginning being ſo excellent, I would gladly know the end. Enioying', anſwered *Pyrocles*, with a deep ſigh. O (ſaid *Muſidorus*) now ſet ye forth the baſeneſſe of it; ſince if it end in enioying, it ſhewes all the reſt was nothing. Ye miſtake me (anſwered *Pyrocles*) I ſpake of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no ſooner then the life. Alas, let your owne braine diſenchaunt you (ſaid *Muſidorus*.) My heart is too farre poſſeſſed (ſayd *Pyrocles*.) But the head giues you direction. And the heart giues me life, anſwered *Pyrocles*.

But *Muſidorus* was ſo grieued to ſee his welbeloued friend obſtinate (as hee thought) to his owne deſtruction, that it forced him with more then accuſtomed vehe-

vehemencie to ſpeake theſe words; Well, well, (ſaid he) you liſt to abuſe your ſelfe; it was a verie white and red vertue, which you could picke out of a painterly gloſſe of a viſage. Confeſſe the truth, and ye ſhall finde the vtmoſt was but beautie; a thing, which though it be in as great excellency in your ſelfe as may be in any, yet I am ſure you make no further reckening of it, thē of an outward fading benefit Nature beſtowed vpon you. And yet ſuch is your want of a true grounded vertue, which muſt be like it ſelfe in all points, that what you wiſely account a trifle in your ſelfe, you fondly become a ſlaue vnto in another. For my part I now proteſt, I haue left nothing vnſaid, which my wit could make me know, or my moſt entire friendſhip to you requires of me; I do now beſeech you euen for the loue betwixt vs (if this other loue haue left any in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old carefull father (if you can remember him that forget your ſelfe,) laſtly for *Pyrocles* owne ſake (who is now vpon the point of falling or riſing) to purge your ſelfe of this vile infection, otherwiſe giue me leaue to leaue off this name of friendſhip, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is aboliſhed. The length of theſe ſpeeches before had not ſo much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were verie impatient of long deliberations, as this laſt farewell of him he loued as his own life, did wound his ſoule. For thinking himſelfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceiue vnkindneſſe deeply: in ſo much, that ſhaking his head, & deliuering ſome ſhew of teares, he thus vttered his griefes. Alas (ſaid he) Prince *Muſidorus*, how cruellie you deale with me; if you ſeeke the victorie, take it, and if ye liſt the triumph; haue you all the reaſon of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet ſuch as I can no more lay frō me, then the Crow can be perſwaded by the Swan to caſt off all his blacke feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Phyſition, that ſeeing his Patient in a peſtilent feuer, ſhould chide him in ſteed of miniſtring helpe, and bid him be ſicke no more; or rather like ſuch a friend, that viſiting his friend condemned to perpetuall priſon, & loden with grieuous fetters, ſhould wil him to ſhake off his fetters, or he wold leaue him. I am ſicke, and ſicke to the death; I am priſoner, neither is there any redreſſe, but by her to whom I am a ſlaue. Now if you liſt, leaue him that loues you in the higheſt degree: But remember euer to carie this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greateſt extremitie.

And herewith the deepe wound of his loue being rubbed afreſh with this new vnkindneſſe, began as it were to bleed again, in ſuch ſort that he was vnable to beare it any longer, but guſhing out abundance of teares, & croſſing his armes ouer his wofull heart, he ſunke downe to the ground: which ſodaine trance went ſo to the heart of *Muſidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kiſſing the weeping eyes of his friend, he beſought him not to make account of his ſpeech; which if it had bin ouer-vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, becauſe it came out of a loue much more vehement; that he had not thought fancie could haue receiued ſo deepe a wound: but now finding in him the force of it, he would no further contrarie it, but employ all his ſeruice to medicine it, in ſuch ſort as the nature of it required. But euen this kindneſſe made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former vnkindneſſe, which his manlike teares well ſhewed, with a ſilent looke vpon *Muſidorus*, as who ſhould ſay, And is it poſſible that *Muſidorus* ſhould threaten to leaue me? And this ſtrooke *Muſidorus* minde and ſenſes ſo dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to ſay anie thing, they reſted with their eyes placed one vpon another, in ſuch ſort, as might well paint out the true paſſion of vnkindneſſe to be neuer aright, but betwixt them that moſt dearely loue.

And thus remained they a time; till at length *Muſidorus* embracing him, ſaid; and will you thus ſhake off your friend? It is you that ſhake me off (ſaid *Pyrocles*) being for my vnperfectneſſe vnworthy of your friendſhip. But this (ſaid *Muſidorus*) ſhewes you more vnperfect, to be cruell to him, that ſubmits himſelfe vnto you; but ſince you are vnperfect (ſaid he ſmiling) it is reaſon you be gouerned by vs wiſe and perfect men. And that authoritie will I begin to take vpon me, with three abſolute commandements: the firſt, that you increaſe not your euill with further griefes: the ſecond, that you loue her with all the powers of your mind: and the laſt commandement ſhall be, you command me to do what ſeruice I can towards the attaining of your deſires. *Pyrocles* heart was not ſo oppreſſed with the two mighty paſſions of loue and vnkindneſſe, but that it yeelded to ſome mirth at this commandement of *Muſidorus*, that he ſhould loue: ſo that ſomething clearing his face from his former ſhewes of griefe: Well (ſaid he) deare coſin, I ſee by the well chooſing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Counſeller, and therfore I am reſolued to employ all my endeuour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, ſhall onely be, that you continue to loue me, & looke vpon my imperfections with more affection then iudgement. Loue you? (ſaid he) alas, how can my heart be ſeparated from the true embracing of it, without it burſt, by being too full of it? But (ſaid he) let vs leaue off theſe flowers of new begun friendſhip; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumſtance, the ſtorie of your affections, both beginning, and proceeding; aſſuring your ſelfe, that there is nothing ſo great, which I will feare to do for you, nor nothing ſo ſmall, which I will diſdaine to do for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleare vnderſtanding, which many times we miſſe, while thoſe things we account ſmall, as a ſpeech, or a looke are omitted, like as a whole ſentence may faile of his congruitie by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene friends all muſt be laid open, nothing being ſuperfluous nor tedious. You ſhal be obeyed (ſaid *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no body offers to come into but my ſelfe, I vſing it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that reſpect is borne vnto it; yet if by chaunce any ſhould come, ſay that you are a ſeruant ſent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to ſeeke me, & then let me alone for the reſt. So ſate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus ſaid.

Coſin (ſaid he) then began the fatall ouerthrow of all my liberty, when walking among the pictures in *Kalanders* houſe, you your ſelfe deliuered vnto me what you had vnderſtood of *Philoclea*, who much reſembling (though I muſt ſay) much ſurpaſſing) the Lady *Zelmane*, whom ſo well I loued: there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drinke my poyſon. Yet alas, ſo ſweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more ſtrong with his declaration. Which the more I queſtioned, the more pitie I conceiued of her vnworthie fortune: and when with pitie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptneſſe of the humour, it receiued quickly a cruell impreſſion of that wonderfull paſſion, which to be defined is impoſſible, becauſe no words reach to the ſtrange nature of it; they only know it, which inwardly feele it, it is called loue. Yet did I not (poore wretch) at firſt know my diſeaſe, thinking it only ſuch a wonted kind of deſire to ſee rare ſights; and my pitie to be no other, but the fruits of a gentle nature. But euen this arguing with my ſelfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreaſed. Deſirous I was to ſee the place where ſhe remained, as though the Architecture of the lodges would haue bene much for my learning;

but

but more desirous to see her selfe, to be iudge, forsooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my selfe, as though my wound had bene no deeper: but when within short time I came to the degree of vncertaine wishes, and that those wishes grew to vnquiet longings, when I could fixe my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within litle varying they should end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I saw, seemed to figure out some part of my passions; whē euen *Parthenias* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philocleas* imagined beautie; when I heard no word spoken, but that me thought it caried the sound of *Philocleas* name: then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my selfe prisoner, before I had leasure to arme my selfe: and that I might well, like the spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that ties him, but I should sooner marre my teeth, then procure libertie: yet I take to witnesse the eternall spring of vertue, that I had neuer read, heard, nor seene any thing; I had neuer anie taste of Philosophie, nor inward feeling in my selfe, which for a while I did not call to my succour. But (alas) what resistance was there, when ere long my very reason was, (you will say corrupted) I must confesse, conquered; and that me thought euen reason did assure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour such beautie? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reuerent friendship I beare vnto you. For as it went against my heart to breake any way from you, so did I feare more than any assault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute, counsell is tedious, but reprehension is lothsome: and that there is nothing more terrible to a guiltie heart, then the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with my selfe (thinking it a lesse fault in friendship to do a thing without your knowledge, then against your will) to take this secret course: which conceit was most builded vp in me, the last day of my parting and speaking with you, when vpon your speech with me, and my but naming loue (when else perchaunce I would haue gone further) I saw your voyce and countenance so chaunge, as it assured me, my reuealing it should but purchase your griefe with my cumber: and therefore (deare *Musidorus*) euen ran away from thy well knowne chiding: for hauing written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taken my chiefe iewels with me, while you were in the middest of your sport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmarked by any, to steale away, I cared not whither, so I might escape you, and so came I to *Ithonia* in the prouince of *Messenia*; where lying secret, I put this in practise, which before I had deuised. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* speech, how obstinately *Basilius* was determined not to marie his daughters, and therefore fearing least any publike dealing should rather increase her captiuitie, then further my loue; Loue (the refiner of inuention) had put in my head thus to disguise my self, that vnder that maske I might (if it were possible) get accesse, and what accesse could bring forth, commit to fortune and industrie, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the closest maner I could, naming my selfe *Zelmane*, for that deare Ladies sake, to whose memory I am so much bound, I caused this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night, thus dressed my selfe, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought: which the next morning hapned as wel as my own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole petigree of my thoughts, I gaue my selfe to sing a litle, which, as you know, I euer delighted in, so now especiallie, whether it be the nature of this clime to stirre vp Poeticall fancies, or rather as I thinke, of loue, whose scope being pleasure, will not so much as vtter his griefes, but in some forme of pleasure.

But I had ſong verie litle, when (as I thinke, diſpleaſed with my bad muſicke) comes maſter *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and ſwearing by the pantable of *Pallas*, and ſuch other othes as his ruſticall brauerie could imagine; and when he ſaw me, I aſſure you, my beautie was no more beholding to him then my harmony; for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voyce of one that playeth *Hercules* in a play, but neuer had his fancy in his head, the firſt word he ſpake to me, was, Am not I *Dametas*? why, am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himſelf, for *Kalanders* deſcription had ſet ſuch a note vpon him, as made him verie notable vnto me; and therefore the height of my thoughts would not deſcend ſo much as to make him any anſwere, but continued on my inward diſcourſes: which he (perchaunce witneſſe of his owne vnworthineſſe, and therefore the apter to thinke himſelfe contemned) tooke in ſo hainous maner, that ſtanding vpon his tiptoes, and ſtaring, as if he would haue had a mote pulled out of his eye, Why (ſaid he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatſoeuer thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleaſure, I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleaſure. I could not chooſe, but ſmile at him, ſeeing him looke ſo like an ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my ſelfe with the maner, ſpake theſe words to my ſelfe: O ſpirit (ſaid I) of mine, how canſt thou receiue any mirth in the midſt of thine agonies, and thou mirth, how dareſt thou enter into a minde ſo growne of late thy profeſſed enemie? Thy ſpirit (ſaid *Dametas*) doeſt thou thinke me a ſpirit? I tell thee I am *Baſilius* officer, and haue charge of him and his daughters. O only pearle (ſaid I ſobbing) that ſo vile an oyſter ſhould keepe thee? By the combecaſe of *Diana* (ſware *Dametas*) this woman is mad: oyſters and pearles? doeſt thou thinke I will buy oyſters? I tell thee once againe get thee packing, and with that lifted vp his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my leſſon, ſo that I forgat all *Zelmanes* ſhip, and drawing out my ſword, the baſeneſſe of the villaine yet made me ſtay my hand, & he (who, as *Kalander* told me, from his child-hood euer feared the blade of a ſword) ran backe, backward (with his hands aboue his head) at leaſt twentie paces, gaping and ſtaring, with the verie grace (I thinke) of the clownes, that by *Latonas* prayers were turned into Frogs. At length ſtaying, finding himſelfe without the compaſſe of blowes, he fell to a freſh ſcolding, in ſuch manerlie maner, as might wel ſhew he had paſſed through the diſcipline of a Tauerne. But ſeeing me walke vp and downe, without marking what he ſaid, he went his way (as I perceiued after) to *Baſilius*: for within a while he came vnto me, bearing indeed ſhewes in his countenance of an honeſt and well minded Gentleman, and with as much curteſie as *Dametas* with rudeneſſe ſaluting me, Faire Lady (ſayd he) it is nothing ſtrange, that ſuch a ſolitarie place as this ſhould receiue ſolitarie perſons; but much do I maruel, how ſuch a beautie as yours is, ſhould be ſuffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a graue maieſtie vpon him, as if I found in my ſelfe cauſe to be reuerenced: They are neuer alone (ſayd I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts. But thoſe thoughts (replied *Baſilius*) cannot in this your lonelineſſe neither warrant you from ſuſpition in others, nor defend you from melancholie in your ſelfe. I then ſhewing a miſlike that he preſſed me ſo farre, I ſeeke no better warrant ſaid I, then my owne conſcience, nor no greater pleaſure, then mine owne contentation. Yet vertue ſeekes to ſatisfie others, ſaide *Baſilius*. Thoſe that be good, ſaid I, and they will be ſatisfied as long as they ſee no euill. Yet will the beſt in this countrie, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſuſpect ſo excellent beautie being ſo weakely garded.

Then

Then are the beſt but ſtarke naught, (anſwered I) for open ſuſpecting others, comes of ſecret condemning themſelues: but in my countrie (whoſe maners I am in all places to maintaine and reuerence) the generall goodneſſe (which is nouriſhed in our hearts) makes euerie one thinke the ſtrength of vertue in another, whereof they find the aſſured foundation in themſelues. Excellent Ladie, ſaid he, you praiſe ſo greatlie (and yet ſo wiſely) your countrie, that I muſt needs deſire to know what the neſt is, out of which ſuch birds do flie. You muſt firſt deſerue it (ſaid I) before you may obtaine it. And by what means (ſaid *Baſilius*) ſhall I deſerue to know your eſtate? By letting me firſt know yours (anſwered I:) To obey you (ſaid he) I will do it, although it were ſo much more reaſon yours ſhould be knowne firſt, as you do deſerue in all points to be preferd. Know you (faire Lady) that my name is *Baſilius*, vnworthily Lord of this country: the reſt, either fame hath already brought to your eares, or (if it pleaſe you to make this place happie by your preſence) at more leaſure you ſhall vnderſtand of me. I that from the beginniug aſſured my ſelfe it was he, but would not ſeeme I did ſo, to keepe my grauitie the better, making a peece of reuerence vnto him; Mighty Prince (ſaid I) let my not knowing you ſerue for the excuſe of my boldneſſe, and the litle reuerence I do you, impute it to the maner of my countrie, which is the inuincible land of the *Amazons*: my ſelfe neece to *Senicia*, Queene thereof, lineally deſcended of the famous *Pentheſilea*, ſlaine by the bloudie hand of *Pyrrhus*: I hauing in this my youth determined to make the world ſee the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in priuate, as in publike vertue, haue paſſed ſome dangerous aduentures in diuerſe countries, till the vnmercifull ſea depriued me of my company; ſo that ſhipwracke caſting me not farre hence, vncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Baſilius* (who now began to taſte of that, which ſince he hath ſwallowed vp, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, then any greedy hoſte would vſe to well paying paſſengers. I thought nothing could ſhoot righter at the marke of my deſires; yet had I learned already ſo much, that it was againſt my womanhood to be forward in my owne wiſhes. And therfore he (to proue whether interceſſions in fitter mouthes might better preuaile) commaunded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife & daughters thither, three Ladies, although of diuerſe, yet of excellent beautie.

His wife in graue Matronlike attire, with countenance and geſture ſutable, and of ſuch faireneſſe (being in the ſtrength of her age) as if her daughters had not bene by, might with iuſt price haue purchaſed admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the moſt daintie eye would thinke her a worthie mother of ſuch children. The faire *Pamela*, whoſe noble heart I find doth greatly diſdaine, that the truſt of her vertue is repoſed in ſuch a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to ſhew an obedience, taken on ſhepheardiſh apparell, which was but of ruſſet cloath, cut after their faſhion: with a ſtraight bodie, open breaſted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide ſleeues: but beleeue me ſhe did apparell her apparel, and with the preciouſneſſe of her body made it moſt ſumptuous. Her haire at the ful length, wound about with gold lace, onely by the compariſon to ſhew how farre her haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe vp like two faire Mountainets in the pleaſant vale of *Tempe*) there hong a verie rich Diamond ſet but in a blacke horne, the word I haue ſince read is this: *Yet ſtill my ſelfe.* And thus particularlie haue I deſcribed them, becauſe you may know that mine eyes are not ſo partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heauen, the triumph of nature, the life of beautie, the Queene of Loue,

young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nymph-like apparell, ſo neare nakedneſſe, as one might well diſcerne part of her perfections; and yet ſo apparelled, as did ſhew ſhe kept beſt ſtore of her beautie to her ſelfe; her haire (alas too poore a word, why ſhould I not rather call them her beams) drawne vp into a net, able to haue caught *Iupiter* when he was in the forme of an eagle; her body (ô ſweet bodie) couered with a light Taffeta garment, ſo cut, as the wrought ſmocke came through it in many places, enough to haue made your reſtrained imagination haue thought what was vnder it: with the caſt of her blacke eyes, blacke indeed, whether nature ſo made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull ſhining, or that ſhe (goddeſſe-like) would worke this miracle with her ſelfe, in giuing blackneſſe the price aboue all beautie. Then (I ſay) indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for enuie, the Roſes me thought bluſhed to ſee ſweeter roſes in her cheekes, & the apples, me thought, fel downe from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breaſt; then the clouds gaue place, that the heauens might more freely ſmile vpon her, at the leaſt the clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed: and my ſight (then more cleare and forcible then euer) was ſo fixed there, that (I imagine) I ſtood like a well wrought Image, with ſome life in ſhew, but none in practiſe. And ſo had I bene like enough to haue ſtayed long time, but that *Gynecia* ſtepping betweene my ſight and the onelie *Philoclea*, the chaunge of obiect made me recouer my ſences; ſo that I could with reaſonable good maner receiue the ſalutation of her, and of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reuerence then one Princeſſe vſeth to another. But when I came to the neuer-enough praiſed *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kiſſing it (I muſt confeſſe) with more then womanly ardencie; Diuine Lady (ſaid I) let not the world, nor theſe great Princeſſes maruell, to ſee me (contrarie to my maner) do this eſpeciall honour vnto you, ſince all both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beautie. But ſhe bluſhing (like a faire morning in May) at this my ſingularitie, and cauſing me to riſe, Noble Ladie (ſaid ſhe) it is no maruell to ſee your iudgement much miſtaken in my beautie, ſince you begin with ſo great an errour, as to do more honour vnto me then to them, to whom I my ſelfe owe all ſeruice. Rather (anſwered I with a bowed downe countenance) that ſhewes the power of your beautie, which forced me to do ſuch an errour, if it were an errour. You are ſo well acquainted (ſaid ſhe ſweetly, moſt ſweetly ſmiling) with your owne beautie, that it makes you eaſily fall into the diſcourſe of beautie. Beauty in me? (ſaid I truly ſighing) alas if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your bleſſed preſence hath imparted vnto them.

But then (as I thinke *Baſilius* willing her ſo to do, Well, ſaid ſhe, I muſt needs confeſſe I haue heard that it is a great happineſſe to be praiſed of them that are moſt praiſe worthie: and well I find that you are an inuincible *Amazon*, ſince you will ouercome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beautie be any thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine ſome while in this companie, to eaſe your owne trauell, and our ſolitarineſſe. Firſt let me die (ſaid I) before anie word ſpoken by ſuch a mouth ſhould come in vaine. And thus with ſome other words of entertaining, was my ſtaying concluded, and I led among them to the Lodge; trulie a place for pleaſantneſſe, not vnfit to flatter ſolitarineſſe, for it being ſet vpon ſuch an vnſenſible riſing of the ground, as you are come to a pretie height before almoſt you perceiue that you aſcend, it giues the eye Lordſhip ouer a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the countrie, being diuerſified betweene hilles and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleare, another more darke-

darkeſome, it ſeemes a pleaſant picture of nature, with louely lightſomneſſe and artificiall ſhadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow ſtone, built in the forme of a ſtarre, hauing ronnd about a garden framed into like points: and beyond the garden, ridings cut out, each anſwering the angles of the Lodge, at the end of one of them is the other ſmaller Lodge, but of like faſhion; where the gracious *Pamela* liueth: ſo that the Lodge ſeemeth not vnlike a faire Comet, whoſe taile ſtretcheth it ſelf to a ſtarre of leſſe greatneſſe.

So *Gynecia* her ſelfe bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was inuited and brought downe to ſup with them in the garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, then artificial inuentions: where, in a banketting houſe among certaine pleaſant trees, whoſe heads ſeemed curled with the wrappings about of vine-branches. The table was ſet neere to an excellent water-worke; for by the caſting of the water in moſt cunning maner, it makes (with the ſhining of the ſunne vpon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleaſant to the eye then to the mind, ſo ſenſibly to ſee the proofe of the heauenly *Iris*. There were birds alſo made ſo finely, that they did not only deceiue the ſight with their figure, but the hearing with their ſongs, which the waterie inſtruments did make their gorge deliuer. The table at which we ſate was round, which being faſt to the floore whereon we ſate, and that deuided from the reſt of the buildings (with turning a vice, which *Baſilius* at firſt did to make me ſport) the table, and we about the table did all turne round, by meanes of water which ran vnder, and caried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleaſure did it to me, to make diuerſe times the full circle round about, ſince *Philoclea* (being alſo ſet) was caried ſtill in equall diſtance from me, and that only my eyes did ouertake her? which when the table was ſtayed, and we began to feed, dranke much more eagerly of her beautie, then my mouth did of any other liquor. And ſo was my common ſence deceiued (being chieflie bent to her) that as I dranke the wine, and withall ſtole a looke on her, me ſeemed I taſted her deliciouſneſſe. But alas, the one thirſt was much more inflamed then the other quenched. Sometimes my eyes would lay themſelues open to receiue all the darts ſhe did throw, ſometimes cloſe vp with admiration, as if with a contrary fancie, they wold preſerue the riches of that ſight they had gotten, or caſt my lids as curtaines ouer the image of beautie, her preſence had painted in them. True it is, that my Reaſon (now growne a ſeruant to paſſion) did yet often tell his maiſter, that he ſhould more moderately vſe his delight. But he, that of a rebel was become a Prince, diſdained almoſt to allow him the place of a Counſeller: ſo that my ſences delights being too ſtrong for any other reſolution, I did euen looſe the reines vnto them: hoping, that (going for a woman) my lookes would paſſe, either vnmarked, or vnſuſpected.

Now thus I had (as me thought) well playd my firſt act, aſſuring my ſelfe, that vnder that diſguiſement, I ſhould find oportunitie to reueale my ſelfe to the owner of my heart. But who wold thinke it poſſible (though I feele it true) that in almoſt eight weekes ſpace I haue liued here (hauing no more companie but her parents, and I being familiar, as being a woman, and watchfull, as being a louer) yet could neuer find oportunitie to haue one minutes leaſure of priuate conference: the cauſe whereof is as ſtrange, as the effects are to me miſerable. And (alas) this it is.

At the firſt ſight that *Baſilius* had of me (I thinke *Cupid* hauing headed his arrowes with my misfortune) he was ſtriken (taking me to be ſuch as I profeſſe) with great affection towards me, which ſince is growne to ſuch a doting loue, that till I was faine to get this place, ſometimes to retire vnto freely) I was euen choked with his

tediouſneſſe. You neuer ſawe foureſcore yeares daunce vp and downe more liuely in a young louer: now, as fine in his apparell, as if he would make me in loue with a cloake: and verſe for verſe with the ſharpeſt-witted Louer in *Arcadia*. Do you not thinke that this is a ſallet of wormewood, while mine eyes feed vpon the *Ambroſia* of *Philoclea*s beautie. But this is not all; no, this is not the worſt; for he (good man) were eaſie enough to be dealt with: but, as I thinke, Loue and miſchiefe hauing made a wager, which ſhould haue moſt power in me, haue ſet *Gynecia* alſo on ſuch a fire towards me, as will neuer (I feare) be quenched but with my deſtruction. For ſhe (being a woman of excellent wit, and of ſtrong working thoughts) whether ſhe ſuſpected me by my ouer-vehemēt ſhewes of affection to *Philoclea* (which loue forced me vnwiſely to vtter, while hope of my maske fooliſhly encouraged me) or that ſhe hath taken ſome other marke of me, that I am not a woman: or what diuell it is hath reuealed it vnto her, I know not; but ſo it is, that all her countenances, words, and geſtures, are euen miſerable portraitures of a deſperate affection. Wherby a man may learne, that theſe auoydings of companie, do but make the paſſions more violent, when they meete with fit ſubiects. Truly it were a notable dumbe ſhew of *Cupids* kingdome, to ſee my eyes (languiſhing with ouer-vehement longing) direct themſelues to *Philoclea*: & *Baſilius* as buſie about me as a Bee, and indeed as cumberſome; making ſuch vehement ſuits to me, who neither could if I would, nor would if I could, help him: while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, caried with the beere of violent loue, runnes through vs all. And ſo iealous is ſhe of my loue to her daughter, that I could neuer yet begin to open my mouth to the vneuitable *Philoclea*, but that her vnwiſhed preſence gaue my tale a concluſion, before it had a beginning. And ſurely if I be not deceiued, I ſee ſuch ſhewes of liking, & (if I be acquainted with paſſions) of almoſt a paſſionate liking in the heauenly *Philoclea*, towards me, that I may hope her eares would not abhorre my diſcourſe. And for good *Baſilius*, he thought it beſt to haue lodged vs together, but that the eternall hatefulneſſe of my deſtinie made *Gynecias* iealouſie ſtop that, and all other my bleſſings. Yet muſt I confeſſe, that one way her loue doth me pleaſure; for ſince it was my fooliſh fortune, or vnfortunate feliſitie, to be knowne by her, that keeps her from bewraying me to *Baſilius*. And thus (my *Muſidorus*) you haue my tragedie played vnto you by my ſelfe, which I pray the gods may not indeed prooue a tragedie. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a heartie ſigh.

*Muſidorus* recommended to his beſt diſcourſe, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therin he found ſuch intricateneſſe, that he could ſee no way to leade him out of the maze; yet perceiuing his affectiō ſo grounded, that ſtriuing againſt it, did rather anger then heale the wound, and rather call his friendſhip in queſtion then giue place to anie friendlie counſell. Well (ſaid he) deare coſin, ſince it hath pleaſed the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of loue, yet happie it is, that your loue is imployed vpon ſo rare a woman: for certainely, a noble cauſe doth eaſe much a grieuous caſe. But as it ſtands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot ſee wherein I can be ſeruiceable vnto you. I deſire no greater ſeruice of you (anſwered *Pyrocles*) then that you remaine ſecretly in this country, and ſometimes come to this place, either late in the night or earlie in the morning, where you ſhall haue my key to enter, becauſe as my fortune either amends or impaires, I may declare it vnto you, and haue your counſell and furtherance: and hereby I wil of purpoſe leade her, that is the praiſe, and yet the ſtaine of all womankind, that you may haue ſo good a view, as to allow my iudgement: and as I can get the moſt conuenient

time,

time, I will come vnto you; for though by reaſon of yonder wood you cannot ſee the Lodge, it is harde at hande. But now (ſaid ſhe) it is time for me to leaue you, and towardes euening we will walke out of purpoſe hitherward, therefore keepe your ſelfe cloſe in that time. But *Muſidorus* bethinking him ſelfe that his horſe might happen to bewray them, thought it beſt to returne for that day to a village not farre off, and diſpatching his horſe in ſome ſort, the next day early to come a foot thither, and ſo to keepe that courſe afterward, which *Pyrocles* very well liked of. Now farewell deere couſin (ſaid he) from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but *Zelmane*: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the onely hope of my aduauncement. And with that word going out, and ſeeing that the coaſt was cleare, *Zelmane* diſmiſſed *Muſidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to diſſwade him.

*Zelmane* returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Baſilius*) ſhe was like a horſe, deſirous to runne, and miſerably ſpurred, but ſo ſhort raind, as he cannot ſtirre forward: *Zelmane* ſought occaſion to ſpeake with *Philoclea*; *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*; & *Gynecia* hindered them all. If *Philoclea* hapned to ſigh (and ſigh ſhe did often) as if that ſigh were to be wayted on, *Zelmane* ſighed alſo; whereto *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* ſoone made vp foure parts of ſorrow. Their affection increaſed their conuerſation; and their conuerſation increaſed their affection. The reſpect borne bred due ceremonies; but the affection ſhined ſo through them, that the ceremonies ſeemed not ceremonious. *Zelmanes* eyes were (like children before ſweet meate) eager, but fearefull of their ill-pleaſing gouernors. Time in one inſtant, ſeeming both ſhort, and long vnto them: ſhort, in the pleaſingneſſe of ſuch preſence: long, in the ſtay of their deſires.

But *Zelmane* failed not to intice them all many times abroad, becauſe ſhe was deſirous her friend *Muſidorus* (neere whom of purpoſe ſhe led them) might haue full ſight of them. Sometimes angling to a litle riuer neere hand, which for the moiſture it beſtowed vpon rootes of ſome flouriſhing trees, was rewarded with their ſhadow. There would they ſit down, and pretie wagers be made betweene *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which could ſooneſt beguile ſilly fiſhes, while *Zelmane* proteſted, that the fit pray for them was hearts of Princes. She alſo had an angle in her hand; but the taker was ſo taken, that ſhe had forgotten taking. *Baſilius* in the meane time would be the cooke himſelfe of what was ſo caught, and *Gynecia* ſit ſtill, but with no ſtill penſiueneſſe. Now ſhe brought them to ſee a ſeeled Doue, who the blinder ſhe was, the higher ſhe ſtraue. Another time a Kite, which hauing a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and ſo let flie, cauſed all the Kites in that quarter, who (as oftentimes the world is deceiued) thinking her proſperous, when in deede ſhe was wounded, made the poore Kite finde, that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But theſe recreations were interrupted by a delight of more gallant ſhew; for one euening, as *Baſilius* returned from hauing forced his thoughts to pleaſe themſelues in ſuch ſmall conqueſts, there came a ſhepheard, who brought him word, that a Gentleman deſired leaue to do a meſſage from his Lord vnto him. *Baſilius* granted; whereupon the Gentleman came, and after the dutifull ceremonies obſerued, in his maiſters name tolde him, that he was ſent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to craue licence, that as he had done in many other courts, ſo he might in his preſence defie all *Arcadian* Knights in the behalfe of his miſtreſſe beautie, who would beſides, her ſelfe in perſon be preſent, to giue euident proofe what his launce ſhould affirme. The conditions of his chalenge were, that the defendant ſhould bring his miſtreſſe

picture, which being set by the image of *Artesia* (so was the mistresse of *Phalantus* named) who in sixe courses should haue better of the other, in the iudgement of *Basilius*, with him both the honors and the pictures should remaine. *Basilius* (though he had retired himselfe into that solitarie dwelling, with intention to auoid, rather then to accept any matters of drawing companie; yet because he would entertaine *Zelmane*, (that she might not thinke the time so gainfull to him, losse to her) graunted him to pitch his tent for three daies, not farre from the lodge, and to proclaime his challenge, that what *Arcadian* Knight (for none els but vpon his perill was licensed to come) would defend what he honored against *Phalantus*, should haue the like freedome of accesse and returne.

This obteined and published, *Zelmane* being desirous to learne what this *Phalantus* was, hauing neuer knowne him further then by report of his good iusting, in so much as he was commonly called, The faire man of armes, *Basilius* told her that he had had occasion by one verie inward with him, to know in part the discourse of his life, which was, that he was bastard-brother to the faire *Helen* Queen of *Corinth*, and deerely esteemed of her for his exceeding good parts, being honorablie courteous, and wrongfully valiant, considerately pleasant in conuersation, and an excellent courtier without vnfaithfulnesse; who finding his sisters vnperswadeable melancholy, through the loue of *Amphialus*) had for a time left her court, and gone into *Laconia*: where in the warre against the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durst and knew. But as it was rather choise then nature, that led him to matters of armes, so as soone as the spur of honor ceased, he willingly rested in peaceable delights, being beloued in all companies for his louely qualities, and (as a man may terme it) winning cherefulnesse, whereby to the Prince and Court of *Laconia*, none was more agreable then *Phalantus*: and he not giuen greatly to struggle with his own disposition, followed the gentle currant of it, hauing a fortune sufficient to content, and he content with a sufficient fortune. But in that court he saw, & was acquainted with this *Artesia*, whose beautie he now defends, became her seruant, said himselfe, and perchaunce thought himselfe her louer. But certainly, said *Basilius*, many times it falles out, that these yong companions make themselues beleeue they loue at the first liking of a likely beautie; louing, because they will loue for want of other businesse, not because they feele in deed that diuine power, which makes the heart find a reason in passion: and so (God knowes) as inconstantly leaue vpon the next chaunce that beautie castes before them. So therefore taking loue vpon him like a fashion, he courted this Ladie *Artesia*, who was as fit to paie him in his owne monie as might be. For she thinketh she did wrong to her beautie if she were not prowd of it, called her disdaine of him chastitie, and placed her honour in litle setting by his honouring her: determining neuer to marrie, but him, whom she thought worthie of her: and that was one, in whom all worthinesses were harboured. And to this conceipt not only nature had bent her, but the bringing vp she receiued at my sister in law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her: who hauing in her widowhood taken this yong *Artesia* into her charge; because her father had bene a deare friend of her dead husbands, had taught her to thinke that there is no wisdome but in including both heauen and earth in ones selfe: and that loue, curtesie, gratefulnesse, friendship, and all other vertues are rather to be taken on, then taken in ones selfe: And so good a disciple she found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, she was content (if so her sonne could haue liked of it) to haue wished her in marriage to my Nephew *Amphialus*. But I thinke that desire hath lost some of his heat,

heat, since she hath knowne, that such a Queene as *Helen* is, doth offer so great a price as a Kingdome, to buy his fauour; for if I be not deceiued in my good sister *Cecropia*, she thinks no face so beautifull, as that which lookes vnder a Crowne. But *Artesia* in deede liked well of my Nephew *Amphialus*; for I can neuer deeme that loue, which in haughtie hearts proceeds of a desire onely to please, and as it were, peacock themselues; but yet she hath shewed vehemencie of desire that way, I think, because all her desires be vehement, in so much that she hath both placed her only brother (a fine youth called *Ismenus*) to be his squire, and her selfe is content to wait vpon my sister, till she may see the vttermost what she may worke in *Amphialus*: who being of a melancholie (though I must say truly curteous and noble) mind, seemes to loue nothing lesse then Loue: and of late hauing through some aduenture, or inward miscontentment, withdrawne himselfe from any bodies knowledge, where he is: *Artesia* the easier condiscended to go to the court of *Laconia*, whither she was sent for by the Kings wife, to whome she is somewhat allied.

And there after the war of the *Helots*, this Knight *Phalantus*, (at least for tongue-delight) made him selfe her seruant, and she so little caring, as not to shewe mislike thereof, was content onely to be noted to haue a notable seruant. For truely one in my court neerely acquainted with him, within these few dayes made me a pleasant description of their loue, while he with cheerefull lookes would speake sorowful words, vsing the phrase of his affection in so high a stile, that *Mercurie* would not haue wooed *Venus* with more magnificent Eloquence: but els neither in behauiour, nor action, accusing in himselfe any great trouble in mind, whether he sped or no. And she on the other side, well finding how litle it was, and not caring for more, yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a foolish wittinesse, to speake more then one thinks.

For she made earnest benefite of his iest, forcing him in respect of his profession, to do her such seruices, as were both cumbersome and costly vnto him, while he still thought he went beyond her, because his heart did not commit the idolatrie. So that lastly, she (I thinke) hauing in mind to make the fame of her beautie an oratour for her to *Amphialus*, (perswading her selfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him, as it doth in some that haue delightfull meat before them, & haue no stomack to it, before other folks praise it) she tooke the aduantage one day vpon *Phalantus* vnconscionable praisings of her, & certaine cast-away vowes, how much he would do for her sake, to arrest his word assoone as it was out of his mouth, & by the vertue therof to charge him to go with her through all the courts of *Greece*, and with the chalenge now made, to giue her beautie the principalitie ouer all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, & saw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was (as he confest to him that told me the tale) not for doubt he had of himselfe, (for in deede he had litle cause, being accounted, with his Launce especially) whereupon the callenge is to be tryed) as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but because he feared to offend his sister *Helen*, and withall (as he said) he could not so much beleeue his loue, but that he must think in his heart (whatsoeuer his mouth affirmed) that both she, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a most noble Gentleman my wiues neere kinsman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogatiue. But his promise had bound him prentice, and therefore it was now better with willingnesse to purchase thanks, then with a discontented doing to haue the paine, and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather then loue, did lead him. And now hath he alreadie passed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos* & *Corinth*: &

(as many times it happēs)that a good pleader makes a bad cauſe to preuaile; ſo hath his Launce brought captiues to the triumph of *Arteſias* beautie, ſuch, as though *Arteſia* be among the faireſt,yet in that companie were to haue the preheminence: for in thoſe courts many knights(that had bene in other farre countries) defended ſuch as they had ſeen,and liked in their trauaile: but their defence had bene ſuch;as they had forfaited the pictures of their Ladies, to giue a forced falſe teſtimonie to *Arteſias* excellencie. And now laſtly is he come hither where he hath leaue to trie his fortune. But I aſſure you, if I thought it not in due and true conſideration an iniurious ſeruice and churliſh curteſie,to put the danger of ſo noble a title in the deciding of ſuch a dangerleſſe combat, I would make yong maiſter *Phalantus* know,that your eyes can ſharpen a blunt Launce,and that age,which my gray haires(only gotten by the louing care of others)make ſeeme more then it is,hath not diminiſhed in me the power to protect an vndeniable veritie. With that he buſtled vp himſelfe,as though his heart would faine haue walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward ſmyling gaue him outward thanks,deſiring him to reſerue his force for worthier cauſes. So paſſing their time according to their woont, they waited for the comming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning hauing alreadie cauſed his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had vpon the tree made a ſhield to be hanged vp, which the defendant ſhould ſtrike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impreſa* in the ſhield; was a heauen full of ſtarres, with a ſpeech ſignifying,that it was *the beautie which gaue it the praiſe.*

Himſelfe came in next after a triumphant chariot,made of Carnation veluet, enriched with purle and pearle, wherein *Arteſia* ſate, drawne by foure winged horſes with artificiall flaming mouths,and fiery wings, as if ſhe had newly borowed them of *Phœbus*.Before her marched, two after two, certaine footmen pleaſantly attired, who betweene them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had loſt the prize in the race of beauty, and at euery pace they ſtayed, turning the pictures to each ſide, ſo leaſurely,that with perfect iudgement they might be diſcerned. The firſt that came in (following the order of the time wherein they had bene wonne)was the picture of *Andromana*, Queene of *Iberia*; whom a *Laconian* Knight hauing ſometime (and with ſpeciall fauour) ſerued, (though ſome yeares ſince returned home) with more gratefulneſſe then good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for in deede ſhe was not comparable to *Arteſia*, not becauſe ſhe was a good deale elder (for time had not yet bene able to impouerish her ſtore thereof)but an exceeding red haire with ſmall eyes, did (like ill companions) diſgrace the other aſſembly of moſt commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfait of the princeſſe of *Elis*, a Ladie that taught the beholders no other point of beautie, but this, that as lyking is not alwaies the child of beautie,ſo whatſoeuer liketh is beautifull; for in that viſage there was neither maieſtie, grace, fauour, nor faireneſſe; yet ſhe wanted not a ſeruant that would haue made her fairer then the faire *Arteſia*. But he wrote her praiſes with his helmet in the duſt, and left her picture to be as true a witneſſe of his ouerthrow,as his running was of her beautie.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q.of *Armenia*, a Lady vpon whom nature beſtowed,and well placed her moſt delightfull colours; and withall, had proportioned her without any fault,quickly to be diſcouered by the ſenſes, yet altogether ſeemed not to make vp that harmony,that *Cupid* delights in,the reaſon whereof might ſeeme a manniſh countenance,which ouerthrew that louely ſweeteneſſe,the

nobleſt

nobleſt power of womankinde, farre fitter to preuaile by parley then by battell.

Of a farre contrary conſideration was the repreſentation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* Queene of *Licia*, who though of ſo browne a haire, as no man ſhould haue iniuried it to haue called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheeks the white did ſo much ouercome the redde (though what was, was very pure) that it came neare to paleneſſe, and that her face was a thought longer then the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow; yet loue plaid his part ſo well in euerie parte, that it caught holdof the iudgement, before it could iudge, making it firſt loue, and after acknowledge it faire. for there was a certaine delicacie, which in yeelding conquered; and with a pitifull looke made one finde cauſe to craue helpe himſelfe.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though very faire, & of a fatnes rather to allure, then to miſlike, yet her breaſts ouer-familiarly laid open, with a made countenance about her mouth, between ſimpring and ſmyling, her head bowed ſomewhat downe, ſeemed to languiſh with ouer-much idleneſſe, and with an inuiting looke caſt vpward; diſſwaded with too much perſwading, while hope might ſeem to ouer-run deſire.

The other (whoſe name was written *Leucippe*) was of a fine daintineſſe of beauty, her face carying in it a ſober ſimplicitie; like one that could do much good, & meant no hurt, her eyes hauing in them ſuch a cheerefulneſſe, as nature ſeemed to ſmile in them: though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that pretie demureneſſe which the more one markte, the more one would iudge the poore ſoule apt to beleeue; and therefore the more pitie to deceiue her.

Next came the Queene of *Laconia*, one that ſeemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineaments were neither perfect poſſeſſioners thereof, nor abſolute ſtrangers thereto: but ſhe was a Queene, and therefore beautifull.

But ſhe that followed, conquered in deed with being conquered; and might wel haue made all the beholders wait vpō her triumph, while her ſelfe were led captiue. It was the excellently-faire Queene *Helen*, whoſe Iacinth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brooke through goldē ſands) had a rope of faire pearle, which now hiding, now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at faſt and looſe, each with other, mutually giuing & receiuing richneſſe. In her face ſo much beauty & fauour expreſſed, as if *Helen* had not bene knowne, ſome would rather haue iudged it the painters exerciſe, to ſhew what he could do, then the conterfaiting of any liuing patterne: for no fault the moſt fault-finding wit could haue found, if it were not, that to the reſt of the body the face was ſomewhat too little: but that little was ſuch a ſparke of beauty, as was able to enflame a world of loue: for euery thing was full of a choice fineneſſe, that if it wanted any thing in maieſtie, it ſupplied it with increaſe in pleaſure; and if at the firſt it ſtrake not admiration, it rauiſhed with delight. And no indifferent ſoule there was, which if it could reſiſt from ſubiecting it ſelf to make it his princeſſe, that would not long to haue ſuch a playfellow. As for her attire, it was coſtly & curious, though the looke (fixt with more ſadneſſe then it ſeemed nature had beſtowed to any that knew her fortune) bewraied, that as ſhe vſed thoſe ornaments, not for her ſelfe, but to preuaile with another, ſo ſhe feared that all would not ſerue. Of a farre differing (though eſteemed equal) beautie, was the faire *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Arteſias* triumph, though farre better ſhe might haue ſit in the throne. For in her euery thing was goodly, & ſtately; yet ſo, that it might ſeeme that great-mindednes was but the auncient-bearer to the humblenes. For her great graie eye, which might ſeeme full of her own beautie: a large, and exceedingly faire

forehead,with all the reſt of her face and body,caſt in the mould of Nobleneſſe,was yet ſo attired,as might ſhew, the miſtres thought it either not to deſerue, or not to neede any exquiſite decking, hauing no adorning but cleanlineſſe;and ſo farre from all art, that it was full of careleſneſſe: vnleſſe what careleſneſſe it ſelfe (in ſpight of it ſelfe) grew artificiall. But *Baſilius* could not abſtaine from praiſing *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly vertue, and wiuely faithfulneſſe: telling withall *Zelmane*, how he had vnderſtood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certaine *Sycionian* Knight) was loſt, through want rather of valour, then iuſtice: her husband(the famous *Argalus*) would in a chaſe haue gone & redeemed it with a new triall. But ſhe (more ſporting then ſorowing for her vndeſerued champion)told her husband,ſhe deſired to be beautifull in no bodies eye but his; and that ſhe would rather marre her face as euill as euer it was, then that it ſhould be a cauſe to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Baſilius* haue tolde *Zelmane* that which ſhe already knew,of the rare triall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes giue place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which ſate pulling out a thorne out of a Lambes foote, with her looke ſo attentiue vpon it, as if that little foote could haue bene the circle of her thoughts, her apparell ſo poore,as it had nothing but the inſide to adorne it; a ſheephooke lying by her,with a bottle vpon it. But with all that pouertie, beauty plaid the prince, and cammanded as many harts as the greateſt Queene there did. Her beautie and her eſtate made her quicklie to be knowne to be the faire ſhepheardeſſe *Vranis*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, farre in loue with her, had vnluckily defended.

The laſt of all in place, becauſe laſt in the time of her being captiue, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: who at the firſt ſight ſeemed to haue ſome reſembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking(comparing it to the preſent *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her ſiſter)they might ſee, it was but ſuch a likeneſſe as an vnperfect glaſſe doth giue; anſwerable enough in ſome features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* ſighing, turning to *Baſilius*, Alas ſir (ſaid ſhe) here be ſome pictures which might better become the tombes of their Miſtreſſes, then the triumph of *Arteſia*. It is true ſweeteſt Lady (ſaid *Baſilius*) ſome of them be dead, and ſome other captiue: But that hath happened ſo late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beauty, knew not ſo much: without we will ſay (as in ſome harts I know it would fall out)that death it ſelfe could not blot out the image which loue hath engrauen in them. But diuers beſides theſe (ſaid *Baſilius*) hath *Phalantus* wonne, but he leaues the reſt, carying onely ſuch, who either for greatnes of eſtate, or of beauty, may iuſtly glorifie the glory of *Arteſias* triumph.

Thus talked *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter ſubiect to ſpeake of with his miſtreſſe, while *Phalantus* in this pompous maner, brought *Arteſia* with her gentlewomen into one Tent, by which he had another: where they both wayted who would firſt ſtrike vpon the ſhield, while *Baſilius* the Iudge appointed ſticklers and trumpets, to whom the other ſhould obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, til alreadie it had conſumed halfe his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, proteſting himſelfe as contrarie to him in mind, as he was in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, hauing in his baſes, and capariſon imbroidered a waning water: at each ſide whereof he had nettings caſt ouer, in which were diuers fiſhes naturally made, and ſo pretily, that as the horſe ſtirred, the fiſhes ſeemed to ſtriue, and leape in the net.

But

But the other knight by name *Nestor*, by birth an *Arcadian*, & in affection vowed to the faire Shepherdesse, was all in black, with fire burning both vpon his armour and horse. His *impresa* in his shield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More easie, and more sweete*. But this hote knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he receiued of *Phalantus*, leauing his picture to keepe companie with the other of the same stampe; he going away remedilesly chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polycetes*, greatly esteemed in *Arcadia*, for deedes he had done in armes: and much spoken of for the honourable loue he had long borne to *Gynecia*; which *Basilius* himselfe was content, not onely to suffer, but to be delighted with; he carried it in so honourable and open plainnesse, setting to his loue no other marke, then to do her faithfull seruice. But neither her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrant him from ouerthrow, and her from becomming as then the last of *Artesias* victories: a thing *Gynecias* vertues would little haue recked at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not seene it. But her champion went away asmuch discomforted, as discomfited. Then *Telamon* for *Polexena* and *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*; all braue Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifted vp the ballance of his praise for actiuitie, and hers for faireneſſe.

Vpon whose losse as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a shepheard stripling (for his height made him more then a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) brown of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiaritie) but verie louely withall; for the rest so perfectly proportioned, that Nature shewed, shee doth not like men, who slubber vp matters of meane account. And well might his proportion be iudged; for he had nothing vpõ him but a paire of sloppes, and vpon his bodie a Gote-skinne, which he cast ouer his shoulder, doing all things with so pretie a grace, that it seemed ignorance could not make him do a misse, because he had a hart to do well, holding in his right hand a long staffe, and so comming with a looke full of amiable fiercenesse, as in whom choller could not take away the sweetnesse, he came towards the king, and making a reuerence (which in him was comely because it was kindly.) My liege Lord (said he) I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I say not my minde to you. I see here the picture of *Vrania*, which (I cannot tell how, nor why) these men when they fall downe, they say, is not so faire as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may neuer see my old mother aliue, if I think she be any more match to *Vrania*, then a Goate is to a fine Lambe; or then the Dog that keepes our flock at home, is like your white Greyhound, that pulled downe the Stragge last day.

And therefore I pray you let me be dresst as they be, and my hart giues me, I shall tumble him on the earth: for in deede he might aswel say, that a Cowslip is as white as a Lillie: or els I care not, let him come with his great staffe, and I with this in my hand, and you shall see what I can do to him. *Basilius* saw it was the fine shepheard *Lalus*, whom once he had afore him in Pastorall sportes, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretie simplicitie, and therefore laughing at his earnestnesse, he bad him be content, since he saw the pictures of so great Queenes, were faine to follow their champions fortune. But *Lalus* (euen weeping ripe) went among the rest, longing to see some bodie that would reuenge *Vranias* wrong; and praying hartily for euery bodie that ran against *Phalantus*, then beginning to feele pouerty, that he could not set him selfe to that triall. But by and by, euen when the Sunne (like a noble hart) began to shew his greatest countenãce in his lowest estate, there came in a Knight, called *Phebilus*, a Gentleman of that countrey, for whom hatefull

fortune had borowed the dart of loue, to make him miſerable by the ſight of *Philoclea*. For he had euē frō her infancie loued her, & was ſtrikē by her before ſhe was able to know what quiuer of arrowes her eyes caried; but he loued & diſpaired; & the more he diſpaired, the more he loued. He ſaw his own vnworthineſſe, and therby made her excellencie haue more terrible aſpect vpon him: he was ſo ſecret therin, as not daring to be open, that to no creature he euer ſpake of it, but his hart made ſuch ſilent complaints within it ſelfe, that while al his ſenſes were attentiue thereto, cunning iudges might perceiue his mind: ſo that he was known to loue though he denied, or rather was the better known, becauſe he denied it. His armour and his attire was for a Sea colour, his *Impreſa*, the fiſh called *Sepia*, which being in the net, caſtes a blacke inke about it ſelfe, that in the darkeneſſe thereof it may ſcape: his word was, *Not ſo. Philoclea's* picture with almoſt an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But ſtraight icalouſie was a harbinger for diſdaine in *Zelmanes* heart, when ſhe ſaw any (but her ſelfe) ſhould bee auowed a champion for *Philoclea*: in ſomuch that ſhee wiſht his ſhame, till ſhe ſaw him ſhamed: for at the ſecond courſe hee was ſtriken quite frō out of the ſaddle, ſo full of griefe, and rage withall, that he would faine with the ſword haue reuēnged it: but that being contrary to the order ſet downe, *Baſilius* wold not ſuffer; ſo that wiſhing himſelf in the bottome of the earth, he went his way, leauing *Zelmane* no leſſe angry with his loſſe, then ſhee would haue bene with his victory. For if ſhe thought before a riuals praiſe would haue angred her, her Ladies diſgrace did make her much more forget what ſhe then thought, while that paſſion raigned ſo much the more, as ſhe ſaw a prety bluſh in *Philoclea's* cheekes bewray a modeſt diſcontentment. But the night commanded truce for thoſe ſports, and *Phalantus* (though intreated) would not leaue *Arteſia*, who in no caſe would come into the houſe, hauing (as it were) ſuckt of *Cecropias* breath a mortall miſlike againſt *Baſilius*.

But the night meaſured by the ſhort ell of ſleepe, was ſoone paſt ouer, and the next morning had giuen the watchfull ſtars leaue to take their reſt, when a trumpet ſummoned *Baſilius* to play his Iudges part: which he did, taking his wife and daughters with him; *Zelmane* hauing lockt her dore, ſo as they would not trouble her for that time: for already there was a Knight in the field, ready to proue *Helen* of *Corinth* had receiued great iniury, both by the erring iudgement of the chalenger, and the vnlucky weakeneſſe of her former defender. The new Knight was quickly knowne to be *Clitophon* (*Kalanders* ſonne of *Baſilius* his ſiſter) by his armour, which all guilt, was ſo well handled, that it ſhewed like a glittering ſand and grauell, enterlaced with ſiluer riuers: his deuiſe hee had put in the picture of *Helen* which hee defended: It was the *Ermion* with a ſpeach that ſignified, *Rather dead then ſpotted*. But in that armour ſince hee had parted from *Helen* (who would no longer his company, finding him to enter into tearmes of affection) hee had performed ſo honourable actions (ſtill ſeeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*) that though his face were couered, his being was diſcouered, which yet *Baſilius* (which had brought him vp in his court) would not ſeeme to do; but glad to ſee triall of him, of whom he had heard very well, he commanded the trumpets to ſound; to which the two braue Knights obeying, they performed their courſes, breaking their ſix ſtaues, with ſo good, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the maner, that it bred ſome difficulty in the iudgement. But *Baſilius* in the end gaue ſentence againſt *Clitophon*, becauſe *Phalantus* had broken more ſtaues vpon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had receiued ſuch a blow, that he had

loſt

loſt the raines of his horſe, with his head well nie touching the croper of the horſe. But *Clitophon* was ſo angrie with the iudgement (wherein he thought he had receiued wrong) that he omitted his duetie to his Prince, and vncle; and ſodainly went his way ſtill in the queſt of them, whom as then he had left by ſeeking: and ſo yeelded the field to the next commer.

Who comming in about two houres after, was no leſſe marked then all the reſt before, becauſe he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor deuice, his armor of as old a faſhion (beſides the ruſtie pooreneſſe,) that it might better ſeeme a monument of his grandfathers courage: about his middle he had in ſteede of baſes, a long cloak of ſilke, which as vnhandſomely, as it needes muſt, became the wearer: ſo that all that lookt on, meaſured his length on the earth alreadie, ſince he had to meete one who had bene victorious of ſo many gallants. But he went on towards the ſhield, and with a ſober grace ſtrake it; but as he let his ſword fall vpon it, another Knight, all in blacke came ruſtling in, who ſtrake the ſhield almoſt as ſoone as he, & ſo ſtrongly, that he brake the ſhield in two: the ill appointed Knight (for ſo the beholders called him) angrie with that, (as he accounted) inſolēt iniurie to himſelfe, hit him ſuch a ſound blow, that they that looked on ſaid, it well became a rude arme. The other aunſwered him againe in the ſame caſe, ſo that Launces were put to ſilence, the ſwords were ſo buſie.

But *Phalantus* angrie of this defacing his ſhield, came vpon the black Knight, and with the pommell of his ſword ſet fire to his eyes, which preſently was reuenged, not onely by the Black, but the ill apparelled Knight, who diſdained another ſhould enter into his quarrell, ſo as, who euer ſaw a matachin daunce to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, euery one had two aduerſaries, ſtriking him, who ſtrooke the third, and reuenging perhaps that of him, which he had receiued of the other. But *Baſilius* riſing himſelf came to part them, the ſticklers authoritie ſcarſly able to perſwade cholerike hearers; and part them he did.

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foote, who complained to *Baſilius*, demaunding iuſtice on the blacke Knight, for hauing by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little forme he ware in a Tablet, and coue red with ſilke had faſtened it to his Helmet, purpoſing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Arteſias* length, not doubting but euen in that little quantitie, the excellencie of that would ſhine thorow the weakeneſſe of the other: as the ſmalleſt ſtarre doth thorow the whole Element of fire. And by the way he had met with this black Knight, who had (as he ſaid) robbed him of it. The iniurie ſeemed grieuous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halting Knight meeting the other, asking the cauſe of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamelas* diuine beautie againſt *Arteſias*, with a prowd iollitie commaunded him to leaue that quarrell onely for him, who was onely worthie to enter into it. But the blacke Knight obeying no ſuch cōmaundements, they fell to ſuch a bickering, that he gat a halting, and loſt his picture. This vnderſtood by *Baſilius*, he told him he was now fitter to looke to his own bodie, then an others picture: and ſo (vncomforted therein) ſent him away to learne of *Æſculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the queſtion ariſing, who ſhould be the former againſt *Phalantus*, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled Knight, (who now had gotten the reputation of ſome ſturdie lout, he had ſo well defended himſelfe;) of the one ſide, was, alleaged the hauing a picture, which the other wanted: of the other ſide,

the firſt ſtriking the ſhield; but the concluſion was, that the ill apparelled Knight ſhould haue the precedence, if he deliuered the figure of his miſtreſſe to *Phalantus*; who asking him for it, Certainly (ſaid he) her liueliest picture, (if you could ſee it, is in my hart, and the beſt compariſon I could make of her, is of the Sunne and of all the other heauenly beauties. But becauſe perhaps all eyes cannot taſte the diuinitie of her beautie, & would rather be dazeled, then taught by the light, if it be not clowded by ſome maner thing; know ye then, that I defēd that ſame Ladie, whoſe image *Phebilus* ſo feebly loſt yeſternight, and in ſteede of another (if you ouercome mee) you ſhall haue me your ſlaue to carrie that image in your miſtreſſe triumph. *Phalantus* eaſily agreed to the bargaine, which alreadie he made his owne.

But when it came to the trial, the ill apparelled Knight chooſing out the greateſt ſtaues in all the ſtore, at the firſt courſe gaue his head ſuch a remembrance, that he loſt almoſt his remēbrance, he himſelfe receiuing the incounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinarie motion. And at the ſecond gaue him ſuch a counterbuffe, that becauſe *Phalantus* was ſo perfit a horſeman, as not to be driuen from the ſaddle, the ſaddle with broken girthes was driuen from the horſe: *Phalantus* remaining angrie and amazed, becauſe now being come almoſt to the laſt of his promiſed enterpriſe, that diſgrace befell him, which he had neuer before knowne.

But the victorie being by the Iudges giuen, and the trumpets witneſſed to the ill apparelled Knight; *Phalantus* diſgrace was ingrieued in lieu of comfort of *Arteſia*, who telling him ſhe neuer lookt for other, bad him ſeeke ſome other miſtreſſe. He excuſing himſelfe, and turning ouer the fault to Fortune, Then let that be your ill Fortune too (ſaid ſhe) that you haue loſt me.

Nay truely Madam (ſaid *Phalantus*) it ſhall not be ſo: for I think the loſſe of ſuch a Miſtreſſe will proue a great gaine: and ſo concluded; to the ſport of *Baſilius*, to ſee young folkes loue, that came in maskt with ſo great pomp, go out with ſo little conſtancie. But *Phalantus* firſt profeſſing great ſeruice to *Baſilius* for his curteous intermitting his ſolitarie courſe for his ſake, would yet conduct *Arteſia* to the caſtle of *Cecropia*, whither ſhe deſired to go: vowing in himſelfe, that neither hart, nor mouth-loue, ſhould euer any more intangle him: and with that reſolutiō he left the company. Whence all being diſmiſſed (among whom the black Knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him frō winning the honor, as he knew he ſhould haue done, to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled Knight (who was only deſired to ſtay, becauſe *Baſilius* meant to ſhew him to *Zelmane*) puld off his Helmet, & then was known himſelf to be *Zelmane*: who that morning (as ſhe told) while the others were buſie, had ſtolne out to the Princes ſtable, which was a mile off frō the Lodge, had gotten a horſe (they knowing it was *Baſilius* pleaſure ſhe ſhould be obeyed) and borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come vpon the ſpur to redeeme *Philocleas* picture, which ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not beare, (being one of that little wilderneſſe-company) ſhould be in captiuitie, if the cunning ſhe had learned in her countrie of the noble *Amazons*, could withſtand it: and vnder that pretext faine ſhe would haue giuen a ſecret paſport to her affection. But this act painted at one inſtant redneſſe in *Philocleas* face, & paleneſſe in *Gynecias*, but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no ſpeeches but of cōmendations: all theſe few (beſides loue) thinking they honoured themſelues, in honouring ſo accompliſhed a perſon as *Zelmane*: whom daily they ſought with ſome or other ſports to delight, for which purpoſe *Baſilius* had in a houſe not farre off, ſeruaunts, who though they came not vncalled, yet at call were readie.

And

And ſo many daies were ſpent, and many waies vſed, while *Zelmane* was like one that ſtoode in a tree waiting a good occaſion to ſhoot, & *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the deareſt deere from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed courſe, the ſhepheards were to aſſemble, and make their paſtorall ſports afore *Baſilius*: *Zelmane* (fearing, leſt many eyes, and comming diuers waies, might hap to ſpy *Muſidorus*) went out to warne him thereof.

But before ſhe could come to the Arbour, ſhe ſawe walking from her-ward, a man in ſhepherdiſh apparell, who being in the ſight of the Lodge, it might ſeeme he was allowed there. A long cloke he had on, but that caſt vnder his right arme, wherein he held a ſheephooke, ſo finely wrought, that it gaue a brauerie to pouertie; and his rayments, though they were meane, yet receiued they handſomneſſe by the grace of the wearer; though he himſelfe went but a kinde of languiſhing pace, with his eyes ſometimes caſt vp to heauen, as though his fancies ſtraue to mount higher; ſometimes throwne downe to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthen of his ſorrowes; at length, with a lamentable tune, he ſong theſe fewe verſes.

*Come ſhepheards weedes, become your maiſters minde:*
*Yeeld outward ſhew, what inward change he tryes:*
*Nor be abasht, ſince ſuch a gueſt you finde,*
*VVhoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weake comfort lyes.*

*Come shepheards weedes, attend my wofull cryes:*
*Diſuſe your ſelues from ſweete* Menalcas *voice:*
*For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow tyes,*
*From thoſe cleere notes which freely may reioyce.*
*Then powre out plaint, and in one word ſay this:*
*Helpleſſe his plaint, who ſpoiles himſelfe of bliſſe.*

And hauing ended, he ſtrake himſelfe on the breaſt; ſaying, O miſerable wretch, whither do thy deſtenies guide thee? The voice made *Zelmane* haſten her pace to ouertake him: which hauing done, ſhe plainly perceiued that it was her deare friend *Muſidorus*, whereat maruelling not a litle, ſhe demaunded of him, whether the Goddeſſe of thoſe woods had ſuch a power to transforme euery bodie, or whether, as in all enterpriſes elſe he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas, (ſaid *Muſidorus*) what ſhall I ſay, who am loth to ſay, & yet faine would haue ſaid? I find in deede, that all is but lip-wiſdome, which wants experience. I now (woe is me) do try what loue can do. O *Zelmane*, who will reſiſt it, muſt either haue no wit, or put out his eyes: can any man reſiſt his creation? certainly by loue we are made, and to loue we are made. Beaſts onely cannot diſcerne beautie, and let them be in the roll of Beaſts that do not honor it. The perfect friendſhip *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pitie ſhe (by good triall) had of ſuch caſes, could not keepe her from ſmiling at him, remembring how vehemently he had cryed out againſt the folly of louers. And therefore a litle to puniſh him, VVhy how now deare couſin (ſaid ſhe) you that were laſt day ſo high in the pulpit againſt louers, are you now become ſo meane an auditor? Remember that loue is a paſſion; and that a worthie mans reaſon muſt euer haue the maſterhood. I recant, I recant (cried *Muſidorus*) and withall falling downe proſtrate, O thou celeſtiall, or infernall ſpirit of Loue, or what other heauenly or helliſh title thou liſt to haue (for effects of both I finde in my ſelfe)

haue cõpaſſion of me,& let thy glory be as great in pardoning thẽ that be ſubmitted to thee, as in conquering thoſe that were rebellious. No,no,ſaid *Zelmane*, I ſee you well inough: you make but an enterlude of my miſhaps,& do but coũterfeit thus, to make me ſee the deformity of my paſſiõs:but take heede,that this ieſt do not one day turne to earneſt.Now I beſeech thee(ſaid *Muſidorus* taking her faſt by the hand)euẽ for the truth of our friendſhip,of which(if I be not altogether an vnhappy man)thou haſt ſome remembrance, and by thoſe ſecret flames which (I know) haue likewiſe nearely touched thee, make no ieſt of that, which hath ſo earneſtly pierced me thorough, nor let that be light to thee, which is to me ſo burdenous, that I am not able to beare it.*Muſidorus* both in words and behauiour,did ſo liuely deliuer out his inward griefe,that *Zelmane* found indeede, he was throughly wounded: but there roſe a new iealouſie in her mind,leſt it might be with *Philocl[illegible]*,by whom,as *Zelmane* thought, in right all harts and eyes ſhould be inherited. And therefore deſirous to be cleered of that doubt,*Muſidorus* ſhortly(as in haſt and full of paſſionate perplexedneſſe)thus recounted his caſe vnto her.

The day(ſayd he)I parted from you,I being in mind to returne to a towne, from whence I came hither, my horſe being before tired, would ſcarce beare me a mile hence:where being benighted,the light of a candle(I ſaw a good way off)guided me to a young ſhepheards houſe, by name *Menalcas*, who ſeeing me to be a ſtraying ſtranger,with the right honeſt hoſpitality which ſeemes to be harbored in the *Arcadian* breaſts,& though not with curious coſtlineſſe,yet with cleanly ſufficiency,entertained me: and hauing by talke with him,found the maner of the country,ſomething more in particular,then I had by *Kalanders* report,I agreed to ſoiourne with him in ſecret,which he faithfully promiſed to obſerue.And ſo hither to your arbour diuerſe times repaired:and here by your meanes had the ſight(ô that it had neuer bin ſo,nay, ô that it might euer be ſo)of the Goddeſſe,who in a definite compaſſe can ſet forth infinite beautie.All this while *Zelmane* was racked with iealouſie. But he went on, for(ſaid he)I lying cloſe, and in truth thinking of you, and ſaying thus to my ſelfe,ô ſweete *Pyrocles*,how art thou bewitched? where is thy vertue?where is the vſe of thy reaſon?how much am I inferior to thee in the ſtate of the mind?And yet know I,that all the heauẽs cannot bring me to ſuch thraldome.Scarcely,thinke I,had I ſpokẽ this word, when the Ladies came forth; at which ſight, I thinke the very words returned backe againe to ſtrike my ſoule;at leaſt, an vnmeaſurable ſting I felt in my ſelfe,that I had ſpoken ſuch words.At which ſight?ſaid *Zelmane*,not able to beare him any longer.O(ſaid *Muſidorus*)I know your ſuſpition;No,no,baniſh al ſuch feare,it was,it is, and muſt be *Pamela*:Then all is ſafe(ſaid *Zelmane*)proceede,deare *Muſidorus*. I will not(ſaid he)impute it to my late ſolitary life (which yet is prone to affections) nor to the much thinking of you(though that cald the cõſideratiõ of loue into my mind, which before I euer neglected) nor to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor reuenge of *Cupid*; but euen to her,who is the Planet,nay,the Goddeſſe,againſt which, the only ſhield muſt be my Sepulcher.When I firſt ſaw her,I was preſently ſtriken,and I(like a fooliſh child,that when any thing hits him, will ſtrike himſelfe againe vpon it) would needes looke againe,as though I would perſwade mine eyes, that they were deceiued.But alas, well haue I found,that Loue to a yeelding hart is a king: but to a reſiſting,is a tyrant.The more with arguments I ſhaked the ſtake,which he had plãted in the ground of my hart,the deeper ſtill it ſanke into it. But what meane I to ſpeake of the cauſes of my loue,which is as impoſſible to deſcribe, as to meaſure the backſide of heauen?Let this word ſuffice,I loue.

And

And that you may know I do ſo, it was I that came in blacke armour to defend her picture, where I was both preuented, and beaten by you. And ſo, I that waited here to do you ſeruice, haue now my ſelfe moſt neede of ſuccor. But whereupon got you your ſelfe this apparell, ſaid *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you (ſaid *Muſidorus*) though that were one principall matter of my ſpeech; ſo much am I now maiſter of my owne mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalcas* houſe, full of tormenting deſire, after a while fainting vnder the waight, my courage ſtird vp my wit to ſeeke for ſome reliefe, before I yeelded to perith. At laſt this came into my head, that very euening, that I had to no purpoſe laſt vſed my horſe and armour. I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Theſſalian* Gentleman, who by miſchaunce hauing killed a great fauorite of the Prince of that cuntry, was purſued ſo cruelly, that in no place, but either by fauour, or corruption, they would obtaine my deſtruction; and that therefore I was determined (till the fury of my perſecutors might be aſſwaged) to diſguiſe my ſelfe among the ſhepheards of *Arcadia*, and (if it were poſſible) to be one of them that were allowed the Princes preſence; becauſe if the woorſt ſhould fall, that I were diſcouered, yet hauing gotten the acquaintance of the Prince, it might happen to moue his hart to protect me. *Menalcas* (being of an honeſt diſpoſition) pitied my caſe, which my face through my inward torment made credible; and ſo (I giuing him largely for it) let me haue this rayment, inſtructing me in all the particularities, touching himſelfe, or my ſelfe, which I deſired to know: yet not truſting ſo much to his conſtancie, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life, vpon it, I hired him to go into *Theſſalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliuer him a letter from me; coniuring him to bring me as ſpeedy an anſwere as he could, becauſe it imported me greatly to know, whether certaine of my friends did yet poſſeſſe any fauour, whoſe interceſſions I might vſe for my reſtitution. He willingly tooke my letter, which being well ſealed, indeede contained other matter. For I wrote to my truſtie ſeruant *Calodoulus* (whom you know) that aſſoone as he had deliuered the letter, he ſhould keepe him priſoner in his houſe, not ſuffering him to haue conference with any body, till he knew my further pleaſure: in all other reſpects that he ſhould vſe him as my brother. And thus is *Menalcas* gone, and I heere a poore ſhepheard; more proude of this eſtate, then of any kingdome: ſo manifeſt it is, that the higheſt point outward things can bring one vnto, is the contentment of the mind: with which, no eſtate; without which, all eſtates be miſerable. Now haue I choſen this day, becauſe (as *Menalcas* told me) the other ſhepheards are called to make their ſports, and hope that you will with your credite, find meanes to get me allowed among them. You neede not doubt (anſwered *Zelmane*) but that I wil bee your good miſtreſſe: marrie the beſt way of dealing muſt be by *Dametas*, who ſince his blunt braine hath perceiued ſome fauour the Prince doth beare vnto me (as without doubt the moſt ſeruile flatterie is lodged moſt eaſilie in the groſſeſt capacity, for their ordinary conceipt draweth a yeelding to their greaters, and then haue they not wit to diſcerne the right degrees of dutie) is much more ſeruiceable vnto me, then I can find anie cauſe to wiſh him. And therefore diſpaire not to winne him: for euery preſent occaſion will catch his ſenſes, and his ſenſes are maiſters of his ſillie mind; onely reuerence him, and reward him, and with that bridle and ſaddle you ſhall well ride him. O heauen and earth (ſaid *Muſidorus*) to what a paſſe are our mindes brought, that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to theſe crooked ſhifts? But ô Loue, it is thou that dooſt it: thou changeſt name vpon name; thou diſguiſeſt our bodies, and diſfigureſt our minds.

But indeed thou haſt reaſon, for though the wayes be foule, the iourneys end is moſt faire and honourable.

No more ſweet *Muſidorus* (ſaid *Zelmane*) of theſe philoſophies, for here comes the verie perſon of *Dametas*. And ſo he did indeed, with a ſword by his ſide, a forreſt bill on his necke, and a chopping-knife vnder his girdle: in which well prouided ſort he had euer gone ſince the feare *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no ſooner ſaw her, but with head and armes he laid his reuerence afore her, enough to haue made any man forſweare all curteſie. And then in *Baſilius* name he did inuite her to walke downe to the place, where that day they were to haue the paſtorals.

But when he ſpied *Muſidorus* to be none of the ſhepheards allowed in that place, he would faine haue perſwaded himſelfe to vtter ſome anger, but that he durſt not; yet muttering & chāping, as though his cud troubled him, he gaue occaſion to *Muſidorus* to come neare him, and feine this tale of his owne life: That he was a younger brother of the ſhepheard *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, ſent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learne ſome cunning more then ordinarie, that he might be the better liked of the Prince: and that after his fathers death, his brother *Menalcas* (lately gone thither to fetch him home) was alſo deceaſed: where (vpō his death) he had charged him to ſeeke the ſeruice of *Dametas*, and to be wholly & euer guided by him, as one in whoſe iudgement & integritie the Prince had ſingular confidence. For token whereof, he gaue to *Dametas* a good ſumme of gold in ready coine, which *Menalcas* had bequeathed vnto him, vpon condition he ſhould receiue this poore *Dorus* into his ſeruice, that his mind and maners might grow the better by his dayly example. *Dametas*, that of all maners of ſtile could beſt conceiue of golden eloquēce, being withall tickled by *Muſidorus* praiſes, had his braine ſo turned, that he became ſlaue to that, which he that ſued to be his ſeruant offered to giue him: yet for countenance ſake, he ſeemed verie ſqueamiſh, in reſpect of the charge he had of the Princeſſe *Pamela*. But ſuch was the ſecret operation of the gold, helped with the perſwaſion of the Amazon *Zelmane* (who ſaid it was pitie ſo handſome a young man ſhould be any where elſe then with ſo good a maiſter) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaued himſelfe ſo to the liking of *Baſilius*, as he might be contented) that then he would receiue him into his ſeruice.

And thus went they to the Lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters ready to go to the field, to delight themſelues there a while, vntill the ſhepheards comming: whither alſo taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and deſired he might be accepted there that day in ſtead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Baſilius*, he ſtayed behind to bring the ſhepheards, with whom he meant to conferre, to breed the better *Zelmanes* liking (which he onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field, appointed for the ſhepheardiſh paſtimes. It was indeed a place of delight; for through the middeſt of it there ran a ſweet brooke, which did both hold the eye open with her azure ſtreams, & yet ſeeke to cloſe the eye with the purling noiſe it made vpon the pibble ſtones it ran ouer: the field it ſelfe being ſet in ſome places with roſes, & in all the reſt conſtantlie preſeruing a flouriſhing greene: the roſes added ſuch a ruddy ſhew vnto it, as though the field were baſhfull at his owne beautie: about it (as if it had bene to incloſe a Theatre) grew ſuch ſort of trees, as either excellencie of fruit, ſtatelineſſe of growth, contiuuall greenneſſe, or poeticall fancies, haue made at any time famous. In moſt part of which there had bene framed by art ſuch pleaſant arbors, that (one anſwering another) they became a gallerie aloft from tree to tree almoſt round about, which

which below gaue a perfect ſhadow, a pleaſant refuge then from the cholericke looke of *Phœbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carying many vnquiet contentions about her, the Ladies ſate them downe, inquiring diuerſe queſtions of the ſhepheard *Dorus*; who (keeping his eye ſtill vpon *Pamela*,) anſwered with ſuch a trembling voice, and abaſhed countenance, and oftentimes ſo far from the matter, that it was ſome ſport to the young Ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him ſo diſcountenanced with vnwonted preſence. But *Zelmane* that ſaw in him the glaſſe of her owne miſerie, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kiſſes ſetting it cloſe to her lips (as if it ſhold ſtād there like a hand in the margine of a booke, to note ſome ſaying worthy to be marked) began to ſpeake theſe words. O Loue, ſince thou art ſo changeable in mens eſtates, how art thou ſo conſtant in their torments? when ſodenlie there came out of a wood a monſtrous Lyon, with a ſhe Beare not farre from him, of litle leſſe fierceneſſe, which (as they gheſt) hauing bene hunted in forreſts farre off, were by chaunce come thither, where before ſuch beaſts had neuer bene ſeene. Then care, not feare; or feare, not for themſelues, altered ſomething the countenances of the two Louers, but ſo, as any man might perceiue, was rather an aſſembling of powers, then diſmayedneſſe of courage. *Philoclea* no ſooner eſpied the Lyon, but that obeying the commandement of feare, ſhe leapt vp, and ran to the Lodge-ward, as faſt as her delicate legges could carie her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where ſhe ſtood quaking like the Partridge, on which the Hauke is euen ready to ſeaze. But the Lyon (ſeeing *Philoclea* run away) bent his race to her-ward, and was readie to ſeaze himſelfe on the praie, when *Zelmane* (to whom daunger then was a cauſe of dreadleſneſſe, all the compoſition of her elements being nothing but fierie) with ſwiftneſſe of deſire croſt him, and with force of affection ſtrake him ſuch a blow vpon his chine, that ſhe opened all his bodie: wherewith the valiant beaſt turning vpon her with open iawes, ſhe gaue him ſuch a thruſt through his breaſt, that all the Lyon could do, was with his paw to teare off the mantle & ſleeue of *Zelmane*, with a litle ſcratch, rather then a wound; his death-blow hauing taken away the effect of his force: but therewithall hee fell downe, and gaue *Zelmane* leaſure to take off his head, to carie it for a preſent to her Ladie *Philoclea*: who all this while (not knowing what was done behind her) kept on her courſe, like *Arethuſa* when ſhe ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparell being caried vp with the wind, that much of thoſe beauties, ſhe wold at another time haue willinglie hidden, was preſented to the ſight of the twiſe wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her ouer haſtilie, leaſt ſhe ſhould too ſoon depriue her ſelfe of that pleaſure: but carying the Lyons head in her hand, did not fullie ouertake her, till they came to the preſence of *Baſilius*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither alſo; who had bene in ſuch a traunce of muſing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the Lyon, before ſhe knew of anie Lyons comming: but then affection reſiſting, and the ſoone ending of the fight preuenting all extremitie of feare, ſhe marked *Zelmanes* fighting: and when the Lyons head was off, as *Zelmane* ran after *Philoclea*, ſo ſhe could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: ſo that it was a new ſight, Fortune had prepared to thoſe woods, to ſee theſe great perſonages thus run one after the other: each caried forward with an inward violence: *Philoclea* with ſuch feare, that ſhe thought ſhe was ſtill in the Lyons mouth: *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of loue, flying ſhe neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now, being all come before *Baſilius*,

amazed with this ſight, and feare hauing ſuch poſſeſſion in the faire *Philoclea*, that her bloud durſt not yet to come to her face, to take away the name of paleneſſe from her moſt pure whiteneſſe, *Zelmane* kneeled downe, and preſenting the Lyons head vnto her: Onlie Ladie (ſaid ſhe) here ſee you the puniſhmēt of that vnnaturall beaſt, which contrarie to his own kind, would haue wronged Princes bloud, guided with ſuch traiterous eyes, as durſt rebell againſt your beautie. Happie am I, & my beautie both (anſwered the ſweete *Philoclea* then bluſhing, for Feare had bequeathed his roome to his kinſman Baſhfulneſſe) that you excellent *Amazon*, were there to teach him good maners. And euen thanks to that beautie (anſwered *Zelmane*) which can giue an edge to the bluntest ſwords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had happened: but as ſhe had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, ſhe perceiued ſome bloud vpon *Zelmanes* ſhoulder, ſo that ſtarting with the louely grace of pitie, ſhe ſhewed it to her father and mother: who, as the nurſe ſometimes with ouer-much kiſſing may forget to giue the babe ſucke, ſo had they with too much delighting, in beholding and praiſing *Zelmane*, left off to marke whether ſhe needed ſuccour. But then they ran both vnto her, like a father and mother to an onlie child, and (though *Zelmane* aſſured them it was nothing) would needs ſee it; *Gynecia* hauing skill in Chirurgerie, an arte in thoſe dayes much eſteemed, becauſe it ſerued to vertuous courage, which euen Ladies would (euer with the contempt of cowards) ſeeme to cheriſh. But looking vpon it (which gaue more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for ſhe might ſometimes feele *Philocleas* touch, whiles ſhe helped her mother) ſhe found it was indeed of no importance: yet applied ſhe a precious baulme vnto it, of power to heale a greater griefe.

But euen then, and not before, they remembred *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane* (thinking of her friend *Dorus*) was running backe to be ſatisfied, when they might all ſee *Pamela* comming betweene *Dorus* and *Dametas*, hauing in her hand the paw of a Beare, which the ſhepheard *Dorus* had newly preſented vnto her, deſiring her to accept it, as of ſuch a beaſt, which though ſhe deſerued death for her preſumption, yet was her wit to be eſteemed, ſince ſhe could make ſo ſweet a choice. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dauncing, the merieſt man in a pariſh: but when he came ſo neare as he might be heard of *Baſilius*, he would needs breake through his eares with this ioyfull ſong of their good ſucceſſe:

*Now thanked be the great God Pan,*
*which thus preſerues my loued life:*
*Thanked be I that keepe a man,*
*vvho ended hath this bloudie ſtrife:*
*For if my man muſt praiſes haue,*
*vvhat then muſt I that keepe the knaue?*

*For as the Moone the eye doth pleaſe,*
*vvith gentle beames not hurting ſight:*
*Yet hath ſir Sonne the greateſt praiſe,*
*becauſe from him doth come her light:*
*So if my man muſt praiſes haue,*
*what then muſt I that keepe the knaue?*

Being all now come together, and all deſirous to know each others aduentures, *Pamelas* noble heart would needs gratefullie make knowne the valiant meane of her

ſafetie

safety, which (directing her speech to her mother) she did in this maner. Assoon, said she, as ye were al run away, & that I hoped to be in safty, there came out of the same woods a horrible fowle Beare, which (fearing belike to deale, while the Liõ was present, as soone as he was gone) came furiouslie towards the place where I was, & this yong shepheard left alone by me; I truly (not guilty of any wisdom, which since they lay to my charge, because they say, it is the best refuge against that beast, but euen pure feare bringing forth that effect of wisdome) fel downe flat on my face, needing not counterfeit being dead, for indeed I was litle better. But this young shepheard with a wõderful courage, hauing no other weapõ but that knife you see stãding before the place wher I lay, so behaued himself, that the first sight I had (whẽ I thought my selfe already neare *Charons* ferrie) was the shepheard shewing me his bloudie knife in token of victorie. I prav you (said *Zelmane*, speaking to *Dorus*, whose valour she was carefull to haue manifested) in what sort, so il weaponed, could you atchieue this enterprise? Noble Lady, said *Dorus*, the maner of these beasts fighting with anie man, is to stand vp vpon their hinder feet; and so this did, and being ready to giue me a shrewd embracemẽt, I think the God *Pan* (euer carefull of the chief blessings of *Arcadia*) guided my hand so iust to the heart of the beast, that neither she could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthie remẽbrance) breed anie danger to the Princesse. For my part, I am rather (with all subiected humblenesse) to thanke her excellencies, since the dutie thereunto gaue me heart to saue my selfe, then to receiue thankes for a deed, which was her only inspiring. And this *Dorus* spake, keeping affection as much as he could backe from comming into his eyes and gestures. But *Zelmane* (that had the same character in her heart) could easilie discipher it, and therefore to keepe him the longer in speech, desired to vnderstand the conclusion of the matter; and how the honest *Dametas* was escaped. Nay said *Pamela*, none shall take that office from my selfe, being so much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, scorne borrowing the countenãce of mirth, somewhat she smiled, and thus spake on: When (said she) *Dorus* made me assuredly perceiue, that all cause of feare was passed (the truth is) I was ashamed to find my selfe alone with this shepheard; and therefore looking about me, if I could see any body; at length we both perceiued the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breast as far as he could thrust himselfe into a bush, drawing vp his legs as close vnto him as he could: for, like a man of a verie kind nature, soone to take pitie of himselfe, he was full resolued not to see his owne death. And when this shepheard pushed him, bidding him to be of good cheare; it was a great while ere wee could perswade him, that *Dorus* was not the beare: so that he was faine to pull him out by the heeles, and shew him the beast, as dead as he could wish it: which you may beleeue me, was a verie ioyfull sight vnto him. But then he forgate all curtesie, for he fell vpon the beast, giuing it manie a manfull wound: swearing by much, it was not well such beasts should be suffered in a common wealth. And then my gouernour, as full of ioy, as before of feare came dauncing and singing before as euen now you saw him. Well wel (said *Basilius*) I haue not chosen *Dametas* for his fighting, nor for his discoursing, but for his plainnesse & honestie, & therin I know he wil not deceiue me. But then he told *Pamela* (not so much because she should know it, as because he would tel it) the wonderful act *Zelmane* had perfourmed, which *Gynecia* likewise spake off, both in such extremitie of praising, as was easie to be seene, the cõstructiõ of their speach might best be made by the Grammer rules of affection. *Basilius* told with what a gallant grace shee ranne with the Lyons head in her hand, like another

*Pallas* with the ſpoiles of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* ſware, ſhee ſawe the very face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* Lion, and all with a gratefull aſſent confirmed the ſame praiſes: only poore *Dorus* (though of equall deſert, yet not proceeding of equall eſtate) ſhould haue bin left forgotten, had not *Zelmane* againe with great admiration begun to ſpeake of him; asking, whether it were the faſhion or no, in *Arcadia*, that ſhepheards ſhould performe ſuch valorous enterpriſes.

This *Baſilius* (hauing the quicke ſence of a louer) tooke, as though his Miſtreſſe had giuen him a ſecret reprehenſion, that he had not ſhewed more gratefulneſſe to *Dorus*; and therefore (as nimblie as he could) enquired of his eſtate, adding promiſe of great rewards: among the reſt, offering to him, if he would exerciſe his courage in ſouldierie, hee would commit ſome charge vnto him vnder his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus* (whoſe ambition climed by another ſtaire) hauing firſt anſwered touching his eſtate, that he was brother to the ſhepherd *Menalcas*; who among other, was wont to reſort to the Princes preſence, and excuſed his going to ſouldierie, by the vnaptneſſe he found in himſelfe that way; he told *Baſilius*, that his brother in his laſt teſtament had willed him to ſerue *Dametas*; and therefore (for due obedience therunto) he wold thinke his ſeruice greatly rewarded, if he might obtaine by that meane to liue in the ſight of his Prince, and yet practiſe his owne choſen vocation. *Baſilius* (liking well his goodly ſhape and handſome maner) charged *Dametas* to receiue him like a ſonne into his houſe; ſaying, that his valour, and *Dametas* truth would be good bulwarkes againſt ſuch miſchiefes, as (he ſticked not to ſay) were threatned to his daughter *Pamela*.

*Dametas*, no whit out of countenance with all that had bene ſaid (becauſe he had no worſe to fall into then his owne) accepted *Dorus*: and withall telling *Baſilius*, that ſome of the ſhepheards were come; demanded in what place he would ſee their ſports: who firſt, curious to know whether it were not more requiſite for *Zelmanes* hurt to reſt, then ſit vp at thoſe paſtimes; and ſhee (that felt no wound but one) earneſtly deſired to haue the Paſtorals. *Baſilius* commanded it ſhould be at the gate of the Lodge: where the throne of the Prince being (according to the ancient maner) he made *Zelmane* ſit betweene him and his wife therein, who thought her ſelfe betweene drowning and burning: and the two young Ladies of either ſide the throne, and ſo prepared their eyes and eares to be delighted by the ſhepheards.

But before all of them were aſſembled to begin their ſports, there came a fellow who being out of breath (or ſeeming ſo to be for haſte) with humble haſtineſſe told *Baſilius*, that his Miſtreſſe, the Ladie *Cecropia*, had ſent him to excuſe the miſchance of her beaſts raunging in that dangerous ſort, being happened by the follie of the keeper; who thinking himſelfe able to rule them, had caried them abroad, & ſo was deceiued: whom yet (if *Baſilius* wold puniſh for it) ſhe was readie to deliuer. *Baſilius* made no other anſwere, but that his Miſtreſſe if ſhe had any more ſuch beaſts, ſhold cauſe them to be killed: & then he told his wife and *Zelmane* of it, becauſe they ſhold not feare thoſe woods, as though they harboured ſuch beaſts, where the like had neuer bene ſeene. But *Gynecia* tooke a further conceit of it, miſtruſting greatlie *Cecropia*, becauſe ſhe had heard much of the diuelliſh wickedneſſe of her heart, and that particularlie ſhe did her beſt to bring vp her ſonne *Amphialus* (being brothers ſon to *Baſilius*) to aſpire to the Crowne, as next heire male after *Baſilius*, and therfore ſaw no reaſon, but that ſhe might coniecture, it proceeded rather of ſome miſchieuous practiſe, then of misfortune. Yet did ſhe only vtter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, ſince the worſt was paſt, ſhe wold attend a further occaſion, leaſt ouer much haſt

haſt might ſeeme to proceede of the ordinarie miſlike betweene ſiſters in law, onlie they maruelled that *Baſilius* looked no further into it, who (good man) thought ſo much of his late conceiued common wealth, that all other matters were but digreſſions vnto him. But the ſhepheards were readie, and with well handling themſelues, called their ſenſes to attend their paſtimes.

## The firſt Eclogues.

*Baſilius*, becauſe *Zelmane* ſo would haue it, vſed the artificiall day of torches, to lighten the ſports their inuentions could miniſter: and becauſe many of the ſhepheards were but newly come, he did in a gentle manner chaſtiſe their negligence, with making them (for that night) the torch-bearers; and the others, he willed with all fredome of ſpeech and behauiour to keepe their accuſtomed method: which while they prepared to do, *Dametas*, who much diſdained (ſince his late authoritie) all his old companions, brought his ſeruant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himſelfe ſtood like a directer ouer them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or ſtamping, ſhewing how hee did like or miſlike thoſe thinges he did not vnderſtand. The firſt ſports the ſhepheards ſhewed, were ful of ſuch leaps and gambols, as being accorded to the pipe (which they bare in their mouthes, euen as they daunced) made a right picture of their chiefe God *Pan*, and his cõpanions the *Satyres*. Then would they caſt away their pipes; & holding hand in hand, daunce as it were in a braule, by the onely cadence of their voyces, which they would vſe in ſinging ſome ſhort coplets, whereto the one half beginning, the other halfe ſhould anſwere as the one halfe, ſaying:

*VVe loue, and haue our loues rewarded.*
The others would anſwere.
*VVe loue, and are no vvhit regarded.*
The firſt againe.
*We find moſt ſweet affections ſnare.*
With like tune it ſhould be as in a quire ſent backe againe.
*That ſweet, but ſowre deſpaire full care.*
A third time likewiſe thus:
*Who can deſpaire, whom hope doth beare?*
The anſwere.
*And who can hope that feeles deſpaire?*
Then all ioyning their voyces, and dauncing a faſter meaſure, they would conclude with ſome ſuch words:
*As without breath no pipe doth moue,*
*No muſicke kindly without loue.*

Hauing thus varied both their ſongs and daunces into diuerſe ſorts of inuentions; their laſt ſport was, one of them to prouoke another to a more large expreſſing of his paſſions: which *Thirſis* (accounted one of the beſt ſingers amongſt them) hauing marked in *Dorus* dauncing, no leſſe good grace and handſome behauiour, then extreame tokens of a troubled mind; began firſt with his pipe, and then with his voice, thus to chalenge *Dorus*, and was by him anſwered in the vnderwritten ſort.

## Thyrſis and Dorus.

Thyrſis. *Come* Dorus, *come, let ſongs thy ſorrowes ſignifie,*
*And if for want of vſe thy mind aſhamed is,*
*That verie ſhame with loues high title dignifie.*
*No ſtile is held for baſe, where loue well named is:*
*Each eare ſucks vp the vvords a true-loue ſcattereth,*
*And plaine ſpeech oft, than quaint phraſe better framed is.*

Dorus. *Nightingales ſeldome ſing, the Pie ſtill chattereth,*
*The wood cries moſt, before it throughly kindled be,*
*Deadlie wounds inward bleed, each ſleight ſore mattereth.*
*Hardlie they heard, which by good hunters ſingled be:*
*Shallow brooks murmure moſt, deepe ſilent ſlide away,*
*Nor true-loue loues, his loues with others mingled be.*

Thyrſis. *If thou wilt not be ſeene, thy face go hide away,*
*Be none of vs, or els maintaine our faſhion:*
*Who frownes at others feaſts, doth better bide away.*
*But if thou haſt a loue, in that loues paſſion,*
*I challenge thee by ſhew of her perfection,*
*Which of vs two deſerueth moſt compaſſion.*

Dorus. *Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:*
*Sing then, and ſee (for now thou haſt inflamed me)*
*Thy health too meane a match for my infection.*
*No though the heau'ns for high attempts haue blamed me,*
*Yet high is my attempt. O* Muſe *hiſtorifie*
*Her praiſe, whoſe praiſe to learne your skill hath framed me.*

Thyrſis. Muſe *hold your peace: but thou my God* Pan *glorifie*
*My* Kalas *gifts, vvho with all good gifts filled.*
*Thy pipe, ô* Pan, *ſhall help, though I ſing ſorilie:*
*A heape of ſweetes she is, where nothing ſpilled is;*
*Who though she be no Bee, yet full of honey is:*
*A lillie field, with plough of Roſe which tilled is.*
*Mild as a Lambe, more daintie then a Conie is:*
*Her eyes my eye-ſight is, her conuerſation*
*More glad to me, then to a miſer money is.*
*What coy account she makes of eſtimation?*
*How nice to touch? how all her ſpeeches peiſed be?*
*A Nymph thus turn'd, but mended in tranſlation.*

Dorus. *Such* Kala *is: but ah my fancies raiſed be*
*In one, vvhoſe name to name were high preſumption,*
*Since vertues all, to make her title, pleaſed be*
*O happie Gods, which by inward aſſumption*

*Enioy*

*Enioy her ſoule, in bodies faire poſſeſſion,*
*And keepe it ioyn'd, fearing your ſeats conſumption.*
*How oft with raine of teares skies make confeſſion,*
*Their dwellers rapt with ſight of her perfection,*
*From heau'nly throne to her heau'n vſe digreſſion?*
*Of beſt things then what world ſhall yeeld confection*
*To liken her? decke yours wish your compariſon:*
*She is her ſelfe of beſt things the collection.*

Thyrſis. *How oft my doleſull Sire cride to me, tarie ſonne,*
*When firſt he ſpied my loue? how oft he ſaid to me,*
*Thou art no ſouldier fit for* Cupids *garriſon?*
*My ſonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to me:*
*Loue well thine owne: me thinks whoole whiteneſſe paſſeth all:*
*I neuer found long loue ſuch wealth hath paid to me.*
*This wind he ſpent: but when my* Kala *glaſſeth all*
*My ſight in her faire limmes, I then aſſure my ſelfe,*
*Not rotten sheepe, but high crownes she ſurpaſſeth all.*
*Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my ſelfe?*
*Want I white wooll, whoſe eyes her white skin garniſhed?*
*Till I get her, ſhall I to keepe inure my ſelfe?*

Dorus. *How oft, when Reaſon ſaw, Loue of her harniſed*
*With armour of my heart he cried, ô vanitie*
*To ſet a pearle in ſteele ſo meanelie varniſhed?*
*Looke to thy ſelfe, reach not beyond humanitie.*
*Her mind, beawes, ſtate, farre from thy weake wings banished:*
*And loue which louer hurts is inhumanitie:*
*Thus Reaſon ſaid: but she came, Reaſon vaniſhed;*
*Her eyes ſo maiſtering me, that ſuch obiection*
*Seem'd but to ſpoile the food of thoughts long famiſhed,*
*Her peerleſſe height my mind to high erection*
*Drawes vp; and if hope failing end lifes pleaſure,*
*Of fairer death how can I make election?*

Thyrſis. *Once my well waiting eyes eſpied my treaſure,*
*With ſleeues turn'd vp, looſe haire, and breaſt enlarged,*
*Her fathers corne (mouing her faire limmes) meaſure.*
*O cried I, of ſo meane worke be diſcharged:*
*Meaſure my caſe how by thy beauties filling*
*With ſeed of woes my heart brim full is charged.*
*Thy father bids thee ſaue, and chides for ſpilling.*
*Saue then my ſoule, ſpill not my thoughts well heaped,*
*No lonely praiſe was euer got by killing.*
*These bold words she did beare, this fruit I reaped,*
*That she whoſe looke alone might make me bleſſed,*
*Did ſmile on me, and then away she leaped.*

*The thought of which doth passe all vvorldly pelfe.*

Dorus. *Ladie your selfe vvhom neither name I dare,*
*And titles are but spots to such a worth,*
*Heare plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.*
*The noblest kind reiects not others vvoes.*
*I haue no shewes of wealth: my wealth is you,*
*My beauties hewe your beams, my health your deeds;*
*My mind for vveeds your vertues liuerie weares.*
*My food is teares, my tunes waymenting yeeld:*
*Dispaire my field; the flowers spirits warres:*
*My day new cares; my ginnes my dayly sight,*
*In which do light small birds of thoughts orethrowne:*
*My pastimes none: time passeth on my fall.*
*Nature made all but me, of dolours made:*
*I find no shade, but vvhere my sunne doth burne:*
*No place to turne; without, vvithin it fries:*
*Nor helpe by life or death, vvho liuing dies.*

Thyrsis *But if my* Kala *thus my sute denies,*
*VVhich so much reason beares:*
*Let Crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much saw.*
*If she still hate loues law,*
*My earthy mould doth melt in watrie teares.*

Dorus. *My earthy mould doth melt in watrie teares,*
*And they againe resolue*
*To aire of sighes, sighes to the hearts fire turne,*
*VVhich doth to ashes burne.*
*Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue.*

Thyrsis *Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue,*
*That I grow like the beast,*
*which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,*
*Yet patient must abide.*
*Such weight it hath, which once is full possest.*

Dorus. *Such weight it hath vvhich once is full possest,*
*That I become a vision,*
*which hath in others head his only being,*
*And liues in fancie seeing.*
*O vvretched state of man in selfe diuision!*

Thyrsis *O wretched state of man in selfe diuision!*
*O vvell thou sayest! a feeling declaration*
*Thy tongue hath made, of* Cupids *deepe incision.*
*But now hoarse voyce, doth faile this occupation,*
*And others long to tell their loues condition.*
*Of singing thou hast got the reputation.*

Dorus. *Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation,*
*Good* Thyrſis *mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie;*
*My heart doth ſeeke another eſtimation.*
*But ah my Muſe, I would thou hadſt facilitie*
*To worke my goddeſſe ſo by thy inuention,*
*On me to caſt thoſe eyes where shine Nobilitie:*
*Seene and vnknowne; heard, but without attention.*

*Dorus* did ſo well in anſwering *Thyrſis*, that euerie one deſired to heare him ſing ſomthing alone. Seeing therfore a Lute lying vnder the Princeſſe *Pamelas* feet, glad to haue ſuch an errand to approch her, he came, but came with a diſmayed grace, all his bloud ſtirred betwixt feare and deſire: & playing vpon it with ſuch ſweetneſſe, as euerie bodie wondred to ſee ſuch skill in a ſhepheard, he ſang vnto it with a ſorowing voice theſe Elegiake verſes:

Dorus. *--Fortune, Nature, Loue, long haue contended about me,*
*VVhich ſhould moſt miſeries caſt on a worme that I am.*
*--Fortune thus gan ſay; miſerie and miſfortune is all one,*
*And of miſfortune, fortune hath onely the gift.*
*--VVith ſtrong foes on land, on ſea with contrarie tempeſts,*
*Still do I croſſe this wretch, what ſo he taketh in hand.*
*--Tush, tush, ſaid Nature, this is all but a trifle, a mans ſelfe*
*Giues haps or mishaps, eu'n as he ordereth his heart.*
*--But ſo his humour I frame, in a mould of choller aduſted,*
*That the delights of life ſhall be to him dolorous.*
*--Loue ſmiled, and thus ſaid; Want ioyn'd to deſire is vnhappie:*
*But if he nought do deſire, what can* Heraclitus *aile?*
*--None but I workes by deſire: by deſire haue I kindled in his ſoule*
*Infernall agonies vnto a beautie diuine:*
*--VVhere thou poore Nature left'ſt all thy due glorie to Fortune*
*Her vertue is ſoueraigne, Fortune a vaſſall of hers.*
*--Nature abasht went backe: Fortune blusht: yet she replide thus:*
*And eu'n in that loue shall I reſerue him a ſpite.*
*--Thus, thus, alas! wofull by Nature, vnhappie by Fortune,*
*But moſt wretched I am, now Loue awakes my deſire.*

*Dorus* when he had ſung this, hauing had all the while a free beholding of the faire *Pamela* (who could well haue ſpared ſuch honor, & defended the aſſault he gaue vnto her face with bringing a faire ſtaine of ſhamefaſtneſſe vnto it) let fall his armes, & remained ſo faſtened in his thoughts, as if *Pamela* had graffed him there to grow in continuall imagination. But *Zelmane* eſpying it, and fearing he ſhould too much forget himſelfe, ſhe came to him, and tooke out of his hand the Lute, and laying faſt hold of *Philoclea's* face with her eyes, ſhe ſung theſe Saphikes, ſpeaking as it were to her owne hope.

*If mine eyes can ſpeake to do heartie errand,*
*Or mine eyes language she do hap to iudge of,*
*So that eyes meſſage be of her receiued,*
*Hope we do liue yet.*

*But if eyes faile then, when I most do need them,*
*Or if eyes language be not vnto her knowne,*
*So that eyes message do returne reiected,*
*Hope we do both dye.*

*Yet dying, and dead, do we sing her honour;*
*So become our tombes monuments of her praise;*
*So becomes our losse the triumph of her gaine;*
*Hers be the glory.*

*If the spheares senseless do yet hold a musique,*
*If the Swannes sweet voice be not heard, but at death,*
*If the mute timber vvhen it hath the life lost,*
*Yeldeth a Lutes tune:*

*Are then humane mindes priuiledg'd so meanly,*
*As that hatefull death can abridge them of powre*
*With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds*
*That we be her spoiles?*

*Thus not ending, ends the due praise of her praise:*
*Fleshly vaile consumes; but a soule hath his life,*
*VVhich is held in loue; loue it is, that hath ioynd*
*Life to this our soule.*

*But if eyes can speake to do hartie errand,*
*Or mine eyes language she doth hap to iudge of,*
*So that eyes message be of her receiued,*
*Hope we do liue yet.*

Great was the pleasure of *Basilius*, and greater would haue bene *Gynecias*, but that shee found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philoclea* shee was sweetly rauished withall. When *Dorus* desiring in a secret maner to speake of their cases, as perchaunce the parties intended might take some light of it, making low reuerence to *Zelmane*, began this prouoking song in hexamiter verse vnto her. VVhereunto shee soone finding whither his words were directed (in like tune and verse) answered as followeth:

Dorus. Zelmane.

Dorus. *Lady reserued by the hau'ns to do pastors company honor,*
*Ioyning your sweet voice to the rurall muse of a deserte,*
*Here you fully do finde this strange operation of loue,*
*How to the woods loue runnes as well as rydes to the Pallace,*
*Neither he beares reuerence to a Prince nor pittie to begger,*
*But (like a point in midst of a circle) is still of a neerne sse,*
*All to a lesson he draw's, neither hills nor caues can auoide him.*

Zelmane. *VVorthy shepheard by my song to my selfe all fauor is hapned,*
*That to the sacred Muse my annoyes somewhat be reuealed,*
*Sacred Muse, vvho in one contaynes vvhat nine do in all them.*
*But ô happy be you, vvhich safe from fyry reflection*
*Of* Phœbus *violence in shade of sweet* Cyparissus,

*Or pleasant mirtell, may teach th'vnfortunate* Eccho
*In these vvoods to resound the renowmed name of a goddesse.*
*Happy be you that may to the saint, your onely* Idea,
*(Although simply attyrde) your manly affection vtter.*
*Happy be those mishapps vvhich iustly proportion holding,*
*Giue right sound to the eares, and enter aright to the iudgement;*
*But vvretched be the soules, vvhich vaild in a contrary subiect:*
*How much more we do loue, so the lesse our loues be beleeued.*
*VVhat skill saueth a sore of a vvrong infirmitie iudged?*
*VVhat can iustice auaile, to a man that tells not his owne case?*
*Your though feares do abash, in you still possible hopes be:*
*Nature against vve do seeme to rebell, seeme fooles in a vaine sute.*
*But so vnheard, condemn'd, kept thence vve do seeke to abide in,*
*Selfe-lost in wandring, banished that place vve do come from,*
*VVhat meane is there alas, vve can hope our losse to recouer?*
*VVhat place is there left, vve may hope our vvoes to recomfort?*
*Vnto the heau'ns? our vvings be too short: earth thinks vs a burden.*
*Aire vve do still vvith sighes encrease: to the fire? we do want none.*
*And yet his outward heate our teares would quench, but an inward*
*Fire no liquor can coole:* Neptunes *realme would not auaile vs.*
*Happy shepheard, with thanks to the Gods, still thinke to be thankfull,*
*That to thy aduauncement their vvisedomes haue thee abased.*

Dorus. *Vnto the Gods vvith a thankfull heart all thanks I do render,*
*That to my aduauncement their vvisdomes haue me abased.*
*But yet, alas! O but yet alas! our haps be but hard haps,*
*VVhich must frame contempt to the fittest purchase of honour.*
*VVell may a Pastor plaine, but alas his plaints be not esteem'de:*
*Silly shepheards poore pype, vvhen his harsh sound testifies anguish,*
*Into the faire looker on, pastime, not passion, enters.*
*And to the vvoods or brookes, vvho do make such dreery recitall?*
*VVhat be the pangs they beare, and vvhence those pangs be deriued,*
*Pleasd to receiue that name by rebounding answere of* Eccho,
*May hope thereby to ease their inward horrible anguish,*
*VVhen trees daunce to the pype, and swift streames stay by the musicke,*
*Or vvhen an* Eccho *begins vnmou'd to sing them a loue song;*
*Say then, vvhat vantage do vve get, by the trade of a Pastor?*
*(Since no estates be so base, but loue vouchsafeth his arrow,*
*Since no refuge doth serue from wounds we do carry about vs,*
*Since outward pleasures be but halting helps to decayd soules)*
*Saue that dayly we may discerne vvhat fire vve do burne in.*
*Farre more happy be you, vvhose greatnesse gets a free accesse;*
*VVhose faire bodily gifts are fram'd most louely to each eye.*
*Vertue you haue, of vertue you haue left proofe to the whole world.*
*And vertue is gratefull, with beautie and richnesse adorned:*
*Neither doubt you awhit, time will your passion vtter.*
*Hardly remains fier hid, where skill is bent to the hiding,*
*But in a minde that would his flames should not be repress'd,*

*Nature*

*Better yet do I liue, that though by my thoughts I be plunged*
*Into my liues bondage, yet may disburden a paſſion*
*(Oppreſt with ruinouſe conceits (by the helpe of an outcrye:*
*Not limited to a vvhiſpering note, the Lament of a Courtier.*
*But ſometimes to the woods, ſometimes to the heauen do decyphire*
*VVith bold clamor vnheard, vnmarkt, vvhat I ſeeke vvhat I ſuffer:*
*And vvhen I meete theſe trees, in the earths faire liuery clothed,*
*Eaſe I do feele (ſuch eaſe as falls to one vvholy diſeaſed)*
*For that I finde in them parte of my ſtate repreſented.*
Lawrell *shew's what I ſeeke, by the Mirre is show'd how I ſeeke it,*
*Oliue paints me the peace that I muſt aſpire to by the conqueſt:*
Mirtel *makes my requeſt, my requeſt is crown'd vvith a willowe?*
Cyprus *promiſeth help, but a help vvhere comes no recomfort:*
*Sweete Iuniper, ſaith this, though I burne, yet I burne in a ſweet fire.*
Ewe *doth make me thinke what kind of bow the boy holdeth*
*VVhich ſhootes ſtrongly without my noyſe, and deadly without ſmart.*
*Firre trees great and greene, fixt on a hye hill but a barrein,*
*Lyke to my noble thoughts, ſtill new, well plac'd, to me fruteleſſe.*
*Figge that yeeldes moſt pleaſant fruite, his ſhadow is hurtfull.*
*Thus be her giftes moſt ſweete, thus more danger to be neere her,*
*Now in a palme when I marke, how he doth riſe vnder a burden,*
*And may I not (ſay I then) get vp though griefs be ſo weightie?*
*Pine is a maſt to a ſhippe, ſo my ſhippe ſhall hope for a maſt ſerue,*
*Pine is hye, hope is as hye, ſharp leau'd, ſharp yet be my hopes buddes.*
*Elme embraſte by a vine, embracing fancy reuiueth:*
*Popler changeth his hew from a riſing ſunne to a ſetting:*
*Thus to my ſunne do I yeeld, ſuch lookes her beames do aforde me*
*Olde aged oke cutt downe, of newe worke ſerues to the building:*
*So my deſires by my feare cutt downe, be the frames of her honor.*
*Ashe makes ſpeares which ſhields do reſiſt, her force no repulſe takes.*
*Palmes do reioyce to be ioynd by the match of a male to a female,*
*And ſhall ſenſiue things be ſo ſenceleſſe as to reſiſt ſence?*
*Thus be my thoughts diſperſt, thus thinking nurſeth a thinking,*
*Thus both trees and each thing elſe, be the bookes of a fancy.*
*But to the Cedar Queene of woods, when I lift my beteard eyes.*
*Then do I shape to my ſelfe that forme vvhich raign's ſo within me,*
*And think there she do dwell & heare vvhat plaints I do vtter:*
*VVhen that noble toppe doth nodd, I beleeue she ſallutes me;*
*VVhen by the vvinde it maketh a noyſe, I do thinke she doth anſwer.*
*Then kneling to the ground, oft thus do I ſpeake to that Image:*
*Onely Iuell, O only Iuell, vvhich only deſerueſt,*
*That mens harts be thy ſeate, and endleſſe fame be thy ſeruant,*
*O deſcend for a vvhile, from this great height to behold me.*
*But nought els do behold (elſe is nought worth the beholding)*
*Saue vvhat a vvorke, by thy ſelfe is vvrought: & ſince I am altred*
*Thus by thy vvorke, diſdaine not that vvhich is by thy ſelfe done.*
*In meane caues oft treaſure abides, to an hoſtrie a king comes.*
*And ſo behind foule clowds full oft faire ſtarres do lie hidden.*

*Hardie*

Zelmane. *Hardy shepheard, such as thy merits, such may be her insight*
*Iustly to graunt thee reward, such enuie I beare to thy fortune.*
*But to my selfe what wish can I make for a salue to my sorrowes,*
*VVhom both nature seems to debarre from meanes to be helped,*
*And if a meanes were found, fortune th'whole course of it hinders.*
*This plagu'd how can I frame to my sore any hope of amendment?*
*VVhence may I shew to my minde any light of possible escape?*
*Bound and bound by so noble bands, as loth to be vnbound,*
*Iaylor I am to my selfe, prison & prisoner to mine own selfe.*
*Yet be my hopes thus plast, here fixt liues all my recomfort,*
*That that deare Dyamond, where wisdome holdeth a sure seate,*
*VVhose force had such force so to transforme, nay to reforme me,*
*VVill at length perceiue these flames by her beames to be kindled,*
*And will pitty the wound festred so strangely within me.*
*O be it so, graunt such an euent, ô Gods, that euent giue.*
*And for a sure sacrifice I do daily oblation offer*
*Of mine owne hart, where thoughts be the temple, sight is an aultar.*
*But ceasse worthie shepheard, now ceasse we to wearie the hearers*
*VVith monefull melodies, for enough our griefes be reuealed,*
*If by the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,*
*And sorrows do require some respit vnto the sences.*

What exclaming praises *Basilius* gaue to this Eclogue any man may gheſſe, that knowes loue is better then a paire of ſpectacles to make euery thing ſeeme greater which is ſeene through it: and then is neuer tongue tied where fit commendation (whereof womankind is ſo likerous) is offered vnto it. But before any other came in to ſupplie the place, *Zelmane* hauing heard ſome of the ſhepheards by chaunce name *Strephon* and *Klaius*, ſuppoſing thereby they had bene preſent, was deſirous both to heare them for the fame of their friendly loue, and to know them, for their kindneſſe towards her beſt loued friend. Much grieued was *Baſilius*, that any deſire of his miſtreſſe ſhould be vnſatisfied, and therefore to repreſent them vnto her (aſwell as in their abſence it might be) he commaunded one *Lamon*, who had at large ſet down their country paſtimes & firſt loue to *Vrania*, to ſing the whole diſcourſe, which he did in this manner.

A *Shepheards tale no height of ſtile deſires,*
*To raiſe in words what in effect is lowe:*
*A plaining ſong plaine-ſinging voice requires,*
*For warbling notes from inward chearing flow.*
*I then, whoſe burd'ned breaſt but thus aſpires*
*Of shepheards two the ſeely cauſe to show,*
*Need not the ſtately Muſes help inuoke*
*For creeping rimes, which often ſighings choke.*
*But you ô you, that thinke not teares too deare,*
*To ſpend for harms, although they touch you not:*
*And deigne to deeme your neighbors miſchiefe neare,*
*Although they be of meaner parents got:*
*You I inuite with eaſie eares to heare*

*The poore-clad truth of loues wrong-ordred lot.*
*VVho may be glad, be glad you be not such:*
*VVho share in woe, vveygh others haue as much.*
*There was (ô seldome blessed word of vvas!)*
*A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,*
*Traind in the life vvhich no short-bitten grasse*
*In shine or storme must set the clowted shoe:*
*He, that the other in some yeares did passe,*
*And in those gifts that yeares distribute doe,*
*VVas* Klaius *cald, (ah* Klaius, *wofull wight!)*
*The later borne, yet too soone* Strephon *hight.*
Epeirus *high, was honest* Klaius *nest,*
*To* Strephon Æoles *land first breathing lent:*
*Put East & VVest were ioin'd by frendships hest.*
*As* Strephons *eare & heart to* Klaius *bent:*
*So* Klaius *soule did in his* Strephon *rest.*
*Still both their flocks flocking togither went,*
*As if they would of owners humour be,*
*And eke their pipes did vvell, as frends agree.*
Klaius *for skil of herbs & shepheards art,*
*Among the vviseſt was accounted vvise;*
*Yet not so vvise, as of vnstained hart:*
Strephon *vvas yong, yet markt vvith humble eies*
*How elder rul'd their flocks, & cur'd their smart,*
*So that the graue did not his words despise.*
*Both free of minde, both did clear-dealing loue,*
*And both had skill in verse their voice to moue.*
*Their chearfull minds, till pois'ned was their cheare,*
*The honeſt sports of earthy lodging proue;*
*Now for a clod-like Hare in form they peere,*
*Now bolt & cudgill Squirrels leape do moue.*
*Now the ambitious Larke vvith mirror cleare*
*They catch, vvhile he (foole!) to himself makes loue:*
*And now at keeles they trie a harmles chaunce,*
*And now their curre they teach to fetch & daunce.*
*VVhen merrie May first earlie calls the morne,*
*VVith merrie maids a Maying they do go:*
*Then do they pull from sharp & niggard thorne*
*The plenteous sweets (can sweets so sharply grow?)*
*Then some greene gownes are by the lasses worne*
*In chasteſt plaies, till home they walke arowe,*
*VVhile daunce about the May-pole is begun,*
*VVhen, if neede were, they could at quintain run:*
*VVhile thus they ran a low, but leueld race,*
*VVhile thus they liu'd, this was indeede a life)*
*VVith nature pleas'd, content with preſent caſe,*
*Free of proud feares, braue beggery, smiling strife,*
*Of clime-fall Court, the enuy-hatching place:*

*VVhile*

*VVhile thoſe reſtleſſe deſires in great men rife*
*To viſite ſo low folkes did much diſdaine,*
*This while, though poore, they in thẽſelues did raigne.*
*One day (ô day, that shin'd to make them darke!)*
*VVhile they did vvard ſun-beames vvith shadie bay,*
*And* Klaius *taking for his yongling carke,*
*(Leſt greedie eies to them might challenge lay)*
*Buſy with oker did their shoulders marke,*
*(His marke a Piller vvas deuoid of ſtay,*
*As bragging that free of all paſsions mone,*
*VVell might he others beare, but leane to none.)*
Strephon *vvith leauie twigs of* Laurell *tree*
*A garland made on temples for to weare,*
*For he then choſen vvas the dignitie*
*Of village Lord that vvhitſontide to beare:*
*And full, poore foole, of boyish brauerie,*
*VVith triumphs shewes vvould shew he nought did feare.*
*But fore-accounting oft makes builders miſſe,*
*They found, they felt, they had no leaſe of bliſſe.*
*For ere that either had his purpoſe done,*
*Behold (beholding well it doth deſerue)*
*They ſaw a maid vvho thitherward did runne,*
*To catch her ſparrow vvhich from her did ſwerue,*
*As shee a black-ſilke capon him begunne*
*To ſett for foile of his milke-white to ſerue.*
*She chirping ran, he peeping flew away,*
*Till hard by them both he & shee did ſtay.*
*Well for to ſee they kept themſelues vnſeene,*
*And ſaw this faireſt maid of fairer minde,*
*By fortune meane, in Nature borne a Queene,*
*How vvell apaid shee was her bird to finde:*
*How tenderly her tender hands betweene*
*In iuory cage she did the mischer binde:*
*How roſie moiſt'ned lips about his beake*
*Mouing, shee ſeem'd at once to kiſſe, & ſpeake.*
*Chaſtned but thus, & thus his leſſon tought*
*The happie wretch shee put into her breaſt,*
*VVhich to their eies the bowles of* Venus *brought,*
*For they ſeem'd made euen of skie-mettall beſt,*
*And that the bias of her blond vvas vvrought.*
*Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his neſt,*
*VVhere ſnugging vvell he vvell appear'd content,*
*So to haue done amiſſe, ſo to be shent.*
*This done, but done with captiue-killing grace,*
*Each motion ſeeming shott from beauties bow,*
*With length laid downe she deckt the lonely place.*
*Proud grew the graſſe that vnder her did growe,*

*The trees ſpred out their armes to shade hir face,*
*But she on elbow lean'd with ſigh's did show*
*No graſſe, no trees, nor yet her ſparow might*
*To long perplexed mind breed long delight.*
*She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)*
*VVith tedious brawlings of her parents deare,*
*VVho would haue her in will & word agree*
*To wed* Antaxius *their neighbor neare.*
*A heardman rich of much account was he,*
*In whome no euill did raigne, nor good appeare.*
*In ſome ſuch one she lik'd not his deſire,*
*Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.*
*Kindly, ſweet ſoule, she did vnkindneſſe take*
*That bagged baggage of a miſers mudd,*
*Should price of her, as in a market, make.*
*But golde can guild a rotten piece of wood,*
*To yeeld she found her noble heart did ake:*
*To ſtriue she fear'd how it with vertue ſtood.*
*This doubting clouds ore-caſting heau'nly braine,*
*At length in rowes of Kiſſe-cheeks teares they raine.*
Cupid *the wagg, that lately conquer'd had*
*Wiſe Counſellours, ſtout Captaines, puiſſant Kings,*
*And ti'de them faſt to leade his triumph bad,*
*Glutted with them now plaies with meaneſt things.*
*So oft in feaſts with coſtly changes clad*
*To crammed mawes a ſpratt new Stomake brings.*
*So Lords with ſport of* Stagg & Hearon *full*
*Sometimes we ſee ſmall birds from neſts do pull.*
*So now for pray theſe shepheards two he tooke,*
*VVhoſe mettall ſtiff he knew he could not bend*
*With hear-ſay pictures, or a vvindow looke,*
*With one good dawnce, or letter finely pend,*
*That were in Court a well proportion'd hooke,*
*Where piercing vvitts do quickly apprehend,*
*Their ſences rude plaine obiects only moue,*
*And ſo muſt ſee great cauſe before they loue.*
*Therfore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field,*
*Making her beames his brauery & might:*
*Her hands which pierc'd the ſoules ſeau'n-double shield,*
*VVere now his darts leauing his wonted fight.*
*Braue creſt to him her ſcorn-gold haire did yeeld,*
*His compleat harneis was her pureſt white.*
*But fearing leſt all white might ſeeme too good.*
*In cheeks & lipps the Tyran threatens bloud.*
*Beſides this force, within her eies he kept*
*A fire, to burne the priſoners he gaines,*
*VVhoſe boiling hart encreaſed as she wept:*

*For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines.*
*Thus proud & fierce vnto the hearts he ſtept*
*Of them poore ſoules: & cutting Reaſons raines,*
*Made them his owne before they had it wiſt.*
*But if they had, could ſhephookes this reſiſt?*
Klaius *ſtreight felt, & groned at the blowe,*
*And cal'd, now vvounded, purpoſe to his aide:*
Strephon, *fond boy, delighted did not knowe,*
*That it vvas Loue that shin'de in shining maid:*
*But lickrous, Poiſon'd, faine to her would goe,*
*If him new-learned manners had not ſtai'd.*
*For then* Vrania *homeward did ariſe,*
*Leauing in paine their wel fed hungry eies.*
*She went, they ſtaid; or rightly for to ſay,*
*She ſtaid in them, they went in thought with hyr:*
Klaius *in deede vvould faine haue puld away*
*This mote from out his eye, this inward burre,*
*And now, proud Rebell gan for to gainſay*
*The leſſon which but late he learn'd too furre:*
*Meaning with abſence to refresh the thought*
*To vvhich her preſence ſuch a feauer brought.*
Strephon *did leap with ioy & iolitie,*
*Thinking it iuſt more therein to delight,*
*Then in good Dog, faire field, or shading tree.*
*So haue I ſeene trim bookes in veluet dight*
*With golden leaues, and painted baberie*
*Of ſeely boies pleaſe vnacquainted ſight:*
*But vvhen the rod began to play his part,*
*Faine vvould, but could not fly from golden ſmart.*
*He quickly learn'd* Vrania *vvas her name,*
*And ſtraight for failing, grau'd it in his heart:*
*He knew her haunt, and haunted in the ſame,*
*And taught his sheepe her sheepe in food to thwart.*
*vvhich ſoone as it did bate full queſtion frame,*
*He might on knees confeſſe his faultie part,*
*And yeeld himſelfe vnto her punishment,*
*vvhile nought but game, the ſelfe-hurt wanton ment.*
*Nay euen vnto her home he oft would go,*
*vvhere bold and hurtleſſe many play he tries,*
*Her parents liking well it should be ſo,*
*For ſimple goodneſſe shined in his eyes.*
*There did he make her laugh in ſpite of woe,*
*So as good thoughts of him in all ariſe,*
*vvhile into none doubt of his loue did ſinke,*
*For not himſelfe to be in loue did thinke.*
*But glad Deſire, his late emboſom'd gueſt,*
*Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nurſt:*

Desire the more he ſuckt, more ſought the breſt,
Like dropſie folke ſtill drinke to be a thirſt.
Till one faire eau'n an hour ere Sun did reſt,
VVho then in Lions caue did enter firſt,
By neighbors prai'd she went abroad thereby.
At Barly brake her ſweet ſwift foot to trie.
Neuer the earth on his round shoulders bare
A maid train'd vp from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth vvith reſpect, few words vvith curteſie,
A careleſſe comlineſſe vvith comely care.
Self-gard vvith mildneſſe, Sport vvith Maieſtie:
VVhich made her yeeld to deck this shepheards band,
And ſtill, beleeue me, Strephon was at hand.
A field they go, vvhere manie lookers be,
And thou ſeek-ſorow Klaius them among:
In deed thou ſaid'ſt it vvas thy frend to ſee
Strephon, vvhoſe abſence ſeem'd vnto thee long,
VVhile moſt vvith her he leſſe did keepe vvith thee.
No, no, it vvas in ſpite of wiſdomes ſong
VVhich abſence vvisht: loue plai'd a victors part:
The beau'n-loue lodeſtone drew thy iron hart.
Then couples three be ſtreight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two do flie,
The two that in mid place, Hell called vvere,
Muſt ſtriue with waiting foot, and watching eye
To catch of them, and them to hell to beare,
That they, aſwell as they, Hell may ſupplie:
Like ſome which ſeeke to ſalue their blotted name
VVith others blott, ſtill all do taſt of ſhame.
There may you ſee, ſoone as the middle two
Do coupled towards either couple make,
They falſe and fearfull do their hands vndoe,
Brother his brother, frend doth frend forſake,
Heeding himſelfe, cares not how fellow do,
But of a ſtranger mutuall help doth take:
As periur'd cowards in aduerſitie
VVith ſight of feare from frends to fremb'd do flie.
Theſe ſports shepheards deuiz'd ſuch faults to show.
Geron, though old yet gameſome, kept one end
VVith Coſma, for vvhoſe loue Pas paſt in woe.
Faire Nous with Pas the lott to hell did ſend:
Pas thought it hell, while he was Coſma fro.
At other end Vran did Strephon lend
Her happy-making hand, of vvhome one looke
From Nous and Coſma all their beautie tooke.
The play began: Pas durſt not Coſma chace,

But

*But did intend next bout with her to meete,*
*So he with* Nous *to* Geron *turn'd their race,*
*With whome to ioyne fast ran* Vrania *sweet?*
*But light-legd* Pas *had got the middle space.*
Geron *straue hard, but aged were his feet,*
*And therefore finding force now faint to be,*
*He thought gray haires afforded subtiltie.*
*And so when* Pas *hand reached him to take,*
*The fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;*
Pas *could not stay, but ouer him did rake,*
*And crown'd the earth with his first touching crowne:*
*His heels grow'n prowd did seeme at heau'n to shake.*
*But* Nous *that slipt from* Pas, *did catch the clowne.*
*So laughing all, yet* Pas *to ease some dell*
Geron *with* Vran *were condemn'd to hell.*
Cosma *this while to* Strephon *safely came,*
*And all to second barly-brake are bent:*
*The two in hell did toward* Cosma *frame,*
*Who should to* Pas, *but they would her preuent.*
Pas *mad with fall, and madder with the shame,*
*Most mad with beames which he thought* Cosma *sent,*
*With such mad haste he did to* Cosma *goe,*
*That to her breast he gaue a noysome blowe.*
*She quick, and proud, and who did* Pas *despise,*
*Vp with her fist, and tooke him on the face,*
*Another time, quoth she, become more wise.*
*Thus* Pas *did kisse her hand with little grace,*
*And each way luckles, yet in humble guise*
*Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,*
*while* Strephon *might with preatie* Nous *haue met,*
*But all this while another course he fet.*
*For as* Vrania *after* Cosma *ran,*
*He rauished with sight how gracefullie*
*She mou'd her lims, and drew the aged man,*
*Left* Nous *to coast the loued beautie nie:*
Nous *cri'd, and chafd, but he no other can.*
*Till* Vran *seeing* Pas *to* Cosma *flie,*
*And* Strephon *single, turned after him.*
Strephon *so chas'd did seeme in milke to swimme.*
*He ran, but ran with eye ore shoulder cast,*
*More marking her, then how himse'fe did goe,*
*Like* Numid *Lions by the hunters chas'd,*
*Though they do flie, yet backwardly do glowe*
*With proud aspect, disdaining greater hast.*
*What rage in them, that loue in him did show.*
*But God giues them instinct the man to shun,*
*And he by law of Barly-brake must run.*

*But as his heate with running did augment,*
*Much more his ſight encreaſt his hote deſire:*
*So is in her the beſt of Nature ſpent,*
*The aire her ſweet race mou'd doth blow the fire.*
*Her feet be purſeuants from* Cupid *ſent,*
*VVith whoſe fine ſtepps all loues and ioyes conſpire.*
*The hidden beauties ſeem'd in wait to lye,*
*To downe proud hearts that would not willing dye.*
*Thus, faſt he fled from her he follow'd ſore,*
*Still shunning* Nous *to lengthen pleaſing race,*
*Till that he ſpied old* Geron *could no more,*
*Then did he ſlacke his loue-enſtructed pace.*
*So that* Vran, *whoſe arme old* Geron *bore,*
*Laid hold on him with moſt lay-holding grace.*
*So caught, him ſeem'd he caught of ioyes the bell,*
*And thought it heau'n ſo to be drawn to hell.*
*To hell he goes, and* Nous *with him muſt dwell.*
Nous *ſware it was no right; for his default*
*VVho would be caught, that she should go to hell:*
*But ſo she muſt. And now the third aſſault*
*Of Barly-brake among the ſix befell.*
Pas Coſma *matcht, yet angrie with his fault,*
*The other end* Geron *with* Vran *gard.*
*I thinke you thinke* Strephon *bent thitherward.*
Nous *counſeld* Strephon Geron *to purſue,*
*For he vvas old, and eaſly would be cought:*
*But he drew her as loue his fancie drew,*
*And ſo to take the gemme* Vrania *ſought.*
*VVhile* Geron *old came ſafe to* Coſma *true,*
*Though him to meete at all she ſturred nought.*
*For* Pas, *whether it were for feare, or loue,*
*Mou'd not himſelfe, nor ſuffred her to moue.*
*So they three did togither idly ſtay,*
*VVhile deare* Vran, *vvhoſe courſe vvas* Pas *to meet,*
*(He ſtaying thus) vvas faine abroad to ſtray*
*VVith larger round, to shun the following feet.*
Strephon, *vvhoſe eyes on her back-parts did play,*
*VVith loue drawne on, ſo faſt vvith pace vnmeet*
*Drew dainty* Nous, *that she not able ſo*
*To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.*
*He ſingle thus, hop'd ſoone vvith her to be,*
*VVho nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,*
*Though vvith ſoft leggs, did runne as faſt as he.*
*He thriſe reacht, thriſe deceiu'd, vvhen her to beare*
*He hopes, vvith daintie turns she doth him flee.*
*So on the down's vve ſee, neere* Wilton *faire,*
*Ahaſt'ned Hare from greedy Grayhound goe,*

*And*

*And paſt all hope his chaps to fruſtrate ſo.*
*But this ſtrange race more ſtrange conceits did yeeld:*
*Who victor ſeem'd, was to his ruine brought:*
*Who ſeem'd ore throwne was miſtreſſe of the field:*
*She fled, and tooke; he followed, and was cought.*
*So haue I heard to pierce purſuing shield,*
*By Parents train'd the Tartars wilde are tought,*
*With shafts shot out from their back-turned bow.*
*But ah! her darts did farre more deeplie go.*
*As* Venus *bird the vvhite, ſwift, louely Doue,*
*(O happie Doue that art compar'd to her!)*
*Doth on her wings her vtmoſt ſwiftneſſe proue,*
*Finding the gripe of Falcon fierce not furre:*
*So did* Vran: *the narre, the ſwifter moue,*
*(Yet beautie ſtill as faſt as she did ſturre)*
*Till with long race deare she was breathleſſe brought,*
*And then the* Phœnix *feared to be cought.*
*Among the reſt that there did take delight*
*To ſee the ſports of double-shining day,*
*And did the tribute of their wondring ſight*
*To Natures heire, the faire* Vrania *pay,*
*I told you* Klaius *was the hapleſſe wight,*
*Who earneſt found what they accounted play.*
*He did not there do homage of his eyes,*
*But on his eyes his heart did ſacrifice.*
*With gazing lookes, short ſighes, vnſetled feet*
*He ſtood, but turn'd, as* Girolol, *to Sun:*
*His fancies ſtill did her in halfe way meet,*
*His ſcule did flie as she was ſeene to run.*
*In ſumme, proud* Boreas *neuer ruled Fleet*
*(Who* Neptunes *vveb on daungers diſtaffe ſpun)*
*With greater power, then she did make them wend*
*Each vvay, as she that ages praiſe, did bend.*
*Till ſpying well she vvelnigh vvearie vvas,*
*And ſurelie taught by his loue open eye,*
*His eye, that ev'n did marke her troden graſſe,*
*That she would faine the catch of* Strephon *flie,*
*Giuing his reaſon paſport for to paſſe*
*VVhither it would, ſo it would let him die,*
*He that before shund her, to shun ſuch harmes,*
*Now runnes, and takes her in his clipping armes.*
*For vvith pretence from* Strephon *her to guard,*
*He met her full, but full of warefulneſſe,*
*VVith inbow'd boſome well for her prepar'd,*
*When* Strephon *curſing his owne backwardneſſe,*
*Came to her backe, and ſo with double ward*
*Impriſon her, vvho both them did poſſeſſe*

*As heart-bound ſlaues: and happie then embrace*
*Vertues proofe, fortunes victor, beauties place.*
*Her race did not her beauties beames augment,*
*For they were euer in the beſt degree,*
*But yet a ſetting forth it ſome way lent,*
*As Rubies luſtre when they rubbed be.*
*The daintie deaw on face and bodie went*
*As on ſweet flowers, when mornings drops vve ſee.*
*Her breath then short, ſeem'd loth from home to paſſe,*
*VVhich more it mou'd, the more it ſweeter was.*
*Happie, ô hapie! if they ſo might bide,*
*To ſee her eyes, with how true humbleneſſe,*
*They looked downe to triumph ouer pride:*
*With how ſweet ſawes she blam'd their ſawcineſſe*
*To feele the panting heart, vvhich through her ſide*
*Did beat their hands, vvhich durſt ſo neare to preſſe,*
*To ſee, to feele, to heare, to taſte, to know*
*More then, beſides her, all the earth could show.*
*But neuer did* Medeas *golden weed*
*On* Creons *child his poyſon ſooner throw,*
*Then thoſe delights through all their ſinewes breed,*
*A creeping ſerpent like of mortall vvoe.*
*Till she brake from their armes (although indeed*
*Going from them, from them she could not go)*
*And fare-welling the flocke, did homeward vvend,*
*And ſo that euen the barlie-brake did end.*
*It ended, but the others vvoe began,*
*Began at leaſt to be conceiu'd as vvoe.*
*For then wiſe* Klaius *found no abſence can*
*Helpe him, vvho can no more her ſight forgo.*
*He found mans vertue is but part of man,*
*And part muſt follow vvhere vvhole man doth go.*
*He found that Reaſons ſelfe now reaſons found*
*To faſten knots, vvhich fancie firſt had bound.*
*So doth he yeeld, ſo takes he on his yoke,*
*Not knowing vvho did draw vvith him therein;*
Strephon, *poore youth, becauſe he ſaw no ſmoke,*
*Did not conceiue vvhat fire he had vvithin:*
*But after this to greater rage it broke,*
*Till of his life it did full conqueſt win,*
*Firſt killing mirth, then baniſhing all reſt,*
*Filling his eyes vvith teares, vvith ſighes his breaſt.*
*Then ſports grew paines, all talking tedious:*
*On thoughts he feeds, his looks their figure chaunge,*
*The day ſeemes long, but night is odious,*
*No ſleeps, but dreames, no dreames, but viſions ſtraunge,*
*Till finding ſtill his euill encreaſing thus,*

One day he vvith his flocke abroad did raunge:
And comming vvhere he hop'd to be alone,
Thus on a hillocke ſet, he made his mone.
Alas! vvhat weights are theſe that lode my heart!
I am as dull as vvinter-ſterued sheep,
Tir'd as a iade in ouerloden cart,
Yet thoughts do flie, though I can ſcarcely creepe.
All viſions ſeeme, at euerie bush I ſtart:
Drowſie am I, and yet can rarelie ſleepe.
Sure I bewitched am, it is euen that,
Late neare a croſſe I met an vgly Cat.
For, but by charmes, how fall theſe things on me,
That from thoſe eyes where heau'nly apples bene,
Thoſe eyes, which nothing like themſelues can ſee,
Of faire Vrania, fairer then a greene,
Proudly bedect in Aprils liuerie,
A shot vnheard gaue me a wound vnſeene?
He was inuiſible that hurt me ſo,
And none inuiſible, but ſpirits, can goe.
VVhen I ſee her, my ſinewes shake for feare,
And yet, deare ſoule, I know she hurteth none:
Amid my flocke with woe my voice I teare,
And, but bewitch'd, vvho to his flocke would mone?
Her chery lips, milke hands, and golden haire
I ſtill do ſee, though I be ſtill alone.
Now make me thinke that there is not a fiend,
VVho hid in Angels shape my life would end.
The ſports wherein I wonted to do vvell,
Come she, and ſweet the aire with open breaſt,
Then ſo I faile, vvhen moſt I would do vvell,
That at me ſo amaz'd my fellowes ieſt:
Sometimes to her newes of my ſelfe to tell
I go about, but then is all my beſt
Wry vvords, and ſtam'ring, or elſe doltish dombe,
Say then, can this but of enchantment come?
Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my caſe:
The Nightingales for woe their ſongs refraine:
In riuer as I look'd, my pining face,
As pin'd a face as mine I ſaw againe.
The curteous mountaines griev'd at my diſgrace
Their ſnowie haire teare off in melting paine.
And now the dropping trees do weepe for me,
And now faire euenings blush my shame to ſee.
But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,
Till ſtraunge delight, delight to nothing ware,
And you my flocke, care of my carefull ſight,
While I was I, and ſo had cauſe to care,

*And thou my dogge, vvhoſe truth and valiant might*
*Made wolues (not inward wolues) my Ewes to ſpare:*
*Go you not from your maiſter in his woe,*
*Let it ſuffice that he himſelfe forgoe.*
*For though like vvaxe this magicke makes me waſte,*
*Or like a Lambe, vvhoſe damme away is fet,*
*(Stolne from her young by theeues vnchooſing-haſte)*
*He treble beas for help, but none can get:*
*Though thus, and worſe, though now I am at laſt,*
*Of all the games that here ere now I met,*
*Do you remember ſtill you once were mine,*
*Till mine eyes had their curſe from bleſſed eyne.*
*Be you vvith me vvhile I vnheard do crie,*
*VVhile I do ſcore my loſſes on the vvind,*
*While I in heart my vvill vvrite ere I die.*
*In which by vvill, my will and wits I bind,*
*Still to be hers, about her ay to flie.*
*As this ſame ſprite about my fancies blind*
*Doth dailie haunt: but ſo, that mine become*
*As much more louing, as leſſe cumberſome.*
*Alas! a cloud hath ouercaſt mine eyes:*
*And yet I ſee her shine amid the cloud.*
*Alas! of ghoſts I heare the gaſtlie cries:*
*Yet there, me ſeemes, I heare her ſinging loud.*
*This ſong she ſings in moſt commanding vviſe:*
*Come shepheards boy, let now thy heart be bow'd,*
*To make it ſelfe to my leaſt looke a ſlaue:*
*Leaue ſleepe, leaue all, I will no piecing haue.*
*I vvill, I vvill, alas, alas, I will:*
*Wilt thou haue more? more haue, if more I be.*
*Away ragg'd rammes, care I what murraine kill?*
*Out shreaking pipe, made of ſome witched tree:*
*Go bawling curre thy hungrie maw go fill*
*On you foule flocke belonging not to me.*
*VVith that his dog he henc'd, his flocke he curſt,*
*VVith that (yet kiſſed firſt) his pipe he burſt.*
*This ſaid, this done, he raſe, euen tir'd vvith reſt,*
*With heart as carefull, as with careleſſe grace,*
*With shrinking legges, but vvith a ſwelling breaſt,*
*VVith eyes vvhich threatned they vvould drowne his face,*
*Fearing the worſt, not knowing vvhat vvere beſt,*
*And giuing to his ſight a vvandring race,*
*He ſaw behind a buſh vvhere* Klaius *ſate:*
*His vvell knowne friend, but yet his vnknowne mate,*
Klaius *the vvretch, vvho latelie yeelden vvas*
*To beare the bonds vvhich time nor vvit could breake,*
*(With blushing ſoule at ſight of indgements glaſſe,*

*while*

*VVhile guiltie thoughts accuſ'd his reaſon vveake)*
*This morne alone to lonely vvalke did paſſe,*
*VVithin himſelfe of her deare ſelfe to ſpeake,*
*Till* Strephons *plaining voice him nearer drew,*
*Where by his vvords his ſelf-like caſe he knew.*
*For hearing him ſo oft vvith vvords of woe*
Vrania *name, whoſe force he knew ſo vvell,*
*He quicklie knew vvhat vvitcheraft gaue the blow,*
*VVhich made his* Strephon *thinke himſelfe in hell.*
*VVhich vvhen he did inperfect image show*
*To his owne vvit, thought vpon thought did ſwell,*
*Breeding huge ſtormes vvithin his inward part,*
*VVhich thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.*

As *Lamon* would haue proceeded, *Baſilius* knowing, by the waſting of the torches, that the night alſo was farre waſted, and withall remembring *Zelmanes* hurt, asked her, whether ſhe thought it not better to reſerue the complaint of *Klaius* till another day. Which ſhe, perceiuing the ſong had alreadie worne out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being euen now ſtepping ouer to a new matter, though much delighted with what was ſpoken, willinglie agreed vnto. And ſo of all ſides they went to recommend themſelues to the elder brother of death.

The end of the firſt Booke.

# THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

IN theſe paſtorall paſtimes a great number of dayes were ſent to follow their flying predeceſſours, while the cup of poyſon (which was deeplie taſted of this noble companie) had left no ſinew of theirs without mortallie ſearching into it; yet neuer manifeſting his venimous worke, till once, that the night (parting away angrie, that ſhe could diſtill no more ſleepe into the eyes of Louers) had no ſooner giuen place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the Sunne beſtowed his beames vpon the toppes of the mountaines, but that the wofull *Gynecia* (to whom reſt was no eaſe) had left her lothed lodging, and gotten her ſelfe into the ſolitarie places thoſe deſerts were full of, going vp and downe with ſuch vnquiet motions, as a grieued and hopeleſſe minde is wont to bring forth. There appeared vnto the eyes of her iudgement the euils ſhee was like to runne into, with vglie infamie waiting vpon them: ſhe felt the terrours of her owne conſcience: ſhe was guiltie of a long exerciſed vertue, which made this vice the fuller of deformitie. The vttermoſt of the good ſhe could aſpire vnto, was a mortall wound to her vexed ſpirits: and laſtlie, no ſmall part of her euils was, that ſhe was wiſe to ſee her euils. In ſo much, that hauing a great while throwne her countenance ghaſtlie about her (as if ſhe had called all the powers of the world to be witneſſe of her wretched eſtate) at length caſting vp her waterie eyes to heauen; O Sunne (ſaid ſhe) whoſe vnſpotted light directs the ſteps of mortall mankind, art thou not aſhamed to impart the cleareneſſe of thy preſence to ſuch a duſt-creeping worme as I am? O you heauens (which continuallie keepe the courſe allotted vnto you) can none of your influences preuaile ſo much vpon the miſerable *Gynecia*, as to make her preſerue a courſe ſo long imbraced by her? O deſerts, deſerts, how fit a gueſt am I for you, ſince my heart can people you with wild rauenous beaſts, which in you are wanting? O Vertue, where doeſt thou hide thy ſelfe? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipſe thee? Or is it true that thou wert neuer but a vaine name, and no eſſentiall thing, which haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſeruant, when ſhe had moſt need of thy louely preſence? O imperfect proportion of reaſon, which can too much foreſee, and too litle preuent! Alas, alas (ſaid ſhe) if there were but one hope for all my paines, or but one excuſe

for

for all my faultineſſe. But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all ſuccour, and my euill deſeruing doth exceed my euill fortune. For nothing elſe did my husband take this ſtrange reſolution to liue ſo ſolitarilie: for nothing elſe haue the winds deliuered this ſtraunge gueſt to my countrie: for nothing elſe haue the deſtinies reſerued my life to this time, but that onelie I (moſt wretched I) ſhould become a plague to my ſelfe, and a ſhame to womankind. Yet if my deſire (how vniuſt ſoeuer it be) might take effect, though a thouſand deaths followed it, and euery death were followed with a thouſand ſhames; yet ſhould not my ſepulcher receiue me without ſome contentment. But alas, though ſure I am, that *Zelmane* is ſuch as can anſwere my loue; yet as ſure I am, that this diſguiſing muſt needs come for ſome foretaken conceit: and then, wretched *Gynecia*, where canſt thou find any ſmall ground plot for hope to dwel vpon? No, no, it is *Philoclea* his hart is ſet vpon; it is my daughter I haue borne to ſupplant me: but if it be ſo, the life I haue giuen thee (vngratefull *Philoclea*) I will ſooner with theſe hands bereaue thee of, then my birth ſhall glorie ſhe hath bereaued me of my deſires: In ſhame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of ſhame.

Hauing ſpoken thus, ſhe began to make a piteous warre with her faire haire, whē ſhe might heare (not farre from her) an extreamely dolefull voyce, but ſo ſuppreſſed with a kind of whiſpering note, that ſhe could not cōceiue the words diſtinctly. But (as a lamentable tune is the ſweeteſt muſicke to a wofull mind) ſhe drew thither neare-away, in hope to find ſome companion of her miſerie: and as ſhe paced on, ſhe was ſtopped with a number of trees, ſo thicklie placed together, that ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould (with ruſhing through) ſtop the ſpeech of the lamentable partie, which ſhe was ſo deſirous to vnderſtand: and therefore ſetting her downe as ſoftlie as ſhe could (for ſhe was now in diſtance to heare) ſhe might firſt perceiue a Lute excellently well plaid vpon, and then the ſame dolefull voyce accompanying it with theſe verſes.

*IN vaine, mine eyes, you labour to amend*
*With flowing teares your fault of haſtie ſight:*
*Since to my heart her ſhape you did ſo ſend,*
*That her I ſee, though you did loſe your light.*

*In vaine, my heart, now you with ſight are burn'd,*
*With ſighes you ſeeke to coole your hot deſire:*
*Since ſighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd)*
*For bellowes ſerue to kindle more the fire.*

*Reaſon, in vaine (now you haue loſt my heart)*
*My head you ſeeke, as to your ſtrongeſt fort:*
*Since there mine eyes haue plaid ſo falſe a part,*
*That to your ſtrength your foes haue ſure reſort.*
*Then ſince in vaine I find vvere all my ſtrife,*
*To this ſtraunge death I vainlie yeeld my life.*

The ending of the ſong ſerued but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind (oppreſſed with too heauie a burthen of cares) was faine to diſcharge it ſelfe of all ſides, and as it were, paint out the hideouſneſſe of the paine in al ſorts of colours. For the woful perſon (as if the lute had euil ioyned with the voice) threw it to the grouñd

with ſuch like words: Alas, poore Lute, how much art thou deceiu'd, to thinke that in my miſeries thou couldſt eaſe my woes, as in my careleſſe times thou was wont to pleaſe my fancies? The time is changed, my Lute, the time is changed; and no more did my ioyfull mind then receiue euerie thing to a ioyfull cõſideration, thẽ my carefull mind now makes each thing taſt like the bitter iuyce of care. The euil is inward, my Lute, the euill is inward; which all thou doeſt, doth ſerue but to make me think more freely of. And alas, what is thẽ thy harmony, but the ſweet meats of ſorow? the diſcord of my thoughts, my Lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy ſtrings; therefore be not aſhamed to leaue thy maiſter, ſince he is not afraid to forſake himſelfe.

And thus much ſpoke (in ſteed of a concluſion) was cloſed vp with ſo heartie a groning, that *Gynecia* could not refraine to ſhew her ſelf, thinking ſuch griefs could ſerue fitly for nothing but her owne fortune. But as ſhe came into the litle Arbour of this ſorowfull muſicke, her eyes met with the eyes of *Zelmane*, which was the partie that thus had indited her ſelfe of miſerie: ſo that either of them remained confuſed with a ſodain aſtoniſhment. *Zelmane* fearing, leaſt ſhe had heard ſome part of thoſe cõplaints, which ſhe had riſen vp that morning early of purpoſe, to breath out in ſecret to her ſelf. But *Gynecia* a great while ſtood ſtil, with a kind of dul amaſemẽt, looking ſtedfaſtlie vpon her: at length returning to ſome vſe of her ſelf, ſhe began to aske *Zelmane*, what cauſe caried her ſo earlie abroad? But as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane*, had opened ſome great floud-gate of ſorow (wherof her heart could not abide the violent iſſue (ſhe ſanke to the ground, with her hands ouer her face, crying vehemently, *Zelmane* help me, ô *Zelmane* haue pitie on me. *Zelmane* ran to her, maruelling what ſodain ſickneſſe had thus poſſeſſed her: & beginning to aske her the cauſe of her paine, and offering her ſeruice to be imployed by her: *Gynecia* opening her eyes wildly vpon her, pricked with the flames of loue, and the tormentes of her owne conſcience; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, ſaid ſhe, doeſt thou offer me phyſick, which art my only poyſon? or wilt thou do me ſeruice, which haſt already brought me into eternall ſlauerie? *Zelmane* then knowing wel at what marke ſhe ſhot, yet loth to enter into it: Moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) you were beſt retire your ſelfe into your lodging, that you the better may paſſe this ſodaine fit. Retire my ſelfe? (ſayd *Gynecia*) If I had retyred my ſelfe into my ſelfe, when thou to me (vnfortunate gueſt) cameſt to draw me from my ſelfe, bleſſed had I bene, and no need had I had of this counſell. But now alas, I am forced to flie to thee for ſuccour, whom I accuſe of all my hurt; & make thee iudge of my cauſe, who art the only author of my miſchief. *Zelmane* the more aſtoniſhed, the more ſhe vnderſtood her; Madam (ſaid ſhe) wherof do you accuſe me, that I will not cleare my ſelfe? Or wherein may I ſteed you, that you may not command me? Alas, anſwered *Gynecia*, what ſhall I ſay more? Take pitie of me, ô *Zelmane*, but not as *Zelmane*, and diſguiſe not with me in words, as I know thou doeſt in apparell.

*Zelmane* was much troubled with that word, finding her ſelfe brought to this ſtraight. But as ſhe was thinking what to anſwer her; they might ſee old *Baſilius* paſſe hard by them, without euer ſeeing them: complaining likewiſe of loue very freſhly; and ending his complaint with this ſong, Loue hauing renewed both his inuention, and voyce.

*Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire,*
*O heauenly ſoule, in humaine ſhape contein'd:*
*Old wood inflam'd, doth yeeld the braueſt fire,*
*When yonger doth in ſmoke his vertue ſpend.*

*Ne let vvhite haires, which on my face do grow,*
*Seeme to your eyes of a diſgracefull hue:*
*Since vvhiteneſſe doth preſent the ſweeteſt show,*
*Which makes all eyes do homage vnto you.*

*Old age is wiſe, and full of conſtant truth;*
*Old age well ſtayed, from ranging humour liues:*
*Old age hath knowne vvhat euer was in youth:*
*Old age orecome, the greater honour giues.*
*And to old age ſince you your ſelfe aſpire,*
*Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire.*

Which being done, he looked verie curiouſlie vpon himſelfe, ſomtimes fetching a litle skip, as if he had ſaid his ſtrength had not yet forſaken him. But *Zelmane* hauing in this time gotten ſome leaſure to thinke for an anſwere; looking vpon *Gynecia*, as if ſhe thought ſhe did her ſome wrong: Madam (ſaid ſhe) I am not acquainted with thoſe words of diſguiſing, neither is it the profeſſion of an *Amazon*, neither are you a partie with whom it is to be vſed: if my ſeruice may pleaſe you, imploy it, ſo long as you do me no wrong in miſiudging of me. Alas *Zelmane* (ſaid *Gynecia*) I perceiue you know full litle how piercing the eyes are of a true louer: there is no one beame of thoſe thoughts you haue planted in me, but is able to diſcerne a greater cloud then you do go in. Seeke not to conceale your ſelfe further from me, nor force not the paſſion of loue into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceiued his wife and miſtreſſe together, ſo that framing the moſt louely countenance he could, he came ſtraight way towards them; and at the firſt word (thanking his wife for hauing entertained *Zelmane*) deſired her ſhe would now returne into the Lodge, becauſe he had certaine matters of eſtate to impart to the Lady *Zelmane*. The Queene (being nothing troubled with iealouſie in that point) obeyed the kings commandement; full of raging agonies, and determinatly bent, that as ſhe would ſeeke all louing means to winne *Zelmane*, ſo ſhe would ſtirre vp terrible tragedies, rather then faile of her intent. And ſo went ſhe from them to the Lodge-ward, with ſuch a battell in her thoughts, and ſo deadly an ouerthrow giuen to her beſt reſolutions, that euen her body (where the field was fought) was oppreſſed withall: making a languiſhing ſickneſſe wait vpō the triumph of paſſion; which the more it preuailed in her, the more it made her iealouſie watchfull, both ouer her daughter, and *Zelmane*, hauing euer one of them entruſted to her owne eyes.

But as ſoone as *Baſilius* was rid of his wiues preſence, falling downe on his knees, O Ladie (ſaid he) which haſt onely had the power to ſtirre vp againe thoſe flames which had ſo long laine dead in me; ſee in me the power of your beautie, which can make old age come to aske counſell of youth; and a Prince vnconquered to become a ſlaue to a ſtranger: and when you ſee that power of yours, loue that at leaſt in me, ſince it is yours, although of me you ſee nothing to be loued. Worthie Prince (anſwered *Zelmane*, taking him vp from his kneeling) both your maner, and your ſpeech are ſo ſtraunge vnto me, as I know not how to anſwere it better then with ſilence. If ſilence pleaſe you (ſaid the king) it ſhall neuer diſpleaſe me, ſince my heart is whollie pledged to obey you: otherwiſe, if you would vouchſafe mine eares ſuch happineſſe as to heare you, they ſhall conuey your words to ſuch a mind, which is

with the humbleſt degree of reuerence to receiue them. I diſdaine not to ſpeake to you (mightie Prince ſaid *Zelmane*) but I diſdaine to ſpeak to anie matter which may bring my honour into queſtion: and therewith with a braue counterfeited ſcorne ſhe departed from the king; leauing him not ſo ſorie for his ſhort anſwere, as proud in himſelfe that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king (feeding his mind with thoſe thoughts) paſſe great time in writing verſes, and making more of himſelfe, then he was wont to do: that with a litle helpe, he would haue growne into a pretie kind of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this loning, but litle-loued companie, Alas (ſaid ſhe) poore *Pyrocles*, was there euer one, but I, that had receiued wrong, and could blame no bodie? that hauing more then I deſire, am ſtill in want of that I would? Trulie Loue, I muſt needs ſay thus much on thy behalfe; thou haſt imployed my loue there, where all loue is deſerued; and for recompence haſt ſent me more loue then euer I deſired. But what wilt thou do *Pyrocles*? which way canſt thou find to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? To her whom I would be knowne to, I liue in darkneſſe: and to her am reuealed, from whom I would be moſt ſecret. What ſhift ſhall I find againſt the diligent loue of *Baſilius*? what ſhield againſt the violent paſſions of *Gynecia*? And if that bee done, yet how am I the nearer to quench the fire that conſumes me? Well, well, ſweet *Philoclea*, my whole confidence muſt be builded in thy diuine ſpirit, which cannot be ignorant of the cruell wound I haue receiued by you.

But as ſicke folkes when they are alone, thinke companie would relieue them, and yet hauing companie do find it noiſome; changing willingly outward obiects, when indeed the euill is inward: ſo poore *Zelmane* was no more wearie of *Baſilius*, then ſhe was of her ſelfe, when *Baſilius* was gone: and euer the more, the more ſhe turned her eyes to become her owne iudges. Tired wherewith, ſhe longed to meet her friend *Dorus*; that vpon the ſhoulders of friendſhip ſhe might lay the burthen of ſorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge; where among certaine Beeches ſhe found *Dorus*, apparelled in ſianen, with a Goats skin caſt vpon him, and a garland of Laurell mixt with Cypres leaues on his head, waiting on his maiſter *Dametas*, who at that time was teaching him how with his ſheephook to catch a wãton Lambe, and how with the ſame to caſt a litle clod at anie one that ſtrayed out of companie. And while *Dorus* was practiſing, one might ſee *Dametas* holding his hand vnder his girdle behind him, nodding from the waſte vpwards, and ſwearing he neuer knew man go more aukewardlie to worke: and that they might talke of booke-learning what they would; but for his part, hee neuer ſaw more vnfeatie fellowes then great clearks were.

But *Zelmanes* comming ſaued *Dorus* from further chiding. And ſo ſhe beginning to ſpeake with him of the number of his maiſters ſheep, and which prouince of *Arcadia* bare the fineſt wooll, drewe him on to follow her in ſuch countrie diſcourſes, til (being out of *Dametas* hearing) with ſuch vehemẽcie of paſſiõ, as though her heart would clime into her mouth, to take her tongues office, ſhe declared vnto him, vpon what briers the roſes of her affections grew: how time ſtill ſeemed to forget her, beſtowing no one houre of cõfort vpon her; ſhe remaining ſtil in one plight of ill fortune, ſauing ſo much worſe, as continuance of euill doth in it ſelfe increaſe euill. Alas my *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) thou ſeeſt how long and languiſhingly the weeks are paſt ouer ſince our laſt talking. And yet I am the ſame, miſerable I, that I was: onlie ſtrõger in longing, & weaker in hoping. Thẽ fell ſhe to ſo pitifull a declaratiõ of the

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insupportableneſſe of her deſires, that *Dorus* eares (not able to ſhew what wounds that diſcourſe gaue vnto them) procured his eyes with tears to giue teſtimony, how much they ſuffered for her ſuffering: till paſſion (a moſt cumberſome gueſt to it ſelfe made *Zelmane* (the ſooner to ſhake it off) earneſtlie intreat *Dorus* that he alſo (with like freedome of diſcourſe) would beſtow a Mappe of his litle world vpon her, that ſhe might ſee, whether it were troubled with ſuch vnhabitable climes of cold deſpaires, and hot rages as hers was. And ſo walking vnder a few palme trees, (which being louing in their owne nature, ſeemed to giue their ſhadow the willinglier, becauſe they held diſcourſe of loue.) *Dorus* thus entred to the deſcription of his fortune: Alas, ſaid he, deare couſin, that it hath pleaſed the high powers to throwe vs to ſuch an eſtate, as the onlie entercourſe of our true friendſhip, muſt bee a bartring of miſeries: for my part, I muſt confeſſe indeed, that from a huge darkneſſe of ſorowes, I am crept (I cannot ſay to a lightſomneſſe, but) to a certaine dawning, or rather peeping out of ſome poſſibilitie of comfort: but wo is me, ſo farre from the marke of my deſires, that I rather think it ſuch a light, as comes through a ſmall hole to a dungeõ, that the miſerable caitife may the better remember the light, of which he is depriued; or like a ſcholler, who is only come to that degree of knowledge, to find himſelfe vtterlie ignorant: but thus ſtands it with me: After that by your means I was exalted to ſerue in yonder bleſſed lodge, for a while I had in the fornace of my agonies, this refreſhing; that (becauſe of the ſeruice I had done in killing of the Beare) it pleaſed the Princeſſe (in whom indeed ſtatelineſſe ſhines through curteſie) to let fall ſome gracious looke vpon me: ſometimes to ſee my exerciſes, ſometimes to heare my ſongs. For my part, my heart would not ſuffer me to omit anie occaſion, whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela*, ſee how much extraordinarie deuotion I bare to her ſeruice: and withall ſtraue to appeare more worthie in her ſight; that ſmall deſert ioyned to ſo great affection, might preuaile ſomething in the wiſeſt Ladie. But too well (alas) I found, that a ſhepheards ſeruice was but conſidered of, as from a ſhepheard, and the acceptation limited to no further proportion, then of a good ſeruant. And when my countenance had once giuen notice that there lay affectiõ vnder it, I ſaw ſtraight, Maieſtie (ſitting in the throne of Beautie) draw forth ſuch a ſword of iuſt diſdaine, that I remained as a man thunder-ſtriken, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my eſtate knowne, ſeemed againe impoſſible, by reaſon of the ſuſpitiouſneſſe of *Dametas*, *Miſo*, & my young miſtreſſe *Mopſa*: for *Dametas* (according to the conſtitution of a dull head) thinks no better way to ſhew himſelfe wiſe, then by ſuſpecting euerie thing in his way: which ſuſpition *Miſo* (for the hoggiſh ſhrewdneſſe of her braine) and *Mopſa* (for a verie vnlikelie enuie ſhe hath ſtumbled vpõ againſt the Princeſſes vnſpeakeable beautie) were verie glad to execute: ſo that I (finding my ſeruice by this means lightlie regarded, my affection deſpiſed, and my ſelfe vnknowne) remained no fuller of deſire, then voyd of counſell how to come to my deſire; which (alas) if theſe trees could ſpeake, they might well witneſſe: for, many times haue I ſtood here, bewayling my ſelfe vnto them: manie times haue I, leaning to yonder Palme, admired the bleſſedneſſe of it, that it could beare loue without ſence of paine: manie times, when my maiſters cattell came hither to chew their cud in this freſh place, I might ſee the young Bull teſtifie his loue: but how? with proud lookes and ioyfulneſſe. O wretched mankind (ſaid I then to my ſelfe) in whom wit (which ſhould be the gouernour of his welfare) becomes the traitor to his bleſſedneſſe: theſe beaſts like childrẽ to nature, inherit her bleſſings quietly, we, like baſtards, are laid abroad

euen as foundlings to be trained vp by griefe and ſorrow. Their minds grudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their ſences are letted from enioying their obiects: wee haue the impediments of honour, and the torments of conſcience. Truly in ſuch cogitations haue I ſometimes ſo long ſtood, that me thought my feet began to grow into the ground, with ſuch a darkneſſe and heauineſſe of mind, that I might eaſilie haue bene perſwaded to haue reſigned ouer my verie eſſence. But loue (which one time layeth burthens, another time giueth wings) when I was at the loweſt of my downward thoughts, pulled vp my heart to remēber, that nothing is atchieued before it be throughlie attempted, and that lying ſtill doth neuer go forward; and that therfore it was time, now or neuer, to ſharpē my inuention, to pierce through the hardneſſe of this enterpriſe; neuer ceaſing to aſſemble al my conceits, one after another, how to manifeſt both my mind & eſtate, till at laſt I lighted & reſolued on this way, which yet perchaunce you wil thinke was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extreameſt loue towards *Mopſa* that might be; & as for the loue, ſo liuelie it was indeed within me, (although to another ſubiect) that litle I needed to counterfeit anie notable demonſtrations of it; and ſo making a contrarietie the place of my memorie, in her fouleneſſe I beheld *Pamelas* faireneſſe, ſtill looking on *Mopſa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I ſaw my Sun ſhine in a pudled water: I cried out of nothing but *Mopſa*; to *Mopſa* my attendance was directed; to *Mopſa* the beſt fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopſa* it ſeemed ſtil that mine eye conueyed my tongue: ſo that *Mopſa* was my ſaying; *Mopſa* was my ſinging; *Mopſa* (that is onlie ſutable in laying a foule complexion vpon a filthy fauour, ſetting forth both in ſluttiſhneſſe) ſhe was the lode-ſtarre of my life; ſhe the bleſſing of mine eyes, ſhe the ouerthrowe of my deſires, and yet the recompence of my ouerthrow; ſhe the ſweetneſſe of my heart, euen ſweetning the death, which her ſweetneſſe drew vpon me. In ſumme, whatſoeuer I thought of *Pamela*, that I ſaid of *Mopſa*; whereby as I gate my maiſters good wil, who before ſpited me, fearing leaſt I ſhold win the Princeſſe fauour from him, ſo did the ſame make the Princeſſe the better content to allow me her preſence: whether indeed it were, that a certaine ſparke of noble indignation did riſe in her, not to ſuffer ſuch a baggage not to winne away any thing of hers, how meanly ſoeuer ſhe reputed of it; or rather (as I thinke) my words being ſo paſſionate, and ſhooting ſo quite contrarie frō the marks of *Mopſas* worthineſſe, ſhe perceiued well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being ſo masked, ſhe was contented as a ſport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to find ſome means to tell (as of a third perſon) the tale of mine owne loue and eſtate, finding *Mopſa* (like a Cuckoe by a Nightinghale) alone with *Pamela*, I came in vnto them, and with a face (I am ſure) full of clowdie fancies, tooke a harpe and ſung this ſong.

*Since ſo mine eyes are ſubiect to your ſight,*
*That in your ſight they fixed haue my braine:*
*Since ſo my heart is filled with that light,*
*That onlie light doth all my life maintaine.*

*Since in ſweet you all goods ſo richlie raigne,*
*That where you are no vvished good can want:*
*Since ſo your liuing image liues in me,*
*That in my ſelfe your ſelfe true loue doth plant:*

*How*

*How can you him vnworthie then decree,*
*In vvhose chiefe part your worthes implanted be?*

The song being ended, which I had often broken off in the middest with grieuous sighes, which ouertooke euery verse I sang, I let fall my harpe from mee; and casting mine eye sometime vpon *Mopsa*, but setling my sight principally vpon *Pamela*, And is it the onely fortune most beautifull *Mopsa* (said I) of wretched *Dorus*, that fortune must be the measure of his mind? Am I onely he, that because I am in miserie, more miserie must be laid vpon me? must that which should be cause of compassion, become an argument of crueltie against me? Alas excellent *Mopsa*, consider, that a vertuous Prince requires the life of his meanest subiect, & the heauenly Sunne disdaines not to giue light to the smallest worme. O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, if my hart could be as manifest to you, as it is vncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well counteruaile the lowness of my qualitie. Who hath not heard of the greatness of your estate? who seeth not, that your estate is much excelled with that sweet vniting of all beauties, which remaineth and dwelleth with you? who knowes not, that all these are but ornaments of that diuine sparke within you, which being descended from heauen, could not els-where picke out so sweete a mansion? But if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all these excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulnesse to such a one, as is in his soule deuoted to those perfections. *Mopsa* (who alreadie had had a certaine smackring towards me) stood all this while with her hand sometimes before her face, but most commonly with a certaine speciall grace of her owne, wagging her lips, and grinning in steede of smiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waste, and thrusting out her chinne, In faith you iest with me: you are a merrie man in deede. But the euer-pleasing *Pamela* (that well found the Comedie would be marred, if she did not help *Mopsa* to her part) was content to vrge a little further of me. Master *Dorus* (said the faire *Pamela*) me thinks you blame your fortune verie wrongfully, since the fault is not in Fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your selfe to your fortune: and as wrongfully do require *Mopsa* to so great a disparagement as to her Fathers seruaunt; since she is not worthie to be loued, that hath not some feeling of her owne worthines. I staied a good while after her words, in hope she would haue continued her speech (so great a delight I receiued in hearing her) but seeing her say no further, (with a quaking all ouer my bodie) I thus answered her: Ladie, most worthie of all dutie, how falles it out that you in whō all vertue shines, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid against vertue? Especially, since before your eyes, you haue a pittifull spectacle of her wickednesse, a forlorne creature, which must remaine not such as I am, but such as she makes me, since she must be the ballance of worthinesse or disparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man (euen at his death) haue leaue to speake, let my mortall wound purchase thus much consideration; since the perfections are such in the partie I loue, as the feeling of them cannot come into any vnnoble hart; shall that hart, which doth not onely feele them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, shall that hart I saie, lifted vp to such a height, be counted base? O let not an excellent spirit do it selfe such wrong, as to thinke, where it is placed, imbraced, and loued; there can be any vnworthinesse, since the weakest mist is not easilier driuen away by the Sunne, then that is chased away with so high thoughts. I will not denie (answered the gracious *Pamela*) but that the loue you beare to *Mopsa*,

hath brought you to the conſideration of her vertues, and that conſideration may haue made you the more vertuous, and ſo the more worthie: But euen that then (you muſt confeſſe) you haue receiued of her, and ſo are rather gratefully to thank her, then to preſſe any further, till you bring ſomething of your owne, whereby to claime it. And truely *Dorus*, I muſt in *Mopſaes* behalfe ſay thus much to you, that if her beauties haue ſo ouertaken you, it becomes a true Loue to haue your heart more ſet vpon her good then your owne, and to beare a tenderer reſpect to her honour, then your ſatisfaction. Now by my hallidame, Madame (ſaid *Mopſa*, throwing a great number of ſheeps eyes vpon me) you haue euen touched mine owne minde to the quicke, forſooth. I (finding that the pollicie that I had vſed, had at leaſt wiſe produced thus much happineſſe vnto me, as that I might euen in my Ladies preſence, diſcouer the ſore which had deepely feſtered within me, and that ſhee could better conceiue my reaſons applied to *Mopſa*, then ſhe would haue vouchſafed them, whileſt her ſelfe was a partie) thought good to purſue on my good beginning, vſing this fit occaſion of *Pamelaes* wit, and *Mopſaes* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking vpon *Pamela*, as if I had rather bene condemned by her mouth, then highly exalted by the other, turning my ſelfe to *Mopſa*, but keeping mine eye where it was: Faire *Mopſa* (ſaid I) well do I find by the wiſe knitting together of your anſwere, that any diſputation I can vſe is aſmuch too weake, as I vnworthy. I find my loue ſhalbe proued no loue, without I leaue to loue, being too vnfit a veſſell in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraued. Yet ſince the Loue I beare you, hath ſo ioyned it ſelf to the beſt part of my life, as the one can not depart, but that the other will follow, before I ſeeke to obey you in making my laſt paſſage, let me know which is my vnworthineſſe, either of mind, eſtate, or both? *Mopſa* was about to ſay, in neither; for her heart I thinke tumbled with ouermuch kindneſſe, when *Pamela* with a more fauourable countenance then before (finding how apt I was to fall into deſpaire) told me, I might therein haue aunſwered my ſelfe; for beſides that it was graunted me, that the inward feeling of *Mopſaes* perfections had greatly beautified my minde, there was none could denie, but that my minde and bodie deſerued great allowance. But *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) you muſt be ſo farre maiſter of your loue, as to conſider, that ſince the iudgement of the world ſtands vpon matter of fortune, and that the ſexe of womankind of all other is moſt bound to haue regardfull eye to mens iudgements, it is not for vs to play the Philoſophers, in ſeeking out your hidden vertues: ſince that, which in a wiſe Prince would be counted wiſedome, in vs will be taken for a light-grounded affection: ſo is not one thing, one, done by diuers perſons. There is no man in a burning feuer feeles ſo great contentment in cold water greedily receiued (which as ſoone as the drinke ceaſeth, the rage reneweth) as poore I found my ſoule refreſhed with her ſweetly pronounced words; and newly, and more violently againe enflamed, aſſoone as ſhe had cloſed vp her delightfull ſpeech, with no leſſe well graced ſilence. But remembring in my ſelfe, that aſwell the Souldier dieth which ſtandeth ſtill, as he that giues the braueſt onſet: and ſeeing that to the making vp of my fortune, there wanted nothing ſo much as the making knowne of mine eſtate, with a face well witneſſing how deeply my ſoule was poſſeſſed, and with the moſt ſubmiſſiue behauior, that a thralled heart could expreſſe, euen as my words had bene too thicke for my mouth, at length ſpake to this purpoſe: Alas, moſt worthie Princeſſe (ſaid I) and do not then your owne ſweet words ſufficiently teſtifie, that there was neuer man could haue a iuſter action againſt filthie fortune, then I, ſince all other things being granted

graunted me, her blindneſſe is my only let? O heauenly God, I would either ſhe had ſuch eyes as were able to diſcerne my deſerts, or I were blind not to ſee the dayly cauſe of my misfortune. But yet (ſaid I) moſt honoured Ladie, if my miſerable ſpeeches haue not alreadie cloied you, and that the verie preſence of ſuch a wretch become not hatefull in your eyes: let me reply thus much further againſt my mortall ſentence, by telling you a ſtorie, which happened in this ſame countrie long ſince (for woes make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long) whereby you ſhall ſee that my eſtate is not ſo contemptible, but that a Prince hath bene content to take the like vpon him, and by that onely hath aſpired to enioy a mightie Princeſſe. *Pamela* graciouſly heartkened, and I told my tale in this ſort.

In the countrie of *Theſſalia*, (alas, why name I that accurſed countrie, which brings foorth nothing, but matters for tragedies? but name it I muſt) in *Theſſalia* I ſay) there was (wel may I ſay, there was) a Prince (no, no Prince, whome bondage wholly poſſeſſed; but yet accounted a Prince, and) named *Muſidorus*. O *Muſidorus*, *Muſidorus*; but to what ſerue exclamations, where there are no eares to receiue the ſound? This *Muſidorus* being yet in the tendreſt age, his worthy father paied to nature (with a violent death) her laſt duties, leauing his child to the faith of his friends, and the proofe of time: death gaue him not ſuch pangs as the foreſightfull care he had of his ſilly ſucceſſour. And yet if in his foreſight he could haue ſeene ſo much, happie was that good Prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his ſonnes miſeries, which his knowledge could neither haue preuented, nor releeued. The young *Muſidorus* (being thus, as for the firſt pledge of the deſtenies good will, depriued of his principall ſtay) was yet for ſome yeares after (as if the ſtarres would breath themſelues for a greater miſchiefe) lulled vp in as much good luck, as the heedful loue of his doleful mother, and the floriſhing eſtate of his countrie could breed vnto him.

But when the time now came, that miſery ſeemed to be ripe for him, becauſe he had age to knowe miſery, I thinke there was a conſpiracy in all heauenly and earthly things, to frame fit occaſions to leade him vnto it. His people (to whō all forrain matters in foretime were odious) began to wiſh in their beloued Prince, experience by trauaile: his deare mother whoſe eyes were held open, onely with the ioy of looking vpon him) did now diſpenſe with the comfort of her widowhead life, deſiring the ſame her ſubiects did, for the increaſe of her ſonnes worthineſſe. And hereto did *Muſidorus* owne vertue (ſee how vertue can bee a miniſter to miſchiefe) ſufficiently prouoke him: for indeed thus much I muſt ſay for him, although the likeneſſe of our miſhaps makes me preſume to patterne my ſelfe vnto him, that well-doing was at that time his ſcope, from which no faint pleaſure could with-hold him. But the preſent occaſion which did knit all this together, was his vncle the king of *Macedon*; who hauing lately before gotten ſuch victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time ſend both for the Prince his ſonne (brought vp together, to auoid the warres, with *Muſidorus*) and for *Muſidorus* himſelf, that his ioy might be the more ful, hauing ſuch partakers of it. But alas, to what a ſea of miſeries my plaintfull toung doth lead me; & thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, then that I ſaid, I ſtayed my ſpeech, til *Pamela* ſhewing by coũtenãce that ſuch was her pleaſure, I thus continued it: Theſe two yong Princes to ſatisfie the king, tooke their way by ſea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs go with a Nauie to ſuccor him: he being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mighty Army beſieging it; where at that time his court was. But when the conſpired heauens had

gotten this Subiect of their wrath vpō ſo fit a place as the ſea was, they ſtreight began to breath out in boiſtrous winds ſome part of their malice againſt him; ſo that with the loſſe of al his Nauie, he only with the Prince his coſin, were caſt a land, far off frō the place whither their deſires would haue guided them. O cruel winds in your vncōſiderate rages, why either began you this furie, or why did you not end it in his end? But your crueltie was ſuch, as you would ſpare his life for many deathfull torments. To tell you what pitifull miſhaps fell to the yong Prince of *Macedon* his coſin, I ſhould too much fill your eares with ſtrange horrors; neither will I ſtaie vpon thoſe laborſome aduentures, nor lothſom miſaduentures, to which, & through which his fortune & courage conducted him; My ſpeech haſteneth it ſelf to come to the ful point of *Muſidorus* infortunes. For as we find the moſt peſtilent diſeaſes do gather into themſelues all the infirmities with which the body before was annoyed; ſo did his laſt miſerie embrace in the extremitie of it ſelfe all his former miſchieſes.

*Arcadia, Arcadia* was the place prepared to be the ſtage of his endleſſe ouerthrow. *Arcadia* was, (alas wel might I ſay it is) the charmed circle, where all his ſpirits for euer ſhould be enchanted. For here (& no where els) did his infected eyes make his mind know, what power heauēly beautie hath to throw it down to helliſh agonies. Here, here did he ſee the *Arcadian* Kings eldeſt daughter, in whō he forthwith placed ſo all his hopes of ioy, & ioyfull parts of his heart, that he left in himſelf nothing, but a maze of longing, & a dungeon of ſorrow. But alas, what can ſaying make them beleue, whom ſeeing cannot perſwade? Thoſe paines muſt be felt before they can be vnderſtood; no outward vtterance can command a conceipt. Such was as then the ſtate of the king, as it was no time by direct meanes to ſeeke her. And ſuch was the ſtate of his captiued will, as he could delay no time of ſeeking her.

In this intangled cauſe, he clothed himſelfe in a ſhepheards weede, that vnder the baſeneſſe of that forme, he might at laſt haue free acceſſe to feed his eyes with that which ſhould at length eat vp his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifeſted, that this eſtate is not alwaies to be reiected, ſince vnder that vaile there may be hidden things to be eſteemed. And if he might with taking on a ſhepherds looke caſt vp his eyes to the faireſt Princeſſe Nature in that time created; the like, nay the ſame deſire of mine need no more to be diſdained, or held for diſgracefull. But now alas mine eyes waxe dimme, my toung beginnes to falter, and my hart to want force to helpe, either with the feeling remembrance I haue, in what heape of miſeries the caitife Prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore moſt excellēt Princeſſe, if I cut off the courſe of my dolorous tale, ſince if I be vnderſtood, I haue ſaid enough for the defence of my baſeneſſe; and for that which after might befal to that patterne of ill fortune, (the matters are too monſtrous for my capacitie) his hatefull deſtinies muſt beſt declare their owne workmanſhip.

Thus hauing deliuered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the Princeſſe might iudge that he meant himſelfe, who ſpake ſo feelingly; her aunſwere was both ſtrange, and in ſome reſpect comfortable. For would you thinke it? ſhee hath heard heretofore of vs both, by meanes of the valiant Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our caſting away: which ſhe (following mine owne ſtile) thus delicately brought foorth: You haue told (ſaid ſhe) *Dorus*, a pretie tale; but you are much deceiued in the latter end of it. For the Prince *Muſidorus* with his coſin *Pyrocles* did both periſh vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus* (who was well acquainted with the hiſtorie) did aſſure my father. O how that ſpeach of hers did powre ioyes in my hart? ô bleſſed name (thought I) of mine, ſince thou

haſt

haſt bene in that toung, and paſſed through thoſe lips, though I can neuer hope to approch them. As for *Pyrocles* (ſaid I) I will not denie it, but that he is periſhed: (which I ſaid, leaſt ſooner ſuſpition might ariſe of your being here, then your ſelfe would haue it) and yet affirmed no lye vnto her, ſince I onely ſaid, I would not deny it. But for *Muſidorus* (ſaid I) I perceiue indeed you haue either heard or read the ſtory of that vnhappy Prince; for this was the verie obiection, which that peereleſſe Princeſſe did make vnto him, when he ſought to appeare ſuch as he was before her wiſdome: and thus as I haue read it faire written in the certaintie of my knowledge he might anſwere her, that indeed the ſhip wherin he came, by a treaſon was periſhed, and therefore that *Plangus* might eaſily be deceiued: but that he himſelfe was caſt vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*, where hee was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, who liued in thoſe dayes famous; for that both louing one faire maide, they yet remained conſtant friends; one of whoſe ſongs not long ſince was ſong before you by the ſhepheard *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-mans houſe, neere *Mantinea*, whoſe ſonne had a little before his mariage, bene taken priſoner, and by the helpe of this Prince, *Muſidorus* (though naming himſelfe by another name) was deliuered. Now theſe circumlocutions I did vſe, becauſe of the one ſide I knew the Princeſſe would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I ſhould haue named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, perhappes it would haue rubd ſome coniecture into the heauie head of Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*.

And therefore (ſaid I) moſt diuine Lady, he iuſtly was thus to argue againſt ſuch ſuſpitions, that the Prince might eaſily by thoſe parties be ſatisfied, that vpon that wrack ſuch a one was taken vp, and therefore that *Plangus* might wel erre, who knew not of anies taking vp: againe that hee that was ſo preſerued brought good tokens to be one of the two, chiefe of that wracked companie: which two ſince *Plangus* knew to be *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, hee muſt needes bee one of them, although (as I ſaide) vpon a foretaken vow, he was otherwiſe at that time called. Beſides, the Princeſſe muſt needes iudge, that no leſſe then a Prince durſt vndertake ſuch an enterpriſe, which (though he might get the fauour of the Princeſſe) he could neuer defend with leſſe then a Princes power, againſt the force of *Arcadia*. Laſtly, (ſaid he) for a certaine demonſtration, he preſumed to ſhew vnto the Princeſſe a marke he had on his face, as I might (ſaid I) ſhew this of my neck to the rare *Mopſa*: and withall, ſhewed my necke to them both, where (as you know) there is a redde ſpot bearing figure (as they tell me) of a Lyons pawe, that ſhee may aſcertaine her ſelfe, that I am *Menalcas* brother. And ſo did he, beſeeching her to ſend ſome one ſhe might truſt, into *Theſſalia*, ſecretly to bee aduertiſed, whether the age, the complexion, & particularly that notable ſigne, did not fully agree with their Prince *Muſidorus*. Do you not know further (ſaide ſhe, with a ſetled countenance, not accuſing any kind of inward motion) of that ſtorie. Alas no, (ſaid I) for euen here the Hiſtoriographer ſtopped, ſaying, The reſt belonged to Aſtrologie. And therewith, thinking her ſilent imaginations began to worke vpon ſomwhat, to mollifie them (as the nature of Muſick is to do) and withall, to ſhew what kinde of ſhepheard I was, I tooke vp my Harpe, and ſang theſe few verſes:

*MY sheepe are thoughts, vvhich I both guide and ſerue:*
*Their paſture is faire hilles of fruitleſſe loue:*
*On barren ſweetes they feed, and feeding ſterue:*
*I waile their loſt, but will not other proue.*

*My sheepehooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds:*
*My weedes, Desire, cut out in endlesse folds.*
*VVhat wooll my sheepe shall beare, whiles thus they line,*
*In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.*

And then, partly to bring *Mopsa* againe to the matter (lest she should too much take heed to our discourses) but principally, if it were possible, to gather some comfort out of her answeres, I kneeled downe to the Princesse, and humblie besought her to moue *Mopsa* in my behalf, that she would vnarme her noble hart of that steely resistance against the sweet blowes of Loue: that since all her parts were decked with some particular ornament; her face with beautie, her head with wisdome, her eyes with maiestie, her countenãce with gracefulnesse, her lips with louelinesse, her tongue with victorie; that shee would make her hart the throne of pittie, being the most excellent rayment of the most excellent part.

*Pamela* without shew either of fauour or disdaine, either of heeding or neglecting what I had said, turned her speech to *Mopsa*, and with such a voice and action, as might shew shee spake of a matter which litle did concerne her, Take heede to your selfe (said shee) *Mopsa*, for your shepheard can speake well: but truly, if he doe fully proue himselfe such as he saith, I mean, the honest shepheard *Menalchas* his brother and heire, I know no reason why you should thinke scorne of him. *Mopsa* though (in my conscience) shee were euen then farre spent towards me, yet shee answered her, that for all my queint speaches, she would keepe her honestie close inough: And that as for the way of matrimony, shee would step neuer a foote further, till my Master her father had spoken the whole word himselfe, no shee would not. But euer and anon turning her muzzell toward me, shee threwe such a prospect vpon me, as might well haue giuen a surfet to any weake louers stomacke. But Lord what a foole am I, to mingle that driuels speeches among my noble thoughts? but because shee was an Actor in this Tragedie, to geue you a full knowledge, and to leaue nothing (that I can remember) vnrepeated.

Now the Princesse being about to withdraw her selfe from vs, I tooke a Iewell made in the figure of a Crab-fish, which, because it lookes one way and goes another, I thought it did fitly patterne out my looking to *Mopsa*, but bending to *Pamela*: The word about it was, *By force, not choice*; and still kneeling, besought the Princesse that she would vouchsafe to giue it *Mopsa*, and with the blessednes of her hand to make acceptable vnto her that toye which I had found, following of late an acquaintaunce of mine at the plowe. For (said I) as the earth was turned vp, the plow-share lighted vpon a great stone: wee puld that vp, and so found both that and some other prety things, which we had deuided betwixt vs.

*Mopsa* was benummed with ioy when the Princesse gaue it her: but in the Princesse I could find no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calme careles nesse letting each thing slide, iustly as we doo by their speeches (who neither in matter nor person doo any way belong vnto vs) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall maiestie, is of all others most terrible vnto me: for yet if I found she contemned mee, I would desperatly labour both in fortune and vertue to ouercome it; if she only misdoubted me, I were in heauen; for quickly I would bring sufficient assurance: lastly, if shee hated me, yet I should know what passion to deale with; and either with infiniteneſſe of desert I would take away the fewell from that fire; or if nothing would serue, then I would giue her

her my hart-bloud to quench it. But this cruell quietneſſe, neither retiring to miſlike nor proceeding to fauour; gracious, but gracious ſtill after one maner; all her curteſies hauing this engrauen in them, that what is done, is for vertues ſake, not for the parties (euer keeping her courſe like the Sun, who neither for our prayſes, nor curſes, will ſpur or ſtop his horſes.) This (I ſay) heauenlineſſe of hers (for howſoeuer my miſery is I cannot but ſo entitle it) is ſo impoſſible to reach vnto, that I almoſt begin to ſubmit my ſelfe to the tyranny of diſpaire, not knowing any way of perſwaſion, where wiſdome ſeemes to be vnſenſible. I haue appeared to her eyes, like my ſelfe, by a deuice I vſed with my maiſter, perſwading him that we two might put on certaine rich apparell I had prouided, and ſo practiſe ſomething on horſebacke before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparell I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a Tragedy at *Athens*: my horſe indeede was it I had left at *Menalcas* houſe, & *Dametas* got one by friendſhip out of the Princes ſtable. But howſoeuer I ſhew, I am no baſe body, all I do is but to beate a rocke and get ſome.

But as *Dorus* was about to tell further, *Dametas* (who came whiſtling, and counting vpon his fingers, how many loade of hay his ſeuenteene fat oxen eate vp in a yeare) deſired *Zelmane* from the king that ſhe wold come into the lodge, where they ſtayed for her. Alas (ſayd *Dorus*, taking his leaue) the ſum is this, that you may well finde you haue beaten your ſorrow againſt ſuch a wall, which with the force of rebound may well make your ſorrow ſtronger. But *Zelmane* turning her ſpeech to *Dametas*, I ſhall grow (ſayd ſhe) skilfull in countrey matters, if I haue often conference with your ſeruant. In ſooth (anſwered *Dametas* with a graceleſſe ſcorne) the Lad may proue well enough, if hee ouerſoone thinke not too well of himſelfe, and will beare away that hee heareth of his elders. And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmane* find ſhee might haue ſpent her time better with him, he began with a wilde Methode to runne ouer all the art of husbandrie: eſpecially imploying his tongue about well dunging of a field: while poore *Zelmane* yeelded her eares to thoſe tedious ſtrokes, not warding them ſo much as with any one anſwere, till they came to *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to cary her abroade to ſee ſome ſportes prepared for her. *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia* ſitting in the one ende, placed her at the other, with her left ſide to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was moued in her mind, to haue kiſſed their feete for the fauour of ſo bleſſed a ſeate: for the narrowneſſe of the coach made them ioyne from the foote to the ſhoulders very cloſe together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their enuious apparell, yet as a perfect Magnes, though but in an iuorie box, will through the box ſend foorth his imbracing vertue to a beloued needle; ſo this imparadiſed neighbourhood made *Zelmanes* ſoule cleaue vnto her, both thorow the iuory caſe of her body, and the apparell which did ouer-cloude it. All the bloud of *Zelmanes* body ſtirring in her, as wine will do when ſuger is haſtily put into it, ſeeking to ſucke the ſweeteneſſe of the beloued gueſt; her heart, like a lion new impriſoned, ſeeing him that reſtraines his liberty, before the grate; not panting, but ſtriuing violently (if it had beene poſſible) to haue leapt into the lappe of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, euen then proceeding from being maiſter of a carte, to bee doctor of a coach, not a little proude in himſelfe, that his whippe at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, draue the coach (the couer whereof was made with ſuch ioynts, that as they might (to auoide the weather) pull it vp cloſe when they liſted, ſo when they would they might put each ende downe, and remaine as diſcouered and open ſighted as on horſebacke) till vpon the ſide of the forreſt they had

both greyhounds, ſpaniels, and hounds: where of the firſt might ſeeme the Lords, the ſecond the Gentlemen, and the laſt the yeomen of dogges; a caſt of Merlins there was beſides, which flying of a gallant height ouer certaine buſhes, would beate the birds (that roſe) downe vnto the buſhes, as Falcons will doe wild-foule ouer a riuer. But the ſport which for that day *Baſilius* would principallie ſhew to *Zelmane*, was the mountie at a Hearne, which getting vp on his wagling wings with paine, till he was come to ſome height (as though the aire next to the earth were not fit for his great body to flie thorough) was now growne to diminiſh the ſight of himſelfe, and to giue example to great perſons, that the higher they be, the leſſe they ſhould ſhew: when a Ierfaulcon was caſt off after her, who ſtreight ſpying where the pray was, fixing her eye with deſire, and guiding her wing by her eye, vſed no more ſtrength then induſtry. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his ſtayre vpright, but winding almoſt the full compaſſe about, that the ſteepeneſſe bee the more vnſenſible: ſo ſhe, ſeeing the towring of her purſued chaſe, went circkling, and compaſſing about, riſing ſo with the leſſe ſence of riſing; and yet finding that way ſcantly ſerue the greedineſſe of her haſt, as an ambitious bodie will go far out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which hee deſires; ſo would ſhe (as it were) turne taile to the Heron, and flie quite out another way, but all was to returne in a higher pitch; which once gotten, ſhe would either beate with cruell aſſaults the Heron, who now was driuen to the beſt defence of force, ſince flight would not ſerue; or elſe claſping with him, come downe together, to bee parted by the ouer-partiall beholders.

Diuerſe of which flights *Baſilius* ſhewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the richeſſe of the time ſpent, and the day deceaſſed before it was thought of, till night like a degenerating ſucceſſour made his departure the better remembred. And therefore (ſo conſtrained) they willed *Dametas* to driue homeward, who (halfe ſleeping, halfe muſing about the mending of a wine preſſe) guided the horſes ſo ill, that the wheele comming ouer a great ſtub of a tree, it ouerturned the coach. Which though it fell violently vpon the ſide where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* ſate, yet for *Zelmanes* part, ſhe would haue bin glad of the fall, which made her beare the ſweete burthen of *Philoclea*, but that ſhe feared ſhe might receiue ſome hurt. But indeede neither ſhe did, nor any of the reſt, by reaſon they kept their armes and legs within the coach, ſauing *Gynecia*, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her ſhoulder put out of ioynct; which though by one of the Faulkeners cunning, it was ſet well againe, yet with much paine was ſhe brought to the lodge; and paine (fetching his ordinary companion, a feuer with him) draue her to entertaine them both in her bed.

But neither was the feuer of ſuch impatient heate, as the inward plague-ſore of her affection, nor the paine halfe ſo noyſome, as the iealouſie ſhe conceiued of her daughter *Philoclea*, leaſt this time of her ſickneſſe might giue apt occaſion to *Zelmane*, whom ſhe miſdoubted. Therefore ſhe called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her eare to go to the other lodge, & ſend *Miſo* to her, with whom ſhe would ſpeake, and ſhe lie with her ſiſter *Pamela*. The meane while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, becauſe ſhe would be ſure, ſhe ſhould be out of the lodge before ſhe licenced *Zelmane*. *Philoclea* not skild in any thing better the obedience, went quietly downe; and the Moone then full (not thinking ſcorne to be a torch-bearer to ſuch beauty) guided her ſteppes, whoſe motions beare a mind which bare in it ſelfe farre more ſtirring motions. And alas (ſweete *Philoclea*) how hath my penne till now forgot thy paſſions, ſince to thy memory principally all this long

long matter is intended? pardon the ſlackeneſſe to come to thoſe woes, which hauing cauſed in others, thou didſt feele in thy ſelfe.

The ſweete minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well doing, to whom the not knowing of euill ſerueth for a ground of vertue, and hold their inward powers in better forme with an vnſpotted ſimplicity, then many, who rather cunningly ſeeke to know what goodneſſe is, then willingly take into themſelues the following of it. But as that ſweete and ſimple breath of heauenly goodneſſe, is the eaſier to be altered, becauſe it hath not paſſed through the worldly wickedneſſe, nor feelingly found the euill, that euill caries with it; ſo now the Lady *Philoclea* (whoſe eyes and ſenſes had receiued nothing, but according as the naturall courſe of each thing required; whoſe tender youth had obediently, liued vnder her parents beheſts, without framing out of her owne will the fore-choſing of any thing) when now ſhee came to appoint, wherein her iudgement was to be practiſed, in knowing faultines by his firſt tokens, ſhe was like a yong Faune, who comming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it bee a thing or no to bee eſchewed; whereof at this time ſhe began to get a coſtly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while liued in the lodge with her, and that her onely being a noble ſtraunger had bred a kind of heedfull attention; her comming to that lonely place (where ſhe had no body but her parents) a willingnes of conuerſation, her wit & behauiour, a liking and ſilent admiration; at length the excellency of her naturall gifts, ioyned with the extreame ſhewes ſhe made of moſt deuout honouring *Philoclea* (carying thus in one perſon, the only two bands of good will, louelineſſe and louingneſſe) brought forth in her hart a yeelding to a moſt friendly affection; which when it had gotten ſo full poſſeſſion of the keyes of her mind, that it would receiue no meſſage from her ſenſes, without that affection were the interproter; then ſtreight grew an exceeding delight ſtill to be with her, with an vnmeaſurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did: matters being ſo turned in her, that where at firſt liking her manners did breede good-will, now good-will became the chiefe cauſe of liking her manners: ſo that within a while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized becauſe it was *Zelmanes*. Then followed that moſt naturall effect of conforming ones ſelfe to that, which ſhe did like, and not onely wiſhing to be her ſelfe ſuch an other in all things, but to ground an imitation vpon ſo much an eſteemed authoritie: ſo that the next degree was to marke all *Zelmanes* doings, ſpeeches, and faſhions, and to take them into her ſelfe, as a patterne of worthie proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not onely by the comminaltie of Paſſions, but agreed vnto by her moſt noble Thoughts, and that by Reaſon it ſelfe (not yet experienced in the iſſues of ſuch matters) had granted his royall aſſent; then Friendſhip (a diligent officer) tooke care to ſee the ſtatute throughly obſerued. Then grew on that not onely ſhe did imitate the ſobernesſe of her countenance, the gracefulneſſe of her ſpeech, but euen their particular geſtures: ſo that as *Zelmane* did often eye her, ſhe would often eye *Zelmane*; and as *Zelmanes* eyes would deliuer a ſubmiſſiue, but vehement deſire in their looke, ſhe, though as yet ſhe had not the deſire in her, yet ſhould her eyes anſwere in like piercing kindneſſe of a looke. *Zelmane* as much as *Gynecias* iealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to bee neare *Philoclea*; *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecias* iealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to be neare *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* tooke her hand, and ſoftly ſtrained it, ſhe alſo (thinking the knots of friendſhip ought to be mutuall) would (with a ſweete faſtneſſe) ſhew ſhe was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmane* ſighed, ſhe would ſigh alſo; when *Zelmane* was ſad, ſhe deemed it wiſdome,

and therefore ſhe would be ſad too. *Zelmanes* languiſhing countenance with croſt armes, and ſometimes caſt-vp eyes, ſhe thought to haue an excellent grace: and therefore ſhe alſo willingly put on the ſame countenance: till at the laſt (poore ſoule, ere ſhe were aware) ſhe accepted not onely the badge, but the ſeruice; not only the ſigne, but the paſſion ſignified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did find, that *Zelmanes* friendſhip was full of impatient deſire, hauing more then ordinary limits, and therfore ſhe was content to ſecond *Zelmane*, though her ſelfe knew not the limits; or that in truth, true loue (well conſidered) hath an infectiue power; at laſt ſhe fell in acquaintance with loues harbinger, wiſhing: Firſt ſhe would wiſh, that they two might liue all their liues together, like two of *Dianas* Nimphes. But that wiſh, ſhe thought not ſufficient, becauſe ſhe knew, there would be more Nimphes beſides them, who alſo would haue their part in *Zelmane*. Then would ſhe wiſh, that ſhe were her ſiſter, that ſuch a naturall band might make her more ſpeciall to her. But againſt that, ſhe conſidered, that though being her ſiſter, if ſhe happened to be married, ſhe ſhould be robbed of her. Then growne bolder, ſhe would wiſh either her ſelfe, or *Zelmane* a man, that there might ſucceede a bleſſed mariage betwixt them. But when that wiſh had once diſplaied his enſigne in her minde, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be, with a maine battell of miſlikings, and repinings againſt their creation, that ſo it was not. Then dreames by night began to bring more vnto her, then ſhe durſt wiſh by day, where out making did make her know her ſelfe the better by the image of thoſe fancies. But as ſome diſeaſes when they are eaſie to be cured, they are hard to bee knowne, but when they grow eaſie to be knowne, they are almoſt impoſſible to bee cured: ſo the ſweete *Philoclea*, while ſhe might preuent it, ſhe did not feele it, now ſhe felt it, when it was paſt preuenting; like a riuer, no rampiers being built againſt it, till already it haue ouerflowed. For now indeed loue puld off his maske, and ſhewed his face vnto her, and told her plainly, that ſhe was his priſoner. Then needed ſhe no more paint her face with paſſions; for paſſions ſhone thorough her face; then her roſie colour was often encreaſed with extraordinary bluſhing: and ſo another time, perfect whiteneſſe deſcended to a degree of paleneſſe; now hot, then cold, deſiring ſhe knewe not what, nor how, if ſhe knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the ſmart was brought to thinke of the diſeaſe, and her owne proofe taught her to know her mothers minde; which (as no error giues ſo ſtrong aſſault, as that which comes armed in the authoritie of a parent) ſo greatly fortified her deſires, to ſee, that her mother had the like deſires. And the more iealous her mother was, the more ſhe thought the Iewell precious, which was with ſo many lockes garded. But that preuailing ſo farre, as to keepe the two louers from priuate conference, then began ſhe to feele the ſweetneſſe of a louers ſolitarineſſe, when freely with words and geſtures, as if *Zelmane* were preſent, ſhe might giue paſſage to her thoughts, and ſo as it were, vtter out ſome ſmoke of thoſe flames, wherewith elſe ſhe was not onely burned, but ſmothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mothers commandement, with dolefull geſtures and vncertaine paces, ſhe did willingly accept the times offer, to be a while alone: ſo that going a little aſide into the wood; where many times before ſhe had delighted to walke, her eyes were ſaluted with a tuft of trees, ſo cloſe ſet together, as with the ſhade the Moone gaue through it, it might breede a fearefull kinde of deuotion to looke vpon it. But true thoughts of loue baniſhed all vaine fancie of ſuperſtition. Full well ſhe did both remember and like the place;

for

for there had ſhe often with their ſhade beguiled *Phœbus* of looking vpon her: There had ſhe enioyed her ſelfe often, while ſhe was miſtreſſe of her ſelfe, and had no other thoughts, but ſuch as might ariſe out of quiet ſenſes.

But the principall cauſe that inuited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble ſtone, that ſhould ſeeme had beene dedicated in ancient time to the *Siluan* gods: which ſhe finding there a few dayes before *Zelmanes* comming, had written theſe words vpon it, as a teſtimonie of her mind, againſt the ſuſpition her captiuitie made her thinke ſhe liued in. The writing was this.

*YOu liuing powers encloſd in ſtately shrine*
*Of growing trees: you rurall Gods that wield*
*Your ſcepters here, if to your eares diuine*
*A voice may come, which troubled ſoule doth yeeld:*
*This vow receiue, this vow ô Gods maintaine;*
*My virgin life no ſpotted thought shall ſtaine.*

*Thou pureſt ſtone; whoſe pureneſſe doth preſent*
*My pureſt mind; whoſe temper hard doth show*
*My tempred hart; by thee my promiſe ſent*
*Vnto my ſelfe let after-liuers know.*
*No fancy mine, nor others wrong ſuſpect*
*Make me, ô vertuous shame, thy lawes neglect.*

*O Chaſtity, the Chiefe of heauenly lights,*
*Which makſt vs moſt immortall shape to weare,*
*Hold thou my hart, eſtablish thou my ſprights:*
*To onely thee my conſtant courſe I beare.*
*Till ſpotleſſe ſoule vnto thy boſome flie.*
*Such life to leade, ſuch death I vow to die.*

But now that her memory ſerued as an accuſer of her change, and that her owne hand-writing was there, to beare teſtimony againſt her fall; ſhe went in among thoſe few trees, ſo cloſed in the tops together, as they might ſeeme a litle chappell: and there might ſhe by the helpe of the Moone-light perceiue the goodly ſtone, which ſerued as an altar in that woodie deuotion. But neither the light was enough to reade the words, and the inke was alreadie foreworne, and in many places blotted: which as ſhe perceiued, Alas (ſayd ſhe) faire marble, which neuer receiuedſt ſport but by my writing, well do theſe blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not diſſemble then, although ſhe haue changed ſince. Enioy, enioy the glory of thy nature, which can ſo conſtantly beare the markes of my inconſtancie. And herewith hiding her eies with her ſoft hand, there came into her head certaine verſes, which if ſhe had had preſent commoditie, ſhe would haue adioyned as a retractation to the other. They were to this effect.

*MY words, in hope to blaze a ſtedfaſt mind,*
*This marble choſe, as of like temper knowne:*
*But loe, my words defaſte, my fancies blind,*
*Blots to the ſtone, shames to my ſelfe I find:*

*And witneſſe am, how ill agree in one,*
*A womans hand with conſtant marble ſtone.*

*My words full weake, the marble full of might;*
*My words in ſtore, the marble all alone;*
*My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white;*
*My words vnſeene, the marble ſtill in ſight,*
*May witneſſe beare, how ill agree in one,*
*A womans hand, with conſtant marble ſtone.*

But ſeeing ſhe could not ſee meanes to ioyne as then this recantation to the former vowe (laying all her faire length vnder one of the trees) for a while ſhe did nothing but turne vp and downe, as if ſhe had hoped to turne away the fancie that maiſtred her, and hid her face, as if ſhe could haue hidden her ſelfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whiſpring note to her ſelfe; O me vnfortunate wretch (ſayd ſhe) what poyſonous heates bee theſe, which thus torment me? How hath the ſight of this ſtrange gueſt inuaded my ſoule? Alas, what entrance found this deſire, or what ſtrength had it thus to conquer me? Then, a cloud paſſing betweene her ſight and the Moone, O *Diana* (ſayd ſhe) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as eaſily paſſe away, as you will quickly ouercome this let; or elſe that you were for euer thus darkened, to ſerue for an excuſe of my outragious folly. Then looking to the ſtarres, which had perfitly as then beautified the cleare skie: My parents (ſayd ſhe) haue told me, that in theſe faire heauenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which haue their working in the ebbing and flowing of our eſtates. If it be ſo, then (ô you ſtars) iudge rightly of me, and if I haue with wicked intent made my ſelfe a pray to fancie, or if by any idle luſts I framed my heart fit for ſuch an impreſſion, then let this plague daily encreaſe in me, till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreame and vnreſiſtable violence haue oppreſſed me, who will euer do any of you ſacrifice (ô you ſtars) if you do not ſuccour me, No, no, you will not helpe me. No, no, you cannot helpe me: Sinne muſt be the mother, and ſhame the daughter of my affection. And yet are theſe but childiſh obiections (ſimple *Philoclea*) it is the impoſſibilitie that doth torment me: for, vnlawfull deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enioying; but vnpoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelfe. O then, ô tenne times vnhappie that I am, ſince where in all other hope kindleth loue; in me deſpaire ſhould be the bellowes of my affection: and of all deſpaires the moſt miſerable, which is drawne from impoſſibility. The moſt couetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which neuer can beare any thing; Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heauen; Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. Alas then, ô Loue, why doſt thou in thy beautifull ſampler ſet ſuch a worke for my deſire to take out, which is as much impoſſible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what ſhe can ſay for her ſelfe? What do I, fillie wench, know what Loue hath prepared for mee? Do I not ſee my mother, as well, at leaſt as furiouſlie as my ſelfe, loue *Zelmane*? And ſhold I be wiſer then my mother? Either ſhe ſees a poſſibility in that which I thinke impoſſible, or elſe impoſſible loues neede not misbecome me. And doe I not ſee *Zelmane* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not firſt wayed by wiſedome and vertue) doth not ſhe vouchſafe to loue me with like ardour? I ſee it, her eyes depoſe it to be true;

What

What then? and if ſhe can loue poore me, ſhall I thinke ſcorne to loue ſuch a woman as *Zelmane*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou loueſt me, excellent *Zelmane*, and I loue thee: and with that, embracing the very ground whereon ſhe lay, ſhe ſayd to her ſelfe (for euen to her ſelfe ſhe was aſhamed to ſpeake it out in words) ô my *Zelmane*, gouerne and direct me: for I am wholly giuen ouer vnto thee.

In this depth of muzes, and diuerſe ſorts of diſcourſes, would ſhe rauingly haue remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miſo* (who were round about to ſeeke her, vnderſtanding ſhe was to come to their lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* ſaying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, he did not like, that maides ſhould once ſtirre out of their fathers houſes, but if it were to milke a cow, or ſaue a chicken from a kites foot, or ſome ſuch other matter of importance. And *Miſo* ſwearing that if it were her daughter *Mopſa*, ſhe would giue her a leſſon for walking ſo late, that ſhould make her keepe within doores for one fortnight. But their iangling made *Philoclea* riſe, and pretending as though ſhe had done it but to ſport with them, went with thē (after ſhe had willed *Miſo* to waite vpon her mother) to the lodge; where (being now accuſtomed by her parents diſcipline, as well as her ſiſter, to ſerue herſelfe) ſhe went alone vp to *Pamelas* chamber: where meaning to delight her eyes, and ioy her thoughts with the ſweete conuerſation of her beloued ſiſter, ſhe found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow ſleepe moſt willingly into mortall creatures) ſitting in a chaire, lying backeward, with her head almoſt ouer the backe of it, and looking vpon a waxe-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her hand-kerchiefe, which had lately drunke vp the teares of her eyes, leauing in ſteede of them, crimſen circles, like redde flakes in the element, when the weather is hotteſt. Which *Philoclea* finding (for her eyes had learned to know the badges of ſorrow) ſhe earneſtlie intreated to know the cauſe thereof, that either ſhe might comfort, or accompanie her dolefull humor. But *Pamela*, rather ſeeming ſorie that ſhe had perceiued ſo much, then willing to open any further, O my *Pamela* (ſayd *Philoclea*) who are to me a ſiſter in nature, a mother in counſell, a Princeſſe by the law of our countrey, and which name (me thinke) of all other is the deareſt, a friend by my choice and your fauour, what meanes this baniſhing me from your counſels? Doe you loue your ſorrow ſo well, as to grudge me part of it? Or doe you thinke I ſhall not loue a ſad *Pamela*, ſo well as a ioyfull? or be my eares vnworthie, or my tongue ſuſpected? What is it (my ſiſter) that you ſhould conceale from your ſiſter, yea and ſeruant *Philoclea*? Theſe words wanne no further of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talke better as they lay together, they impoueriſhed their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well ſcorne the ſhrine of *Venus*: and there cheriſhing one another with deare, though chaſte embracements; with ſweete, though cold kiſſes; it might ſeeme that loue was come to play him there without darte; or that weary of his owne fires, he was there to refreſh himſelfe between their ſweete-breathing lippes. But *Philoclea* earneſtly againe intreated *Pamela* to open her griefe; who (drawing the curtaine, that the candle might not complaine of her bluſhing) was ready to ſpeake: but the breath almoſt formed into words, was againe ſtopt by her, and turned into ſighes. But at laſt, I pray you (ſayd ſhee) ſweete *Philoclea*, let vs talke of ſome other thing: and tell me whether you did euer ſee any thing ſo amended as our Paſtorall ſports bee, ſince that *Dorus* came hither? O loue, how farre thou ſeeſtwith blind eyes? *Philoclea* had ſtraight found her,

and therefore to draw out more, I ndeede (ſayd ſhe) I haue often wondred to my ſelfe how ſuch excellencies could be in ſo meane a perſon; but be like fortune was afraide to lay her treaſures, where they ſhould be ſtained with ſo many perfections: onely I maruaile how he can frame himſelfe to hide ſo rare gifts vnder ſuch a blocke as *Dametas*. Ah (ſayd *Pamela*) if you knew the cauſe: but no more doe I neither; and to ſay the trueth: but Lord, how are we falne to talke of this fellow? and yet indeede if you were ſometimes with me to marke him, while *Dametas* reades his ruſticke lecture vnto him (how to feede his beaſtes before noone, where to ſhade them in the extreame heate, how to make the manger handſome for his oxen, when to vſe the goade, and when the voice: giuing him rules of a heardman, though hee pretend to make him a ſhepheard) to ſee all the while with what a grace (which ſeemes to ſet a crowne vpon his baſe eſtate) he can deſcend to thoſe poore matters, certainly you would: but to what ſerues this? no doubt we were better ſleepe then talke of theſe idle matters. Ah my *Pamela* (ſayd *Philoclea*) I haue caught you, the conſtancy of your wit was not wont to bring foorth ſuch diſiointed ſpeeches: you loue, diſſemble no further. It is true (ſayd *Pamela*) now you haue it; and with leſſe adoe ſhould, if my hart could haue thought thoſe words ſutable for my mouth. But indeed (my *Philoclea*) take heede: for I thinke vertue it ſelfe is no armour of proofe againſt affection. Therefore learne by my example. Alas thought *Philoclea* to her ſelfe, your ſheares come too late to clip the birds wings that already is flowne away. But then *Pamela* being once ſet in the ſtreame of her loue, went away amaine withall, telling her how his noble qualities had drawne her liking towardes him; but yet euer waying his meanneſſe, and ſo held continually in due limits; till ſeeking many meanes to ſpeake with her, and euer kept from it (as well becauſe ſhe ſhund it, ſeeing and diſdaining his mind, as becauſe of her iealous iaylours) he had at length vſed the fineſt pollicie that might be in counterfaiting loue to *Mopſa*, and ſaying to *Mopſa* whatſoeuer hee would haue her know: and in how paſſionate manner he had told his owne tale in a third perſon, making poore *Mopſa* beleeue, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, becauſe you ſhall know my teares come not, neither of repentance nor miſery, who thinke you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to be? euen the Prince *Muſidorus*, famous ouer all *Aſia*, for his heroicall enterpriſes, of whom you remember how much good the ſtraunger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned (as *Plangus* thought) though his coſin *Pyrocles* indeede periſhed. Ah my ſiſter, if you had heard his words, or ſeene his geſtures, when he made me know what, and to whom his loue was, you would haue matched in your ſelfe (thoſe two rarely matched together) pitie and delight. Tell me deare ſiſter (for the Gods are my witneſſes I deſire to do vertuouſly) can I without the deteſtable ſtaine of vngratefulneſſe abſtaine from louing him, who (farre exceeding the beautifulneſſe of his ſhape with the beautifulneſſe of his mind, and the greatneſſe of his eſtate with the greatneſſe of his actes) is content ſo to abaſe himſelfe, as to become *Dametas* ſeruant for my ſake? you will ſay, but how know I him to be *Muſidorus*, ſince the hand maid of wiſedome is ſlow of beliefe? That conſideration did not want in me: for the nature of deſire it ſelfe is no eaſier to receiue beliefe, then it is hard to ground beliefe. For as deſire is glad to embrace the firſt ſhew of comfort, ſo is deſire deſirous of perfect aſſurance: and that haue I had of him, not onely by neceſſary arguments to any of common ſenſe, but by ſufficient demonſtrations. Laſtly he would haue me ſend to *Theſſalia*: but truly I am not as now in mind to do my honourable loue ſo much wrong, as ſo farre to ſuſpect him:

yet

yet poore ſoule knowes he no other, but that I do both ſuſpect, neglect, yea and deteſt him. For euery day he finds one way or other to ſet forth himſelfe vnto me, but all are rewarded with like coldneſſe of acceptation.

A few dayes ſince, he and *Dametas* had furniſhed themſelues very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a ſight it was to ſee *Dametas*, like rich Tiſſew furd with lambe-skins? But ô how well it did with *Dorus*, to ſee with what a grace hee preſented himſelfe before me on horſebacke, making maieſtie wait vpon humbleneſſe? how at the firſt, ſtanding ſtill with his eyes bent vpon me, as though his motions were chained to my looke, he ſo ſtaid till I cauſed *Mopſa* bid him do ſomething vpon his horſe: which no ſooner ſayd, but (with a kinde rather of quicke geſture, then ſhew of violence) you might ſee him come towards me, beating the ground in ſo due time, as no dancer can obſerue better meaſure. If you remember the ſhip we ſaw once, when the ſea went hie vpon the coaſt of *Argos*; ſo went the beaſt. But he (as if Centaurlike he had bene one peece with the horſe) was no more moued then one is with the going of his owne leggs: and in effect ſo did he command him, as his owne limmes: for though he had both ſpurres and wand, they ſeemed rather markes of ſoueraignty, then inſtruments of puniſhment; his hand and legge (with moſt pleaſing grace) commanding without threatning, and rather remembring the chaſtiſing, at leaſt if ſometimes he did, it was ſo ſtolne, as neither our eyes could diſcerne it, nor the horſe with any change did complaine of it: he euer going ſo iuſt with the horſe, either foorth right, or turning, that it ſeemed as he borrowed the horſes body, ſo he lent the horſe his mind: in the turning one might perceiue the bridle-hand ſomething gently ſtirre, but indeede ſo gently, as it did rather diſtill vertue, then vſe violence. Him ſelfe (which mee thinkes is ſtrange) ſhewing at one inſtant both ſteadineſſe and nimbleneſſe; ſome times making him turne cloſe to the ground, like a cat, when ſcratchingly ſhe wheeles about after a mouſe: ſometimes with a little more riſing before, now like a Rauen leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas* kiddes bound ouer the hillockes: and all ſo done, as neither the luſty kinde ſhewed any rough neſſe, nor the eaſier any idleneſſe: but ſtill like a well obeyed maiſter, whoſe becke is enough for a diſcipline, euer concluding each thing hee did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not onely the beginning, but ending of his motions. The ſport was to ſee *Dametas*, how he was toſt from the ſaddle to the mane of the horſe, and thence to the ground, giuing his gay apparell almoſt as foule an outſide, as it had an inſide. But as before hee had euer ſayd, he wanted but horſe and apparell to be as braue a courtier as the beſt, ſo now bruſed with prooſe, he proclaimed it a folly for a man of wiſedome, to put himſelfe vnder the tuition of a beaſt; ſo as *Dorus* was faine alone to take the Ring. Wherein truely at leaſt my womaniſh eyes could not diſcerne, but that taking his ſtaffe from his thigh, the deſcending it a little downe, the getting of it vp into the reſt, the letting of the pointe fall, and taking the Ring was but all one motion, at leaſt (if they were diuerſe motions) they did ſo ſtealinglie ſlippe one into another, as the latter parte was euer in hand, before the eye could diſcerne the former was ended. Indeede *Dametas* found fault that he ſhewed no more ſtrength in ſhaking of his ſtaffe: but to my conceite the fine cleanneſſe of bearing it was exceeding delightfull.

But how delightfull ſoeuer it was, my delight might well be in my ſoule, but it neuer went to looke out of the window to doe him any comfort. But how much more I found reaſon to like him, the more I ſet all the ſtrength of mind to ſuppreſſe

it,or at leaſt to conceale it. Indeede I muſt confeſſe, that as ſome Phiſitions haue told me,that when one is cold outwardly,he is not inwardly;ſo truely the cold aſhes layd vpon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breaſt ſwollen with keeping my ſighes impriſoned;ful often haue the teares I draue backe from mine eyes,turned backe to drowne my hart.But alas what did that helpe poore *Dorus*?whoſe eyes(being his diligent intelligencers)could carry vnto him no other newes,but diſcomfortable.I thinke no day paſt,but by ſome one inuention he wold appeare vnto me to teſtifie his loue.One time he daunced the Matachine daunce in armour(ô with what a gracefull dexterity!)I thinke to make me ſee, that he had bin brought vp in ſuch exerciſes: an other time he perſwaded his maiſter (to make my time ſeeme ſhorter) in maner of a Dialogue, to play *Priamus* while he playd *Paris*. Thinke(ſweete *Philoclea*)what a *Priamus* we had:but truly,my *Paris* was a *Paris*,and more then a *Paris*: who while in a ſauage apparell,with naked necke,armes,& legs, he made loue to *Oenone*,you might well ſee by his chaunged countenance,and true teares,that he felt the part he playd. Tell me (ſweete *Philoclea*) did you euer ſee ſuch a ſhepheard? tell mee, did you euer heare of ſuch a Prince? And then tell me, if a ſmall or vnworthy aſſault haue conquered mee. Truely I would hate my life, if I thought vanity led me. But ſince my parents deale ſo cruelly with mee, it is time for me to truſt ſomething to my owne iudgement. Yet hitherto haue my lookes beene as I told you,which continuing after many of theſe his fruitleſſe trials, haue wrought ſuch change in him, as I tell you true (with that word ſhe layd her hand vpon her quaking ſide) I do not a little feare him.See what a letter this is(then drew ſhe the curtaine,and tooke the letter from vnder the pillow)which to day(with an afflicted humbleneſſe) he deliuered me, pretending before *Mopſa*,that I ſhould reade it vnto her,to mollifie(forſooth)her iron ſtomacke; with that ſhe read the letter containing thus much.

MOſt bleſſed paper,which ſhalt kiſſe that hand,where to all bleſſednes is in nature a ſeruant, do not yet diſdaine to cary with thee the wofull words of a miſer now deſpairing: neither be afraide to appeare before her,bearing the baſe title of the ſender. For no ſooner ſhall that diuine hand touch thee, but that thy baſeneſſe ſhall bee turned to moſt high preferment. Therefore mourne boldly my inke; for while ſhe lookes vpon you, your blackeneſſe will ſhine: cry out boldly my lamentation;for while ſhe reades you,your cries will be muſicke.Say then(ô happie meſſenger of a moſt vnhappy meſſage) that the too ſoone borne, and too late dying creature, which dares not ſpeake, no not looke, no not ſcarcely thinke (as from his miſerable ſelfe,vnto her heauenly highneſſe) onely preſumes to deſire thee (in the time that her eyes and voyce do exalt thee) to ſay, and in this manner to ſay, not from him, ô no, that were not fitte, but of him, thus much vnto her ſacred iudgement: O you, the onely honour to women,to men the onely admiration, you that being armed by loue, defie him that armed you, in this high eſtate wherein you haue placed mee, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your preſence; and let me remember him, who (ſince he is yours, how meane ſo euer he be) it is reaſon you haue an account of him.The wretch(yet your wretch) though with languiſhing ſteppes runnes faſt to his graue, and will you ſuffer a temple (how poorely built ſoeuer,but yet a temple of your deitie) to be raſed? But he dieth: it is moſt true,he dieth;and he in whom you liue,to obey you,dieth.Whereof though he plaine, he doth not complaine: for it is a harme,but no wrong,which he

he hath receiued. He dies, becauſe in wofull language all his ſenſes tell him, that ſuch is your pleaſure: for ſince you will not that he liue, alas, alas, what followeth, what followeth of the moſt ruined *Dorus*, but his end? End then, euill deſtinied *Dorus*, end; and end thou wofull letter, end; for it ſufficeth her wiſdom to know, that her heauenly will ſhall be accompliſhed.

O my *Philoclea*, is he a perſon to write theſe words? and are theſe words lightly to be regarded? But if you had ſeene, when with trembling hand he had deliuered it, how he went away, as if he had beene but the coffin that carried himſelfe to his ſepulcher. Two times (I muſt confeſſe) I was about to take curteſie into mine eyes; but both times the former reſolution ſtopt the entrie of it: ſo that he departed without obtaining any further kindneſſe. But he was no ſooner out of the dore, but that I looked to the dore kindly; and truely the feare of him euer ſince hath put me into ſuch perplexity, as now you found me. Ah my *Pamela* (ſayd *Philoclea*) leaue ſorrow. The riuer of your teares will ſoone looſe his fountaine; it is in your hand as well to ſtitch vp his life againe, as it was before to rent it. And ſo (though with ſelfe-grieued mind) ſhe comforted her ſiſter, till ſleepe came to bath himſelfe in *Pamelaes* faire weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me (ſayd ſhe) indeede the onely ſubiect of the deſtinies diſpleaſure, whoſe greateſt fortunateneſſe is more vnfortunate, then my ſiſters greateſt vnfortunateneſſe. Alas ſhe weepes becauſe ſhee would be no ſooner happy; I weepe, becauſe I can neuer be happie; her teares flow from pitty; mine from being too farre lower then the reach of pitty. Yet do I not enuy thee, deare *Pamela*, I do not enuy thee, onely I could wiſh that being thy ſiſter in nature, I were not ſo farre off a kin in fortune.

But the darkeneſſe of ſorrow ouer-ſhadowing her mind, as the night did her eyes, they were both content to hide themſelues vnder the wings of ſleepe, till the next morning had almoſt loſt his name, before the two ſweete ſleeping ſiſters awaked from dreames, which flattered them with more comfort, then their waking could, or would conſent vnto. For then they were called vp by *Miſo*; who hauing bene with *Gynecia*, had receiued commandement to be continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane*, and *Philoclea* haue any priuate conference, but that ſhe ſhould be preſent to heare what paſſed. *Miſo* hauing now her authority increaſed, but came with skowling eyes to deliuer a ſlauering good morrow to the two Ladies, telling them, it was a ſhame for them to marre their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that, when ſhe was of their age, ſhe trowed, ſhe would haue made a hand-kerchiefe by that time a day. The two ſweete Princes with a ſmiling ſilence anſwered her entertainement, and obeying her direction, couered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as ſoone as *Pamela* was ready (and ſooner ſhe was then her ſiſter) the agony of *Dorus* giuing a fit to her ſelfe, which the words of his letter (liuely imprinted in her mind) ſtill remembred her of, ſhe called to *Mopſa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to ſpeake with her: becauſe (ſhe ſayd) ſhe would take further iudgement of him, before ſhe would moue *Dametas* to graunt her in mariage vnto him, *Mopſa* (as glad as of ſweet-meate to goe of ſuch an arrant) quickly returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who entended both by ſpeaking with him to giue ſome comfort to his paſſionate heart, and withall to heare ſome part of his life paſt; which although fame had already deliuered vnto her, yet ſhe deſired in more particular certainties to haue it from ſo beloued an hiſtorian. Yet the ſweetneſſe of vertues diſpoſition, iealous, euen ouer

it ſelfe, ſuffered her not to enter abruptlie into queſtions of *Muſidorus* (whom ſhee was halfe aſhamed ſhe did loue ſo well, and more then halfe ſory ſhe could loue no better) but thought beſt firſt to make her talke ariſe of *Pyrocles*, and his vertuous father: which thus ſhe did.

*Dorus* (ſayd ſhe) you told me the laſt day, that *Plangus* was deceiued in that he affirmed the Prince *Muſidorus* was drowned: but withall, you confeſſed his coſin *Pyrocles* periſhed; of whom certainly in that age there was a great loſſe, ſince (as I haue heard) he was a young Prince, of whom all men expected as much, as mans power could bring forth, and yet vertue promiſed for him, their expectation ſhould not bee deceiued. Moſt excellent Lady (ſayd *Dorus*) no expectation in others, nor hope in himſelfe could aſpire to a higher marke, then to be thought worthy to be praiſed by your iudgement, and made worthy to be praiſed by your mouth. But moſt ſure it is, that as his fame could by no meanes get ſo ſweet & noble an aire to flie in, as in your breath, ſo could not you (leauing your ſelfe aſide) finde in the world a fitter ſubiect of commendation; as noble, as a long ſucceſſion of royall anceſtors, famous, and famous for victories could make him: of ſhape moſt louely, and yet of mind more louely; valiant, curteous, wiſe, what ſhould I ſay more? ſweete *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I wold to God in ſome ſmall meaſure thou hadſt bequeathed to him that euer muſt haue thy vertues in admiration; that masked at leaſt in them, I might haue found ſome more gracious acceptation? with that he impriſoned his looke for a while vpon *Mopſa*, who thereupon fell into a very wide ſmiling. Truely (ſayd *Pamela*) *Dorus* I like well your mind, that can raiſe it ſelfe out of ſo baſe a fortune, as yours is, to thinke of the imitating ſo excellent a Prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who ſhootes at the midday Sunne, though he be ſure he ſhall neuer hit the marke; yet as ſure he is, he ſhall ſhoote higher, then who aimes but at a buſh. But I pray you *Dorus* (ſayd ſhe) tell me (ſince I perceiue you are well acquainted with that ſtory) what Prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles* of whom ſo much fame goes, for his rightly royall vertues, or by what waies hee got that opinion. And then ſo deſcend to the cauſes of his ſending firſt away from him, and then to him for that excellent ſonne of his, with the diſcourſe of his life and loſſe: and therein you may (if you liſt) ſay ſomething of that fame *Muſidorus* his coſin, becauſe, they going together, the ſtory of *Pyrocles* (which I only deſire) may be the better vnderſtood.

Incomparable Lady (ſayd he) your commandement doth not only giue me the will, but the power to obey you, ſuch influence hath your excellency. And firſt, for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was (at this time you ſpeake of) king of *Macedon*, a kingdom, which in elder time had ſuch a ſoueraintie ouer all the prouinces of *Greece*, that euen the particular kings therein did acknowledge (with more or leſſe degrees of homage) ſome kind of fealty thereunto: as among the reſt, euen this now moſt noble (and by you ennobled) kingdome of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter anceſtors either negligence, or misfortune, that in ſome ages many of thoſe dueties had beene intermitted, would neuer ſtirre vp old titles (how apparant ſoeuer) whereby the publike peace (with the loſſe of many not guiltie ſoules) ſhould be broken; but contenting himſelfe to guide that ſhippe, wherein the heauens had placed him, ſhewed no leſſe magnanimity in daunger leſſe deſpiſing, then others in daungerous affecting the multiplying of kingdomes: for the earth hath ſince borne enow bleeding witneſſes, that it was no want of true courage. Who as he was moſt wiſe to ſee what was beſt, and moſt iuſt in the perfourming

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what he ſaw, & temperate in abſtaining from any thing any way contrarie: ſo think I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to ſee and contemne danger, where danger would offer to make anie wrongfull threatning vpon him. A Prince, that indeed eſpeciallie meaſured his greatneſſe by his goodneſſe: & if for any thing he loued greatneſſe, it was, becauſe therein he might exerciſe his goodneſſe. A Prince of a goodly aſpect, and the more goodly by a graue maieſtie, wherewith his minde did decke his outward graces; ſtrong of bodie, and ſo much the ſtronger, as he by a well diſciplined exerciſe taught it both to do & ſuffer. Of age ſo as he was about fifty yeares when his Nephew *Muſidorus* tooke on ſuch ſhepheardiſh apparell for the loue of the worlds paragon, as I now weare.

This King left Orphan both of father & mother, (whoſe father and grandfather likewiſe had died yong) he found his eſtate, when he came to the age (which allowed his authoritie) ſo diſioynted euen in the nobleſt & ſtrongeſt lims of gouernment, that the name of a King was growne euen odious to the people, his authoritie hauing bin abuſed by thoſe great Lords, and litle kings: who in thoſe betweene times of raigning (by vniuſt fauouring thoſe that were partially theirs, and oppreſſing them that would defend their libertie againſt them had brought in (by a more felt then ſeen maner of proceeding) the worſt kind of *Oligarchie*; that is, when men are gouerned in deede by a few, and yet are not taught to know what thoſe fewe be, to whom they ſhould obey.

For they hauing the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, vſed the authoritie as men do their farmes, of which they ſee within a yeare they ſhal go out: making the Kings ſword ſtrike whom they hated, the Kings purſe reward whome they loued: and (which is worſt of all) making the Royall countenance ſerue to vndermine the royal ſoueraintie. For the Subiects could taſte no ſweeter fruits of hauing a king, then grieuous taxations to ſerue vaine purpoſes; Lawes made rather to finde faultes, then to preuent faults: the Court of a Prince rather deemed as a priuiledged place of vnbridled licentiouſneſſe, then as the abyding of him, who as a father, ſhould giue a fatherly example vnto his people. Hence grew a verie diſſolution of all eſtates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition neuer ſatisfied) grew factious among themſelues: and the vnderlings, glad in deede to be vnderlings to them they hated leaſt, to preſerue them from ſuch they hated moſt. Men of vertue ſuppreſſed, leaſt their ſhining ſhould diſcouer the others filthineſſe; and at length vertue it ſelfe almoſt forgotten, when it had no hopefull end wherunto to be directed; old men long nuſled in corruption, ſcorning them that would ſeeke reformation; yong men verie fault-finding, but verie faultie: and ſo to newfangleneſſe both of manners, apparell, and each thing els, by the cuſtome of ſelfe-guiltie euill, glad to change though oft for a worſe; marchandiſe abuſed, and ſo townes decaied for want of iuſt and naturall libertie; offices, euen of iudging ſoules, ſolde; publike defences neglected; and in ſumme, (leſt too long I trouble you) all awrie, & (which wried it to the moſt wrie courſe of all) witte abuſed, rather to faine reaſon why it ſhould be amiſſe, then how it ſhould be amended.

In this, and a much worſe plight then it is fit to trouble your excellent eares withall, did the king *Euarchus* find his eſtate, when he tooke vpon him the regiment: which by reaſon of the long ſtreame of abuſe, he was forced to eſtabliſh by ſome euen extreme ſeueritie; not ſo much for the verie faults themſelues, (which he rather ſought to preuent then to puniſh) as for the faultie ones, who ſtrong, euen in their faults, ſcorned his youth, and could not learne to diſgeſt; that the man which

they ſo long had vſed to maske their owne appetites, ſhould now be the reducer of them into order. But ſo ſoone as ſome fewe (but in deede notable) examples, had thundered a duetie into the ſubiects hearts, he ſoone ſhewed, no baſeneſſe of ſuſpition, nor the baſeſt baſeneſſe of enuy, could any whit rule ſuch a Ruler. But then ſhined foorth in deede all loue among them, when an awfull feare, ingendred by iuſtice, did make that loue moſt louely: his firſt and principall care being to appeare vnto his people, ſuch as he would haue them be, and to be ſuch as he appeared; making his life the example of his lawes, and his lawes as it were, his axioms ariſing out of his deedes. So that within ſmall time, he wanne a ſingular loue in his people, and engraffed ſingular confidence. For how could they chooſe but loue him, whom they found ſo truely to loue them? He euen in reaſon diſdaining, that they that haue charge of beaſtes, ſhould loue their charge, and care for them; and that he that was to gouerne the moſt excellent creature, ſhould not loue ſo noble a charge. And therefore, where moſt Princes (ſeduced by flatterie to build vpon falſe grounds of gouernment) make themſelues (as it were) another thing from the people; and ſo count it gaine what they get from them: and (as if it were two counter-ballances, that their eſtate goes hieſt when the people goes loweſt) by a fallacie of argument thinking themſelues moſt Kings, when the ſubiect is moſt baſely ſubiected: He contrariwiſe, vertuouſly and wiſely acknowledging, that he with his people made all but one politike bodie, whereof himſelfe was the head; euen ſo cared for them, as he would for his owne limmes: neuer reſtraining their libertie, without it ſtretched to licentiouſneſſe, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not imployed to the purchaſe of a greater good: but in all his actions ſhewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to paſſe, that while by force he tooke nothing, by their loue he had all. In ſumme (peereleſſe Princeſſe) I might as eaſily ſet down the whole Arte of gouernement, as to laie before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in ſuch ſort he flouriſhed in the ſweete comfort of doing much good, when by an occaſion of leauing his countrey, he was forced to bring foorth his vertue of magnanimitie, as before he had done of iuſtice.

He had onely one ſiſter, a Ladie (leſt I ſhould too eaſilie fall to partiall praiſes of her) of whom it may be iuſtly ſaid, that ſhe was no vnfit branch to the noble ſtocke wherof ſhe was come. Her he had giuen in mariage to *Dorilaus* Prince of *Theſſalia*, not ſo much to make a friendſhip, as to confirme the friendſhip betweene their poſteritie, which betweene them, by the likeneſſe of vertue, had beene long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus*, could need no amplifiers mouth for the higheſt point of praiſe. Who hath not heard (ſaid *Pamela*) of the valiant, wiſe, and iuſt *Dorilaus*, whoſe vnripe death doth yet (ſo many yeares ſince) draw teares from vertuous eyes? And in deede, my father is wont to ſpeake of nothing with greater admiration, then of the notable friendſhip (a rare thing in Princes, more rare betweene Princes (that ſo holily was obſerued to the laſt of thoſe two excellent men. But (ſaid ſhe) go on I pray you. *Dorilaus* (ſaid he) hauing married his ſiſter, had his marriage in ſhort time bleſt (for ſo are folke wont to ſaie, how vnhappie ſoeuer the children after grow) with a ſonne, whom they named *Muſidorus*: of whome I muſt needes firſt ſpeake before I come to *Pyrocles*; becauſe as he was borne firſt, ſo vpon his occaſion grewe (as I may ſaie accidentally) the others birth. For ſcarcely was *Muſidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of Southſayers, who affirmed ſtrange & incredible things ſhould be performed by that child; whether the heauens at that time liſted to play with ignorant mankind, or that flatterie

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be ſo preſumptuous, as euen at times to borrow the face of Diuinitie. But certainly, ſo did the boldneſſe of their affirmation accompanie the greatneſſe of what they did affirme (euen deſcending to particularities, what kingdoms he ſhold ouercome) that the king of *Phrygia* (who ouer-ſuperſtitiouſly thought himſelfe touched in the matter) ſought by force to deſtroy the infant, to preuent his after-expectations: becauſe a skilful man (hauing compared his natiuity with the child) ſo told him. Fooliſh man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not conſidering that if it were a worke of the ſuperiour powers, the heauens at length are neuer children. But ſo he did, and by the aid of the Kings of *Lydia* and *Crete* (ioining together their armies) inuaded *Theſſalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to ſome behind-hand of fortune, when his faithfull friend and brother *Euarchus* came ſo mightily to his ſuccour, that with ſome enterchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a iuſt war, the beſt child, peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a croſſe mariage alſo with *Dorilaus* his ſiſter, and ſhortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driuen to returne to the defence of his owne countrie, which in his abſence (helped with ſome of the ill contented nobilitie) the mighty King of *Thrace*, and his brother, King of *Pannonia*, had inuaded. The ſucceſſe of thoſe warres was too notable to be vnknowne to your eares, to which it ſeemes all worthie fame hath glorie to come vnto. But there was *Dorilaus* (valiantly requiting his friends helpe) in a great battaile depriued of life, his obſequies being no more ſolemnized by the teares of his partakers, then the bloud of his enimies; with ſo piercing a ſorrow to the conſtant heart of *Euarchus*, that the newes of his ſonnes birth could lighten his countenance with no ſhew of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child, truth it ſelf in him forthwith deliuered. For what fortune onely ſouthſayers foretold of *Muſidorus*, that all men might ſee prognoſticated in *Pyrocles*, both Heauens & Earth giuing tokens of the comming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The ſenate houſe of the planets was at no time ſo ſet, for the decreeing of perfection in a man, as at that time all folkes skilfull therein did acknowledge: only loue was threatned, & promiſed to him, & ſo to his couſin, as both the tempeſt & hauen of their beſt yeares. But as death may haue preuented *Pyrocles*, ſo vnworthineſſe muſt be the death of *Muſidorus*.

But the mother of *Pyrocles* (ſhortly after her child birth) dying, was cauſe that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his onely ſonne to his ſiſter; doing it the rather becauſe the warre continued in cruell heat, betwixt him and thoſe euill neighbours of his. In which meane time thoſe young Princes (the onely comforters of that vertuous widow) grewe on ſo, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardeſt conceits: *Muſidorus* (perchaunce becauſe among his ſubiects) exceedingly beloued: and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well performed by his ſiſter) they were ſo brought vp, that all the ſparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in them, were ſo blowne to giue forth their vttermoſt heat, that iuſtly it may be affirmed, they enflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almoſt before they could perfectly ſpeake, they began to receiue conceits not vnworthie of the beſt ſpeakers: excellent deuiſes being vſed, to make euen their ſports profitable; images of battailes, and fortificatiõs being then deliuered to their memorie, which after, their ſtronger iudgemẽts might diſpence, the delight of tales being conuerted to the knowledge of all the ſtories of worthie Princes both to moue them to do nobly, and teach them how to do nobly; the beautie of vertue ſtill being ſet before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, then Grammaticall rules, their bodies exerciſed in all abilities, both of doing and ſuffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with daungers;

and in ſumme, all bent to the making vp of princely mindes: no ſeruile feare vſed towards them, nor any other violent reſtraint, but ſtill as to Princes: ſo that a habite of commaunding was naturalized in them, & therefore the farther from Tyrannie: Nature hauing done ſo much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which nothing I ſo much delight to recount, as the memorable friendſhip that grew betwixt the two Princes, ſuch as made them more like then the likeneſſe of all other vertues, and made them more neere one to the other, then the neerenes of their bloud could aſpire vnto; which I thinke grew the faſter, and the faſter was tied betweene them, by reaſon that *Muſidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither ſo great a difference in age as did take away the delight in ſocietie, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occaſion of childiſh contentions; till they had both paſt ouer the humour of ſuch contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reuerence full of loue to *Muſidorus*, and *Muſidorus* had a delight full of loue in *Pyrocles*. *Muſidorus*, what he had learned either for bodie or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was ſo glad to learne of none, as of *Muſidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to ſixteene yeares of age, he ſeemed ſo to ouerrun his age in growth, ſtrength, and all things following it, that not *Muſidorus*, no nor any man liuing (I thinke) could peforme any action, either on horſe, or foote, more ſtrongly, or deliuer that ſtrength more nimbly, or become the deliuerie more gracefully, or imploy all more vertuouſly. Which may well ſeeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderfull ſubiect.

At which time, vnderſtanding that the King *Euarchus*, after ſo many yeares warre, and the conqueſt of all *Pannonia*, and almoſt *Thrace*, had now brought the concluſion of all to the ſiege of *Bizantium* (to the raiſing of which ſiege great forces were made) they would needes fall to the practiſe of thoſe vertues, which they before learned. And therefore the mother of *Muſidorus* nobly yeelding ouer her owne affects to her childrens good (for a mother ſhee was in effect to them both) the rather that they might helpe her beloued brother, they brake off all delayes; which *Muſidorus* for his part thought alreadie had deuoured too much of his good time, but that he had once graunted a boone (before he knew what it was) to his deere friend *Pyrocles*; that he would neuer ſeeke the aduentures of armes, vntill he might go with him: which hauing faſt bound his hart (a true ſlaue to faith) he had bid a tedious delay of following his owne humour for his friends ſake, till now being both ſent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able euery way to go thorow with that kinde of life, he was as deſirous for his ſake, as for his owne, to enter into it. So therefore preparing a nauie, that they might go like themſelues, and not only bring the comfort of their preſence, but of their power to their deere parent *Euarchus*, they recommended themſelues to the Sea, leauing the ſhore of *Theſſalia* full of teares and vowes; and were receiued thereon with ſo ſmooth and ſmiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falſely to fawne on Princes. The winde was like a ſeruant, wayting behind them ſo iuſt, that they might fill the ſailes as they liſted; and the beſt ſaylers ſhewing themſelues leſſe couetous of his liberalitie, ſo tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautifull flocke, which ſo well could obey their maiſters pipe: without ſometimes, to delight the Princes eyes, ſome two or three of them would ſtriue, who could) either by the cunning of well ſpending the windes breath, or by the aduantageous building of their mouing houſes) leaue their fellowes behind them in the honour of ſpeede: while the two Princes had leaſure

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to ſee the practiſe of that, which before they had learned by bookes: to conſider the art of catching the winde priſoner, to no other end, but to runne away with it; to ſee how beautie, and vſe can ſo well agree together, that of all the trinckets, wherewith they are attired, there is not one but ſerues to ſome neceſſarie purpoſe. And (ô Lord) to ſee the admirable power and noble effects of Loue, whereby the ſeeming inſenſible Loadſtone, with a ſecret beautie (holding the ſpirit of iron in it) can draw that hardharted thing vnto it, and (like a vertuous miſtreſſe) not onely make it bow it ſelfe, but with it make it aſpire to ſo high a Loue, as of the heauenly Poles; and thereby to bring forth the nobleſt deedes, that the children of the Earth can boaſt of. And ſo the Princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, ſeeing wherein the Sea-diſcipline differed from Land-ſeruice, they had for a day and almoſt a whole night, as pleaſing entertainment, as the falſeſt hart could giue to him he meanes worſt to.

But by that the next morning began a little to make a guilden ſhewe of a good meaning, there aroſe euen with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which ſhortly (like inke powred into water) had blacked ouer all the face of heauen; preparing (as it were) a mournfull ſtage for a Tragedie to be played on. For foorthwith the windes began to ſpeake lowder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themſelues fitteſt inſtruments of commaundement; and blowing whole ſtormes of haile and raine vpon them, they were ſooner in daunger, then they could almoſt bethinke themſelues of change. For then the traiterous Sea began to ſwell in pride againſt the afflicted Nauie, vnder which (while the heauen fauoured them) it had layne ſo calmely, making mountaines of it ſelfe, ouer which the toſſed and tottring ſhip ſhould clime, to be ſtreight carried downe againe to a pit of helliſh darkneſſe; with ſuch cruell blowes againſt the ſides of the ſhip (that which way ſo euer it went, was ſtill in his malice) that there was left neither power to ſtay, nor way to eſcape. And ſhortly had it ſo diſſeuered the louing companie, which the day before had tarried together, that moſt of them neuer met againe, but were ſwallowed vp in his neuer-ſatisfied mouth. Some in deede (as ſince was knowne) after long wandring returned into *Theſſalia*; other recouered *Bizantium*, and ſerued *Euarchus* in his warre. But in the ſhip wherein the Princes were (now left as much alone as proud Lords be when fortune failes them) though they employed all induſtrie to ſaue themſelues, yet what they did, was rather for duetie to nature, then hope to eſcape. So ougly a darkneſſe, as if it would preuent the nights comming, vſurped the dayes right: which accompanied ſometimes with thunders, alwayes with horrible noyſes of the chafing windes) made the maſters and pilots ſo aſtoniſhed, that they knew not how to direct, and if they knew, they could ſcarcely (when they directed) heare their owne whiſtle. For the ſea ſtraue with the windes which ſhould be lowder, and the ſhrouds of the ſhip with a ghaſtfull noiſe to them that were in it, witneſſed, that their ruine was the wager of the others contention, and the heauen roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as hauing thoſe powers for enimies. Certainly there is no daunger carries with it more horror, then that which growes in thoſe floting kingdomes. For that dwelling place is vnnaturall to mankind, and then the terribleneſſe of the continual motion, the deſolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the eare hauing ougly images euer before it, doth ſtill vexe the mind, euen when it is beſt armed againſt it. But thus the day paſt (if that might be called a day) while the cunningeſt mariners were ſo conquered by the ſtorme, as they thought it beſt with ſtriken ſailes to yeeld to be gouerned by it: the valianteſt

feeling inward dismayednesse, and yet the fearfullest ashamed fully to shew it, seeing that the Princes (who were to part from the greatest fortunes) did in their countenances accuse no point of feare, but encouraging them to do what might be done (putting their hands to euerie most painfull office) taught them at one instant to promise themselues the best, and yet to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyrannie of the winde, and the treason of the Sea, all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it shewed it selfe towards them: till the next morning (knowne to be a morning better by the houre-glasse, then by the day cleerenesse) hauing runne fortune as blindly, as it selfe euer was painted, lest the conclusion should not aunswere to the rest of the play, they were driuen vpon a rocke: which hidden with those outragious waues, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruell minde, till with an vnbeleeued violence (but to them that haue tried it) the ship ranne vpon it; and seeming willinger to perish then to haue her course stayed, redoubled her blowes, till shee had broken her selfe in peeces; and as it were tearing out her owne bowels to feede the seas greedinesse, left nothing within it, but despaire of safetie, and expectation of a lothsome end. There was to be seene the diuerse maner of mindes in distresse: some sate vpon the top of the poupe weeping and wailing, till the sea swallowed them; some one more able to abide death, then feare of death, cut his owne throate to preuent drowning; some prayed, and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heauens could not be more angrie then they were. But a monstrous crie begotten of manie roaring voices, was able to infect with feare a minde that had not preuented it with the power of reason.

But the Princes vsing the passions of feating euill, and desiring to escape, onely to serue the rule of vertue, not to abandō ones selfe, lept to a ribbe of the ship, which broken from his fellowes, floted with more likelyhood to do seruice, then any other limme of that ruinous bodie; vpon which there had gotten alreadie two brethren, well knowne seruaunts of theirs; and streight they foure were caried out of sight, in that huge rising of the sea, from the rest of the ship. But the peece they were on sinking by little and little vnder them, not able to support the weight of so manie, the brethren (the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the yonger *Nelsus*) shewed themselues right faithfull and gratefull seruaunts vnto them; gratefull (I saie) for this cause: Those two gentlemen had bene taken prisoners in the great warre the king of *Thrygia* made vpon *Thessalia*, in the time of *Musidorus* his infancie; and hauing beene sold into another countrie (though peace fell after betweene these Realmes) could not be deliuered, because of their valour knowne, but for a farre greater summe, then either all their friends were able, or the Dowager willing to make, in respect of the great expences her selfe and people had beene put to in those warres; and so had they remained in prison about thirteene yeares, when the two young Princes (hearing speaches of their good deserts) found meanes both by selling all the Iewels they had of great price, and by giuing vnder their handes great estates when they should come to be Kings (which promises their vertue promised for them should be kept) to get so much treasure as redeemed them from captiuitie. This remembred, and kindly remembred by these two brothers, perchance helped by a naturall duetie to their Princes blood, they willingly left holde of the boord, committing themselues to the seas rage, and euen when they meant to die, themselues praying for the Princes liues. It is true, that neither the paine nor daunger, so moued the Princes hearts as the tendernesse of that louing part, farre

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from glorie, hauing ſo few lookers on; far from hope of reward, ſince themſelues were ſure to periſh.

But now of all the royall Nauie they lately had, they had left but one litle peece of one ſhip, whereon they kept themſelues in all truth, hauing enterchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counſelling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worſe. But ſo fell it out, that as they were caried by the tide (which there ſeconded by the ſtorme ran exceeding ſwiftly) *Muſidorus* ſeeing (as he thought) *Pyrocles* not well vpon the boord, as he would with his right hand haue helped him on better, he had no ſooner vnfaſtened his holde, but that a waue forciblie ſpoiled his weaker hand of hold, & ſo for a time parted thoſe friends, each crying to the other, but the noiſe of the ſea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles* (then careleſſe of death, if it had come by any means, but his owne) was ſhortlie brought out of the ſeas furie to the lands comfort, when (in my conſcience I know) that comfort was but bitter vnto him: and bitter indeed it fell out euen in it ſelfe to be vnto him.

For being caſt on land much bruiſed and beaten both with the ſeas hard farewel, and the ſhores rude welcome; and euen almoſt deadly tyred with the length of his vncomfortable labour, as he was walking vp to diſcouer ſome bodie, to whom he might go for relieſe, there came ſtraight running vnto him certaine, who (as it was after knowne) by appointment watched (with manie others) in diuerſe places along the coaſt: who laid hands of him, and without either queſtioning with him, or ſhewing will to heare him, (like men fearefull to appeare curious) or which was worſe, hauing no regard to the hard plight he was in (being ſo wet and weake) they caried him ſome miles thence, to a houſe of a principall officer of that countrie. Who with no more ciuilitie (though with much more buſineſſe then thoſe vnderfellowes had ſhewed) began in captious maner to put interrogatories vnto him. To which (he vnuſed to ſuch entertainment) did ſhortly and plainely anſwere, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no ſooner knowne, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for miſchiefe, not from miſchiefe) he was ſent to the kings Court, which as then was not aboue a dayes iourney off, with letters from that officer, containing his owne ſeruiceable diligence in diſcouering ſo great a perſonage, adding withall more then was true of his coniectures, becauſe he would endeare his owne ſeruice.

This countrie whereon he fell was Phrygia, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was ſent, a Prince of a melancholie conſtitution both of bodie & mind; wickedlie ſad, euer muſing of horrible matters; ſuſpecting, or rather condemning all men of euill, becauſe his mind had no eye to eſpie goodneſſe: and therefore accuſing *Sycophantes* of all men did beſt ſort to his nature; but therefore not ſeeming *Sycophantes*, becauſe of no euil they ſaid, they could bring any new or doubtfull thing vnto him, but ſuch as already he had bene apt to determine; ſo as they came but as proofes of his wiſedome: fearfull and neuer ſecure; while the feare he had figured in his mind had any poſſibilitie of euent. A tode-like retiredneſſe, and cloſeneſſe of mind; nature teaching the odiouſneſſe of poyſon, and the daunger of odiouſneſſe. Yet while youth laſted in him, the exerciſes of that age, and his humour (not yet fullie diſcouered) made him ſomething the more frequentable, and leſſe daungerous. But after that yeares began to come on with ſome, though more ſeldome ſhewes of a bloudie nature, and that the prophecie of *Muſidorus* deſtinie came to his eares (deliuered vnto him, and receiued of him with the hardeſt

interpretation, as though his ſubiects did delight in the hearing thereof.) Then gaue he himſelfe indeed to the full currant of his diſpoſition, eſpeciallie after the warre of Theſſalia, wherein (though in truth wrongly) he deemed, his vnſucceſſe proceeded of their vnwillingneſſe to haue him proſper: and then thinking himſelfe contemned, (knowing no countermine againſt contempt, but terrour) began to let nothing paſſe which might beare the colour of a fault, without ſharp puniſhment: and when he wanted faults, excellencie grew a fault; and it was ſufficient to make one guiltie, that he had power to be guiltie. And as there is no humour, to which impudent pouertie cannot make it ſelfe ſeruiceable, ſo were there enow of thoſe of deſperate ambition, who would build their houſes vpon others ruines, which after ſhould fall by like practiſes. So as ſeruitude came mainly vpon that poore people, whoſe deedes were not onely puniſhed, but words corrected, and euen thoughts by ſome meane or other puld out of them: while ſuſpition bred the mind of cruelty, and the effects of crueltie ſtirred a new cauſe of ſupition. And in this plight (full of watchfull fearefulneſſe) did the ſtorme deliuer ſweet *Pyrocles* to the ſtormy minde of that Tyrant, all men that did ſuch wrong to ſo rare a ſtraunger (whoſe countenance deſerued both pitie and admiration) condemning themſelues as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their forces.

But when this bloudy king knew what he was, and in what order he and his coſin *Muſidorus* (ſo much of him feared) were come out of *Theſſalia*, aſſuredly thinking (becauſe euer thinking the worſt) that thoſe forces were prouided againſt him; glad of the periſhing (as he thought of *Muſidorus*, determined in publike ſort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For hauing quite loſt the way of nobleneſſe, he ſtraue to clime to the height of terribleneſſe; and thinking to make all men adread, to make ſuch one an enemie, who would not ſpare, nor feare to kill ſo great a Prince; and laſtlie, hauing nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemie. The day was appointed, and all things appointed for that cruell blow, in ſo ſolemne an order, as if they wold ſet forth tyranny in moſt gorgeous decking. The Princely youth of inuincible valour, yet ſo vniuſtly ſubiected to ſuch outragious wrong, carying himſelfe in all his demeanour ſo conſtantly abiding extremitie, that one might ſee it was the cutting away of the greateſt hope of the world, and deſtroying vertue in his ſweeteſt growth.

But ſo it fell out, that his death was preuented by a rare example of friendſhip in *Muſidorus*: who being almoſt drowned, had bene taken vp by a Fiſherman belonging to the kingdom of Pontus; & being there, & vnderſtanding the ful diſcourſe (as Fame was verie prodigall of ſo notable an accident) in what caſe *Pyrocles* was; learning withall, that his hate was farre more to him then to *Pyrocles*, he found means to acquaint himſelfe with a noble man of that Countrie, to whom largely diſcouering what he was, he found him a moſt fit inſtrument to effectuate his deſire. For this Nobleman had bene one, who in many warres had ſerued *Euarchus*, and had bin ſo mind-ſtrikē by the beautie of vertue in that noble king, that (though not born his ſubiect) he euer profeſt himſelfe his ſeruant. His diſire therefore to him was, to keepe *Muſidorus* in a ſtrong Caſtle of his, and then to make the king of *Phrigia* vnderſtand that if he would deliuer *Pyrocles*, *Muſidorus* would willinglie put himſelf into his hands; knowing well, that how thirſtie ſoeuer he was of *Pyrocles* bloud, he would rather drinke that of *Muſidorus*.

The Nobleman was loth to preſerue one by the loſſe of another, but time vrging reſolution; the importunitie of *Muſidorus* (who ſhewed a minde not to ouer-

ouerliue *Pyrocles*) with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, ſo preuailed, that he caried this ſtrange offer of *Muſidorus*, which by that Tyrant was greedilie accepted.

And ſo vpon ſecuritie of both ſides, they were enterchanged. Where I may not omit the worke of friendſhip in *Pyrocles*, who both in ſpeech & countenãce to *Muſidorus*, well ſhewed, that he thought himſelfe iniured, and not relieued by him: aſking him, what he had euer ſeene in him, why he could not beare the extremities of mortall accidents as well as any man? and why he ſhould enuy him the glorie of ſuffering death for his friends cauſe, and (as it were) rob him of his owne poſſeſſion? But in this notable contention (where the conqueſt muſt be the conquerers deſtruction, and ſafety the punithment of the conquered) *Muſidorus* preuailed: becauſe he was a more welcome praye to the vniuſt king, and as chearefully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly frõward his death, he was deliuered to the king, who could not be enough ſure of him, without he fed his own eyes vpon one, whom he had begun to feare, aſſoone as the other began to be.

Yet becauſe hee would in one act, both make oſtentation of his owne felicitie (into whoſe hands his moſt feared enemy was fallen) and withall cut off ſuch hopes from his ſuſpected ſubiects (when they ſhould know certainlie he was dead) with much more skilfull crueltie, and horrible ſolemnitie hee cauſed each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyrannie. And ſo the day being come, he was led forth by many armed men (who often had bene the fortifiers of wickedneſſe) to the place of execution: where comming with a mind comforted in that he had done ſuch ſeruice to *Pyrocles*, this ſtrange encounter he had.

The excelling *Pyrocles* was no ſooner deliuered by the kings ſeruants to a place of libertie, then he bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to paſſe?) how either to deliuer *Muſidorus*, or to periſh with him. And (finding he could get in that countrie no forces ſufficient by force to reſcue him) to bring himſelfe to die with him, (litle hoping of better euent) he put himſelfe in poore rayment, and by the helpe of ſome few crownes he tooke of that noble-man (who full of ſorow, though not knowing the ſecret of his intent, ſuffered him to go in ſuch order from him) he (euen he, borne to the greateſt expectation, and of the greateſt bloud that any Prince might be) ſubmitted himſelfe to be ſeruant to the executioner that ſhould put to death *Muſidorus*: a farre notabler proofe of his friendſhip, conſidering the height of his mind, then any death could be. That bad officer not ſuſpecting him, being arayed fit for ſuch an eſtate, and hauing his beautie hidden by many foule ſpots he attificiallie put vpon his face, gaue him leaue not onely to weare a ſword himſelfe, but to beare his ſword prepared for the iuſtified murther. And ſo *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Muſidorus* was vpon the ſcaffold (ſeparated ſomewhat from the reſt as allowed to ſay ſomething) he ſtept vnto him, and putting the ſword into his hand not bound (a point of ciuility the officers vſed towards him, becauſe they doubted no ſuch enterpriſe) *Muſidorus*, ſaid he, die noblie. In truth, neuer man betweene ioy before knowledge what to be glad of, and feare after conſidering his caſe, had ſuch a confuſion of thoughts, as I had, when I ſaw *Pyrocles*, ſo neare me. But with that *Dorus* bluſhed, and *Pamela* ſmiled: and *Dorus* the more bluſhed at her ſmiling, and ſhe the more ſmiled at his bluſhing; becauſe he had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten in ſpeaking of himſelfe to vſe the third perſon. But *Muſidorus* turned againe her thoughts from his cheekes to his tongue in this ſort: But, ſaid he, when they were with ſwordes in hands, not turning backes one to the other (for there they knew was no

place of defence) but making it a preſeruation in not hoping to be preſerued, and now acknowledging themſelues ſubiect to death, meaning onely to do honour to their princelie birth, they flew amongſt them all (for all were enemies) and had quicklie either with flight or death, left none vpon the ſcaffold to annoy them. Wherein *Pyrocles* (the excellent *Pyrocles*) did ſuch wonders beyond beleefe, as was able to leade *Muſidorus* to courage, though he had bene borne a coward. But indeed iuſt rage and deſeperate vertue did ſuch effects, that the popular ſort of the beholders began to be almoſt ſuperſtitiouſlie amazed, as at effects beyond mortal power. But the king with angrie threatnings from out a window (where he was not aſhamed the world ſhould behold him a beholder) commaunded his guard and the reſt of his ſouldiers to haſten their death. But many of them loſt their bodies to looſe their ſoules, when the Princes grew almoſt ſo wearie, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were ſtill fighting with weake armes and ſtrong hearts, it happened, that one of the ſouldiers (commaunded to go vp after his fellowes againſt the Princes) hauing receiued a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went backe with as much diligence, as he came vp with modeſtie: which another of his fellowes ſeeing, to picke a thanke of the king, ſtrake him vpon the face, reuiling him, that ſo accompanyed, he would runne away from ſo few. But he (as manie times it fals out) onlie valiant, when he was angrie, in reuenge thruſt him through: which with his death was ſtraight reuenged by a brother of his: and that againe requited by a fellow of the others. There began to be a great tumult amongſt the ſouldiers; which ſeene, and not vnderſtood by the people (vſed to feares, but not vſed to be bolde in them) ſome began to crie treaſon; and that voice ſtraight multiplying it ſelfe, the king (ô the cowardiſe of a guiltie conſcience) before anie man ſet vpon him, fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by arte of ſome well meaning men, or by ſuch chaunce as ſuch things often fall out by) ran from one to the other, that the king was ſlaine; wherewith certaine young men of the braueſt minds, cried with loud voyce, Libertie; and encouraging the other Citizens to follow them, ſet vpon the guard and ſouldiers, as chiefe inſtruments of tyrannie: and quicklie ayded by the Princes they had left none of them aliue, nor any other in the citie, who they thought had in any ſort ſet his hand to the worke of their ſeruitude, and (God knowes) by the blindneſſe of rage, killing many guiltleſſe perſons, either for affinitie to the tyrant, or enmitie to the tyrant-killers. But ſome of the wiſer (ſeeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed tyrannie) preuayled with the reſt to make *Muſidorus* their chiefe: chooſing one of them (becauſe Princes) to defend thē, and him becauſe elder and moſt hated of the Tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted vp, Fortune (I thinke) ſmiling at her worke therein, that a ſcaffold of execution ſhould grow a ſcaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came newes of more certaine truth, that the king was not dead, but fled to a ſtrong caſtle of his, neare hand, where he was gathering forces in all ſpeed poſſible to ſuppreſſe this mutiny. But now they had runne themſelues too farre out of breath, to go backe againe the ſame careere; and too wel they knew the ſharpeneſſe of his memorie to forget ſuch an iniurie; therefore learning vertue of neceſſity, they continued reſolute to obey *Muſidorus*. Who ſeeing what forces were in the citie, with them iſſued againſt the tyrant, while they were in this heate; before practiſes might be vſed to diſſeuer them: and with them met the king, who likewiſe hoping litle to preuaile by time, knowing and finding his peoples hate,

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met him with litle delay in the field: where himſelfe was ſlaine by *Muſidorus*, after he had ſeene his onlie ſonne (a Prince of great courage and beautie, but foſtered vp in bloud by his naughtie father) ſlaine by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victorie obtained with great, and truly not vndeſerued honour to the two Princes, the whole eſtates of the countrie with one conſent, gaue the crowne and all other marks of ſoueraignetie to *Muſidorus*; deſiring nothing more then to liue vnder ſuch a gouernment as they promiſed themſelues of him.

But he thinking it a greater greatneſſe to giue a kingdome, then get a kingdome, vnderſtanding that there was left of the bloud royall, & next to the ſucceſſion, an aged Gentleman of approued goodneſſe (who had gotten nothing by his couſins power but danger from him, & odiouſneſſe for him) hauing paſt his time in modeſt ſecrecy, & as much from intermedling in matters of gouernment, as the greatneſſe of his bloud would ſuffer him, did (after hauing receiued the full power to his owne hands) reſigne all to the Nobleman; but with ſuch conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might aſſure the people (with as much aſſurance as worldly matters beare) that not only that Gouernour, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the gouernment, ſhould be no way apt to decline to tyranny.

This doing ſet forth no leſſe his magnificence, then the other act did his magnanimitie; ſo that greatly praiſed of all, and iuſtlie beloued of the new king, who in all both words and behauiour proteſted himſelfe their Tenant, and Liegeman, they were drawne thence to reuenge thoſe two ſeruants of theirs, of whoſe memorable faith, I told you (moſt excellent Princeſſe) in willingly giuing themſelues to be drowned for their ſakes; but drowned indeed they were not, but gate with painfull ſwimming vpon a roeke: from whence (after being come as neare famiſhing, as before drowning) the weather breaking vp, they were brought to the main land of *Pontus*; the ſame countrie vpon which *Muſidorus* alſo was fallen, but not in ſo luckie a place.

For they were brought to the king of that countrey, a Tyrant alſo, not through ſuſpition, greedineſſe, or reuengefulneſſe, as he of *Phrygia*, but (as I may terme it) of a wanton cruelty: inconſtant in his choiſe of friends, or rather neuer hauing a friend but a playfellow; of whom when he was wearie, he could not otherwiſe rid himſelfe then by killing them; giuing ſometimes prodigally, not becauſe he loued them to whom he gaue, but becauſe he luſted to giue: puniſhing, not ſo much for hate or anger, as becauſe he felt not the ſmart of puniſhment: delighted to be flattered, at firſt for thoſe vertues which were not in him, at length making his vices vertues worthy the flattering: with like iudgement glorying, when he had happened to do a thing well, as when he had perfourmed ſome notable miſchiefe.

He chaunced at that time (for indeed long time none laſted with him) to haue next in vſe about him, a man of the moſt enuious diſpoſition, that (I thinke) euer infected the aire with his breath; whoſe eyes could not looke right vpon anie happie man, nor eares beare the burthen of any bodies praiſe: contrarie to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with othes well being; making happineſſe the ground of his vnhappineſſe, & good newes the argument of his ſorow: in ſum, a man whoſe fauour no man could winne, but by being miſerable. And ſo, becauſe theſe two faithfull ſeruants of theirs came in miſerable ſort to that Court, he was apt enough at firſt to fauour them; and the king vnderſtanding of their aduenture, (wherein they had ſhewed ſo conſtant a faith vnto their Lords) ſodainlie falles to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinite praiſes, and praiſing

himselfe in his heart, in that he praised them. And by and by were they made great Courtiers, and in the way of minions, when aduauncement (the most mortall offence to enuie) stirred vp their former friend, to ouerthrow his owne worke in the; taking occasion vpon the knowledge (newlie come to the Court) of the late death of the king of Phrygia destroyed by their two Lords, who hauing bene a neare kinsman to this Prince of *Pontus*, by this enuious Counsellour, partly with suspition of practise, partly with glorie of in-part reuenging his cousins death, the king was sodainly turned, and euerie turne with him was a downe-fall) to locke them vp in prison, as seruants to his enemies, whom before he had neuer knowne, nor (till that time one of his owne subiects had entertained and dealt for them) did euer take heed of. But now earnest in euerie present humour, and making himselfe braue in his liking, he was content to giue them iust cause of offence, when they had power to make iust reuenge. Yet did the Princes send vnto him before they entred into warre, desiring their seruants libertie. But he swelling in their humblenesse, (like a bubble blowne vp with a small breath, broken with a great) forgetting, or neuer knowing humanitie, caused their heads to be striken off, by the aduice of his enuious Counsellour (who now hated them so much the more as he foresawe their happinesse in hauing such, and so fortunate maisters) and sent them with vnroyall reproches to *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterouslie, and not heroically in killing his tyrannicall cousin.

But that iniurie went beyond all degree of reconcilement; so that they making forces in *Phrygia* (a kingdome whollie at their commandement, by the loue of the people, and gratefulnesse of the king) they entred his countrie; and whollie conquering it (with such deeds as at least Fame said were excellent) tooke the king; & by *Musidorus* commandement (*Pyrocles* heart more enclining to pitie) he was slaine vpon the tombe of their two true seruants; which they caused to be made for them with royall expences, and notable workmanship to preserue their dead liues. For his wicked seruant he should haue felt the like, or worse, but that his heart brake euen to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carkasses. There might *Pyrocles* quietly haue enioyed that Crowne, by all the desire of that people, most of whom had reuolted vnto him: but he finding a sister of the late kings (a faire and well esteemed Lady) looking for nothing more, then to be oppressed with her brothers ruines, gaue her in mariage to the Nobleman his fathers olde friend, and endowed them with the Crowne of that kingdome. And not content with those publike actions, of princely, and (as it were) gouerning vertue, they did (in that kingdome and some other neere about) diuerse acts of particular trials, more famous, because more perilous. For in that time those regions were full both of cruell monsters, and monstrous men: all which in short time by priuate combats they deliuered the countries of.

Among the rest, two brothers of huge both greatnesse and force, therefore commonlie called Giants, who kept themselues in a castle seated vpon the top of a rock, impregnable, because there was no comming vnto it but by one narrow path, where one mans force was able to keepe downe an armie. These brothers had a while serued the king of *Pontus*, and in all his affaires (especiallie of warre, whereunto they were only apt) they had shewed as vnconquered courage, so a rude faithfulnesse: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage, then of deceit; not greatly ambitious, more then to be well and vprightly dealt with; rather impatient of iniurie, then delighted with more then ordinarie curtesies; and in iniuries

more

more ſenſible of ſmart or loſſe, then of reproch or diſgrace. Theſe men being of this nature (and certainely iewels to a wiſe man, conſidering what indeed wonders they were able to perfourme) yet were diſcarded by that vnworthy Prince, after manie notable deſerts, as not worthie the holding. Which was the more euident to them; becauſe it ſodainlie fell from an exceſſe of fauour, which (manie examples hauing taught them) neuer ſtopt his race till it came to an headlong ouerthow: they full of rage, retired themſelues vnto this caſtle: where thinking nothing iuſter then reuenge, nor more noble then the effectes of anger, that (according to the nature) full of inward brauerie and fierceneſſe, ſcarcelie in the glaſſe of reaſon, thinking it ſelfe faire, but when it is terrible, they immediatly gaue themſelues to make all the countrie about them (ſubiect to that king) to ſmart for their Lords follie: not caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it teſtified their ſpite, which they deſired to manifeſt. And with vſe of euill, growing more and more euill, they tooke delight in ſlaughter, and pleaſed themſelues in making others wracke the effect of their power: ſo that where in the time that they obeyed a maiſter, their anger was a ſeruiceable power of the mind to do publike good; ſo now vnbrideled, and blind iudge of it ſelfe, it made wickedneſſe violent, and praiſed it ſelfe in excellencie of miſchiefe; almoſt to the ruine of the countrie, not greatly regarded by their careleſſe and loueleſſe king. Till now theſe Princes finding them ſo fleſhed in crueltie, as not to be reclaimed, ſecretly vndertooke the matter alone: for accompanied they would not haue ſuffered them to haue mounted; and ſo thoſe great fellowes ſcornefullie receiuing them, as fooliſh birds fallen into their net, it pleaſed the eternall iuſtice to make them ſuffer death by their hands: and ſo they were manifoldlie acknowledged the ſauers of that countrie.

It were the part of a verie idle Orator to ſet forth the nũbers of well deuiſed honors done vnto them: but as high honor is not onlie gotten and borne by paine and danger, but muſt be nurſt by the like, or elſe vaniſheth as ſoone as it appeares to the world: ſo the naturall hunger thereof (which was in *Pyrocles*) ſuffered him not to account a reſting ſeat of that, which euer either riſeth or falleth, but ſtill to make one occaſion beget another; whereby his doings might ſend his praiſe to others mouthes to rebound againe true contentmẽt to his ſpirit. And therfore hauing well eſtabliſhed thoſe kingdomes vnder good gouernors, and rid them by their valure of ſuch giants and monſters, as before time armies were not able to ſubdue, they determined in vnknowne order to ſee more of the world, and to imploy thoſe gifts eſteemed rare in them, to the good of mankind; and therfore would themſelues (vnderſtanding that the king *Euarchus* was paſſed all the cumber of his warres) go priuately to ſeeke exerciſes of their vertue, thinking it not ſo worthie to be brought to heroicall effects by fortune, or neceſſitie, (like *Vlyſſes* and *Aeneas*) as by ones own choice and working. And ſo went they away from verie vnwilling people to leaue them, making time haſte it ſelfe to be a circumſtance of their honor, and one place witneſſe to another of the truth of their doings. For ſcarcelie were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that as they rid alone armed, (for alone they went, one ſeruing the other) they met an aduenture; which though not ſo notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthie to be remembred for the vnuſed examples therin, as well of true naturall goodneſſe, as of wretched vngratefulneſſe.

It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of winter) verie cold, and as then ſodainelie growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that

neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child: ſo that the Princes were euen cõpelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to ſeeke ſome ſhrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts furie. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence therof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeach of a couple, who not perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a ſtraunge and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſtep out, yet in ſuch ſort, as they might ſee vnſeene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, ſcarcelie come to the age of a man, both poorely arrayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the olde man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appeare a kind of nobleneſſe, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the old man. Well *Leonatus* (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to leade me to that which ſhould end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miſerie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miſerie: feare not the daunger of my blind ſteps, I cannot fall worſe then I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedneſſe: but flie, flie from this region only worthie of me. Deare father (anſwered he) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to do you ſeruice, I am not whollie miſerable. Ah my ſonne (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraid my wickedneſſe? Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe (well ſhewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the Princes to go out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (anſwered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kind of piteouſneſſe) I ſee well you are ſtraungers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we muſt be miſerable. Indeed our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needfull vnto vs as pitie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs, then to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may ſtirre pitie: but your preſence promiſeth that crueltie ſhall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſunke below the degree of feare.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulneſſe of a ſonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (wherof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoyle him) but of his ſight, the riches which Nature graunts to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bene driuen to ſuch griefe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble Gentlemen, ſaid he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is engraffed in a ſonnes heart, let me intreat you to conueigh this afflicted Prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecuritie: amongſt your worthie acts it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king of ſuch might and fame, & ſo vniuſtlie oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieued.

But before they could make him anſwere, his father beganne to ſpeake. Ah my ſonne, ſaid he, how euill an Hiſtorian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickedneſſe, my wickedneſſe: and if thou doeſt it to ſpare my eares (the only ſenſe now left me proper for knowledge) aſſure thy ſelfe thou doeſt miſtake me: and I take witneſſe of that Sunne which you ſee (with that he caſt vp

his

his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wiſh my ſelfe in worſe caſe then I do wiſh my ſelfe, which is as euill as may be, if I ſpeake vntrulie, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wiſh that it may not proue ſome ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with ſuch a miſer as I am) that whatſoeuer my ſon (ô God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my ſon) hath ſaid is true. But beſides thoſe truthes, this alſo is true, that hauing had in lawfull mariage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this ſonne (ſuch a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall know by my ſhort declaration) and ſo enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growne to iuſtifie their expectations (ſo as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones-ſelfe after me) I was caried by a baſtard ſonne of mine (if at leaſt I be bound to beleeue the words of that baſe woman my concubine, his mother) firſt to miſlike, then to hate, laſtlie to deſtroy, or to do my beſt to deſtroy this ſonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeſeruing deſtruction. What wayes be vſed to bring me to it, if I ſhould tell you, I ſhould tediouſlie trouble you with as much poiſonous hypocriſie, deſperate fraud, ſmooth malice, hidden ambition, and ſmiling enuie, as in anie liuing perſon could be harboured: but I liſt it not; no remembrance of naughtineſſe delights me but mine owne; and me thinks, the accuſing his traps might in ſome maner excuſe my fault, which certainlie I lothe to do. But the concluſion is, that I gaue order to ſome ſeruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelfe, to leade him out into a forreſt, and there to kill him.

But thoſe theeues (better natured to my ſonne then my ſelfe) ſpared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himſelfe to be a priuate ſouldier in a countrey here by: but as he was ready to be greatly aduanced for ſome noble peeces of ſeruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall ſonne of mine) ſuffered my ſelfe ſo to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and puniſhments paſſed by him, all offices, and places of importance diſtributed to his fauorites; ſo that ere I was aware, I had left my ſelfe nothing but the name of a King: which he ſhortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laid vpon me) threw me out of my ſeat, and put out my eyes; and then (proud in his tyrannie) let me go, neither impriſoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feele my miſerie; miſerie indeed, if euer there were anie; full of wretchedneſſe, fuller of diſgrace, and fulleſt of guiltineſſe. And as he came to the crowne by ſo vniuſt means, as vniuſtlie he kept it, by force of ſtraunger ſouldiers in *Cittadels*, the neaſts of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; diſarming all his owne countrimen, that no man durſt ſhew himſelf a wel-willer of mine: to ſay the truth (I thinke) few of them being ſo (conſidering my cruell follie to my good ſonne, and fooliſh kindneſſe to my vnkind baſtard:) but if there were any who felt a pitie of ſo great a fall, and had yet any ſparkes of vnſlaine dutie left in them towards me; yet durſt they not ſhew it, ſcarcelie with giuing me almes at their doores; which yet was the onlie ſuſtenance of my diſtreſſed life, no bodie daring to ſhew ſo much charitie, as to lend me a hand to guide my darke ſteps: till this ſonne of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not reckoning daunger, and neglecting the preſent good way hee was in of doing himſelfe good, came hither to do this kind office you ſee him performe towards me, to my vnſpeakeable griefe; not onlie becauſe his kindneſſe is a glaſſe euen to my



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blind eyes of my naughtineſſe, but that aboue all griefes, it grieues me he ſhould deſperatelie aduenture the loſſe of his well-deſeruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deſerts, as if he would carie mudde in a cheſt of Chryſtall: for well I know, he that now raigneth, how much ſo euer (and with good reaſon) he deſpiſeth me, of all men deſpiſed; yet he will not let ſlip any aduantage to make away him, whoſe iuſt title (ennobled by courage & goodneſſe) may one day ſhake the ſeat of a neuer ſecure tyrannie. And for this cauſe I craued of him to leade me to the top of this rocke, indeed I muſt confeſſe, with meaning to free him from ſo ſerpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purpoſed, onely therein ſince he was borne, ſhewed himſelfe diſobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true ſtorie, which I pray you publiſh to the world, that my miſchieuous proceedings may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onlie reward now left for ſo great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my ſonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in ſauing any, then in ending me, both becauſe therin my agonie ſhall end, & ſo you ſhal preſerue this excellent young man, who elſe wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter in it ſelfe lamentable, lamentablie expreſſed by the old Prince (which needed not take to himſelfe the geſtures of pitie, ſince his face could not put off the markes thereof) greatly moued the two Princes to compaſſion, which could not ſtay in ſuch hearts as theirs without ſeeking remedie. But by and by the occaſion was preſented: for *Plexirtus* (ſo was the baſtard called) came thither with ſortie horſe, onelie of purpoſe to murder this brother, of whoſe comming he had ſoone aduertiſement, and thought no eyes of ſufficient credite in ſuch a matter, but his owne, and therefore came himſelfe to be actor, and ſpectator. And as ſoone as he came, not regarding the weake (as he thought) gard of but two men, commaunded ſome of his followers to ſet their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young Prince (though not otherwiſe armed but with a ſword) how falſely ſoeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray himſelfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the firſt that aſſayled him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were quicklie become parties (ſo iuſt a defence deſeruing as much as old friendſhip) and ſo did behaue them among that companie (more iniurious then valiant) that many of them loſt their liues for their wicked maiſter.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at laſt preuailed, if the king of *Pontus* (latelie by them made ſo) had not come vnlooked for to their ſuccour. Who (hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon ſome great danger, preſently to follow thoſe two Princes, whom he moſt dearlie loued) was come in all haſte, following as well as he could their tracke with a hundred horſes in that cuntrie, which he thought (conſidering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the ſtage of anie Tragedie.

But then the match had bene ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worſe gotten honour ſhould haue tumbled together to deſtruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with fortie or fiftie in their ſuite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that countrie, brought vp from their infancie with *Plexirtus*; men of ſuch proweſſe, as not to know feare in themſelues, and yet to teach it in others that ſhould deale with them: for they had often made their liues triumph ouer moſt terrible daungers; neuer diſmayed, and euer fortunate; and truely no more ſetled in valure, then diſpoſed to goodneſſe and

iuſtice

iuſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendſhip a child, and not the father of Vertue. But bringing vp (rather thē choice) hauing firſt knit their minds vnto him (indeed craftie enough, either to hide his faults, or neuer to ſhew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the courſe, rather to ſatisfie him, then all the world; and rather to be good friends, then good men: ſo as though they did not like the euill he did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counſellours of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this ſodaine going out with ſo ſmal a cōpanie, in a countrie full of euill-wiſhing minds toward him (though they knew not the cauſe) followed him; till they found him in ſuch caſe, as they were to venture their liues, or elſe he to loſe his: which they did with ſuch force of mind and bodie, that trulie I may iuſtly ſay, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them ſo well repeat their hardeſt leſſon in the feates of armes. And briefly, ſo they did, that if they ouercame not; yet were they not ouercome, but carried away that vngratefull maiſter of theirs to a place of ſecuritie, howſoeuer the Princes laboured to the contrarie. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the conſtancie of the Princes ſo to leaue it; but in all haſt making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrigia*, they had in few dayes left him but onely that one ſtrong place where he was. For feare hauing bene the only knot that had faſtened his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all ſcattered from him, like ſo many birds, whoſe cage had bene broken.

In which ſeaſon the blind king (hauing in the chiefe citie of his realme ſet the crowne vpon his ſonne *Leonatus* head) with many tears (both of ioy and ſorow) ſetting forth to the whole people, his owne fault and his ſons vertue, after he had kiſt him, and forc'd his ſonne to accept honour of him (as of his new-become ſubiect) euen in a moment died, as it ſhould ſeeme, his heart broken with vnkindneſſe and affliction, ſtretched ſo far beyond his limits with this exceſſe of comfort, as it was able no lōger to keep ſafe his vital ſpirits. But the new king (hauing no leſſe louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue) purſued on the ſiege of his vnnaturall brother, aſmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the eſtabliſhing of his owne quiet. In which ſiege truly I cannot but acknowledge the proweſſe of thoſe two brothers, then whom the Princes neuer found in all their trauell, two of greater abilitie to performe, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing elſe, famine would at laſt bring him to deſtruction, thought better by humbleneſſe to creepe, where by pride he could not march. For certainly ſo had nature formed him, and the exerciſe of craft conformed him to all turningneſſe of ſleights, that though no man had leſſe goodneſſe in his ſoule then he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodneſſe to another; though no man felt leſſe pitie, no man could tel better how to ſtirre pitie; no man more impudent to denie, where prooſes were not manifeſt; no man more ready to confeſſe with a repenting maner of aggrauating his owne euill, where deniall would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a paſport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to ſpeake with the king his brother, hee himſelfe (though much againſt the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wiſhed to die in braue defence) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himſelfe to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*. Where what ſubmiſſion he vſed, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultineſſe the leſſe, how artificiallie he could ſet out the torments

of his owne conſcience, with the burdenſome cumber he had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to liue, he begg'd life in the refuſing it, I am not cunning enough to be able to expreſſe: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eye, then as the murderer of his father; and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the fault paſt, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines (chiefe miniſters of his wickedneſſe, now betrayed by the authour thereof,) were deliuered to manie cruell ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, he had more come into the defence of an vnremediable miſchiefe already committed, then that they had done it at firſt by his conſent.

In ſuch ſort the Princes left theſe reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behauiour carying him in farre lower degree of ſeruice, then the euer-noble nature of *Leonatus* wold ſuffer him) and taking likewiſe their leaues of their good friend the king of *Pontus* (who returned to enioy their benefite, both of his wife and kingdome) they priuately went thence, hauing only with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompanie them through diuerſe places; they foure doing acts more daungerous, though leſſe famous, becauſe they were but priuate chiualries: till hearing of the faire & vertuous Queene *Erona* of Lycia, beſieged by the puiſſant king of Armenia, they bent themſelues to her ſuccour, both becauſe the weaker (and weaker as being a Lady) and partlie becauſe they heard the king of Armenia had in his companie three of the moſt famous men liuing, for matters of armes, that were knowne to be in the world. Wherof one was the Prince *Plangus* (whoſe name was ſweetned by your breath, peereleſſe Lady, when the laſt day it pleaſed you to mention him vnto me:) the other two were two great Princes (though holding of him) *Barzanes* and *Euardes*, men of Giant-like both hugeneſſe and force: in which two eſpeciallie, the truſt the king had of victorie was repoſed. And of them, thoſe brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor* (ſufficient iudges in warlike matters) ſpake ſo high commendations, that the two Princes had euen a youthful longing to haue ſome trial of their vertue. And therefore as ſoone as they were entred into Lycia, they ioyned thēſelues with them that faithfully ſerued the poore Queene, at that time beſieged: and ere long animated in ſuch ſort their almoſt ouerthrowne hearts, that they went by force to relieue the towne, though they were depriued of a great part of their ſtrength by the parting of the two brothers, who were ſent for in all haſt to returne to their old friend and maiſter *Plexirtus*: who (willingly hood-winking themſelues from ſeeing his faults, and binding themſelues to beleeue what he ſaid) often abuſed the vertue of courage to defend his fowle vice of iniuſtice. But now they were ſent for to aduaunce a conqueſt he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* purſued the deliuerie of the Queene *Erona*.

I haue heard (ſaid *Pamela*) that part of the ſtory of *Plangus*, whē he paſſed through this countrie: therefore you may (if you liſt) paſſe ouer that warre of *Eronas* quarrell, leaſt if you ſpeake too much of warre matters, you ſhould wake *Mopſa*, which might happily breed a great broile. He looked, & ſaw that *Mopſa* indeed fate ſwallowing of ſleepe with open mouth, making ſuch a noiſe withall, as no body could lay the ſtealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to vſe that occaſion, he kneeled down, & with hūble-heartedneſſe & hardy earneſtneſſe printed in his graces, Alas (ſaid he) diuine lady, who haue wrought ſuch miracles in me, as to make a Prince (none of the baſeſt) to think al principalities baſe, in reſpect of the ſheephook, which

which may hold him vp in your ſight; vouchſafe now at laſt to heare in direct words my humble ſute, while this dragon ſleepes, that keeps the golden fruite. If in my deſire I wiſh, or in my hopes aſpire, or in my imagination faine to my ſelf any thing which may be the leaſt ſpot to that heauenly vertue, which ſhines in all your doings; I pray the eternal powers, that the words I ſpeake may be deadly poyſons, while they are in my mouth, and that all my hopes, all my deſires, all my imaginations, may onely worke their own confuſion. But if loue, loue of you, loue of your vertues, ſeeke onely that fauour of you, which becommeth that gratefulneſſe, which cannot miſbecome your exellencie, O doo not: He would haue ſaide further, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopſa*, ſhe ſodainely ſtart vp, ſtaggering, and rubbing her eies, ran firſt out of the doore, and then back to them, before ſhe knew how ſhe went out, or why ſhe came in againe: till at length, being fully come to her little ſelfe, ſhe asked *Pamela*, why ſhe had called her. For nothing (ſaid *Pamela*) but that you might heare ſome tales of your ſeruants telling: and therfore now (ſaid ſhe *Dorus*) go on.

But as he (who found no ſo good ſacrifice, as obedience) was returning to the ſtory of himſelfe, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miſo*, ſo as for that time they were faine to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela* (delighted euen to preſerue in her memory, the words of ſo well a beloued ſpeaker) repeated the whole ſubſtance to her ſiſter, till their ſober dinner being come and gone, to recreat themſelues ſomething, (euen tyred with the noyſomnes of *Miſos* conuerſation) they determined to goe (while the heat of the day laſted) to bath themſelues (ſuch being the manner of the *Arcadian* nimphes often to doo) in the riuer of *Ladon*, and take with them a Lute, meaning to delight them vnder ſome ſhadow. But they could not ſtir, but that *Miſo* with her daughter *Mopſa* was after them: and as it lay in their way to paſſe by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window eſpied them, and ſo ſtale down after them: which ſhee might the better do, becauſe that *Gynecia* was ſicke, and *Baſilius* (that day being his birth-day) according to his maner, was buſie about his deuotions; and therefore ſhe went after, hoping to finde ſome time to ſpeake with *Philoclea*: but not a word coulde ſhee beginne, but that *Miſo* would be one of the audience; ſo that ſhee was driuen to recommend thinking, ſpeaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her truſt, til they came to the riuers ſide, which of all the riuers of *Greece* had the price for excellent pureneſſe and ſweeteneſſe, in ſo much as the verie bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthfull. It ranne vpon ſo fine and delicate a ground, as one could not eaſily iudge, whether the Riuer did more waſh the grauell, or the grauell did purifie the Riuer; the Riuer not running forth right, but almoſt continually winding, as if the lower ſtreames would returne to their ſpring, or that the Riuer had a delight to play with it ſelfe. The banckes of either ſide ſeeming armes of the louing earth, that faine would embrace it; and the Riuer a wanton nymph which ſtill would ſlippe from it: either ſide of the bancke being fringed with moſt beautifull trees, which reſiſted the ſunnes darts from ouer-much piercing the naturall coldneſſe of the Riuer. There was the But among the reſt a goodly *Cypres*, who bowing her faire head ouer the water, it ſeemed ſhe looked into it, & dreſſed her greene locks by that running Riuer. There the Princeſſes determining to bath thēſelues, though it was ſo priuiledged a place, vpō pain of death, as no bodie durſt preſume to come thither, yet for the more ſurety, they looked round about, and could ſee nothing but a water ſpaniell, who came downe the riuer ſhewing that he hunted for a ducke, & with a ſnuffling grace, diſdaining that his ſmelling

force could not as well preuaile thorow the water, as thorough the aire,& therfore wayting with his eye, to ſee whether he could eſpie the duckes getting vp againe: but then a litle below them failing of his purpoſe,he got out of the riuer, & ſhaking off the water(as great men do their friends,now he had no further cauſe to vſe it)inweeded himſelfe ſo,as the Ladies loſt the further marking his ſportfulneſſe: & inuiting *Zelmane* alſo to waſh her ſelfe with them,& ſhe excuſing her ſelfe with hauing taken a late cold, they began by peece-meale to take away the eclipſing of their apparell.

*Zelmane* would haue put to her helping hand, but ſhe was taken with ſuch a quiuering, that ſhe thought it more wiſedome to leane her ſelfe to a tree and looke on, while *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (like a couple of foreſwat melters) were getting the pure ſiluer of their bodies out of the vre of their garments. But as the rayments went off to receiue kiſſes of the ground, *Zelmane* enuied the happineſſe of all,but of the ſmocke was euen iealous, and when that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained (for her *Zelmane* onely marked) like a *Dyamon* taken from out the rocke, or rather like the Sun getting from vnder a cloud, and ſhewing his naked beames to the full view, then was the beauty too much for a patient ſight, the delight too ſtrong for a ſtayed conceipt: ſo that *Zelmane* could not chooſe but run, to touch, embrace and kiſſe her; But conſcience made her come to her ſelfe,and leaue *Philoclea*,who bluſhing,and withall ſmiling,making ſhamefaſtneſſe pleaſant,& pleaſure ſhamefaſt,tenderly moued her feet,vnwonted to feele the naked ground,till the touch of the cold water made a pretty kind of ſhrugging come ouer her body, like the twinkling of the faireſt among the fixed ſtars.But the riuer it ſelfe gaue way vnto her,ſo that ſhee was ſtreight breaſt high;which was the deepeſt that ther-about ſhe could be:& whē cold *Ladon* had once fully imbraced them, himſelfe was no more ſo cold to thoſe Ladies,but as if his cold complexion had bin heated with loue,ſo ſeemed he to play about euery part he could touch.

Ah ſweete,now ſweeteſt *Ladon*(ſayd *Zelmane*) why doſt thou not ſtay thy courſe to haue more full taſt of thy happines?But the reaſon is manifeſt,the vpper ſtreames make ſuch haſt to haue their part of embracing, that the neather(though lothly) muſt needes giue place vnto them.O happy *Ladon*,within whom ſhe is,vpon whom her beauty fals,thorough whom her eye pierceth,O happy *Ladon*,which art now an vnperfect mirror of all perfection, canſt thou euer forget the bleſſednes of this impreſſion?if thou do,then let thy bed be turned from fine grauell, to weeds and mud; if thou do,let ſome vniuſt niggards make weres to ſpoile thy beauty; if thou do, let ſome greater riuer fall into thee,to take away the name of *Ladon*. Oh *Ladon*, happy *Ladon*,rather ſlide then run by her,leaſt thou ſhouldeſt make her legs ſlip from her; & then,O happy *Ladon*,who would then call thee,but the moſt curſed *Ladon*?But as the Ladies plaid them in the water,ſomtimes ſtriking it with their hands,the water (making lines in his face)ſeemed to ſmile at ſuch beating, & with twenty bubbles, not to be content to haue the picture of their face in large vpon him,but he wold in each of thoſe bubbles ſet forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*,whoſe ſight was gaine-ſayd by nothing but the tranſparent vaile of *Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept,though the fire be at one ſtay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heate encreaſed) had the coales of her affection ſo kindled with wonder, and blowne with delight, that now all her parts grudged, that her eyes ſhould doe more homage, then they, to the Princeſſe of them. In ſo much that taking vp the Lute, her wit began to bee with a diuine furie

inſpired;

inſpired; her voice would in ſo beloued an occaſion ſecond her wit; her handes accorded the Lutes muſicke to the voice; her panting heart danced to the muſicke; while I thinke her feete did beate the time; while her bodie was the roome where it ſhould be celebrated; her ſoule the Queene which ſhould be delighted. And ſo together went the vtterance and the inuention, that one might iudge, it was *Philoclea's* beautie which did ſpeedily write it in her eyes; or the ſence thereof, which did word by word endite it in her minde, whereto ſhe (but as an organ) did onely lend vtterance. The ſong was to this purpoſe.

*VVHat tong can her perfections tell,*
*In whoſe each part all pens may dwell?*
*Her haire fine threeds of fineſt gold*
*In curled knots mans thought to hold:*
*But that her fore-head ſayes in me*
*A whiter beautie you may ſee.*
*VVhiter indeed; more white then ſnow,*
*VVhich on cold winters face doth grow.*
*That doth preſent thoſe euen browes,*
*VVhoſe equall line their angles bowes,*
*Like to the Moone when after chaunge*
*Her horned head abroad doth raunge:*
*And arches be to heauenly lids,*
*VVhoſe winke each bold attempt forbids.*
*For the black ſtarres thoſe Spheares containe,*
*The matchleſſe paire, euen praiſe doth ſtaine.*
*No lampe, whoſe light by Art is got,*
*No Sunne, which ſhines, and ſeeth not,*
*Can liken them without all peere,*
*Saue one as much as other cleere:*
*VVhich onely thus vnhappie be,*
*Becauſe themſelues they cannot ſee.*
*Her cheekes with kindly claret ſpred.*
Aurora-*like new out of bed,*
*Or like the freſh Queene-apples ſide,*
*Blushing at ſight of* Phœbus *pride.*
*Her noſe, her chinne pure iuorie weares:*
*No purer then the pretie eares.*
*So that therein appeares ſome blood,*
*Like wine and milke that mingled ſtood.*
*In whoſe Incirclets if ye gaze,*
*Your eyes may tread a Louers maze.*
*But with ſuch turnes the voice to ſtray,*
*No talke vntaught can find the way.*
*The tippe no iewell needes to weare:*
*The tippe is iewell of the eare.*
*But who thoſe ruddie lips can miſſe?*
*VVhich bleſſed ſtill themſelues do kiſſe.*
*Rubies, Cherries, and Roſes new,*

*In worth, in taſt, in perfit hew:*
*VVhich neuer part but that they showe*
*Of pretious pearle the double rewe,*
*The ſecond ſweetly-fenced ward,*
*Her heauenly-dewed tongue to gard.*
*VVhence neuer word in vaine did flowe.*
*Faire vnder theſe doth ſtately growe,*
*The handle of this precious worke,*
*The neck, in which ſtrange graces lurke.*
*Such be I thinke the ſumptuous towers*
*VVhich skill doth make in Princes bowers.*
*So good a ſay inuites the eye,*
*A little downward to eſpie,*
*The liuelie cluſters of her breſts,*
*Of* Venus *babe the wanton neſts:*
*Like pomels round of Marble cleere:*
*VVhere azurde veines well mixt appeere,*
*VVith deareſt tops of porphyrie.*
*Betwixt theſe two a way doth lie,*
*A way more worthie beauties fame,*
*Then that which beares the* Milkie *name.*
*This leades into the ioyous field,*
*VVhich onely ſtill doth Lillies yeeld:*
*But Lillies ſuch whoſe natiue ſmell*
*The Indian odours doth excell.*
*VVaſte it is calde, for it doth waſte*
*Mens lines, vntill it be imbraſte.*
*There may one ſee, and yet not ſee*
*Her ribbes in white all armed bee.*
*More white then* Neptunes *fomie face,*
*VVhen ſtrugling rockes he would imbrace.*
*In theſe delights the wandring thought*
*Might of each ſide aſtray be brought,*
*But that her nauel doth vnite,*
*In curious circle, buſie ſight:*
*A daintie ſeale of virgin-waxe,*
*VVhere nothing but impreſſion lackes.*
*Her bellie their glad ſight doth fill,*
*Iuſtly entitled* Cupids *hill.*
*A hill moſt fitte for ſuch a maſter,*
*A ſpotleſſe mine of Alablaſter.*
*Like Alablaſter faire and ſleeke,*
*But ſoft and ſupple ſatten like.*
*In that ſweete ſeate the Boy doth ſport:*
*Loath, I muſt leaue his chiefe reſort.*
" *For ſuch a vſe the world hath gotten,*
" *The beſt things ſtill muſt be forgotten.*
*Yet neuer ſhall my ſong omitte*

*Her*

*Her thighes, for* Ouids *song more fitte;*
*VVhich flanked with two ſugred flankes,*
*Lift vp their ſtately ſwelling bankes;*
*That* Albion *cliues in whiteneſſe paſſe:*
*With hanches ſmooth as looking glaſſe.*
*But bow all knees, now of her knees*
*My tongue doth tell what fancie ſees.*
*The knottes of ioy, the gemmes of loue,*
*Whoſe motion makes all graces moue.*
*Whoſe bought incau'd doth yeeld ſuch ſight,*
*Like cunning Painter ſhadowing white.*
*The gartring place vvith child-like ſigne,*
*Shewes eaſie print in mettall fine.*
*But then againe the flesh doth riſe*
*In her braue calues, like chriſtall skies.*
*Whoſe* Atlas *is a ſmalleſt ſmall,*
*More white then whiteſt bone of all.*
*Thereout ſteales out that round cleane foote*
*This noble Cedars precious roote:*
*In shewe and ſent pale violets,*
*VVhoſe ſteppe on earth all beautie ſets.*
*But back vnto her back, my* Muſe,
*VVhere* Ledas *ſwanne his feathers mewes,*
*Along whoſe ridge ſuch bones are met,*
*Like comfits round in marchpane ſet.*
*Her shoulders be like two vvhite Doues,*
*Pearching vvithin ſquare royall rooues,*
*VVhich leaded are vvith ſiluer skinne,*
*Paſſing the hate-ſpott Ermelin.*
*And thence thoſe armes deriued are;*
*The* Phœnix *wings are not ſo rare*
*For faultleſſe length, and ſtaineleſſe hewe,*
*Ah woe is me, my woes renewe.*
*Now courſe doth leade me to her hand,*
*Of my firſt loue the fatall band.*
*VVhere vvhiteneſſe doth for euer ſit:*
Nature *her ſelfe enameld it.*
*For there vvith ſtrange compact doth lie*
*VVarme ſnow, moiſt pearle, ſoft iuorie.*
*There fall thoſe Saphir-coloured brookes,*
*VVhich conduit-like vvith curious crookes,*
*Sweet Ilands make in that ſweet land.*
*As for the fingers of the hand,*
*The bloudy ſhaftes of* Cupids *warre,*
*VVith amatiſts they headed are.*
*Thus hath each part his beauties part,*
*But how the Graces doo impart*
*To all her limmes a ſpeciall grace,*

*Becomming euerie time and place.*
*VVhich doth euen beautie beautifie,*
*And moſt bewitch the wretched eye.*
*How all this is but a faire Inne*
*Of fairer gueſts, which dwell within.*
*Of whoſe high praiſe, and praiſefull bliſſe,*
*Goodneſſe the penne, heauen paper is.*
*The inke immortall fame doth lend:*
*As I began, ſo muſt I end.*
*No tongue can her perfections tell,*
*In whoſe each part all tongues may dwell.*

But as *Zelmane* was comming to the latter end of her ſong, ſhee might ſee the ſame water-ſpaniell which before had hunted, come & fetch away one of *Philoclea's* gloues; whoſe fine proportion, ſhewed well what a daintie gueſt was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to ſee that the dogge was therewith delighted, and ſo let him go a little way withall, who quickly caried it out of ſight among certaine trees and buſhes, which were verie cloſe together. But by and by he came againe, and amongſt the raiments (*Miſo* and *Mopſa* being preparing ſheets againſt their cõming out) the dog lighted vpon a little booke of four or fiue leaues of paper, and was bearing that away too. But then *Zelmane* (not knowing what importance it might be of) ran after the dog, who going ſtreight to thoſe buſhes, ſhe might ſee the dog deliuer it to a Gentleman who ſecretly lay there. But ſhe haſtily comming in, the Gentleman roſe vp, & with a curteous (though ſad) countenance preſented himſelfe vnto her. *Zelmanes* eies ſtreight willed her minde to marke him: for ſhe thought, in her life ſhe had neuer ſeene a man of a more goodly preſence, in whom ſtrong making tooke not away delicacie, nor beautie fierceneſſe: being indeed ſuch a right manlike man, as Nature often erring, yet ſhewes ſhe would faine make. But when ſhe had a while (not without admiration) viewed him, ſhe deſired him to deliuer backe the gloue and paper, becauſe they were the Ladie *Philoclea's*; telling him withall, that ſhe would not willingly let them know of his cloſe lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing themſelues; becauſe ſhee knew they would be mortally offended withall. Faire Ladie (anſwered he) the worſt of the complaint is already paſſed, ſince I feele of my fault in my ſelfe the puniſhment. But for theſe things I aſſure you, it was my dogs wanton boldnes, not my preſumption. With that he gaue her backe the paper: But for the gloue (ſaid he) ſince it is my Ladie *Philoclea's*, giue me leaue to keepe it, ſince my hart cannot perſwade it ſelf to part from it. And I pray you tell the Lady (Lady indeed of all my deſires) that owes it, that I will direct my life to honour this gloue with ſeruing her. O villaine (cried out *Zelmane*, madded with finding an vnlooked-for Riuall, and that he would make her a meſſenger) diſpatch (ſaid ſhe) and deliuer it, or by the life of her that owes it, I wil make thy ſoule (though too baſe a price) pay for it. And with that drew out her ſword, which (*Amazon*-like) ſhe euer ware about her. The Gentleman retired him ſelf into an open place frõ among the buſhes; & then drawing out his too, he offred to deliuer it vnto her, ſaying withall, God forbid I ſhould vſe my ſword againſt you, ſince (if I be not deceiued) you are the ſame famous *Amazon*, that both defended my Ladies iuſt title of beautie againſt the valiant *Phalantus*, and ſaued her life in killing the Lion: therefore I am rather to kiſſe your hands, with acknowledge-

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ging my ſelfe bound to obey you. But this curteſie was worſe then a baſtonado to *Zelmane*: ſo that againe with ragefull eyes ſhe bad him defend him ſelfe, for no leſſe then his life ſhould anſwere it. A hard caſe (ſaid he) to teach my ſword that leſſon, which hath euer vſed to turne it ſelfe to a ſhield in a Ladies preſence. But *Zelmane*, harkening to no more wordes, began with ſuch wittie furie to purſue him with blowes and thruſts, that Nature and Vertue commanded the Gentleman to looke to his ſafetie. Yet ſtill courteſie, that ſeemed incorporate in his heart, would not be perſwaded by daunger to offer any offence, but only to ſtand vpon the beſt defenſiue gard he could; ſomtimes going backe, being content in that reſpect to take on the figure of cowardiſe; ſomtime with ſtrong and well-met wardes; ſomtime cunning auoidings of his body; and ſomtimes faining ſome blowes, which himſelf puld backe before they needed to be withſtood. And ſo with play did he a good while fight againſt the fight of *Zelmane*, who (more ſpited with that curteſie, that one that did nothing ſhould be able to reſiſt her) burned away with choller any motions, which might grow out of her own ſweet diſpoſition, determining to kill him if he fought no better; and ſo redoubling her blowes, draue the ſtranger to no other ſhift then to ward, & go backe; at that time ſeeming the image of innocencie againſt violence. But at length he found, that both in publike & priuate reſpects, who ſtands only vpō defence, ſtands vpō no defence: for *Zelmane* ſeeming to ſtrike at his head, and he going to ward it, withall ſtept back as he was accuſtomed, ſhe ſtopt her blow in the aire, and ſodainly turning the point, ran full at his breaſt; ſo as he was driuen with the pōmell of his ſword (hauing no other weapon of defence to beat it downe: but the thruſt was ſo ſtrong, that he could not ſo wholy beate it away, but that it met with his thigh, thorow which it ranne. But *Zelmane* retiring her ſworde, and ſeeing his bloud, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pitties; and hartily ſorie, and euen aſhamed with her ſelfe ſhe was, conſidering how little he had done, who well ſhe found could haue done more. In ſo much that ſhe ſaid, truly I am ſorie for your hurt, but your ſelfe gaue the cauſe, both in refuſing to deliuer the gloue, and yet not fighting as I know you could haue done. But (ſaid ſhe) becauſe I perceiue you diſdayne to fight with a woman, it may be before a yeare come about, you ſhall meet with a neere kinſman of mine, *Pyrocles* Prince of Macedon, and I giue you my worde, he for me ſhall maintaine this quarell againſt you. I would (anſwered *Amphialus*) I had many more ſuch hurts to meete and know that worthy Prince, whoſe vertue I loue and admire, though my good deſtiny hath not bene to ſee his perſon.

But as they were ſo ſpeaking, the yong Ladies came, to whom *Mopſa* (curious in any thing, but her own good behauiour) hauing followed and ſeene *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what ſhe had ſeene, while they were drying themſelues, and the water (with ſome drops) ſeemed to weepe, that it ſhould part from ſuch bodies. But they carefull of *Zelmane* (aſſuring themſelues that any *Arcadian* would beare reuerence to them) *Pamela* with a noble mind, and *Philoclea* with a louing) haſtily hiding the beauties, whereof Nature was proude, and they aſhamed) they made quick worke to come to ſaue *Zelmane*. But alreadie they found them in talke, and *Zelmane* carefull of his wound. But when they ſaw him they knew it was their coſin germain, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a ſweete-graced bitterneſſe they blamed for breaking their fathers commaundement, eſpecially while themſelues were in ſuch ſort retired. But he craued pardon, proteſting vnto them that he had oney bene to ſeeke ſolitarie places, by an extreme melancholy that had a good

while poſſeſt him, and guided to that place by his ſpaniel, where while the dog hunted in the riuer, he had withdrawne himſelfe to pacifie with ſleepe his ouerwatched eyes: till a dreame waked him, and made him ſee that whereof he had dreamed, and withall not obſcurely ſignified, that he felt the ſmart of his owne doings. But *Philoclea* (that was euen iealous of her ſelfe for *Zelmane*) would needes haue her gloue, and not without ſo mightie a lowre as that face could yeeld. As for *Zelmane* when ſhe knew it was *Amphialus*, Lord *Amphialus* (ſaid ſhe) I haue long deſired to know you, heretofore I muſt confeſſe with more good will, but ſtill with honoring your vertue, though I loue not your perſon: and at this time I pray you let vs take care of your wound, vpon condition you ſhal hereafter promiſe, that a more knightly combat ſhalbe performed between vs. *Amphialus* anſwered in honorable ſort, but with ſuch excuſing himſelfe, that more and more accuſed his loue to *Philoclea*, and prouoked more hate in *Zelmane*. But *Mopſa* had alreadie called certain ſhepheards not far off (who knew & well obſerued their limits) to come and help to carrie away *Amphialus*, whoſe wound ſuffered him not without danger to ſtraine it: and ſo he leauing himſelfe with them, departed from them, faſter bleeding in his hart, then at his wound: which bound vp by the ſheetes, wherewith *Philoclea* had bene wrapped, made him thank the wound, and bleſſe the ſword for that fauour.

He being gone, the Ladies (with mery anger talking, in what naked ſimplicitie their couſin had ſeene them) returned to the lodge-ward: yet thinking it too early (as long as they had any day) to breake off ſo pleaſing a companie, with going to performe a cumberſome obedience, *Zelmane* inuited them to the litle arbour, only reſerued for her, which they willingly did: and there ſitting, *Pamela* hauing a while made the lute in his language, ſhew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* deliuered vp the paper, which *Amphialus* had at firſt yeelded vnto her: and ſeeing written vpon the backſide of it, the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, and deſiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her eſtate, ſhe tooke occaſion in preſenting of it, to aske whether it were any ſecret, or no. No truely (anſwered *Philoclea*) it is but euen an exerciſe of my fathers writing, vpon this occaſion: He was one day ſomewhile before your comming hither) walking abroad, hauing vs two with him, almoſt a mile hence; and croſſing a hie way, which comes from the cittie of *Megalopolis*, he ſaw this Gentleman, whoſe name is there written, one of the propreſt and beſt-graced men that euer I ſawe, being of middle age and of a meane ſtature. Hee lay as then vnder a tree, while his ſeruants were getting freſh poſt-horſes for him. It might ſeeme he was tired with the extreme trauaile he had taken, and yet not ſo tyred, that he forced to take any reſt; ſo haſty he was vpon his iourney: and withall ſo ſorrowfull, that the verie face thereof was painted in his face; which with pitifull motions, euen groanes, teares, and paſſionate talking to himſelf, moued my Father to fal in talke with him: who at firſt not knowing him, anſwered him in ſuch a deſperat phraſe of griefe, that my Father afterward tooke a delight to ſet it down in ſuch forme as you ſee: which if you reade, what you doubt of, my ſiſter and I are able to declare vnto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaues, and red it, being written Dialogue-wiſe in this manner.

Plangus. Baſilius.

Plangus. *Alas how long this pilgrimage doth laſt?*
*What greater ills haue now the heauens in ſtore,*
*To couple comming harmes with ſorrowes paſt?*

*Long*

*Long since my voice is hoarce, and throte is sore,*
*With cries to skies, and curses to the ground,*
*But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.*
*Ah where was first that cruell cunning found,*
*To frame of Earth a vessell of the minde,*
*Where it should be to self-destuction bound?*
*What needed so high sprites such mansions blind?*
*Or wrapt in flesh what do they here obtaine,*
*But glorious name of wretched humaine-kind?*
*Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne;*
*Turnd from themselues, infected with their cage,*
*Where death is feard, and life is held with paine.*
*Like players plaist to fill a filthy stage,*
*Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes,*
*And all but iests, saue onely sorrowes rage,*
*The child feeles that; the man that feeling knowes,*
*With cries first borne, the presage of his life,*
*Where wit but serues, to haue true taste of woes.*
*A Shop of shame, a Booke where blots be rife,*
*This bodie is: this bodie so composed,*
*As in it selfe to norish mortall strife,*
*So diuers be the Elements disposed*
*In this weake worke, that it can neuer be*
*Made vniforme to any state reposed.*
*Griefe only makes his wretched state to see*
*(Euen like a toppe which nought but whipping moues)*
*This man, this talking beast, this walking tree,*
*Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues:*
*For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,*
*Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.*

Basilius. *How long wilt thou with mone full musicke staine*
*The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeeld,*
*Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine?*

Plangus. *Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build*
*Their hopes on haps, and do not make dispaire*
*For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.*
*Shall I that saw* Eronaes *shining haire*
*Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow*
*With losse of purest blood themselues to teare?*
*Shall I that saw those brests, where beauties flow,*
*Swelling with sighes, made pale with mindes disease,*
*And saw those eyes (those Sonnes) such showres to show,*
*Shall I, whose eares her mournfull words did seaze,*
*Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,*
*Relent those thoughts which then did so displease?*
*No, no: Dispaire my dayly lesson saith,*

*And saith, although I seeke my life to flie,*
Plangus *must liue to see* Eronaes *death,*
Plangus *must liue some helpe for her to trie*
*(Though in dispaire) for loue so forceth me*
Plangus *doth liue, and shall* Erona *dye?*
Erona *dye? O heauen (if heauen there be)*
*Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?*
*Serue all thy starrie eyes this shame to see?*
*Let dolts in haste some altars faire erect*
*To those high powers, which idly sit aboue,*
*And vertue do in greatest need neglect.*

Basilius. *O man, take heed, how thou the Gods do moue*
*To cause full wrath, which thou canst not resist.*
*Blasphemous words the speaker vaine do proue.*
*Alas while we are wrapt in foggie mist*
*Of our selfe-loue (so passions do deceaue)*
*VVe thinke they hurt, when most they do assist.*
*To harme vs wormes should that high Iustice leaue*
*His nature? nay, him selfe? for so it is.*
*VVhat glorie from our losse can he receaue?*
*But still our dazeled eyes their way do misse,*
*VVhile that we do at his sweete scourge repine,*
*The kindly way to beat vs on to blisse.*
*If she must dye, then hath she past the line*
*Of lothsom dayes, whose losse how canst thou mone,*
*That doost so well their miseries define?*
*But such we are with inwarde tempest blowne*
*Of windes quite contrarie in waues of will:*
*VVe mone that lost, which had we did bemone.*

Plangus. *And shall she dye? shall cruell fier spill*
*Those beames that set so many harts on fire?*
*Hath she not force euen death with loue to kill?*
*Nay euen cold Death enflame with hot desire*
*Her to enioy where ioy it selfe is thrall,*
*VVill spoyll the earth of his most rich attire.*
*Thus Death becomes a riuall to vs all,*
*And hopes with foule embracements her to get,*
*In whose decay Vertues faire shrine must fall.*
*O Vertue weake, shall death his triumph set*
*Vpon thy spoiles, which neuer should lye wast?*
*Let Death first dye, be thou his worthy let.*
*By what eclipse shall that Sunne be defaste?*
*What mine hath erst thrown down so faire a tower?*
*VVhat sacriledge hath such a saint disgrast?*
*The world the garden is, she is the flower*
*That sweetens all the place, she is the gueſt*

*Of*

*Of rareſt price, both heau'n and earth her bower.*
*And ſhall (ô me) all this in aſhes reſt?*
*Alas, if you a* Phœnix *new will haue*
*Burnt by the Sunne, ſhe firſt muſt buildher neſt.*
*But vvell you know, the gentle Sunne would ſaue*
*Such beames ſo like his owne, which might haue might*
*In him, the thoughts of* Phaëtons *damme to graue.*
*Therefore, alas, you vſe vile* Vulcans *ſpight,*
*VVhich nothing ſpares, to melt that Virgin-waxe,*
*VVhich while it is, it is all* Aſias *light.*
*O* Mars, *for what doth ſerue thy armed axe?*
*To let that wit-old beaſt conſume in flames*
*Thy* Venus *childe, whoſe beautie* Venus *lacks?*
*O* Venus (*if her praiſe no enuy frames,*
*In thy high minde*) *get her thy husbands grace.*
" *Sweete ſpeaking oft a turrish harte reclaimes.*
*O eyes of mine, where once ſhe ſaw her face,*
*Her face which was more liuely in my heart;*
*O braine, where thought of her hath onely place;*
*O hand, which toucht her hand when we did part;*
*O lippes, that kiſt that hand with my teares ſprent;*
*O toung, then dumbe, not daring tell my ſmart;*
*O ſoule whoſe loue in her is onely ſpent,*
*VVhat ere you ſee, think, touch, kiſſe, ſpeake, or loue,*
*Let all for her, and vnto her be bent.*

Baſilius. *Thy wailing words do much my ſpirits moue,*
*They vttred are in ſuch a feeling fashion,*
*That ſorrowes work againſt my will I proue.*
*Me-thinkes I am partaker of thy paſsion,*
*And in thy caſe do glaſſe mine owne debilitie:*
*Selfe-guiltie folke moſt prone to feele compaſsion.*
*Yet Reaſon ſaith, Reaſon ſhould haue abilitie*
*To hold theſe wordly things in ſuch proportion,*
*As let them come or go with euen facilitie.*
*But our Deſires tyrannicall extortion*
*Doth force vs there to ſet our chiefe delightfulnes,*
*VVhere but a baiting place is all our portion.*
*But ſtill, although we faile of perfect rightfulnes,*
*Seeke we to tame theſe childish ſuperfluities:*
*Let vs not winke though void of pureſt ſightfulnes.*
*For what can breed more peeuish incongruities,*
*Than man to yeeld to female lamentations?*
*Let vs ſome Grammar learne of more congruities.*

Plangus. *If through mine eares pierce any conſolation,*
*By wiſe diſcourſe, ſweete tunes, or Poets fiction,*
*If ought I ceaſe theſe hideous exclamations,*

*VVhile that my ſoule, she, ſhe lines in affliction;*
*Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,*
*To wretched me, the laſt worſt malediction.*
*Can I, that knew her ſacred partes, reſtrained be*
*From any ioy? know fortunes vile diſplacing her,*
*In morall rules let raging woes contained be?*
*Can I forget, when they in priſon placing her,*
*VVith ſwelling heart in ſpite and due diſdainfulneſſe*
*She lay for dead, till I helpt with vnlacing her?*
*Can I forget from how much mourning painfulneſſe*
*VVith Diamond in window-glaſſe she graued,*
Erona *dye, and end this ongly painfulneſſe?*
*Can I forget in how ſtrange phraſe she craued*
*That quickly they would her burne, drowne, or ſmother,*
*As if by death she onely might be ſaued?*
*Then let me eke forget owe hand from other:*
*Let me froget that* Plangus *I am called:*
*Let me forget I am ſonne to my mother,*
*But if my memory muſt thus be thralled*
*To that ſtrange ſtroke which conquer'd all my ſenſes,*
*Can thoughts ſtill thinking, ſo reſt vnappalled?*

Baſilius. *VVho ſtill doth ſeeke againſt him ſelfe offences,*
*VVhat pardon can auaile? or who imployes him*
*To hurt himſelfe, what ſhields can be defences?*
*VVoe to poore man: ech outward thing annoyes him*
*In diuers kinds; yet as he were not filled,*
*He heapes in outward griefe, that moſt deſtroyes him.*
*Thus is our thought with paine for thiſtles tilled:*
*Thus be our nobleſt parts dryed vp with ſorrow:*
*Thus is our minde with too much minding ſpilled.*
*One day layes vp ſtuffe of griefe for the morrow:*
*And vvhoſe good haps do leaue him vnprouided,*
*Condoling cauſe of friendſhip he will borrow,*
*Betwixt the good and shade of good diuided,*
*VVe pittie deeme that which but vveakenes is:*
*So are we from our high creation ſlided.*
*But* Plangus *leſt I may your ſickneſſe miſſe*
*Or rubbing, hurt the ſore, I here do end.*
*The aſſe did hurt when he did thinke to kiſſe.*

When *Zelmane* had read it ouer, maruelling verie much of the ſpeech of *Eronas* death, and therefore deſirous to know further of it, but more deſirous to heare *Philoclea* ſpeake, Moſt excellent Ladie (ſaid ſhe) one may be little the wiſer for reading this Dialogue, ſince it neither ſets foorth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cauſe ſhould be which threatens her with death, & him with ſorow: therefore I would humbly craue to vnderſtand the particular diſcourſe therof: becauſe (I muſt confeſſe) ſomething in my trauaile I haue hard of this ſtrange matter,

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which I would be glad to find by ſo ſweet an authoritie confirmed. The truth is (anſwered *Philoclea*) that after he knew my father to be Prince of this country, while he hoped to preuaile ſomething with him in a great requeſt he made vnto him, he was content to open fullie the eſtate both of himſelfe, and of that Lady; which with my ſiſters help (ſaid ſhe) who remembers it better then I, I will declare vnto you: & firſt of *Erona* (being the chiefe ſubiect of this diſcourſe) this ſtorie (with more tears and exclamations then I liſt to ſpend about it) he recounted.

Of late there raigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the bleſſing of his mariage, this onely daughter of his, *Erona*; a Princeſſe worthie for her beautie, as much praiſe, as beautie may be praiſe-worthie. This Princeſſe *Erona*, being 19 yeares of age, ſeeing the countrie of *Lydia* ſo much deuoted to *Cupid*, as that in euerie place his naked pictures and images were ſuperſticiouſlie adored (either moued thereunto by the eſteeming that could be no Godhead, which could breed wickednes, or the ſhamefaſt conſideration of ſuch nakednes) procured ſo much of her father, as vtterlie to pull downe, and deface all thoſe ſtatues and pictures. Which how terribly he puniſhed (for to that the Lydians impute it) quickly after appeared.

For ſhe had not liued a yeare longer, when ſhe was ſtricken with moſt obſtinate Loue, to a young man but of meane parentage, in her fathers court, named *Antiphilus*: ſo meane, as that he was but the ſonne of her Nurſe, and by that means (without other deſert) became knowne of her. Now ſo euill could ſhe conceale her fire, and ſo wilfullie perſeuered ſhe in it, that her father offering her the mariage of the great *Tiridates* king of Armenia (who deſired her more then the ioyes of heauen) ſhe for *Antiphilus* ſake refuſed it. Many wayes her father ſought to withdraw her from it; ſometimes perſwaſions, ſomtimes threatnings; once hiding *Antiphilus*, and giuing her to vnderſtand that he was fled the countrie: laſtly, making a ſolemne execution to be done of another, vnder the name of *Antiphilus*, whō he kept in priſon. But neither ſhe liked perſwaſions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for abſence: & when ſhe thought him dead, ſhe ſought all means (as well by poyſon as knife) to ſend her ſoule, at leaſt, to be maried in the eternall Church with him. This ſo brake the tender fathers heart, that (leauing things as he found them) he ſhortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona* (being ſeized of the crowne, and arming her will with authoritie) ſought to aduance her affection to the holie title of matrimonie.

But before ſhe could accompliſh all the ſolemnities, ſhe was ouertaken with a warre the king *Tiridates* made vpō her, only for her perſon; towards whom (for her ruine) Loue had kindled his cruell heart, indeed cruell and tyrannous: for (being far too ſtrong in the field) he ſpared not man, woman, and child, but (as though there could be found no foile to ſet forth the extremitie of his loue, but extremitie of hatred) wrote, as it were, the ſonets of his Loue in the bloud, and tuned them in the cries of her ſubiects; although his faire ſiſter *Artaxia* (who would accompanie him in the armie) ſought all means to appeaſe his furie: till laſtlie, he beſieged *Erona* in her beſt citie, vowing to win her, or loſe his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a wofull conſent, or a ruinous deniall, when there came thither (following the courſe which Vertue and Fortune led them) two excellent young Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, the one Prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Theſſalia*: two Princes, as *Plangus* ſaid (and he witneſſed his ſaying with ſighes and teares) the moſt accompliſhed both in bodie and mind, that the Sun euer look'd vpon. While *Philoclea* ſpake thoſe words; ô ſweet words (thought *Zelmane* to her ſelfe) which are not only a praiſe to me, but a praiſe to praiſe it ſelfe, which out of that mouth iſſueth.

Theſe two Princes (ſaid *Philoclea*) aſwell to help the weaker (eſpeciallie being a Ladie) as to ſaue a Greeke people from being ruined by ſuch, whom we call and count barbarous, gathering together ſuch of the honeſteſt Lycians, as would venture their liues to ſuccour their Princeſſe: giuing order by a ſecret meſſage they ſent into the citie, that they ſhold iſſue with all force at an appointed time; they ſet vpon *Tiridates* campe, with ſo well guided a fierceneſſe, that being of both ſides aſſaulted, he was like to be ouerthrowne: but that this *Plangus* (being Generall of *Tiridates* horſmen) eſpecially ayded by the two mightie men *Euardes* and *Barzanes*, reſcued the footmen, euen almoſt defeated: but yet could not barre the Princes (with their ſuccours both of men and victuall) to enter the citie.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the warre long, (which length ſeemed to him worſe then a languiſhing conſumption) he made a challenge of three Princes in his retinue, againſt thoſe two Princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrell ſhould be decided, with compact, that neither ſide ſhould help his fellow: but of whoſe ſide the more ouercame, with him the victorie ſhould remaine. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* choſe rather to bide the brunt of warre, then venture him, yet) could not for ſhame refuſe the offer, eſpecially ſince the two ſtrangers that had no intereſt in it, did willingly accept it: beſides that, he ſaw it like enough, that the people (wearie of the miſeries of war) would rather giue him vp, if they ſaw him ſhrink, then for his ſake venture their ruine: conſidering that the challengers were farre of greater worthineſſe then himſelfe. So it was agreed vpon; and againſt *Pyrocles* was *Euardes* king of Bithinia; *Barzanes* of Hircania againſt *Muſidorus*, two men, that thought the world ſcarce able to reſiſt them: and againſt *Antiphilus* he placed this ſame *Plangus*, being his owne couſin germane, and ſonne to the king of *Iberia*. Now ſo it fell out, that *Muſidorus* ſlew *Barzanes*, and *Pyrocles Euardes*; which victory thoſe Princes eſteemed aboue all that euer they had: but of the other ſide *Plangus* tooke *Antiphilus* priſoner: vnder which colour (as if the matter had bene equall, though indeed it was not, the greater part being ouercome of his ſide) *Tiridates* continued his warre: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yeelding, ſent her word that he would the third morow after, before the walles of the town ſtrike off *Antiphilus* head without his ſuite in that ſpace were granted; adding withall (becauſe he had heard of her deſperate affectiō) that if in the meane time ſhe did her ſelfe any hurt, what tortures could be deuiſed ſhould be laid vpon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo if *Cupid* be a God, or that the tyrannie of our owne thoughts ſeeme as a God vntovs: but whatſoeuer it was, then it did ſet forth the miſerableneſſe of his effects: ſhe being drawne to two contraries by one cauſe: for the loue of him commaunded her to yeeld to no other: the loue of him commaunded her to preſerue his life: which knot might well be cut, but vntied it could not be. So that loue in her paſſions (like a right make-bate) whiſpered to both ſides arguments of quarrell. What (ſaid he of the one ſide) doeſt thou loue *Antiphilus*, ô *Erona*? and ſhall *Tiridates* enioy thy bodie? With what eyes wilt thou looke vpon *Antiphilus*, when he ſhall know that another poſſeſſeth thee? But if thou wilt do it, canſt thou do it? canſt thou force thy heart? Thinke with thy ſelfe, if this man haue thee, thou ſhalt neuer haue more part of *Antiphilus* then if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection ſhall be ſtill gnawing, and the remorſe ſtill preſent. Death perhaps wil coole the rage of thy affection: where thus, thou ſhalt euer loue, and euer lacke. Thinke this beſide, if thou marie *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is ſo excellēt a man, that long he cannot be from being in ſome high place maried; canſt thou ſuffer that too? If

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another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuſe thy body, thou dooſt him the wrong. His death is a worke of nature, and either now, or at another time he ſhal die. But it ſhalbe thy worke, thy ſhamefull worke, which is in thy power to ſhun, to make him liue to ſee thy faith falſified, and his bed defiled. But when Loue had well kindled that party of her thoughts, then went he to the other ſide. What (ſayd he) O *Erona*, and is thy Loue of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou doſt now make it a queſtion, whether he ſhall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much loue, will ſee his head off. Marke well the reaſons of the other ſide, and thou ſhalt ſee, it is but loue of thy ſelfe which ſo diſputeth. Thou canſt not abide *Tiridates*: this is but loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt bee aſhamed to looke vpon him afterwards; this is but feare of ſhame, and loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt want him as much then; this is but loue of thy ſelfe: he ſhalbe married; if he be well, why ſhould that grieue thee, but for loue of thy ſelfe? No, no, pronounce theſe words if thou canſt, let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each ſide ſtood before her vnderſtanding; one time ſhee thought ſhe ſaw *Antiphilus* dying: another time ſhe thought *Antiphilus* ſaw her by *Tiridates* enioyed: twenty times calling for a ſeruant to carry meſſage of yeelding, but before he came the mind was altered. She bluſht when ſhe conſidered the effect of granting; ſhe was pale, when ſhee remembred the fruits of denying. For weeping, ſighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her haire, were indifferent of both ſides. Eaſily ſhe would haue agreed to haue broken all diſputations with her owne death, but that the feare of *Antiphilus* furder torments ſtaied her. At length, euen the euening before the day appointed of his death, the determination of yeelding preuailed, eſpecially, growing vpon a meſſage of *Antiphilus*; who with all the coniuring termes he could deuiſe, beſought her to ſaue his life, vpon any conditiõs. But ſhe had no ſooner ſent her meſſenger to *Tiridates*, but her mind changed, & ſhe went to the two yong Princes, *Pyrocles* & *Muſidorus*, & falling downe at their feete, deſired them to try ſome way for her deliuerance; ſhewing her ſelfe reſolued, not to ouer-liue *Antiphilus*, nor yet to yeeld to *Tiridates*.

They that knew not what ſhe had done in priuate, prepared that night accordingly: & as ſometimes it fals out, that what is inconſtancy, ſeemes cunning; ſo did this change indeed ſtand in as good ſteed as a witty diſſimulatiõ. For it made the K. as reckles, as them diligent: ſo that in the dead time of the night, the Princes iſſued out of the towne; with whom ſhe would needes go, either to die her ſelfe, or reskew *Antiphilus*, hauing no armor, nor weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what deuiſe (though *Plangus* at large deſcribed it) the concluſion was, the wonderfull valour of the two Princes ſo preuailed, that *Antiphilus* was ſuccoured, & the king ſlaine. *Plangus* was then the chiefe man left in the campe; and therefore ſeeing no other remedy, conueied in ſafety into her coũtry *Artaxia*, now Queene of *Armenia*; who with true lamentations, made knowne to the world, that her new greatneſſe did no way comfort her in reſpect of her brothers loſſe, whom ſhe ſtudied al meanes poſſible to reuenge vpon euery one of the occaſioners, hauing (as ſhe thought) ouerthrowne her brother by a moſt abhominable treaſon. In ſomuch, that being at home, ſhe proclaimed great rewards to any priuate man, and her ſelfe in mariage to any Prince, that would deſtroy *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and (though againſt the conſent of all her nobility) married to *Erona*; in which caſe the two Greeke Princes (being called away by another aduenture) left them.

But now me thinkes as I haue read ſome Poets, who when they intend to tell

ſome horrible matter, they bid men ſhun the hearing of it; ſo if I do not deſire you to ſtop your eares from me, yet may I wel deſire a breathing time, before I am to tel the execrable treaſon of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this miſerie; and withall wiſh you all, that from all mankind indeed you ſtop your eares. O moſt happy were we, if we did ſet our loues one vpon another. (And as ſhe ſpake that word, her cheeks in red letters writ more then her tongue did ſpeake.) And therefore ſince I haue named *Plangus*, I pray you ſiſter (ſaid ſhe) helpe me with the reſt, for I haue held the ſtage long enough; and if it pleaſe you to make his fortune knowne, as I haue done *Eronas*, I will after take heart againe to go on with his falſhood; and ſo betweene vs both, my Lady *Zelmane* ſhall vnderſtand both the cauſe and parties of this Lamentation. Nay, I beſhrow me thē (ſaid *Miſo*) I will none of that, I promiſe you, as long as I haue the gouernement, I will firſt haue my tale, and then my Lady *Pamela*, my Lady *Zelmane*, and my daughter *Mopſa* (for *Mopſa* was then returned frō *Amphialus*) may draw cuts, and the ſhorteſt cut ſpeake firſt. For I tell you, and this may be ſuffered, when you are maried, you will haue firſt and laſt word of your huſbands. The Ladies laughed to ſee with what an eager earneſtnes ſhe looked, hauing threatning not only in her ferret eyes, but while ſhe ſpake, her noſe ſeeming to threaten her chin, and her ſhaking limbs one to threaten another. But there was no remedie, they muſt obey: & *Miſo* ſitting on the ground with her knees vp, and her hands vpō her knees) tuning her voice with manie a quauering cough, thus diſcourſed vnto thē. I tell you true (ſaid ſhe) whatſoeuer you think of me, you wil one day be as I am; and I, ſimple though I ſit here, thought once my penie as good ſiluer, as ſome of you do: and if my father had not plaid the haſtie foole (it is no lie I tell you) I might haue had another-gaines husband then *Dametas*. But let that paſſe, God amend him: and yet I ſpeake it not without good cauſe. You are full in your tittle tatlings of *Cupid*: here is *Cupid*, and there is *Cupid*. I will tell you now what a good olde woman told me, what an olde wiſe man told her, what a great learned clearke told him, and gaue it him in writing; and here I haue it in my prayer booke. I pray you (ſaid *Philoclea*) let vs ſee it & read it. No haſt but good (ſaid *Miſo*) you ſhal firſt know how I came by it. I was a young girle of a ſeuen and twenty yeare old, & I could not go through the ſtreet of our village, but I might heare the young men talke: O the pretie litle eyes of *Miſo*: ô the fine thin lips of *Miſo*: ô the goodly fat hands of *Miſo*; beſides, how well a certaine wrying I had of my necke became me. Then the one would winke with one eye, and the other caſt dayſies at me: I muſt confeſſe ſeeing ſo many amorous, it made me ſet vp my peacockes taile with the higheſt. Which when this good old woman perceiued (ô the good wold woman, well may the bones reſt of the good wold woman) ſhe cald me to her into her houſe. I remember full well it ſtood in the lane as you go to the Barbers ſhop, all the towne knew her, there was a great loſſe of her: ſhe called me to her, and taking firſt a ſop of wine to comfort her heart (it was of the ſame wine that comes out of *Candia*, which we pay ſo deare for now a dayes, and in that good world was verie good cheape) ſhe cald me to her; Minion ſaid ſhe (indeed I was a prety one in thoſe dayes, though I ſay it) I ſee a number of lads that loue you: Well (ſaid ſhe) I ſay no more: do you know what Loue is; With that ſhe brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foule fiend I trow: for he had a paire of hornes like a Bull, his feet clouen, as manie eyes vpon his bodie, as my gray mare hath dappels, and for all the world ſo placed. This monſter ſate like a hangman vpon a paire of gallowes, in his right hand he was painted holding a crown of Laurel, in his left hand a purſe of money, & out of his mouth

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hung a lace of two faire pictures, of a man and a woman, and ſuch a countenance he ſhewed, as if he would perſwade folkes by thoſe alurements to come thither and be hanged. I, like a tender hearted wench skriked out for feare of the diuell. Well (ſaid ſhe) this ſame is euen Loue: therfore do what thou liſt with all thoſe fellowes, one after another; & it reckes not much what they do to thee, ſo it be in ſecret; but vpon my charge, neuer loue none of them. Why mother (ſaid I) could ſuch a thing come frō the bellie of the faire *Venus*? for a few dayes before, our Prieſt (betweene him and me) had told me the whole ſtorie of *Venus*. Tuſh (ſaid ſhe) they are all deceiued: and therewith gaue me this booke, which ſhe ſaid, a great maker of ballads had giuē to an old Painter, who for a litle pleaſure, had beſtowed both booke and picture of her. Reade there (ſaid ſhe) and thou ſhalt ſee that his mother was a cow, & the falſe *Argus* his father. And ſo ſhe gaue me this booke, and there now you may reade it. With that the remembrance of the good olde woman, made her make ſuch a face to weepe, as if it were not ſorow, it was the carkaſſe of ſorow that appeared there. But while her teares came out, like raine falling vpon durtie furrowes, the latter end of her prayer booke was read among theſe Ladies, which contained this.

*POore Painters oft vvith ſillie Poets ioyne,*
*To fill the world vvith ſtraunge but vaine conceits:*
*One brings the ſtuffe, the other ſtamps the coine,*
*Which breeds nought elſe but gloſes of deceits.*
*Thus Painters* Cupid *paint, thus Poets do*
*A naked God, blind, young vvith arrowes two.*
*Is he a God, that euer flies the light?*
*Or naked he, diſguis'd in all vntruth?*
*If he be blind, how hitteth he ſo right?*
*How is he young, that tam'd old* Phœbus *youth?*
*But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?*
*Some hurt, accuſe a third with hornie head.*
*No, nothing ſo; an old falſe knaue he is,*
*By* Argus *got on* Io, *then a Cow:*
*What time for her* Iuno *her* Ioue *did miſſe,*
*And charge of her to* Argus *did allow.*
Mercurie *kill'd his falſe ſire for this act,*
*His damme a beaſt vvas pardon'd beaſtlie fact.*
*With fathers death, and mothers guiltie ſhame,*
*With* Ioues *diſdaine at ſuch a riuals ſeed:*
*The vvretch compeld, a runnagate became,*
*And learn'd vvhat ill a miſer ſtate doth breed:*
*To lie, to ſteale, to prie, and to accuſe,*
*Naught in himſelfe each other to abuſe.*
*Yet beares he ſtill his parents ſtately gifts,*
*A horned head, clouen feet, and thouſand eyes,*
*Some gazing ſtill, ſome winking wilie ſhifts,*
*With long large eares, where neuer rumour dies.*
*His horned head doth ſeeme the heauen to ſpight,*
*His clouen foot doth neuer tread aright.*
*Thus halfe a man, with man he dayly haunts,*

*Cloth'd in the shape which ſooneſt may deceiue:*
*Thus halfe a beaſt, ech beaſtly vice he plants,*
*In thoſe weake hearts that his aduice receiue.*
*He proules each place ſtill in new colours deckt,*
*Sucking ones ill, another to infect.*
*To narrow breaſts he comes all wrapt in gaine:*
*To ſwelling harts he shines in honours fire:*
*To open eyes all beauties he doth raine;*
*Creeping to each with flattering of deſire,*
*But for that Loue is worſt which rules the eyes,*
*Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lyes.*
*Millions of yeares this old driuell* Cupid *liues;*
*VVhile ſtill more wreath, more wicked he doth proue:*
*Till now at length that* Ioue *him office giues,*
(*At* Iunos *ſuite, vvho much did* Argus *loue*)
*In this our vvorld a hang-man for to be,*
*Of all thoſe fooles, that vvill haue all they ſee.*

The Ladies made ſport at the deſcription and ſtorie of *Cupid*. But *Zelmane* could ſcarce ſuffer thoſe blaſphemies (as ſhe took them) to be read, but humbly beſought *Pamela* ſhe wold performe her ſiſters requeſt of the other part of the ſtorie. Noble Lady (anſwered ſhe, beautifying her face with a ſweet ſmiling, and the ſweetneſſe of her ſmiling with the beauty of her face) ſince I am borne a Princes daughter, let me not giue example of diſobedience. My gouerneſſe will haue vs draw cuts, and therfore I pray you let vs do ſo: and ſo perhaps it will light vpon you to entertaine this companie with ſome ſtorie of your owne; and it is reaſon our eares ſhould be willinger to heare, as your tongue is abler to deliuer. I will thinke (anſwered *Zelmane*) excellent Princeſſe, my tongue of ſome value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to fauour me. But *Pamela* pleaſantlie perſiſting to haue Fortune their iudge, they ſet hands, & *Mopſa* (though at the firſt for ſqueamiſhneſſe going vp & downe, with her head like a bote in a ſtorme) put to her golden gols among them, and blind Fortune (that ſaw not the colour of them) gaue her the preheminence: and ſo being her time to ſpeake (wiping her mouth, as there was good cauſe) ſhe thus tumbled into her matter. In time paſt (ſaid ſhe) there was a king, the mightieſt man in all his countrie, that had by his wife, the faireſt daughter that did euer eat pap. Now this king did keepe a great houſe, that euerie body might come and take their meat freely. So one day, as his daughter was ſitting in her window, playing vpon a harpe, as ſweete as anie Roſe; and combing her head with a combe all of precious ſtones, there came in a Knight into the Court, vpon a goodly horſe, one haire of gold, and the other of ſiluer; *and ſo* the knight caſting vp his eyes to the window, did fall into ſuch loue with her, that hee grew not worth the bread he eate; till many a ſorie day going ouer his head, with Dayly Diligence and Grieſlie Grones, he wan her affection, ſo that they agreed to run away together. *And ſo in May vvhen all true harts reioyce*, they ſtale out of the Caſtell, without ſtaying ſo much as for their breakfaſt. Now forſooth, as they went togither, oftē all to kiſſing one another, the Knight told her, he was brought vp among the water-Nymphs, who had ſo bewitched him, that if he were euer askt his name, he muſt preſently vaniſh away: and therfore charged her vpon his bleſſing, that ſhe neuer aske him what he was, nor whither he would.

*And*

*And so* a great while she kept his commandement; till once, passing through a cruell wildernesse, as darke as pitch; her mouth so watred, that she could not chuse but aske him the question. And then, he making the grieuousest complaints that would haue melted a tree to haue heard them, vanisht quite away: and she lay downe, casting forth as pitifull cries as any shrich-owle. But hauing laien so (wet by the raine, & burnt by the Sun) fiue dayes, and fiue nights, shee gat vp and went ouer many a high hill, and many a deepe riuer; till she came to an Aunts house of hers; and came, and cried to her for helpe: and she for pitty gaue her a Nut, and bad her neuer open her Nut, till she was come to the extreamest misery that euer tongue could speake of. *And so* she went, and she went, & neuer rested the euening, where she went in the morning; till she came to a second Aunt; and she gaue her another Nut.

Now good *Mopsa* (said the sweete *Philoclea*) I pray thee at my request keepe this tale, till my marriage day, and I promise thee that the best gowne I weare that day shalbe thine. *Mopsa* was very glad of the bargaine, especially that it should grow a festiuall Tale: so that *Zelmane*, who desired to find the vttermost what these Ladies vnderstood touching her selfe, and hauing vnderstood the danger of *Erona* (of which before she had neuer heard) purposing with her self (as soone as this pursuit she now was in, was brought to any effect) to succour her, intreated againe, that shee might know as well the story of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her sisters perfecter remembrance, who with so sweet a voice, & so winning a grace, as in themselues were of most forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this maner to their earnest request soone condiscended.

The father of this Prince *Plangus* as yet liues, and his king of *Iberia*: a man (if the iudgement of *Plangus* may be accepted) of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing euill, without himself mistake the euil, seeing it disguised vnder some forme of goodnesse. This Prince, being married at the first to a Princesse (who both from her aunce sters, and in her selfe was worthy of him) by her had this son *Plangus*. Not long after whose birth, the Queene (as though she had performed the message for which she was sent into the world) returned againe vnto her maker. The king (sealing vp all thoughts of loue vnder the image of her memory) remained a widdower many yeres after; recompencing the griefe of that disioyning from her, in conioyning in himselfe both a fatherly and a motherly care toward her only child *Plangus*. Who being growne to mans age, as our owne eyes may iudge, could not but fertilly requite his fathers fatherly education.

This Prince (while yet the errors in his nature were excused by the greenenesse of his youth, which tooke all the fault vpon it selfe) loued a priuate mans wife of the principall City of that kingdome, if that may bee called loue, which he rather did take into himselfe willingly, then by which he was taken forcibly. It sufficeth, that the yong mā perswaded himself he loued her: she being a womā beautifull enough if it be possible, that the only outside can iustly entitle a beauty. But finding such a chase as only fled to bee caught, the young Prince brought his affection with her to that point, which ought to engraue remorse in her hart, & to paint shame vpon her face. And so possest he his desire without any interruption; he constantly fauouring her, and she thinking, that the enameling of a Princes name, might hide the spots of a broken wedlocke. But as I haue seene one that was sicke of a sleeping disease, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: so out of his sinfull sleepe his mind (vnworthy so to be lost (was not to bee cald to it selfe, but by a sharpe accident. It fell out, that his many-times leauing of the court (in vndue times) began to

be noted; and (as Princes eares be manifold) from one to another came vnto the king; who (carefull of his onlie ſonne) ſought, and found by his ſpies (the neceſſarie euill ſeruants to a king) what it was, whereby he was from his better delights ſo diuerted. Wherupon, the king (to giue his fault the greater blow) vſed ſuch means by diſguiſing himſelfe, that he found thē (her husband being abſent) in her houſe together: which he did, to make him the more feelingly aſhamed of it. And that way he tooke, laying threatnings vpon her, and vpon him reproches. But the poore young Prince (deceiued with that young opinion, that if it be euer lawfull to lie, it is for ones Louer,) employed all his wit to bring his father to a better opinion. And becauſe he might bend him from that (as he counted it) crooked conceit of her, he wreſted him, as much as he could poſſiblie, to the other ſide: not ſticking with prodigall proteſtations to ſet forth her chaſtitie; not denying his owne attempt, but thereby the more extolling her vertue. His Sophiſtrie preuailed, his father beleeued, and ſo beleeued, that ere long (though he were already ſtept into the winter of his age) he found himſelfe warme in thoſe deſires, which were in his ſonne far more excuſable. To be ſhort, he gaue himſelfe ouer vnto it; and (becauſe he would auoid the odious compariſon of a young riuall) ſent away his ſonne with an armie, to the ſubduing of a Prouince lately rebelled againſt him, which he knew could not be a leſſe worke then of three or foure yeares. Wherein he behaued him ſo worthilie, as euen to his countrie the fame thereof came, long before his owne comming: while yet his father had a ſpeedier ſucceſſe, but in a farre vnnobler conqueſt. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man (growing only in age and affection) followed his ſuit with all means of vnhoneſt ſeruants, large promiſes, and each thing elſe that might helpe to counteruaile his owne vnlouelineſſe.

And ſhe (whoſe husband about that time died) forgetting the abſent *Plangus*, or at leaſt not hoping of him to obtaine ſo aſpiring a purpoſe, left no arte vnuſed, which might keepe the line from breaking, whereat the fiſh was already taken, not drawing him violently, but letting him play himſelfe vpon the hooke, which he had ſo greedily ſwallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a dolefull countenance, yet neither fogetting handſomneſſe in her mourning garments, nor ſweetneſſe in her dolefull countenance; her words were euer ſeaſoned with ſighes, and any fauour ſhe ſhewed, bathed in teares, that affection might ſee cauſe of pitie, and pitie might perſwade cauſe of affection. And being growne skilfull in his humours, ſhe was no leſſe skilfull in applying his humours: neuer ſuffering his feare to fall to a diſpaire, nor his hope to haſten to an aſſurance: ſhe was content he ſhould thinke that ſhe loued him; & a certaine ſtolne looke ſhould ſometimes (as though it were againſt her will) bewray it: But if thereupon he grew bold, he ſtraight was encountred with a maske of vertue. And that which ſeemeth moſt impoſſible vnto me (for as neare as I can repeat it as *Plangus* told it) ſhe could not onlie ſigh when ſhe would, as all can do, & weepe when ſhe would, as (they ſay) ſome can do; but being moſt impudent in her heart) ſhe could, when ſhe wold, teach her cheeks bluſhing, and make ſhamefaſtneſſe the cloke of ſhameleſneſſe. In ſum, to leaue out many particularities which he recited, ſhe did not only vſe ſo the ſpurre, that his deſire ran on; but ſo the bit, that it ran on euen in ſuch a careere as ſhe would haue it; that within a while the king, ſeeing with no other eies but ſuch as ſhe gaue him, & thinking on no other thoughts, but ſuch as ſhe taught him; hauing at firſt liberal meaſure of fauors, thē ſhortened of thē, whē moſt his deſire was inflam'd; he ſaw no other way but mariage to ſatisfie his longing, & her mind (as he thought) louing, but chaſtly louing: ſo

that

that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he found his father, not only maried, but already a father of a ſonne and a daughter by this woman. Which though *Plangus* (as he had euery way iuſt cauſe) was grieued at; yet did his griefe neuer bring foorth either contemning of her, or repining at his father. But ſhe (who beſides ſhe was growne a mother, and a ſtepmother, did reade in his eyes her owne fault, and made his conſcience her guiltines) thought ſtill that his preſence caried her condemnation: ſo much the more, as that ſhe (vnchaſtly attempting his wonted fancies found (for the reuerence of his fathers bed) a bitter refuſall: which breeding rather ſpite then ſhame in her, or if it were a ſhame, a ſhame not of the fault, but of the repulſe, ſhe did not only (as hating him) thirſt for a reuenge, but (as fearing harme from him) endeuored to do harme vnto him. Therefore did ſhe trie the vttermoſt of her wicked wit, how to ouerthrow him in the foundation of his ſtrength, which was, in the fauour of his father: which becauſe ſhe ſaw ſtrong both in nature and deſert, it required the more cunning how to vndermine it. And therefore (ſhunning the ordinary trade of hireling ſycophants) ſhe made her praiſes of him, to be accuſations; & her aduancing him, to be his ruine. For firſt with words (neerer admiration then liking) ſhe would extoll his excellencies, the goodlineſſe of his ſhape, the power of his wit, the valiantneſſe of his courage, the fortunateneſſe of his ſucceſſes: ſo as the father might find in her a ſingular loue towards him: nay, ſhe ſhunned not to kindle ſome few ſparkes of iealouſie in him. Thus hauing gotten an opinion in his father, that ſhee was farre from meaning miſchiefe to the ſonne, then fell ſhe to praiſe him with no leſſe vehemency of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then ſhe ſets foorth the liberty of his mind, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitneſſe in him to beare rule, the ſingular loue the ſubiects bare him; thas it was doubtfull, whether his wit were greater in winning their fauours, or his courage in imploying their fauours: that he was not borne to liue a ſubiect-life, each action of his bearing in it Maieſty, ſuch a kingly entertainement, ſuch a kingly magnificence, ſuch a kingly heart for enterpriſes: eſpecially remembring thoſe vertues, which in a ſucceſſor are no more honoured by the ſubiects, then ſuſpected of the Princes. Then would ſhe by putting off obiections, bring in obiections to her husbands head, already infected with ſuſpition. Nay (would ſhe ſay) I dare take it vpon my death, that he is no ſuch ſonne, as many of like might haue bin, who loued greatneſſe ſo well, as to build their greatneſſe vpon their fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition, like Loue, can abide no lingring, and euer vrgeth on his owne ſucceſſes; hating nothing, but what may ſtop them. But the Gods forbid, we ſhould euer once dreame of any ſuch thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you and the world ſhold know, what he cã do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his praiſe, that he will not hurt. Then euer remembring to ſtrengthen the ſuſpition of his eſtate with priuate iealouſie of her loue, doing him exceſſiue honor when he was in preſence, & repeating his prety ſpeeches & graces in his abſence; beſides, cauſing him to be imployed in all ſuch dangerous matters, as either he ſhould periſh in them, or if he preuailed, they ſhould increaſe his glorie: which ſhe made a weapon to wound him, vntill ſhe found that ſuſpition began already to ſpeake for it ſelfe, and that her husbands eares were growne hungry of rumours, and his eyes prying into euery accident.

Then tooke ſhe help to her of a ſeruant neare about her husband, whõ ſhe knew to be of a haſty ambition, and ſuch a one, who wanting true ſufficiencie to raiſe him, would make a ladder of any miſchiefe. Him ſhe vſeth to deale more plainely

in alleaging cauſes of iealouſie, making him know the fitteſt times when her huſband already was ſtirred that way. And ſo they two, with diuerſe waies, nouriſhed one humour, like Muſitians, that ſinging diuerſe parts, make one muſicke. He ſometime with fearefull countenance would deſire the king to looke to himſelfe; for that all the court and city were full of whiſperings, and expectation of ſome ſudden change, vpon what ground himſelfe knew not. Another time he would counſell the K. to make much of his ſon, and hold his fauour, for that it was too late now to keep him vnder. Now ſeeming to feare himſelfe, becauſe (he ſayd) *Plangus* loued none of them that were great about his father. Laſtly, breaking with him directly (making a ſorrowfull countenance, & an humble geſture beare falſe witneſſe for his true meaning) that he found, not only ſouldiery, but people weary of his gouernment, and all their affection bent vpon *Plangus*. Both he and the Queene concurring in ſtrange dreames, and each thing elſe, that in a mind (already perplexed) might breede aſtoniſhment: ſo that within a while, all *Plangus* actions began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpition.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not auoid, euē contraries being driuē to draw one yoke of argument: if he were magnificent, he ſpent much with an aſpiring intent: if he ſpared, he heaped much with an aſpiring intent: if he ſpake curteouſly, he angled the peoples harts: if he were ſilent, he muſed vpon ſome daungerous plot. In ſum, if he could haue turned himſelfe to as many formes as *Proteus*, euery forme ſhould haue bin made hideous.

But ſo it fell out, that a meere trifle gaue them occaſion of further proceeding. The king one morning, going to a vineyard that lay along the hill whereupon his caſtle ſtood, he ſaw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, tooke a branch of the ſame bough for want of another thing and tied it about the place broken. The King asking the fellow what he did, Marry (ſaid he) I make the ſonne bind the father. This word (finding the king already ſuperſticious through ſuſpition) amazed him ſtreight, as a preſage of his owne fortune: ſo that, returning, and breaking with his wife how much he miſdoubted his eſtate, ſhe made ſuch gaine-ſaying aunſwers as while they ſtraue, ſtraue to be ouercome. But euen while the doubts moſt boiled, ſhe thus nouriſhed them.

She vnder-hand dealt with the principall men of that country, that at the great Parliament (which was then to be held) they ſhould in the name of all the eſtates perſwade the king (being now ſtept deeply into old age) to make *Plangus*, his aſſociate in gouernment with him: aſſuring them, that not onely ſhe would ioyne with them, but that the father himſelfe would take it kindly; charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withall; for that perhaps it might be harmefull vnto him, if the king ſhould find, that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not only willingly, becauſe they loued him, and truly, becauſe ſuch indeede was the mind of the people, but ſafely, becauſe ſhe who ruled the king was agreed thereto) accompliſhed her counſell: ſhe indeed keeping promiſe of vehement perſwading the ſame: which the more ſhe and they did, the more ſhe knew her husband wold feare, and hate the cauſe of his feare. *Plangus* found this, and humbly proteſted againſt ſuch deſire, or will to accept. But the more he proteſted, the more his father thought he diſſembled, accounting his integrity to be but a cunning face of falſhood: & therefore delaying the deſire of his ſubiects, attended ſome fit occaſion to lay hands vpon his ſon: which his wife brought thus to paſſe.

She cauſed that ſame miniſter of hers to go vnto *Plangus*, and (enabling his words

with

with great ſhew of faith, and endearing them with deſire of ſecrecie) to tell him, that he found his ruine conſpired by his ſtepmother, with certaine of the noble men of that countrey, the king himſelfe giuing his conſent, and that few dayes ſhould paſſe before the putting it in practiſe: withall diſcouering the very truth indeede, with what cunning his ſtepmother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his owne opinion, made him giue him the better credit: yet not ſo far, as to flie out of his countrey (according to the naughty fellowes perſwaſion) but to attend, and to ſee further. Whereupon the fellow (by the direction of his miſtreſſe) told him one day, that the ſame night about one of the clocke, the king had appointed to haue his wife, and thoſe noble men together, to deliberate of their maner of proceeding againſt *Plangus*: and therefore offered him, that if himſelfe would agree, he would bring him into a place where ſhe ſhould heare all that paſſed; and ſo haue the more reaſon both to himſelfe, and to the world, to ſeeke his ſafety. The poore *Plangus* (being ſubiect to that onely diſaduantage of honeſt harts, credulity) was perſwaded by him: and arming himſelfe (becauſe of his late going) was cloſely conueied into the place appointed. In the meane time his ſtepmother, making al her geſtures cũningly counterfeit a miſerable affliction, ſhe lay almoſt groueling on the flower of her chãber, not ſuffering any body to comfort her; vntill they calling for her husband, and he held off with long enquiry, at length, ſhe told him (euen almoſt crying out euery word) that ſhe was weary of her life, ſince ſhe was brought to that plunge, either to conceale her husbands mother, or accuſe her ſonne, who had euer beene more deare, then a ſonne vnto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations ſhe told him, that her ſonne *Plangus* (ſollici ing her in the olde affection betweene them) had beſought her to put her helping hand to the death of the king; aſſuring her, that though all the lawes in the world were againſt it, he would marry her when he were king.

She had not fully ſayd thus much, with many pitifull digreſſions, when in comes the ſame fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himſelfe out of breath, fell at the kings feete, beſeeching him to ſaue himſelfe; for that there was a man with a ſword drawne in the next roome. The king affrighted, went out, and called his gard, who entring the place, found indeed *Plangus* with his ſword in his hand, but not naked, but ſtanding ſuſpiciouſly inough, to one already ſuſpicious. The king (thinking he had put vp his ſworde becauſe of the noiſe) neuer tooke leaſure to heare his anſwere, but made him priſoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market place.

But the day had no ſooner opened the eyes & eares of his friends & followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, & by force deliuered him; although numbers on the other ſide (abuſed with the fine framing of their report) took armes for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might haue vſed the force of his friends, to reuenge his wrong, and get the crowne; yet the naturall loue of his father, and hate to make their ſuſpition ſeeme iuſt, cauſed him rather to chooſe a voluntarie exile, then to make his fathers death the purchaſe of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whoſe mother was his fathers ſiſter, liuing in his Court eleuen or twelue yeares, euer hoping by his interceſſion, and his owne deſert, to recouer his fathers grace. At the end of which time, the warre of *Erona* happened, which my ſiſter with the cauſe th ereof diſcourſed vnto you.

But his father had ſo deeply engraued the ſuſpition in his hart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a feareful guiltines, then of an humble faithfulnes; & ther-

fore continued his hate, with such vehemency, that he did euen hate his Nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his neece *Artaxia*, because in their Court hee receiued countenance, leauing no meanes vnattempted of destroying his son; among other, employing that wicked seruant of his, who vndertooke to empoison him. But his cunning disguised him not so well, but that the watchfull seruants of *Plangus* did discouer him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and (before his well deserued execution) by torture forced to confesse the particularities of this, which in generall I haue told you.

Which confession autentically set downe (though *Tiridates* with solemne Embassage sent it to the king) wrought no effect. For the king hauing put the reines of the gouernment into his wiues hand, neuer did so much as reade it; but sent it streight by her to be considered. So as they rather heaped more hatred vpon *Plangus*, for the death of their seruant. And now finding, that his absence, & their reports had much diminished the wauering peoples affection towards *Plangus*, with aduancing fit persons for faction, and granting great immunities to the commons, they preuailed so farre, as to cause the sonne of the second wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaimed successour, and *Plangus* quite excluded: so that *Plangus* was driuen to continue his seruing *Tiridates*, as he did in the warre against *Erona*, and brought home *Artaxia*, as my sister told you; when *Erona* by the treason of *Antiphilus*, But at that word she stopped. For *Basilius* (not able longer to abide their absence) came suddenly among them, and with smiling countenance (telling *Zelmane* he was affraid she had stolen away his daughters) inuited them to follow the Sunnes counsell in going then to their lodgings; for indeede the Sun was ready to set. They yeelded, *Zelmane* meaning some other time to vnderstand the story of *Antiphilus* treason, and *Eronas* daunger, whose cause she greatly tendred. But *Miso* had no sooner espied *Basilius*, but that as spitefully, as her rotten voyce could vtter it, she set forth the sawcinesse of *Amphialus*. But *Basilius* only attended what *Zelmanes* opinion was, who though shee hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage preuailed ouer it, and she desired he might be pardoned that youthfull error; considering the reputation he had, to be one of the best knights in the world; so as hereafter he gouerned himselfe, as one remembring his fault. *Basilius* giuing the infinit tearmes of praises to *Zelmanes* both valour in conquering, and pittifulnesse in pardoning, commanded no more words to bee made of it, since such he thought was her pleasure.

So brought he them vp to visite his wife, where betweene her and him, the poore *Zelmane* receiued a tedious entertainment; oppressed with being loued, almost as much, as with louing. *Basilius* not so wise in couering his passion, could make his tongue go almost no other pace, but to runne into those immoderate praises, which the foolish Louer thinkes short of his Mistresse though they reach farre beyond the heauens. But *Gynecia* (whom womanly modesty did more outwardly bridle) yet did oftentimes vse the aduantage of her sexe in kissing *Zelmane*, as she sate vpon her bed-side by her; which was but still more and more sweete incense, to cast vpon the fire wherein her heart was sacrificed: Once *Zelmane* could not stirre, but that, (as if they had beene poppets, whose motion stood onely vpon her pleasure) *Basilius* with seruiceable steppes, *Gynecia* with greedy eyes would follow her. *Basilius* mind *Gynecia* well knew, and could haue found in her hart to laugh at, if mirth could haue borne any proportion with her fortune. But all *Gynecias* actions were interpreted by *Basilius*, as proceeding from iealousie of his amorousnesse. *Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poore child, whose father while he beates him, will make him beleeue it is

for

for loue; or like the ſicke man, to whom the Phiſition ſweares, the ill-taſting wallowiſh medicine he profers, is of a good taſte) their loue was hateſull, their curteſie troubleſome, their preſence cauſe of her abſence thence, where not only her light, but her life conſiſted. Alas (thought ſhe to her ſelfe) Deare *Dorus*, what ods is there betweene thy deſtiny and mine? For thou haſt to do in thy purſuite but with ſhepherdiſh folkes, who trouble thee with a litle enuious care, and affected diligence. But I (beſides that I haue now *Miſo* the worſt of thy diuels, let looſe vpon me) am waited on by Princes, and watched by the two wakefull eies of Loue and Iealouſie. Alas, incõparable *Philoclea*, thou euer ſeeſt me, but doſt neuer ſee me as I am: thou heareſt willingly al that I dare ſay, & I dare not ſay that which were moſt fit for thee to heare. Alas who euer but I was impriſoned in liberty, and baniſhed being ſtill preſent? To whom but me haue louers bin iaylours, & honor a captiuity?

But the night comming on with her ſilent ſteps vpon them, they parted each from other (if at leaſt they could be parted, of whom euery one did liue in another) and went about to flatter ſleepe with their beds, that diſdained to beſtow it ſelfe liberally vpon ſuch eyes which by their will would euer be looking: and in leaſt meaſure vpon *Gynecia*. Who (when *Baſilius* after long toſſing was gotten a ſleepe, and the cheerefull comfort of the lights remoued from her) kneeling vp in her bed, began with a ſoft voyce, and ſwolne hart, to renue the curſes of her birth; & then in a maner embracing her bed; Ah chaſteſt bed of mine (ſaid ſhe) which neuer heretofore couldſt accuſe me of one defiled thought, how cãſt thou now receiue this deſaſtred chãgeling? Happy, happy, be they only which be not: & thy bleſſednes only in this reſpect thou maieſt feele, that thou haſt no feeling. With that ſhe furiouſly tare off great part of her faire haire: Take here ô forgotten vertue (ſayd ſhe) this miſerable ſacrifice; while my ſoule was clothed with modeſty, that was a comely ornament: now why ſhould nature crowne that head, which is ſo wicked, as her only deſpaire is, ſhe cannot be enough wicked? More ſhe wold haue ſaid, but that *Baſilius* (awaked with the noiſe) took her in his armes, & began to comfort her; the good-man thinking, it was al for a iealous loue of him: which humour if ſhe would a litle haue maintained, perchance it might haue weakned his new conceiued fancies. But he finding her anſwers wandring from the purpoſe, left her to her ſelfe (glad the next morning to take the aduãtage of a ſleep, which a litle before day ouer-watched with ſorrow, her teares had as it were ſealed vp in her eyes) to haue the more conference with *Zelmane*, who baited on this faſhion by theſe two louers, & euer kept from any meane to declare her ſelfe, found in her ſelfe a dayly increaſe of her violent deſires; like a riuer the more ſwelling, the more his current is ſtopped.

The chiefe recreation ſhe could find in her anguiſh, was ſometime to viſite that place, where firſt ſhe was ſo happy as to ſee the cauſe of her vnhap. There would ſhe kiſſe the ground, and thanke the trees, bleſſe the ayre, & do dutifull reuerence to euery thing that ſhe thought did accompany her at their firſt meeting: then returne againe to her inward thoughts; ſometimes diſpaire darkning all her imaginations, ſometimes the actiue paſſion of loue cheering and cleering her inuention, how to vnbar that comberſome hinderance of her two ill-matched louers. But this morning *Baſilius* himſelfe gaue her good occaſion to go beyond them. For hauing cõbd and trickt himſelfe more curiouſly, then any time forty winters before, comming where *Zelmane* was, he found her giuen ouer to her muſical muſes, to the great pleaſure of the good old *Baſilius*, who retired himſelfe behind a tree, while ſhe with a moſt ſweete voice did vtter theſe paſſionate verſes:

*LOued I am, and yet complaine of Loue:*
*As louing not, accus'd in Loue I die.*
*When pittie most I craue, I cruell proue:*
*Still seeking Loue, Loue found as much I flie.*
*Burnt in my selfe, I muse at others fire:*
*What I call wrong, I do the same, and more:*
*Bard of my will, I haue beyond desire:*
*I wayle for want, and yet am chokt with store.*
*This is thy worke, thou God for euer blind:*
*Though thousands old, a Boy entitled still.*
*That children do the silly birds they find,*
*With stroking hurt, and too much cramming kill.*
*Yet thus much Loue, ô Loue, I craue of thee:*
*Let me be loued, or els not loued be.*

*Basilius* made no great haste from behind the tree, till he perceiued she had fully ended her musicke. But then loth to loose the precious fruite of time, he presented himselfe vnto her, falling downe vpon both his knees, and holding vp his hands, as the old gouernesse of *Danae* is painted, when she suddenly saw the golden showre, O heauenly woman, or earthly Goddesse (sayd he) let not my presence be odious vnto you, nor my humble suite seeme of small weight in your eares. Vouchsafe your eies to descend vpon this miserable old mã, whose life hath hitherto bin maintayned but to serue as an encrease of your beautifull triumphs. You only haue ouerthrowne me, & in my bondage consists my glory. Suffer not your own worke to be despised of you, but looke vpon him with pitty, whose life serues for your praise. *Zelmane* (keeping a countenance ascanses, she vnderstood him not) told him, It became her euill to suffer such excessiue reuerẽce of him, but that it worse became her to correct him, to whom she owed duety: that the opinion she had of his wisdome was such, as made her esteeme greatly of his words; but that the words themselues sounded so, as she could not imagine what they might intend. Intend? (said *Basilius*, proud that that was brought in question) what may they intend, but a refreshing of my soule, and a swaging of my heat, and enioying those your excellencies, wherein my life is vpheld, & my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting vp her face, as if she had receiued a mortall iniury of him. And is this the deuotion your ceremonies haue bin bent vnto? sayd she: Is it the disdaine of my estate, or the opinion of my lightnesse, that haue emboldned such base fancies towards me? enioying quoth you? now little ioy come to them that yeeld to such enioying. Poore *Basilius* was so appalled, that his legges bowed vnder him; his eyes lookt as though he should gladly hide himselfe; and his old bloud going to his hart, a generall shaking all ouer his body possessed him. At length with a wan mouth, he was about to giue a stammering answer, when it came into *Zelmanes* head by this deuise to make her profit of his folly; and therefore with a relented countenance, thus sayd vnto him: Your words (mighty Prince) were vnfit either for me to heare, or you to speake: but yet the large testimony I see of your affection makes me willing to suppresse a great number of errors. Only thus much I thinke good to say, that the same words in my Lady *Philoclea's* mouth, as from one woman to another (so as there were no other body by) might haue had a better grace; and perchance haue found a gentler receipt.

*Basilius*

*Basilius* (whose senses by desire were held open, and conceipt was by loue quickned) heard scarcely halfe her answere out, but that (as if speedy flight might saue his life) he turned away, and ranne with all the speede his body would suffer him, towards his daughter *Philoclea*: whom he found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miso* curiously watching her; hauing left *Mopsa* to do the like seruice to *Pamela*. *Basilius* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aside, (with all the coniuring words which Desire could endite and Authoritie vtter) besought her she would preserue his life, in whom her life was begun; she would saue his gray haires from rebuke, and his aged mind from despaire; that if she were not cloyed with his companie, and that she thought not the earth ouer-burthened with him, she would coole his fierie griefe, which was to be done but by her breath. That in fine, whatsoeuer he was, he was nothing but what it pleased *Zelmane*; all the powers of his spirit depending of her: that if she continued cruell, he could no more sustaine his life, then the earth remaine fruitefull in the Sunnes continuall absence. He concluded, she should in one payment requite all his deserts: and that she needed not disdaine anie seruice (though neuer so meane) which was warranted by the sacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad then euer she had knowne her selfe, that she might by this occasion, enioy the priuate conference of *Zelmane*, yet had so sweete a feeling of vertue in her mind, that she would not suffer a vile colour to be cast ouer her faire thoughts, but with humble grace answered her father: That there needed neither promise nor perswasion to her, to make her do her vttermost for her fathers seruice: that for *Zelmanes* fauour, she would in all vertuous sort seeke it towards him: and that as she would not pierce further into his meaning, then himselfe should declare, so would she interpret all his doings to be accomplished in goodnesse: and therefore desired (if otherwise it were) that he would not impart it to her, who then should be forced to begin (by true obedience) a shew of disobedience: rather performing his generall commandement, which had euer beene, to embrace vertue, then any new particular, sprong out of passion, and contrary to the former. *Basilius* content to take that, since hee could haue no more (thinking it a great point, if by her meanes, he could get but a more free accesse vnto *Zelmane*) allowed her reasons, and tooke her proffer thankfully, desiring only a speedy returne of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, & *Miso* streight behind her, like *Alecto* following *Proserpina*. But *Basilius* forced her to stay, though with much a do, she being sharpset vpon the fulfilling of a shrewd office, in ouer-looking *Philoclea*: and so sayd to *Basilius*, that she did as she was commanded, and could not answer it to *Gynecia*, if she were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did euill to take her charge from her. But *Basilius* (swearing he wold put out her eies, if she stird a foot to trouble his daughter) gaue her a stop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her trauayling mind. For well she saw, her father was growne her aduerse party, & yet her fortune such, as she must fauour her Riuall; and the fortune of that fortune such, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary meane helpe her.

But she walkt but a little on, before she saw *Zelmane* lying vpon a banke, with her face so bent ouer *Ladon*, that (her teares falling into the water) one might haue thought, that she began meltingly to be metamorphosed to the vnder-running riuer. But by and by, with speech she made knowne, as well that she liued, as that she sorrowed. Faire streames (sayd she) that do vouchsafe in your cleareneſſe to represent vnto me my blubbered face, let the tribute-offer of my teares vnto you,

procure your ſtay a while with me, that I may beginne yet at laſt, to find ſome thing that pities me: and that all things of comfort and pleaſure do not flie away from me. But if the violence of your ſpring commaund you to haſte away, to pay your duties to your great Prince, the Sea, yet carry with you theſe few words, and let the vttermoſt ends of the world know them. A loue more cleere then your ſelues, dedicated to a loue (I feare) more cold then your ſelues, with the cleereneſſe layes a night of ſorrow vpon me; and with the coldnes enflames a world of fire within me. With that ſhe tooke a willow ſticke, and wrote in a ſandie banke theſe few verſes:

*OVer theſe brookes truſting to eaſe mine eyes,*
*(Mine eyes euen great in labour vvith their teares)*
*I layde my face; my face wherein there lies*
*Cluſters of cloudes, which no Sunne euer clearес.*
*In watry glaſſe my watrie eyes I ſee:*
*Sorrowes ill eaſde, where ſorrowes painted be.*

*My thoughts impriſon'd in my ſecret woes,*
*With flamie breathes do iſſue oft in ſound:*
*The ſound to this ſtrange aier no ſooner goes,*
*But that it doth with* Echoes *force rebound,*
*And make me heare the plaints I would refraine:*
*Thus outward helps my inward griefe maintaine.*

*Now in this ſand I vvould diſcharge my mind,*
*And caſt from me part of my burdnous cares:*
*But in the ſand my tales foretold I find,*
*And ſee therein hovv well the vvriter fares.*
*Since ſtreame, aier, ſand, mine eyes and eares conſpire:*
*What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire?*

And aſſoone as ſhe had written them (a new ſwarme of thoughts ſtinging her mind) ſhe was ready with her foote to giue the new-borne letters both death and buriall. But *Philoclea* (whoſe delight of hearing and ſeeing was before a ſtay from interrupting her) gaue her ſelfe to be ſeene vnto her, with ſuch a lightning of beauty vpon *Zelmane*, that neither ſhe could looke on, nor would looke off. At laſt *Philoclea* (hauing a litle muſed how to cut the threede euen, betweene her owne hopeleſſe affection, and her fathers vnbridled hope) with eyes, cheekes, and lips (whereof each ſang their part, to make vp the harmonie of baſhfulneſſe) began to ſay, My Father to whom I owe my ſelfe, and therefore, when *Zelmane* (making a womaniſh habite to be the Armour of her boldneſſe, giuing vp her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it againe by the ſweeteneſſe of thoſe kiſſes) humbly beſought her to keepe her ſpeach for a while within the Paradiſe of her mind. For well ſhee knew her fathers errand, who ſhould ſoone receiue a ſufficient anſwere. But now ſhe demaunded leaue not to looſe this long ſought-for commodity of time, to eaſe her heart thus farre, that if in her agonies her deſtinie was to be condemned by *Philocleas* mouth, at leaſt *Philoclea* might know, whom ſhe had condemned. *Philoclea* eaſily yeelded to graunt her owne deſire: and ſo making the greene banke

the

the ſituation, and the riuer the proſpect of the moſt beautifull buildings of Nature, *Zelmane* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts already had run to the ende, with a mind fearing the vnworthineſſe of euery word that ſhold be preſented to her eares, at length brought it forth in this maner.

Moſt beloued Lady, the incomparable excellencies of your ſelfe (waited-on by the greatneſſe of your eſtate) and the importance of the thing (whereon my life conſiſteth) doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumſtances in the vttering my ſpeech, both bold and fearefull. But the ſmall opportunity of enuious occaſion (by the malicious eye hatefull Loue doth caſt vpon me) and the extreame bent of my affection (which will either breake out in words, or breake my heart) compell me, not only to embrace the ſmalleſt time, but to paſſe by the reſpects due vnto you, in reſpect of your poore caitifes life, who is now, or neuer to be preſerued. I do therefore vow vnto you, hereafter neuer more to omit all dutifull forme: do you only now vouchſafe to heare the matter of a minde moſt perplexed. If euer the ſound of Loue haue come to your eares, or if euer you haue vnderſtood, what force it hath had to conquer the ſtrongeſt hearts, and change the moſt ſetled eſtates: receiue here an example of thoſe ſtrange Tragedies; one, that in himſelfe containeth the particularities of all thoſe misfortunes: and from hencefoorth beleeue that ſuch a thing may be, ſince you ſhall ſee it is. You ſhall ſee (I ſay) a liuing image, and a preſent ſtory of what Loue can doe, when he is bent to ruine.

But alas, whither goeſt thou my tongue? or how doth my heart conſent to adventure the reuealing his neereſt touching ſecret? But peace Feare, thou commeſt too late, when already the harme is taken. Therefore I ſay againe, ô onely Princeſſe, attend here a miſerable miracle of affection. Behold here before your eyes *Pyrocles*, Prince of *Macedon*, whom you onely haue brought to this game of Fortune, and vnuſed *Metamorphoſis*: whom you onely haue made neglect his countrie, forget his father, and laſtly, forſake to bee *Pyrocles*: the ſame *Pyrocles*, who (you heard) was betrayed by being put in a ſhippe, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O moſt true preſage for theſe traytors, my eyes, putting me into a ſhip of Deſire, which dayly burneth, thoſe eyes (I ſay) which betraied me, will neuer leaue till they haue drowned me. But be not, bee not (moſt excellent Ladie) you that Nature hath made to bee the Load-ſtarre of comfort, bee not the Rocke of ſhipwracke: you whom vertue hath made the Princeſſe of felicitie, bee not the miniſter of ruine: you whom my choiſe hath made the Goddeſſe of my ſafety, ô let not, let not, from you be powred vpon me deſtruction. Your faire face hath manie tokens in it of amazement at my words: thinke then what his amazement is, from whence they come: ſince no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling. I deſire, that my deſire may bee waied in the ballances of Honour, and let Vertue hold them. For if the higheſt Loue in no baſe perſon may aſpire to grace, then may I hope your beautie will not be with pittie. If otherwiſe you bee (alas but let it be ſo) reſolued, yet ſhall not my death bee comfortleſſe, receiuing it by your ſentence.

The ioy which wrought into *Pygmalions* mind, while hee found his beloued, image was ſofter, and warmer in his folded armes, till at length it accompliſhed his gladneſſe with a perfect womans ſhape (ſtil beautified with the former perfections) was euen ſuch, as by each degree of *Zelmanes* words creepingly entred into *Philoclea*: till her pleaſure was fully made vp with the manifeſting of his being; which

was such as in hope did ouercome Hope. Yet Doubt would faine haue playd his part in her mind, and cald in question, how she should bee assured that *Zelmane* was *Pyrocles*. But Loue streight stood vp and deposed, that a lie could not come from the mouth of *Zelmane*. Besides, a certaine sparke of honour, which rose in her well-disposed mind, made her feare to be alone with him, with whom alone she desired to be (with all the other contradictions growing in those minds, which neither absolutely clime the rocke of Vertue, nor freely sinke into the sea of Vanity) but that sparke soone gaue place, or at least gaue no more light in her mind, then a candle doth in the Sunnes presence. But euen sicke with a surfet ioy, and fearefull of she know not what (as he that newly finds huge treasures, doubts whether he sleep or no; or like a fearefull Deere, which then lookes most about, when he comes to the best feede) with a shrugging kind of tremor through all her principall parts, she gaue these affectionate words for answer. Alas, how painefull a thing it is to a deuided mind to make a well-ioyned answer? how hard it is to bring inward shame to outward confession? and what handsomnesse trow you can be obserued in that speech, which is made one knowes not to whom? Shall I say ô *Zelmane*? Alas your words be against it. Shall I say Prince *Pyrocles*? wretch that I am, your shew is manifest against it. But this, this I may well say; If I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either neuer bene, or euer bene *Zelmane*: you had either neuer attempted this change, set on with hope, or neuer discouered it, stopt with despaire. But I feare me, my behauiour ill gouerned, gaue you the first comfort: I feare me, my affection ill hid, hath giuen you this last assurance: I feare indeed, the weakenesse of my gouernment before, made you thinke such a maske would be gratefull vnto me: and my weaker gouernment since, makes you to pull off the visar. What shall I doo then? shall I seeke far-fetched inuentions? shall I labour to lay marble colours ouer my ruinous thoughts? or rather, though the pureneſſe of my virgin-mind be stained, let me keepe the true simplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, ô *Zelmane* (for so I loue to call thee, since in that name my loue first began, and in the shade of that name my loue shall best lie hidden) that euen while so thou wert (what eye bewitched me I know not) my passions were fitter to desire, then to be desired. Shall I say then, I am sory, or that my loue must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to *Pyrocles*? how may that well bee, since when thou wert *Zelmane*, the despaire thou mightest not be thus, did most torment me. Thou hast then the victory: vse it with vertue. Thy vertue wan me; with vertue preserue me. Doost thou loue me? keepe me then still worthy to be beloued.

Then held she her tongue, and cast downe a self-accusing looke, finding, that in her selfe she had (as it were) shot out of the bow of her affection, a more quicke opening of her mind, then she minded to haue done. But *Pyrocles* so caried vp with ioy, that he did not enuy the Gods felicity, presented her with some iewels of right princely value, as some little tokens of his loue, and quality: and withall shewed her letters from his father king *Euarchus*, vnto him, which euen in the Sea had amongst his iewels bin preserued. But little needed those proofes to one, who wold haue fallē out with her self, rather then make any contrary coniectures to *Zelmanes* speeches; so that with such imbracements, as it seemed their soules desired to meet, and their harts to kisse, as their mouthes did: which faine *Pyrocles* would haue sealed with the chiefe armes of his desire, but *Philoclea* commanded the contrary; and yet they passed the promise of mariage.

And then at *Philocleas* intreaty, who was willing to purloine all occasions of remayning

remaining with *Zelmane*, she told her the storie of her life, frō the time of their departing from *Erona*, for the rest she had already vnderstood of her sister. For (said she) I haue vnderstood, how you first in the companie of your noble cousin *Musidorus*, parted from *Thessalia*, and of diuerse aduentures, which with no more danger then glorie you passed through, till your comming to the succour of the Queene *Erona*; and the end of that warre (you might perceiue by my selfe) I had vnderstood of the Prince *Plangus*. But what since was the course of your doings, vntill you came, after so many victories, to make a conquest of poore me, that I know not, the fame thereof hauing rather shewed it by peeces, then deliuered any full forme of it. Therfore, deare *Pyrocles* (for what can my eares be so sweetly fed with, as to heare you of you) be liberall vnto me of those things, which haue made you indeed precious to the world, and now doubt not to tell of your perils, for since I haue you heere out of them, euen the remembrance of them is pleasant. *Pyrocles* easily perceiued she was content with kindnesse, to put off occasion of further kindnesse; wherein Loue shewed himselfe a cowardly boy, that durst not attempt for feare of offending. But rather Loue proued himselfe valiant, that durst with the sword of reuerent dutie gaine-stand the force of so manie enraged desires. But so it was, that though hee knew this discourse was to entertaine him from a more straight parley, yet he durst not but kisse his rod, & gladly make much of that entertainement which she alotted vnto him: & therefore with a desirous sigh chastening his breast for too much desiring: Sweet Princesse of my life (said he) what Trophees, what Triumph, what Monuments, what Histories might euer make my fame yeeld so sweet a Musike to my eares, as that it pleaseth you to lend your minde to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, onely therefore of value, because he is your *Pyrocles*? And therfore grow I now so proud, as to thinke it worth the hearing, since you vouchsafe to giue it the hearing. Therefore (onelie height of my hope) vouchsafe to know, that after the death of *Tiridates*, and setling *Erona* in her gouernment, for setled we left her, howsoeuer since (as I perceiued by your speech the last day) the vngratefull treason of her ill-chosen husband ouerthrew her (a thing in truth neuer til this time by me either heard, or suspected) for who could thinke, without hauing such a mind as *Antiphilus*, that so great a beautie as *Eronas* (indeed excellent) could not haue held his affection? so great goodnesse could not haue bound gratefulnesse? and so high aduauncement could not haue satisfied his ambition? But therefore true it is, that wickednesse may well be compared to a bottomlesse pit, into which it is farre easier to keepe ones selfe from falling, then being fallen, to giue ones selfe any stay from falling infinitely. But for my cousin and me, vpon this cause we parted from *Erona*.

*Euardes* (the braue and mightie Prince, whom it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Erona*) had three Nephewes, sonnes to a sister of his; all three set among the foremost rankes of Fame for great minds to attempt, and great force to performe what they did attempt, especially the eldest, by name *Anaxius*; to whom all men would willinglie haue yeelded the height of praise, but that his nature was such, as to bestow it vpon himselfe, before any could giue it. For of so vnsupportable a pride he was, that where his deedes might well stirre enuie, his demeanour did rather breed disdaine. And if it be true that the Gyants euer made war against heauen, he had bene a fit ensigne-bearer for that company. For nothing seemed hard to him, though impossible; and nothing vniust, while his liking was his iustice. Now he in these wars had flatly refused his aid, because he could not brooke,

that the worthy Prince *Plangus* was by his choſen *Tiridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the ſword and ſpeare in iudging of deſert, how much he eſteemed himſelfe before *Plangus* in that, ſo much would he haue had his allowance in his ſeruice.

But now that he vnderſtood that his vncle was ſlaine by me, I think rather ſcorne that any ſhould kill his vncle, then any kindneſſe (an vn-vſed gueſt to an arrogant foule) made him ſeeke his reuenge; I muſt confeſſe in maner gallant enough. For he ſent a chalenge vnto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdome of *Lycia*, where he would proue vpon me, that I had by ſome treachery ouercome his vncle, whom elſe many hundreds ſuch as I, could not haue withſtood. Youth and ſucceſſe made me willing enough to accept anie ſuch bargaine, eſpecially, becauſe I had heard that your couſin *Amphialus* (who for ſome years hath vniuerſally borne the name of the beſt knight in the world) had diuerſe times fought with him, and neuer bene able to maiſter him; but ſo had left him, that euery man thought *Anaxius* in that one vertue of curteſie farre ſhort of him, in all other his match; *Anaxius* ſtill deeming himſelfe for his ſuperiour. Therfore to him I would go, and I would needs go alone, becauſe ſo I vnderſtood for certaine, he was; and (I muſt confeſſe) deſirous to do ſomething without the companie of the incomparable Prince *Muſidorus*, becauſe in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his preſence, then to any thing in my ſelfe, whatſoeuer before I had done. For of him indeed (as of any worldly cauſe) I muſt grant, as receiued, what euer there is, or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and beſt by example, giuing me in him ſo liuely an image of vertue, as ignorance could not caſt ſuch miſt ouer mine eyes, as not to ſee, and to loue it, and all with ſuch deare friendſhip and care, as (ô heauen) how can my life euer requite vnto him? which made me indeed find in my ſelfe ſuch a kind of depending vpon him, as without him I found a weakneſſe, and a miſtruſtfulneſſe of my ſelfe, as one ſtrayed from his beſt ſtrength, when at any time I miſt him. Which humour perceiuing to ouer-rule me, I ſtraue againſt it; not that I was vnwilling to depend vpon him in iudgement, but by weakeneſſe I wold not; which though it held me to him, made me vnworthie of him. Therfore I deſired his leaue, and obtained it; ſuch confidence hee had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tenderneſſe; & ſo priuatelie went frō him, he determining (as after I knew) in ſecret maner, not to be farre from the place, where we appointed to meete, to preuent any foule play that might be offered vnto me. Full loth was *Erona* to let vs depart from her (as it were) forefeeling the harmes which after fell to her. But I, (rid fully from thoſe cumbers of kindneſſe, and halfe a dayes iourney in my way toward *Anaxius*) met an aduenture, which (though in it ſelfe of ſmall importance) I will tell you at large, becauſe by the occaſion therof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly anie might eſcape.

As I paſt through a Laund (each ſide whereof was ſo bordered both with high timber trees, and copſes of farre more humble growth, that it might eaſilie bring a ſolitarie mind to looke for no other companions then the wild burgeſſes of the forreſt) I heard certaine cries, which comming by pawſes to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made me well aſſured by the greatneſſe of the crie, it was the voice of a man, though it were a verie vnmanlike voyce, ſo to crie. But making mine eare my guide; I left not many trees behinde me, before I ſawe at the bottome of one of them a gentle-man, bound (with manie garters hand & foot, ſo as well he might tumble and toſſe, but neither runne nor reſiſt he could. Vpon him

him(like ſo manie Eagles vpon an Oxe) were nine Gentlewomen; trulie ſuch, as one might wel enough ſay, they were handſome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, hauing bene before hand vnarmed of anie defence from the waſte vpward, but onely of his ſhirt: ſo as the poore man wept and bled, cried and prayed, while they ſported themſelues in his paine, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victorie.

I was moued to compaſſion, and ſo much the more that he ſtraight cald to me for ſuccour, deſiring me at leaſt to kill him, to deliuer him from thoſe tormenters. But before my ſelfe could reſolue, much leſſe any other tell what I would reſolue, there came in cholerike haſte towards me about ſeuen or eight knights; the foremoſt of which willed me to get me away, and not to trouble the Ladies, while they were taking their due reuenge, but with ſo ouermaiſtring a maner of pride, as trulie my heart could not brooke it: and therefore (anſwering them, that how I would haue defended him from the Ladies I knew not, but from them I would) I began a combate firſt with him particularlie, and after his death with the others (that had leſſe good maners) iointlie. But ſuch was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of ſome, and flight of others. In ſo much as the women (afraid, what angrie victorie would bring forth) ran all away, ſauing onely one; who was ſo fleſht in malice, that neither during, nor after the fight, ſhe gaue anie truce to her crueltie, but ſtill vſed the litle inſtrument of her great ſpight, to the well witneſt paine of the impatient patient: & was now about to put out his eyes, which all this while were ſpared, becauſe they ſhould do him the diſcomfort of ſeeing who preuayled ouer him. When I came in, and after much adoe, brought her to ſome conference, (for ſometime it was before ſhe would hearken, more before ſhe would ſpeake; and moſt, before ſhe would in her ſpeech leaue off the ſharpe remembrance of her bodkin) but at length when I puld off my head-peece, and humblie entreated her pardon, or knowledge why ſhe was cruell; out of breath more with choller (which increaſed in his owne exerciſe) then with the paine ſhe tooke, much to this purpoſe ſhe gaue her griefe vnto my knowledge. Gentleman (ſaid ſhe) much it is againſt my will to forbeare any time the executing of my iuſt reuenge vpon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiuing women. But becauſe I ſee you are young, and like enough to haue the power (if you wold haue the mind) to do much more miſchiefe then he, I am content vpon this bad ſubiect to reade a lecture to your vertue.

This man called *Pamphilus*, in birth I muſt confeſſe is noble (but what is that to him, if it ſhall be a ſtaine to his dead anceſtors to haue left ſuch an off-ſpring) in ſhape as you ſee, not vncomely (indeed the fit maske of his diſguiſed falſhood) in conuerſation wittily pleaſant, and pleaſantly gameſome; his eyes full of mery ſimplicitie, his words of heartie companableneſſe; and ſuch a one, whoſe head one would not thinke ſo ſtayed, as to thinke miſchieuouſlie: delighted in all ſuch things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the vſer therof welcome; as, Muſike, Dauncing, Hunting, Feaſting, Riding, and ſuch like. And to conclude, ſuch a one, as who can keepe him at armes end, need neuer wiſh a better companion. But vnder theſe qualities lies ſuch a poyſonous Adder, as I will tell you. For by thoſe gifts of Nature and Fortune (being in all places acceptable) he creepes, nay (to ſay truly) he flies ſo into the fauour of poore ſilly women, that I would be too much aſhamed to confeſſe, if I had not reuenge in my hand, as well as ſhame in my cheeks. For his hart being wholie delighted in deceiuing vs, we could neuer be warned, but rather one bird caught, ſerued for a ſtale to bring in more. For the more he gat, the

more ſtill he ſhewed, that he (as it were) gaue away to his new miſtreſſe, when hee betrayed his promiſes to the former. The cunning of his flatterie, the readineſſe of his teares, the infiniteneſſe of his vowes, were but among the weakeſt threeds of his net. But the ſtirring our owne paſſions, and by the entrance of them, to make himſelfe Lord of our forces; there lay his Maiſters part of cunning, making vs now ielous, now enuious, now proud of what we had, deſirous of more; now giuing one the triumph, to ſee him that was Prince of many, Subiect to her; now with an eſtranged looke, making her feare the loſſe of that mind, which indeed could neuer be had: neuer ceaſing humbleneſſe and diligence, till he had imbarked vs in ſome ſuch diſaduantage, as we could not returne drie-ſhod; & then ſodainly a tyrant, but a craftie tyrant. For ſo would he vſe his imperiouſneſſe, that we had a delightfull feare & an awe, which made vs loth to loſe our hope. And, which is ſtrangeſt (when ſometimes with late repentance I thinke of it) I muſt confeſſe, euen in the greateſt tempeſt of my iudgement was I neuer driuen to thinke him excellent, and yet ſo could ſet my mind, both to get and keep him, as though therein had laine my felicitie: like them I haue ſeene play at the ball, grow extreamely earneſt, who ſhould haue the ball, and yet euerie one knew it was but a ball. But in end, the bitter ſauce of the ſport was, that we had either our hearts broken with ſorow, or our eſtates ſpoyled with being at his direction, or our honours for euer loſt, partly by our owne faults, but principally by his faultie vſing of our faultes. For neuer was there man that could with more ſcornefull eyes behold her, at whoſe feete hee had lately laine, nor with a more vnmanlike brauerie vſe his tongue to her diſgrace, which lately had ſung ſonets of her praiſes: being ſo naturally inconſtant, as I maruell his ſoule findes not ſome way to kill his bodie, whereto it had bene ſo long vnited. For ſo hath he dealt with vs (vnhappy fooles) as wee could neuer tell, whether he made greater haſte after he once liked, to enioy, or after he once enioyed, to forſake. But making a glorie of his owne ſhame, it delighted him to be challenged of vnkindneſſe: it was a triumph vnto him to haue his mercie called for: & he thought the freſh colours of his beautie were painted in nothing ſo well, as in the ruines of his louers: yet ſo farre had we engaged our ſelues (vnfortunate ſoules) that we liſted not complaine, ſince our complaints could not but carie the greateſt accuſation to our ſelues. But euerie of vs (each for her ſelfe) laboured all means how to recouer him, while he rather dayly ſent vs companions of our deceit, then euer returned in any ſound & faithfull maner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himſelfe to one (I muſt confeſſe) worthie to be liked, if any worthineſſe might excuſe ſo vnworthy a changeableneſſe; leauing vs nothing but remorſe for what was paſt, and deſpaire of what might follow. Then indeed the common iniurie made vs all ioyne in fellowſhip, who till that time, had employed our endeuours one againſt the other. For we thought nothing was a more condemning of vs, then the iuſtifying of his loue to her by mariage: then Deſpaire made Feare valiant, and Reuenge gaue Shame countenance: whereupon, we (that you ſawe here) deuiſed how to get him amõg vs alone: which he (ſuſpecting no ſuch matter of thẽ, whom he had by often abuſes, he thought, made tame to bee ſtill abuſed) eaſilie gaue vs oportunitie to do.

And a man may ſee, euen in this, how ſoone Rulers grow proud, and in their pride fooliſh: he came with ſuch an authority among vs, as if the Planets had done enough for vs, that by vs once he had bene delighted. And when we began in curteous maner, one after the other, to lay his vnkindneſſe vnto him, he ſeeing himſelfe

confronted by ſo many (like a reſolute Orator) went not to deniall, but to iuſtifie his cruell falſhood, & all with ſuch ieſts, & diſdainfull paſſages, that if the iniurie could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his anſwers (forſooth) I ſhall neuer forget, how he wold proue it was no inconſtancie to chaunge from one loue to another, but a great conſtancie; and contrarie, that which we call conſtancie, to be moſt changeable. For (ſaid he) I euer loued my delight, and delighted alwayes in what was louelie: and whereſoeuer I found occaſion to obtaine that, I conſtantly followed it. But theſe conſtant fooles you ſpeake of, though their Miſtreſſe grow by ſickneſſe foule, or by fortune miſerable, yet ſtill will loue her, and ſo commit the abſurdeſt inconſtancie that may be, in chaunging their loue from faireneſſe to foulneſſe, and from lowlineſſe to his contrarie; like one not content to leaue a friend, but will ſtraight giue ouer himſelfe to his mortall enemie: where I (whom you call inconſtant) am euer conſtant; to Beautie, in others; and Delight in my ſelfe. And ſo in this iollie ſcoffing brauerie he went ouer vs all, ſaying he left one, becauſe ſhe was ouer-wayward: another, becauſe ſhe was too ſoone wonne: a third, becauſe ſhe was not merie enough: a fourth, becauſe ſhe was ouer gameſome: the fift, becauſe ſhe was growne with griefe ſubiect to ſickneſſe: the ſixt, becauſe ſhe was ſo fooliſh, as to be iealous of him: the ſeuenth, becauſe ſhe had refuſed to carie a letter for him to another that he loued: the eight, becauſe ſhe was not ſecret: the ninth, becauſe ſhe was not liberal: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed haue met with a falſe *Aeneas*, to me, I ſay (ô the vngrateful villanie) he could find no other fault to obiect, but that (perdie) he met with manie fairer.

But when he had thus plaid the careleſſe Prince, we (hauing thoſe ſeruants of ours in readineſſe, whom you lately ſo manfully ouercame) laid hold of him; beginning at firſt but that trifling reuenge, in which you found vs buſie; but meaning afterwards to haue mangled him ſo, as ſhould haue loſt his credite for euer abuſing more. But as you haue made my fellowes flie away, ſo for my part the greatneſſe of his wrong ouer ſhadowes, in my iudgement the greatneſſe of any daunger. For was it not enough for him to haue deceiued me, and through the deceit abuſed me, and after the abuſe forſaken me, but that he muſt now, of all the companie, and before all the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? Many fairer? I trow euen in your iudgement, Sir, (if your eyes do not beguile me) not many fayrer; and I know (whoſoeuer ſayes the contrary) there are not many fayrer. And of whom ſhold I receiue this reproch, but of him, who hath beſt cauſe to know there are not manie fayrer? And therefore howſoeuer my fellowes pardon his iniuries, for my part I will euer remember, and remember to reuenge this ſcorne of all ſcornes. With that ſhe to him afreſh; and ſurely would haue put out his eyes (who lay mute for ſhame, if he did not ſometimes crie for feare) if I had not leapt from my horſe, and mingling force with intreaty, ſtayed her fury.

But while I was perſwading her to meekeneſſe, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cried, that they ſhould kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and diſgraced him. But then I was faine to forſake the enſigne, vnder which I had before ſerued, and to ſpend my vttermoſt force in the protecting of the Lady; which ſo well preuayled for her, that in end there was a faithful peace promiſed of all ſides. And ſo I leauing her in a place of ſecurity (as ſhe thought) went on my iourney towards *Anaxius*, for whom I was faine to ſtay two dayes in the appointed place, hee diſdaining to waite for me, till he was ſure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angrie pleasure, til about that space of time he came (indeed, according to promise) alone: and (that I may not say too litle, because he is wont to say too much) like a man, whose courage was apt to clime ouer any daunger. And assoone as euer he came neare me, in fit distance for his purpose, hee with much furie, (but with furie skilfullie guided) rad vpon me; which I (in the best sort I could) resisted, hauing kept my selfe readie for him, because I had vnderstood that he obserued few complemēts in matter of armes, but such as a proud anger did indite vnto him. And so putting our horses into a full careere, we hit each other vpon the head with our Launces: I thinke he felt my blow, for my part (I must confesse) I neuer receiued the like: but I thinke though my senses were astonished, my mind forced them to quicken themselues, because I had learned of him, how litle fauour he is wont to shew in any matter of aduantage. And indeed he was turned, and comming vpon me with his sword drawne, both our staues hauing bene broken at that encounter: but I was so readie to answere him, that trulie I know not who gaue the first blow. But whosoeuer gaue the first, was quicklie seconded by the second. And indeed (excellentest Ladie) I must say trulie, for a time it was well fought betweene vs; he vndoubtedlie being of singular valour, (I would to God it were not abased by his too much lostinesse) but as by the occasion of the combate, winning and losing ground, we chaunged places, his horse hapned to come vpon the point of the broken speare, which fallen to the ground, chaunced to stand vpward, so as it lighting vpon his heart, the horse died. He driuen to dismount, threatned, if I did not the like, to do as much for my horse, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or because I would not be beholding to Fortune for any part of the victorie, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such sort that we were well entred to bloud of both sides, when there comes by that vnconstant *Pamphilus*, whom I had deliuered (easie to be knowne, for he was bare-faced) with a dozen armed men after him; but before him he had *Dido* (that Ladie, who had most sharpely punished him) riding vpon a palfrey, he following her with most vnmanlike crueltie; beating her with wands he had in his hand, she crying for sense of paine, or hope of succour: which was so pitifull a sight vnto me, that it moued me to require *Anaxius* to deferre our combate till another day, and now to performe the duties of knighthood in helping this distressed Lady. But he that disdaines to obey any thing but his passion (which he cals his mind) bad me leaue off that thought; but when hee had killed me, he would then (perhaps) go to her succour. But I well finding the fight would be long betweene vs (longing in my heart to deliuer the poore *Dido*) giuing him so great a blowe, as somwhat stayed him, (to terme it aright) I flatly ran away from him toward my horse, who trotting after the company, in mine armour, I was put to some paine, but that vse made me nimble vnto it. But as I followed my horse, *Anaxius* followed me; but his proud heart did so disdaine that exercise, that I had quickly ouer-runne him, and ouertaken my horse; being (I must confesse) ashamed to see a number of countrie folkes, who happened to passe thereby, who hallowed and howted after me as at the arranteſt coward that euer shewed his shoulders to his enemie. But when I had leapt on my horse (with such speedy agility, that they all cried; O see how feare giues him wings) I turned to *Anaxius* and aloud promised him to returne thither againe, as soon as I had relieued the iniuried Lady. But he rayling at me, with all the base words angrie contempt could endite; I said no more, but, *Anaxius*, assure thy self, I neither feare thy force, nor thy opinion. And so vsing no weapon of a knight as at that time but my spurres, I ranne in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits from *Anaxius*, which as

far

far as I could heare, I might well heare testified with such laughters & games, that I was some few times moued to turne backe againe.

But the Ladies miserie ouer-balanced my reputation so that after her I went, and with six houres hard riding (through so wild places, as it was rather the cunning of my horse sometimes, then of my selfe, so rightly to hit the way) I ouergat them a little before night, neere to an old il-fauoured castle, the place where I perceiued they meant to performe their vnknightly errand. For there they began to strip her of her clothes, when I came in among them, and running through the first with a launce, the iustnesse of the cause so enhabled me against the rest (false-harted in their owne wrong doing) that I had, in as short time almost as I had bene fighting with onely *Anaxius*, deliuered her frō those iniurious wretches: most of whom carried newes to the other world, that amongst men secret wrongs are not alwaies left vnpunished. As for *Pamphilus*, he hauing once seene, & (as it should seeme) remembred me, euen from the beginning began to be in the rereward, & before they had left fighting, he was too far off to giue them thanks for their paines. But whē I had deliuered to the Ladie a full libertie, both in effect, & in opinion, (for sometime it was before she could assure her selfe shee was out of their hands, who had laid so vehement apprehension of death vpon her) shee then told me, how as she was returning toward her fathers, weakely accompanied (as too soone trusting to the falshood of reconcilement) *Pamphilus* had set vpon her, & killing those that were with her, carried her selfe by such force, & with such manner as I had seene, to this place, where he meant in cruell & shamefull manner to kill her, in the sight of her owne Father; to whom he had alreadie sent word of it, that out of his castle window (for this castle, she said, was his) he might haue the prospect of his onely childes destruction; if my comming, whom (she said) he feared (as soone as he knew me by the armour) had not warranted her from that neere approching crueltie. I was glad I had done so good a deede for a Gentlewoman not vnhandsome, whome before I had in like sort helped. But the night beginning to perswade some retiring place, the Gentlewoman, euen out of countenance before she began her speach, much after this maner inuited mee to lodge that night with her father.

Sir (said she) how much I owe you, can be but abased by words, since the life I haue, I hold it now the second time of you: and therefore neede not offer seruice vnto you, but onely to remember you, that I am your seruant: and I would, my being so, might any way yeeld any small contentment vnto you. Now onely I can but desire you to harbour your selfe this night in this castle; because the time requires it; and in truth this countrie is verie daungerous for murthering theeues, to trust a sleeping life among them. And yet I must confesse, that as the loue I beare you makes me thus inuite you, so the same loue makes me ashamed to bring you to a place, where you shal be so (not spoken by ceremony but by truth) miserably entertained. With that shee told me, that though shee spake of her father (whom she named *Chremes*) she would hide no truth from me, which was in summe, that as he was of all that region the man of greatest possessions (and riches, so was he either by nature, or an euill receiued opinion, giuen to sparing, in so vnmeasurable sorte, that he did not onely barre himselfe from the delightfull, but almost from the necessarie vse thereof; scarcely allowing him selfe fitte sustenance of life, rather then he would spend of those goods for whose sake only he seemed to ioy in life. Which extreame dealing (descending from himselfe vpon her) had driuen her to put her selfe with a great Lady of that cōintrie, by which occasion she had stumbled

vpon ſuch miſchances, as were little for the honor either of her, or her familie. But ſo wiſe had he ſhewed himſelfe therein, as while he found his daughter maintained without his coſt, he was content to be deafe to any noiſe of infamie: which though it had wronged her much more then ſhe deſerued, yet ſhe could not denie, but ſhe was driuen thereby to receiue more then decent fauours. She concluded, that there at leaſt I ſhould be free from iniuries, & ſhould be aſſured to her-ward to abound as much in the true cauſes of welcomes, as I ſhould find want of the effects thereof.

I, who had acquainted my ſelfe to meaſure the delicacie of foode and reſt, by hunger and wearineſſe, at that time well ſtored of both, did not abide long entreatie; but went with her to the Caſtle: which I found of good ſtrength, hauing a great more round about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whoſe vnthriftie ſonne he had bought it. The bridge drawne vp, where we were faine to crie a good while before we could haue aunſwere, and to diſpute a good while before aunſwere would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingneſſe, rather then a ioy to receiue his daughter, whome he had lately ſeen ſo neere death, & an opinion brought into his head by courſe, becauſe he heard himſelfe called a Father; rather then any kindneſſe that he found in his owne hart, made him take vs in; for my part by that time growne ſo wearie of ſuch entertainment, that no regard of my ſelfe, but onely the importunitie of his daughter made me enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driueling old fellow, leane, ſhaking both of head and hands, alreadie halfe earth, & yet then moſt greedie of Earth: who ſcarcely would giue me thankes for what I had done, for feare I ſuppoſe, that thankfulneſſe might haue an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voice, giuing me a falſe welcome, I might perceiue in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to ſay, whether the diſpleaſure of her companie did not ouer-way the pleaſure of her owne comming. But on he brought me, into ſo bare a houſe, that it was the picture of miſerable happineſſe, and rich beggerie (ſerued onely by a companie of ruſticall villaines, full of ſweat & duſt, not one of them other, then a labourer) in ſumme (as he counted it) profitable drudgerie: and all preparations both for foode and lodging ſuch, as would make one deteſt nigardneſſe, it is ſo fluttiſh a vice. His talke of nothing but of his pouertie, for feare belike leaſt I ſhould haue proued a yong borrower. In ſumme, ſuch a man, as any enimie could not wiſh him worſe then to be himſelfe. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious gueſt to a loathſome hoſt; ouer-hearing him ſometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing ſuch coſtly mates vnder his roofe: which ſhee grieuing at, deſired much to know my name, I thinke partly of kindneſſe, to remember who had done ſome thing for her, and partly, becauſe ſhee aſſured her ſelfe I was ſuch a one as would make euen his miſer-mind contented with what he had done. And accordingly ſhee demaunded my name, and eſtate, with ſuch earneſtneſſe, that I whome Loue had not as then ſo robbed me of my ſelfe, as to be another then I am, told her directly my name and condition: wherof ſhe was no more glad then her father, as I might wel perceiue by ſome ill fauoured cherefulneſſe, which then firſt began to wrinkle it ſelfe in his face.

But the cauſes of their ioyes were farre different; for as the ſhepheard and the butcher both may looke vpon one ſheepe with pleaſing conceipts, but the ſhepheard with minde to profit himſelfe by preſeruing, the butcher with killing him: So ſhe reioyced to finde that mine own benefits had me to be her friend, who was a Prince of ſuch greatneſſe, and louingly reioyced: but his ioy grewe (as I to my danger after perceiued) by the occaſion of the Queene *Artaxias* ſettting my head

to

to sale, for hauing slaine her brother *Tiridates*; which being the summe of an hundreth thousand crownes (to whosoeuer brought me aliue into her hands) that old wretch, (who had ouer-liued all good nature) though he had lying idly by him much more then that, yet aboue all things louing money, for monies owne sake determined to betray me, so well deseruing of him for to haue that which he was determined neuer to vse. And so knowing that the next morning I was resolued to go to the place where I had left *Anaxius*, he sent in all speed to a Captaine of a Garrison neere by; which though it belonged to the King of *Iberia*, (yet knowing the Captaines humor to delight so in riotous spending, as he cared not how he came by the meanes to maintaine it) doubted not that to be halfe with him in the gaine, he would play his quarters part in the treason. And therefore that night agreeing of the fittest places where they might surprise me the morning, the old caitiffe was growne so ceremonious, as he would needs accompanie me some myles in my way; a sufficient token to me, if Nature had made me apt to suspect; since a churles curtesie rarely comes, but either for gaine, or falshood. But I suffered him to stumble into that point of good manner: to which purpose he came out with all his clownes, horst vpon such cart-iades, and so furnished, as in good faith I thought with my self, if that were thrift, I wisht none of my friends or subiects euer to thriue. As for his daughter (the gentle *Dido*) she would also (but in my conscience with a farre better minde) prolong the time of fare well, as long as he.

And so we went on together: he so old in wickednesse, that he could looke me in the face, and freely talke with me, whose life he had alreadie contracted for: till comming into the falling of a way which ledde vs into a place, of each-side whereof men might easily keepe themselues vndiscouered, I was encompassed sodainly by a great troupe of enemies both of horse and foote, who willed me to yeeld my selfe to the Queene *Artaxia*. But they could not haue vsed worse eloquence to haue perswaded my yeelding, then that; I knowing the little good will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making necessitie & iustice my best sword and shield, I vsed the other weapons I had as wel as I could; I am sure to the little ease of a good number, who trusting to their number more then to their valure, & valuing money higher then equitie, felt, that guiltlesnesse is not alwaies with ease oppressed. As for *Chremes*, he with drew himself, yet so guilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gaine, that he was content to be a beholder, how I should be taken to make his pray.

But I was growne so wearie, that I supported my selfe more with anger then strength, when the most excellent *Musidorus* came to my succour; who hauing followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*, came to the niggards Castle, where he found all burned and spoiled by the countrie people, who bare mortall hatred to that couetous man, and now tooke the time, when the castle was left almost without garde, to come in, and leaue monuments of their malice therein: which *Musidorus* not staying either to further, or impeache, came vpon the spurre after me (because with one voice many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant vnto me) and in this extremitie found me. But when I saw that cousin of mine, me thought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victorie. For who can feare that hath *Musidorus* by him? who, what he did there for me, how manie he killed, not straunger for the number then for the straunge blowes wherewith he sent them to a well deserued death, might well delight me to speake of, but I should so hold you too long in euerie particular. But in truth, there if euer,

and euer, if euer any man, did *Muſidorus* ſhew himſelf ſecond to none in able valor.

Yet what the vnmeaſurable exceſſe of their number would haue done in the end I know not, but the triall thereof was cut off by the chaunceable comming thither of the King of *Iberia*, that ſame father of the worthie *Plangus*, whom it hath pleaſed you ſometimes to mention: who, not yeelding ouer to olde age his countrey delights, eſpecially of hauking) was at that time (following a Merline) brought to ſee this iniurie offred vnto vs: and hauing great numbers of Courtiers waiting vpon him, was ſtraight known by the ſouldiers that aſſaulted vs, to be their King, and ſo moſt of them withdrew themſelues.

He by his authoritie knowing of the Captaines owne conſtrained confeſſion, what was the motiue of this miſchieuous practiſe; miſliking much ſuch violence ſhould be offred in his countrie to men of our ranke, but chiefely diſdaining it ſhould be done in reſpect of his Niece, whom (I muſt confeſſe wrongfully) he hated, becauſe he interpreted that her brother and ſhe had maintained his ſonne *Plangus* againſt him, cauſed the Captaines head preſently to be ſtriken off, and the old bad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truely for my part, I earneſtly laboured for his life, becauſe I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a concluſion of his miſerable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who (alas poore Gentlewoman was by chaunce ſlaine among his clownes, while ſhe ouerboldly for her weake ſex ſought to hold them from me, nor yet his own ſhameful end was ſo much in his mouth as he was led to execution, as the loſſe of his goods, and burning of his houſe: which often, with more laughter then teares of the hearers, he made pittifull exclamations vpon.

This iuſtice thus done, and we deliuered, the King in deede in royall ſort inuited vs to his Court, not farre thence: in all points entertaining vs ſo, as truely I muſt euer acknowledge a beholdingnes vnto him: although the ſtreame of it fell out not to be ſo ſweet as the ſpring. For after ſome daies being there (curing our ſelues of ſuch wounds as we had receiued, while I, cauſing diligent ſearch to be made of *Amaxius*, could learne nothing, but that he was gone out of the countrie, boaſting in euery place how he had made me run away) we were brought to receiue the fauour of acquaintance with this Queene *Andromana*, whom the Princeſſe *Pamela* did in ſo liuely colours deſcribe the laſt day, as ſtill me thinks the figure thereof poſſeſſeth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my ſelfe had.

And therefore I ſhall neede the leſſe to make you know what kind of woman ſhe was; but this onely, that firſt with the raines of affection, and after with the verie vſe of directing, ſhe had made her ſelfe ſo abſolute a maiſter of her husbands minde, that a while he would not, and after, he could not tell how to gouerne without being gouerned by her: but finding an eaſe in not vnderſtanding, let looſe his thoughts wholy to pleaſure, entruſting to her the entire conduct of all his royall affaires. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the bleſſing, to match with ſome Heroicall minded Lady. But in him it was neither guided by wiſedome, nor followed by Fortune, but thereby was ſlipt inſenſibly into ſuch an eſtate, that he liued at her vndiſcreete diſcretion: all his ſubiectes hauing by ſome yeares learned, ſo to hope for good, and feare of harme, onely from her, that it ſhould haue needed a ſtronger vertue then his, to haue vnwound ſo deepely an entred vice. So that either not ſtriuing (becauſe he was contented) or contented (becauſe he would not ſtriue) he ſcarcely knew what was done in his owne chamber, but as it pleaſed her Inſtruments to frame the relation.

Now

Now we being brought knowen vnto her ( the time that wee ſpent in curing ſome very dangerous wounds) after once we were acquainted, (& acquainted we were ſooner then our ſelues expected) ſhe continually almoſt haunted vs, till (and it was not long a doing ) we diſcouered a moſt violent bent of affection: and that ſo ſtrangely, that we might well ſee, an euill minde in authoritie, dooth not onely follow the ſway of the deſires already within it, but frames to it ſelfe new deſires, not before thought of. For, with equall ardour ſhe affected vs both: & ſo did her greatnes diſdain ſhamefaſtneſſe, that ſhe was content to acknowledge it to both. For, (hauing many times torne the vaile of modeſtie) it ſeemed, for a laſt delight, that ſhe delighted in infamy: which often ſhe had vſed to her husbands ſhame, filling all mens eares (but his) with his reproch; while he hoodwinkt with kindneſſe) leaſt of all men knew who ſtrake him. But her firſt degree was, by ſetting forth her beauties, truely in nature not to be miſliked, but as much aduanced to the eye, as abaſed to the iudgement by art) thereby to bring vs (as willingly-caught fiſhes) to bite at her bait. And thereto had ſhee that ſcutchion of her deſires ſupported by certaine badly-diligent miniſters, who often cloyed our eares with her praiſes, and would needs teach vs a way of felicitie by ſeeking her fauour. But when ſhe found, that we were as deafe to them as dumb to her; then ſhe liſted no longer ſtay in the ſuburbs of her fooliſh deſires, but directly entred vpon them; making her ſelfe an impudent ſuter, authorizing her ſelfe very much with making vs ſee that all fauour & power in that realme, ſo depended vpon her, that now (being in her hands) we were either to keepe, or loſe our liberty, at her diſcretion; which yet a while ſhe ſo tempted, as that we might rather ſuſpect, then ſhe threaten. But when our wounds grew ſo, as that they gaue vs leaue to trauell, & that ſhe found we were purpoſed to vſe all meanes we could to depart thence, ſhe (with more & more importunatneſſe) craued, which in all good maners was either of vs to be deſired, or not granted. Truely (moſt faire & euery way excellent Lady) you would haue wondred to haue ſeene, how before vs ſhe would confeſſe the contention in her owne minde between that louely (indeed moſt louely) brownneſſe of *Muſidorus* his face, & this colour of mine, which ſhe (in the deceiuable ſtile of affection) would intitle beautifull: how her eyes wandred like a glutton at a feaſt) from the one to the other; & how her words would begin halfe of the ſentence to *Muſidorus*, & end the other halfe to *Pyrocles*: not aſhamed) ſeing the friendſhip betweene vs) to deſire either of vs to be a mediator to the other; as if we ſhould haue played one requeſt at Tennis betweene vs: and often wiſhing that ſhe might be the angle, where the lines of our friendſhip might meet; and be the knot which might tie our hearts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely ſet before you (moſt deare Lady) becauſe by the foile thereof, you may ſee the nobleneſſe of my deſire to you, and the warrantableneſſe of your fauour to me.

At that *Philoclea* ſmiled, with a little nod. But (ſaid *Pyrocles*) when ſhe perceiued no hope by ſuite to preuaile, then ( perſwaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to do any thing ) ſhee found meanes to haue vs accuſed to the King, as though wee went about ſome practiſe to ouerthrowe him in his owne eſtate. Which becauſe of the ſtrange ſucceſſes wee had had in the Kingdomes of *Phrigia*, *Pontus*, and *Galatia*) ſeemed not vnlikely to him, who (but skimming any thing that came before him) was diſciplined to leaue the through-handling of all to his gentle wife: who foorthwith cauſed vs to be put in priſon, hauing (while we ſlept) depriued vs of our armes: a priſon, indeed iniurious, becauſe a priſon, but els well teſtifying affection, becauſe in al reſpects as cõmodious as a priſon

might be: and in deede so placed, as she might at all houres (not seene by many, though she cared not much how many had seene her) come vnto vs. Then fell she to sauce her desires with threatnings, so that we were in a great perplexitie, restrained to so vnworthie a bondage, and yet restrained by loue, which (I cannot tell how (in noble mindes, by a certain duty, claimes an answering. And how much that loue might moue vs, so much, and more that faultinesse of her minde remoued vs, her beauty being balanced by her shamelesnesse. But that which did (as it were) tie vs in a captiuitie, was, that to grant, had bin wickedly iniurious to him, that had saued our liues: and to accuse a Lady that loued vs, of her loue vnto vs, we esteemed almost as dishonorable: and but by one of those waies we saw no likelyhood of going out of that place, where the words would be iniurious to your eares, which should expresse the maner of her suite: while yet many times earnestnes died her cheekes with the colour of shamefastnesse; and wanton languishing borrowed of her eyes the down-cast looke of modestie. But we in the meane time farre from louing her, and often assuring her, that we would not so recompence her husbandes sauing of our liues; to such a ridiculous degree of trusting her, she had brought him, that she caused him send vs word, that vpon our liues, we should doo whatsoeuer she commaunded vs: good man, not knowing any other, but that all her pleasures were directed to the preseruation of his estate. But when that made vs rather pittie, then obey his folly, then fell she to seruile entreating vs, as though force could haue bene the schoole of Loue, or that an honest courage would not rather striue against, then yeeld to iniurie. All which yet could not make vs accuse her, though it made vs almost pine away for spight, to loose any of our time in so troublesome an idlenesse.

But while we were thus full of wearinesse of what was past, and doubt of what was to follow, Loue (that I thinke in the course of my life hath a sport sometimes to poyson me with roses, sometimes to heale me with wormewood) brought foorth a remedie vnto vs: which though it helped me out of that distresse, alas the conclusion was such, as I must euer while I liue, thinke it worse then a wrack, so to haue bene preserued. This King by this Queene had a sonne of tender age, but of great expectation, brought vp in the hope of themselues, and alreadie acceptation of the inconstant people, as successor of his fathers crowne: wherof he was as worthie, considering his parts, as vnworthie, in respect of the wrong was thereby done against the most noble *Plangus*: whose great deserts now either forgotten, or vngratefully remembred, all men set their sailes with the fauourable winde, which blewe on the fortune of this young Prince, perchaunce not in their hârts, but surely not in their mouths, now giuing *Plangus* (who some yeares before was their onely champion) the poore comfort of calamitie, pittie. This youth therefore accounted Prince of that region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection loue a yong Lady, brought vp in his fathers court, called *Zelmane*, daughter to that mischieuously vnhappie Prince *Plexirtus* (of whome alreadie I haue, and sometimes must make, but neuer honorable mention) left there by her father, because of the intricate changeablenesse of his estate; he by the mother side being halfe brother to this Queene *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as Loue (alas) doth not alwayes reflect it selfe, so fell it out that this *Zelmane*, (though truely reason there was enough to loue *Palladius*) yet could not euer perswade her heart to yeeld thereunto: with that paine to *Palladius*, as they feele, that feele an vnloued loue. Yet louing indeed, and therefore constant, hee vsed

still

ſtill the intereſſion of diligence and faith, euer hoping, becauſe he would not put him ſelfe into that hell, to be hopeleſſe: vntill the time of our being come, and captiued there, brought foorth this ende, which truely deſerues of me a further degree of ſorrow then teares.

Such was there in my ill deſtinie, that this young Ladie *Zelmane* (like ſome vnwiſely liberal, that more delight to giue preſents, then pay debts) ſhe choſe (alas for the pitie) rather to beſtowe her loue) ſo much vndeſerued, as not deſired) vpon me, then to recõpence him, whoſe loue (beſides many other things) might ſeeme (euen in the court of Honour) iuſtly to claime it of her. But ſo it was (alas that ſo it was) whereby it came to paſſe (that as nothing doth more naturally follow his cauſe, then care to preſerue, and benefite doth follow vnfained affection) ſhe felt with me, what I felt of my captiuitie, and ſtreight laboured to redreſſe my paine, which was her paine: which ſhe could do by no better meanes, then by vſing the helpe therein of *Palladius*: who (true Louer) conſidering what, and not why, in all her commaundements; and indeed ſhee concealing from him her affection (which ſhee intituled cõpaſſion,) immediatly obeyed to imploy his vttermoſt credite to relieue vs: which though as great, as a beloued ſonne with a mother, faultie otherwiſe, but not hard-harted toward him, yet it could not preuaile to procure vs libertie. Wherefore he ſought to haue that by practiſe, which he could not by prayer. And ſo being allowed often to viſite vs (for indeed our reſtraints were more, or leſſe, according as the ague of her paſſion was either in the fit or intermiſſion) he vſed the oportunitie of a fit time thus to deliuer vs.

The time of the marying that Queene was euery yeare, by the extreame loue of her husbãd, & the ſeruiceable loue of the Courtiers, made notable by ſome publike honours, which did (as it were) proclaime to the world, how deare ſhe was to that people. Amõg other, none was either more gratefull to the beholders, or more noble in it ſelfe, then iuſts, both with ſword & launce, maintained for a ſeuen-night together: wherein, that Nation doth ſo excell, both for comelineſſe and ableneſſe, that from neighbor-countries they ordinarily come, ſome to ſtriue, ſome to learne, ſome to behold.

This day it happened that diuers famous Knights came thither frõ the Court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Lady, whom fame at that time was ſo deſirous to honor, that ſhe borrowed all mens mouthes to ioyne with the ſound of her Trumpet. For as her beautie hath wonne the prize frõ all women, that ſtand in degree of compariſon (for as for the two ſiſters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of compariſon) ſo hath her gouernment bene ſuch as hath bene no leſſe beautifull to mens iudgements, then her beautie to the eye-ſight. For being brought by right of birth, a woman, a yong woman, a faire woman, to gouerne a people, in nature mutinouſly proud, and alwaies before ſo vſed to hard gouernours, as they knew not how to obey without the ſworde were drawne. Yet could ſhe for ſome yeares, ſo cary her ſelfe among them, that they found cauſe in the delicacie of her ſex, of admiration, not of contempt: & which was notable, euen in the time that many countries about her were full of wars (which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought ſtil would conclude there) yet ſo handled ſhe the matter, that the threatens euer ſmarted in the threatners; ſhe vſing ſo ſtrange, and yet ſo well-ſucceeding a temper, that ſhe made her people by peace, warlike; her courtiers by ſports, learned; her Ladies by Loue, chaſt. For by continuall martiall exerciſes without bloud, ſhe made them perfect in that blody art. Her ſports were ſuch as caried riches of Knowledge vpon the ſtream

of Delight: & ſuch the behauiour both of her ſelfe and her Ladies, as builded their chaſtitie not vpon waiwardneſſe, but choice of worthineſſe: So as it ſeemed, that court to haue bin the mariage place of Loue & Vertue, & that her ſelfe was a *Diana* apparelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which Fame only deliuered vnto me, (for yet I haue neuer ſeene her) I am the willinger to ſpeake of to you, who (I know) know her better, being your neere neighbour, becauſe you may ſee by her example (in her ſelf wiſe, & of others beloued) that neither folly is the cauſe of vehemēt loue, nor reproch the effect. For neuer (I think) was there any woman, that with more vnremouable determination gaue her ſelf to the counſel of loue, after ſhee had once ſet before her mind the worthineſſe of your coſin *Amphialus*; & yet is neither her wiſedome doubted of, nor honor blemiſhed. For (O God) what doth better become wiſdome, then to diſcerne what is worthy the louing? what more agreable to goodneſſe, then to loue it ſo diſcerned? & what to greatneſſe of hart, then to be conſtant in it once loued? But at that time, that loue of hers was not ſo publikly known, as the death of *Philoxenus* & her ſearch of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then ſeemed to haue ſuch leaſure to ſend thither diuerſe choiſe knights of her court, becauſe they might bring her, at leaſt the knowledge, perchance the honor of that triūph. Wherin ſo they behaued themſelues as for three daies they caried the prize; which being come from ſo far a place to diſgrace her ſeruants, *Palladius* (who himſelfe had neuer vſed armes) perſwaded the Queene *Andromana* to be content (for the honor ſake of her court) to ſuffer vs two to haue our horſe & armour, that he with vs might vndertake the recouery of their loſt honour: which ſhe granted; taking our oth to go no further then her ſonne, nor euer to abandon him. Which ſhe did not more for ſauing him, then keeping vs: and yet not ſatisfied with our oth, appointed a band of horſemen to haue eye, that we ſhould not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratifie the yong Prince, who (we ſaw) loued vs. And ſo the fourth day of that exerciſe, we came into the field: where (I remember) the manner was, that the forenoone they ſhold run at tilt, one after the other: the afternoone in a broad field in maner of a battell, til either the ſtrangers, or that countrie Knights wan the field.

The firſt that ran was a braue Knight, whoſe deuiſe was to come in, all chayned with a Nymph leading him: his *Impreſa* was

Againſt him came forth an *Iberian*, whoſe manner of entring was, with Bagpipes in ſteed of trumpets; a ſhepheards boy before him for a Page, and by him a dozen apparelled like ſhepheards for the faſhion, though rich in ſtuffe, who caried his Launces, which though ſtrong to giue a launcely blow indeed, yet ſo were they coloured with hookes neere the mourne, that they pretily repreſented ſheephooks. His owne furniture was dreſt ouer with wooll, ſo enriched with Iewels artificially placed, that one would haue thought it a mariage betweene the loweſt and the higheſt. His *Impreſa* was a Sheepe marked with pitch, with this woord *Spotted to be knowne*. And becauſe I may tell you out his conceipt (though that were not done, till the running for that time was ended) before the Ladies departed from the windowes, among whom there was one (they ſay) that was the *Star*, whereby his courſe was onely directed. The Shepherds attending vpon *PHILISIDES* went among them, and ſang an eclogue; one of them anſwering another, while the other ſhepherds pulling out recorders (which poſſeſt the place of pipes) accorded their muſike to the others voice. The Eclogue had great praiſe: I onely remember ſixe verſes, while hauing queſtioned one with the other, of their fellow-ſhepheards ſodaine growing a man of armes, and the cauſe of his ſo doing, they thus ſaid.

Me

*ME thought some staues he mist: if so, not much amisse.*
*For where he most would hit, he euer yet did misse.*
*Once said he brake a crosse; full well it so might be:*
*For neuer was there man more crossely crost then he.*
*But most cryed, O well broke: O foole full gaily blest:*
*Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best.*

Thus I haue digrest, because his manner liked me well: But when he began to run against *Lelius*, it had neere growne (though great loue had euer bene betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philisides* breaking his staues with great commendation, *Lelius* (who was knowne to be second to none in the perfection of that art) ranne euer ouer his head, but so finely to the skilfull eyes, that one might well see he shewed more knowledge in missing, then others did in hitting. For with so gallant a grace his staffe came swimming close ouer the crest of the Helmet, as if he would represent the kisse, and not the stroke of *Mars*. But *Philisides* was much moued with it, while he thought *Lelius* would shew a contempt of his youth: till *Lelius*, (who therefore would satisfie him, because he was his friend) made him know, that to such bondage he was for so many courses tyed by her, whose disgraces to him were graced by her excellencie, and whose iniuries he could neuer otherwise returne, then honors.

But so by *Lelius* willing-missing was the oddes of the *Iberian* side, and continued so in the next by the excellent running of a Knight, though fostred so by the *Muses*, as many times the very rusticke people left both their delights and profits to harken to his songs, yet could he so well performe all armed sports, as if he had neuer had any other pen, then a Launce in his hand. He came in like a wilde man; but such a wildenesse, as shewed his eye-sight had tamed him, full of withered leaues, which though they fell not, still threatned falling. His *Impresa* was, a mill-horse still bound to goe in one circle; with this word, *Data fata sequuntur*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights absolutely preuailed, especially a great noble man of *Corinth*, whose deuice was to come without any deuice, all in white like a new Knight, as indeed he was; but so new, as his newnes shamed most of the others long exercise. Then another from whose tent I remember a birde was made flie, with such art to carry a written embassage among the Ladies, that one might say, If a liue bird, how so taught? if a dead bird, how so made? Then he, who hidden, man and horse in a great figure liuely representing the *Phœnix*: the fire tooke so artificially, as it consumed the bird, and left him to rise as it were, out of the ashes thereof. Against whom was the fine frosen Knight, frosen in despaire; but his armour so naturally representing Ice, and all his furniture so liuely answering thereto, as yet did I neuer see any thing that pleased me better.

But the delight of those pleasing sightes, haue caried me too farre into an vnnecessary discourse. Let it then suffice (most excellent Lady) that you know the *Corinthians* that morning in the exercise (as they had done the daies before) had the better; *Palladius* neither suffring vs, nor himself to take in hand the partie til the after noone; when we were to fight in troupes, not differing otherwise from earnest, but that the sharpenesse of the weapons was taken away. But in the triall *Palladius* (especially led by *Musidorus*, and somewhat aided by me) himselfe truely behauing him selfe nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to rest it selfe that night on the *Iberian* side: and the next day, both morning, and after-noone being kept by

our partie. He (that ſaw the time fit for the deliuerie he intended) called vnto vs to follow him; which we both bound by oth, & willing by good-will, obeyed: and ſo the gard not daring to interrupt vs (he commaunding paſſage) we went after him vpon the ſpur to a little houſe in a forreſt neere by: which he thought would be the fitteſt reſting place, till we might go further from his mothers furie, wherat he was no leſſe angrie, and aſhamed, then deſirous to obey *Zelmane*.

But his mother (as I learned ſince) vnderſtanding by the gard her ſonnes conueying vs away) forgetting her greatneſſe, and reſigning modeſtie to more quiet thoughts (flewe out from her place, and cried to be accompanied, for ſhee her-ſelfe would follow vs. But what ſhe did (being rather with vehemencie of paſſion, then conduct of reaſon) made her ſtumble while ſhe ran, & by her own confuſion hinder her own deſires. For ſo impatiently ſhe commaunded, as a good while no body knew what ſhe commaunded; ſo as we had gotten ſo farre the ſtart, as to be already paſt the confines of her kingdome before ſhe ouertooke vs: and ouertake vs ſhe did in the kingdome of *Bythinia*, not regarding ſhame, or danger of hauing entred into anothers dominions: but (hauing with her about a threeſcore horſ-men) ſtreight commaunded to take vs aliue, and not to regard her ſonnes threatning therein: which they attempted to do, firſt by ſpeach, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we eſteemed few ſwords in a iuſt defence, able to reſiſt many vniuſt aſſaulters. And ſo *Muſidorus* incredible valour (beating downe all lets) made both me, and *Palladius*, ſo good way, that we had little to do to ouercome weake wrong.

And now had the victorie in effect without bloud, when *Palladius* (heated with the fight, and angrie with his mothers fault) ſo purſued our aſſaylers, that one of them (who as I heard ſince had before our comming bene a ſpeciall minion of *Andromanas*, & hated vs for hauing diſpoſſeſt him of her heart) taking him to be one of vs, with a traiterous blow ſlewe his yong Prince: who falling downe before our eyes, whom he ſpecially had deliuered, iudge (ſweeteſt Lady) whether anger might not be called iuſtice in ſuch a caſe: once, ſo it wrought in vs, that many of his ſubiects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while diſdaine, ſtrengthened by the furie of a furious loue, made *Andromana* ſtay to the laſt of the combat: and when ſhe ſaw vs light down, to ſee what help we might do to the helpleſſe *Palladius*, ſhe came running madly vnto vs, then no leſſe threatning, when ſhe had no more power to hurt. But when ſhe perceiued it was her onely ſonne that lay hurt, and that his hurt was ſo deadly, as that already his life had loſt the vſe of the reaſonable, and almoſt ſenſible part; then onely did miſfortune lay his owne ouglineſſe vpon her fault, and make her ſee what ſhe had done, and to what ſhe was come: eſpecially, finding in vs rather deteſtation then pittie, (conſidering the loſſe of that young Prince) and reſolution preſently to departe, which ſtill ſhe laboured to ſtay. But depriued of all comfort, with eyes full of death, ſhe ranne to her ſonnes dagger, and before we were aware of it (who elſe would haue ſtayed it) ſtrake her ſelfe a mortall wound. But then her loue, though not her perſon, awaked pittie in vs, and I went to her, while *Muſidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was paſt the cure of a better ſurgeon then my ſelfe, ſo as I could but receiue ſome fewe of her dying words, which were curſings of her ill ſet affection, and wiſhing vnto me many croſſes and miſchances in my loue, when euer ſhe ſhould loue, wherein I feare, and onely feare that her praiers is from aboue granted. But the noiſe of this fight, and iſſue thereof being blazed by the country

people

people to ſome noble men thereabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offered vs, let vs go on our iourney, we hauing recõmended thoſe royall bodies vnto them to be conueied to the King of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, ſeeing the teares ſtand in his eyes with remẽbrance of *Paladius*, but much more of that which thervpon grew, ſhe would needes drink a kiſſe from thoſe eyes, and he ſucke another frõ her lips; wherat ſhe bluſhed, and yet kiſſed him againe to hide her bluſhing: which had almoſt brought *Pyrocles* into another diſcourſe, but that ſhe with ſo ſweete a rigor forbad him, that he durſt not rebell, though he found it a great warre to keepe that peace, but was faine to goe on in his ſtorie: for ſo ſhe abſolutely bad him, and he durſt not know how to diſobey.

So (ſaid he) parting from that place before the Sunne had much abaſed himſelfe of his greateſt height, we ſawe ſitting vpon the drie ſandes) which yeelded at that time a verie hotte reflection) a faire Gentlewoman, whoſe geſture accuſed her of much ſorow, aud euery way ſhewed ſhe cared not what paine ſhe put her body to, ſince the better parte (her minde) was laide vnder ſo much agonie: and ſo was ſhe dulled withal, that we could come ſo neare, as to heare her ſpeeches, & yet ſhe not perceiue the hearers of her lamentation. But wel we might vnderſtand her at times ſay. Thou doſt kill me with thy vnkinde falſhood: and, It greeues me not to die, but it greeues me that thou art the murtherer: neither doth mine own paine ſo much vexe me, as thy errour. For God knowes, it would not trouble me to be ſlaine for thee, but much it torments me to be ſlaine by thee. Thou art vntrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art vntrue, and woe is me therefore. How oft didſt thou ſweare vnto me, that the Sunne ſhould looſe his light, and the rockes runne vp and downe like little kiddes, before thou wouldeſt falſifie thy faith to me? Sunne therefore put out thy ſhining, and rockes runne madde for ſorrow, for *Pamphilus* is falſe. But alas the ſun keepes his light, though thy faith be darkened; the rockes ſtand ſtill; though thou change like a wethercocke. O foole that I am that thought I could graſpe water, and binde the winde, I might well haue known thee by others, but I would not; and rather wiſhed to learne poiſon by drinking it my ſelfe, while my loue helped thy words to deceiue me. Well, yet I would thou hadſt made a better choiſe when thou didſt forſake thy vnfortunate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter, *Baccha* (thy new miſtres) wil reuenge my wrongs. But do not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* liue happy though I dye.

And much more to ſuch like phraſe ſhe ſpake, but that I (who had occaſion to know ſome thing of that *Pamphilus*) ſtept to comfort her: and though I could not doo that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the ſame *Leucippe*, to whome the vnconſtant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himſelfe, which had moued the other Ladies to ſuch indignation as I tolde you: neither her worthineſſe (which in trueth was great) nor his owne ſuffering for her (which is woont to endeare affection (could fetter his ficklenеſſe, but that before his mariage-daye appointed, he had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whome ſhe complained; one, that in diuers places I had heard before blazed, as the moſt impudently vnchaſte woman of all *Aſia*; and withall, of ſuch an imperiouſneſſe therein, that ſhe would not ſticke to employ them whome ſhe made vnhappie with her fauour) to draw more companions of their follie: in the multitude of whome ſhe did no leſſe glorie, then a Captaine would doo, of being followed by braue Souldiers: waiwardly proud; and therefore bold, becauſe extremely faultie: and yet hauing no good thing to redeeme both theſe, and other vnlouely partes, but a little beautie, diſgraced with wandering eyes, and vnwaied ſpeeches; yet had *Pamphilus* (for her) left *Leucippe*, & withall, left

his faith: *Leucippe*, of whom one looke (in a cleere iudgement) would haue bin more acceptable, then all her kindneſſes ſo prodigallie beſtowed. For my ſelfe, the remembrance of his cruell handling *Dido*, ioyned to this, ſtirred me to ſeeke ſome reuenge vpon him, but that I thought, it ſhould be a gaine to him to loſe his life, being ſo matched: and therefore (leauing him to be puniſhed by his owne election) we conueyed *Leucippe* to a houſe thereby, dedicated to *Veſtall* Nunnes, where ſhee reſolued to ſpend all her yeares (which her youth promiſed ſhould be many) in bewailing the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong doer.

But the next morning, we (hauing ſtriuē with the Sunnes earlineſſe) were ſcarcely beyond the proſpect of the high turrets of that building, when there ouertooke vs a young Gentleman, for ſo he ſeemed to vs, but indeede (ſweete Ladie) it was the faire *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus* daughter; whom vnconſulting affection (vnfortunately borne to me-wards) had made borrowe ſo much of her naturall modeſtie, as to leaue her more-decent rayments, and taking occaſion of *Andromanas* tumultuous purſuing vs, had apparelled her ſelfe like a page, with a pitifull crueltie cutting off her golden haire, leauing nothing, but the ſhort curles, to couer that noble head, but that ſhe ware vpon it a faire head-peece, a ſhield at her backe, and a launce in her hand, els diſarmed. Her apparell of white, wrought vpon with broken knots, her horſe, faire and luſtie, which ſhe rid ſo, as might ſhew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doo that, which ſhe knew that ſhe knew not how to doo: and the ſweeteneſſe of her countenance did giue ſuch a grace to what ſhe did, that it did make handſome the vnhandſomnes, and make the eye force the minde to beleeue, that there was a praiſe in that vnskilfulneſſe. But ſhe ſtraight approached me, and with fewe words (which borrowed the helpe of her counteance to make themſelues vnderſtood) ſhe deſired me to accept her into my ſeruice; telling me ſhe was a noblemans ſonne of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who hauing ſeen what I had done in that court, had ſtolne from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the maner of *Andromanas* following me, which by her I vnderſtood, ſhe hiding nothing (but her ſexe) from me. And ſtill me thought I had ſeene that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far diſtant from my memorie: but liking verie well the yong Gentleman, (ſuch I tooke her to be) admitted this *Daiphantus* about me, who well ſhewed there is no ſeruice like his, that ſerues becauſe he loues. For though born of Princes bloud, brought vp with tendereſt educatiō, vnapt to ſeruice (becauſe a woman) and full of thoughts (becauſe in a ſtrange eſtate,) yet Loue enioyned ſuch diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondſlaue could euer be by feare more readie at all commaundements, then that yong Princeſſe was. How often (alas) did her eyes ſay vnto me, that they loued? and yet, (I not looking for ſuch a matter) had not my conceipt open to vnderſtand them: how often would ſhe come creeping to me, betweene gladneſſe to be neare me, & feare to offend me? Truly I remember, that then I maruailed to ſee her receiue my commandements with ſighes, and yet do them with cheerefulneſſe: ſometimes anſwering me in ſuch riddles, as I then thought a childiſh inexperience: but ſince returning to my remembrance they haue come more cleere vnto my knowledge: and pardon me (onely deare Lady) that I vſe many words: for her affection to me deſerues of me an affectionate ſpeach.

But in ſuch ſort did ſhe ſerue me in that kingdom of *Bythinia*, for two monethes ſpace: in which time we brought to good end, a cruell warre long maintained betweene the king of *Bythinia* and his brother. For my excellent couſin, & I (diuiding our ſelues to either ſide) found meanes (after ſome triall we had made of our ſelues)

to

with them, as we brought them to as great peace betweene thé-
rds vs, for hauing made the peace. Which done, we entended to
e kingdome of *Galatia*, toward *Thrace*, to eaſe the care of our fa-
vho (we were ſure) firſt with the ſhipwracke, and then with the
dayly paſt, ſhould haue litle reſt in their thoughts till they ſaw
entred into that kingdome, when by the noiſe of a great fight,
a pleaſant vally, which like one of thoſe Circuſſes, which in great
doth giue a pleaſant ſpectacle of running horſes; ſo of either
lſe in a narrow length was it hemd in by wooddy hilles; as if in-
neant therein to make a place for beholders. And there we
cruelleſt fights betweene two Knights, that euer hath adorned
orie. So as I muſt confeſſe, a while we ſtood bewondred, another
h the rare brauerie therof; till ſeeing ſuch ſtreames of bloud, as
ng of life, we galloped toward them to part them. But we were
en armed knights or rather villaines, who vſing this time of their
ſſe, altogether ſet vpon them. But common daunger brake off
o that (though with a dying weakneſſe) with a liuely courage
y our helpe draue away, or ſlue thoſe murdering attempters: a-
pt to take aliue the principall. But going to diſarme thoſe two
e found with no leſſe wonder to vs, then aſtoniſhment to them-
ere the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and
enture (as afterward we made that vngracious wretch confeſſe)

Prince *Leonatus* had by his fathers death ſucceeded in the king-
(forgetting all former iniuries) had receiued that naughty *Ple-*
t degree of fauour, his goodneſſe being as apt to be deceiued,
as to deceiue. Till by plaine proofe finding, that the vngrateful
oiſon him, yet would not ſuffer his kindneſſe to be ouercome,
: but calling him to him, vſed words to this purpoſe. *Plexir-*
kedneſſe is found by thee; no good deedes of mine haue bene
wne in thee: all men counſell me to take away thy life, like-
hing, but as daungerous, as wicked effects, but I cannot find
nbring what fathers ſonne thou art: but ſince it is the violence
perchaunce puls thee from thine owne iudgement, I will ſee,
g that, may quiet the ill working of thy ſpirits. Not farre
ie of *Trebiſond*; which, with the territorie about it, auncient-
is crowne, now vniuſtly poſſeſſed, and as vniuſtly abuſed by
ther title to hold it, nor vertue to rule it. To the conqueſt of
l lend thee force, and giue thee my right: Go therefore, and
eſſe glut thy ambition there; and that done, if it be poſſible,

g forſworne excuſes with falſe-meant promiſes, gladly embra-
tily ſending backe for thoſe two brothers (who at that time
ng the gracious Queene *Erona*) by their vertue chieflie (if not
onqueſt of that goodlie dominion. Which indeed done by
an authoritie, that though he raigned, they in effect ruled,
them, becauſe they only deſerued honour; and manie, thin-
*Plexirtus*, conſidering how much he was bound vnto them:

while they likewiſe (with a certaine ſincere boldneſſe of ſelf-warranting friendſhip) accepted all openly and plainely, thinking nothing ſhould euer by *Plexirtus* be thought too much in them, ſince all they were, was his.

But he who by the rules of his owne mind, could conſtrue no other end of mens doings, but ſelfe-ſeeking) ſodainly feared what they could do, and as ſodainlie ſuſpected, what they would do, and as ſodainly hated them, as hauing both might, and mind to do. But dreading their power, ſtanding ſo ſtrongly in their owne valour, and others affection, he durſt not take open way againſt them, and as hard it was to take a ſecret, they being ſo continually followed by the beſt, and euerie way ableſt of that region, and therefore vſed this diueliſh ſleight (which I will tell you) not doubting (moſt wicked man) to turne their owne friēdſhip toward him to their owne deſtruction. He (knowing that they well knew, there was no friendſhip betweene him and the new king of *Pontus*, neuer ſince he ſuccoured *Leonatus* and vs, to his ouerthrow) gaue them to vnderſtand that of late there had paſſed ſecret defiance betweene them, to meet priuately at a place appointed. Which though not ſo fit a thing for men of their greatneſſe, yet was his honour ſo engaged, as he could not go backe. Yet faining to find himſelfe weake by ſome counterfeit infirmitie, the day drawing neare, he requeſted each of them to go in his ſtead; making either of them ſweare to keepe the matter ſecret, euen each from other, deliuering the ſelfe ſame particularities to both, but that he told *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armour; and *Telenor*, that it was a blacke armour: and with wicked ſubtilty (as if it had bene ſo appointed) cauſed *Tydeus* to take a blacke armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them wayes how to go, ſo as he knew they ſhold not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each had promiſed to keep ſilence, leaſt the king ſhould diſcouer it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in a wait had hee laid theſe murtherers, that who ouerliued the other, ſhould by them be diſpatched: he not daring truſt more then thoſe with that enterpriſe, and yet thinking them too few, till themſelues by themſelues were weakened.

This we learned chieflie, by the chiefe of thoſe way-beaters, after the death of thoſe two worthie brothers, whoſe loue was no leſſe then their valour: but well we might find much therof by their pitifull lamentation, whē they knew their miſmeeting, and ſaw each other (in deſpite of the ſurgerie we could do vnto them) ſtriuing who ſhould run faſteſt to the goale of death: each bewayling the other, and more dying in the other, then in himſelfe: cūrſing their owne hands for doing, and their breaſts for not ſooner ſuffering: deteſting their vnfortunately-ſpent time in hauing ſerued ſo vngratefull a Tyrant, & accuſing their follie in hauing beleeued, he could faithfullie loue, who did not loue faithfulneſſe: wiſhing vs to take heed, how we placed our good will vpon any other ground, then proofe of vertue: ſince length of acquaintance, mutuall ſecrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a ſauage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himſelfe. Then (while any hope was) beſeeching vs to leaue the care of him that beſought, and onlie looke to the other. But when they found by thēſelues, and vs, no poſſibility, they deſired to be ioyned; and ſo embracing & crauing that pardon each of other, which they denied to themſelues, they gaue vs a moſt ſorowfull ſpectacle of their death; leauing few in the world behind thē, their matches in any thing, if they had ſoone enough knowne the ground & limits of friēdſhip. But with woful harts we cauſed thoſe bodies to be cōueyed to the next town of *Bythinia*, where we lerning thus much (as I haue told you) cauſed the wicked Hiſtorian to cōclude his ſtory with his owne wel-deſerued death.

But

But then (I must tell you) I found such wofull countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not but much maruell (finding them continue beyond the first assault of pitie) how the case of strangers (for further I did not conceiue) could so deepely pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the shame and sorow she tooke of her fathers faultinesse, partlie with the feare, that the hate I conceiued against him, would vtterlie disgrace her in my opinion, whensoeuer I should know her, so vehemently perplexed her, that her faire colour decayed, and dayly and hastilie grew into the verie extreme working of sorowfulnesse: which oft I sought to learne, and helpe. But she as fearefull as louing, still concealed it; and so decaying still more and more in the excellencie of her faireneſſe, but that whatsoeuer weakeneſſe tooke away, pitie seemed to adde: yet stil she forced her self to waite on me, with such care and diligence, as might well shew had bene taught in no other schoole but Loue.

While we returning againe to embarke our selues for *Greece*, vnderstood that the mightie *Otanes* (brother to *Barzanes* slaine by *Musidorus*, in the battell of the sixe Princes) had entred vpon the kingdome of *Pontus*, partlie vpon the pretences he had to the crowne, but principally, because he wold reuenge vpon him (whom he knew we loued) the losse of his brother: thinking (as indeed he had cause) that whersoeuer we were, hearing of his extremitie, we would come to relieue him; in spite wherof he doubted not to preuaile, not onely vpon the confidence of his owne vertue and power, but especiallie because he had in his companie two mighty Giants, sons to a couple, whō we slue in the same realme, they hauing bene absent at their fathers death, and now returned, willinglie entred into his seruice, hating (more then he) both vs, and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all speed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whensoeuer I remember without sorow, I must forget withall, all humanitie.

Poore *Daiphantus* fell extreme sicke, yet would needs conquer the delicacie of her constitution, and force her selfe to waite on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great haste went seeking for *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whose death as yet was not knowne vnto the messenger; who (being their seruant, and knowing how dearelie they loued *Plexirtus*) brought them word, how since their departing, *Plexirtus* was in present daunger of a cruell death, if by the valiantnesse of one of the best knights of the world, he were not rescued: we enquired no further of the matter (being glad he shold now to his losse find what an vnprofitable treason it had bene vnto him, to dismember himself of two such friends) and so let the messenger parte, not sticking to make him know his maisters destruction by the falshood of *Plexirtus*.

But the griefe of that (finding a bodie alreadie brought to the last degree of weakneſſe) so ouerwhelmed the litle remnant of the spirits left in *Daiphantus*, that she fell sodainlie into deadlie sowndings; neuer comming to her selfe; but that withall she returned to make most pitifull lamentations; most straunge vnto vs, because we were farre from guessing the ground thereof. But finding her sickneſſe such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to conuey her to the next towne: but before we could lay her on a bed, both we, and she might find in her selfe, that the harbingers of ouer-hastie death had prepared his lodging in that daintie bodie, which she vndoubtedlie feeling, with a weake chearfulneſſe, shewed comfort therein and then desiring vs both to come neare her, and that no bodie else might be present; with pale, and yet (euen in paleneſſe) louely lips; Now

or neuer, and neuer indeed, but now is it time for me, ſaid ſhe, to ſpeake: & I thanke death which giues me leaue to diſcouer that, the ſuppreſſing whereof perchance hath bene the ſharpeſt ſpurre, that hath haſted my race to this end. Know then my Lords, and eſpeciallie you my Lord and maiſter *Pyrocles*, that your page *Daiphantus* is the vnfortunate *Zelmane*, who for your ſake cauſed my (as vnfortunate) louer and couſin *Palladius*, to leaue his fathers court, and conſequently, both him & my Aunt his mother, to loſe their liues. For your ſake my ſelfe haue become, of a Princeſſe a Page: and for your ſake haue put off the apparell of a woman, and (if you iudge not more mercifully) the modeſtie. We were amazed at her ſpeech, and then had (as it were) new eyes giuen vs to perceiue that, which before had bene a preſent ſtranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmane*, whom before we had knowne in the court of *Iberia*. And ſorow and pitie laying her paine vpon me, I comforted her the beſt I could by the tendernesſe of good will, pretending indeed better hope then I had of her recouerie.

But ſhe that had inward embaſſadours from the tyrant that ſhortly would oppreſſe her: No, my deare maiſter (ſaid ſhe) I neither hope nor deſire to liue. I know you would neuer haue loued me (and with that word ſhe wept) nor, alas, had it bene reaſon you ſhould, conſidering manie wayes my vnworthineſſe. It ſufficeth me that the ſtrange courſe I haue taken, ſhall to your remembrance, witneſſe my loue: and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would diſcouer my paine, will make you I hope, thinke that I was not altogether vnmodeſt. Thinke of me ſo, deare maiſter, and that thought ſhall be my life: and with that languiſhingly looking vpon me: And I pray you (ſaid ſhe) euen by theſe dying eyes of mine (which are only ſorie to die, becauſe they ſhall looſe your ſight) and by theſe polled lockes of mine (which while they were long, were the ornament of my ſex, now in their ſhort curles, the teſtimonie of my ſeruitude) and by the ſeruice I haue done you (which God knowes hath bene full of loue) thinke of me after my death with kindneſſe, though you cannot with loue. And whenſoeuer ye ſhall make any other Ladie happie with your well placed affection, if you tell her my follie, I pray you ſpeake of it, not with ſcorne, but with pitie, I aſſure you (deare Princeſſe of my life, for how could it be otherwiſe?) her words and her maner, with the liuely conſideration of her loue, ſo pierced me, that though I had diuerſe griefes before, yet me thought, I neuer felt till then, how much ſorow enfeebleth al reſolutiō: for I could not chooſe but yeeld to the weakeneſſe of abundant weeping; in truth with ſuch griefe, that I could willinglie at that time haue chaunged liues with her.

But when ſhe ſaw my teares, O God, ſaid ſhe, how largely am I recompenced for my loſſes? why then (ſaid ſhe) I may take boldneſſe to make ſome requeſts vnto you. I beſought her to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She ſhewed great ioy: The firſt, ſaid ſhe, is this, that you will pardon my father the diſpleaſure you haue iuſtlie conceiued againſt him, and for this once, ſuccour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, whenſoeuer you remember him to be the faultie *Plexirtus*, remember withall that he is *Zelmanes* father. The ſecond is, that when you come once into *Greece*, you will take vnto your ſelfe this name (though vnluckie) of *Daiphantus*, and vouchſafe to be called by it: for ſo ſhall I be ſure, you ſhall haue cauſe to remember me: and let it pleaſe your noble couſin to be called *Palladius*, that I do that right to that poore Prince, that his name yet may liue vpon the earth in ſo excellent a perſon: and ſo betweene you, I truſt ſometimes your vnluckie page ſhall bee (perhaps with a

figh

ſigh) mentioned. Laſtlie, let me be buried here obſcurely, not ſuffering my friends to know my fortune, till (when you are ſafely returned to your owne countrie) you cauſe my bones to be conueyed thither, and laid (I beſeech you) in ſome place, where your ſelfe vouchſafe ſometimes to reſort. Alas, final petitions for ſuch a tuter; which yet ſhe ſo earneſtlie craued, that I was faine to ſweare the accompliſhment. And then kiſſing me, and often deſiring me not to condemne her of lightneſſe, in mine armes ſhe deliuered her pure ſoule to the pureſt place: leauing me as full of agonie, as kindneſſe, pitie & ſorow could make an honeſt heart. For I muſt confeſſe for true, that if my ſtarres had not wholie reſerued me for you, there elſe perhaps I might haue loued, and (which had bene moſt ſtrange) begun my loue after death: whereof let it be the leſſe maruell, becauſe ſomewhat ſhe did reſemble you: though as farre ſhort of your perfection, as her ſelfe dying, was of her ſelfe flouriſhing: yet ſomething there was, which (when I ſaw a picture of yours) brought againe her figure into my remembrance, and made my hart as apt to receiue the wound, as the power of your beautie with vnreſiſtable force to pierce.

But we in wofull (and yet priuate) maner burying her, performed her commaundement: and then enquiring of her fathers eſtate, certainely learned that he was preſently to be ſuccoured, or by death to paſſe the need of ſuccor. Therfore we determined to deuide our ſelues; I, according to my vow, to helpe him, and *Muſidorus* toward the King of *Pontus*, who ſtood in no leſſe need then immediate ſuccour, & euen ready to depart one from the other, there came a meſſenger from him, who after ſome enquirie found vs, giuing vs to vnderſtand, that he truſting vpon vs two, had appointed the combate betweene him and vs, againſt *Otanes* and the two Giants. Now the day was ſo accorded, as it was impoſſible for me both to ſuccour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not only ſo farre engaged, but (by the ſtraunge working of vniuſt fortune) I was to leaue the ſtanding by *Muſidorus*, whom better then my ſelfe I loued, to go ſaue him, whom for iuſt cauſes I hated. But my promiſe giuen, & giuen to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, preuailed more with me, then my friendſhip to *Muſidorus*: though certainely I may affirme, nothing had ſo great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promiſe caried me the eaſier, becauſe *Muſidorus* himſelfe would not ſuffer me to breake it. And ſo with heauie minds (more carefull each of others ſucceſſe, then of our owne) we parted; I toward the place, where I vnderſtood *Plexirtus* was priſoner to an ancient Lord, abſolutely gouerning a goodly Caſtle, with a large territorie about it, whereof he acknowledged no other ſoueraigne but himſelfe; whoſe hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinſman of his, whō he maliciouſly had murdered, becauſe in the time that he raigned in *Galatia*, he found him apt to practiſe for the reſtoring of his vertuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight, ſtill thirſting for reuenge, vſed (as the way to it) a policy, which this occaſion I will tell you, prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had maried *Zelmanes* mother, who dying of that onely child-birth, he a widower, and not yet a king, haunted the Court of *Armenia*; where (as he was cunning to winne fauour) he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*, which he purſued, till (being called home by his father) he falſly got his fathers kingdome; and then neglected his former loue: till throwne out of that (by our means) before he was deeply rooted in it, and by and by againe placed in *Trebiſond*, vnderſtanding that *Artaxia* by her brothers death was become Queene of *Armenia*, he was hotter thē euer in that purſuit, which being vnderſtood by this old knight, he forged ſuch a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, entreating his preſent (but verie priuate) repaire thither,

giuing him faithfull promiſe of preſent mariage: a thing farre from her thought, hauing faithfullie and publikely proteſted, that ſhe would neuer marie anie, but ſome ſuch Prince who would giue ſure proofe, that by his means we were deſtroyed. But he (no more wittie to frame, then blind to iudge hopes) bit haſtilie at the baite, and in priuate maner poſted toward her, but by the way hee was met by this knight, farre better accompanied, who quicklie laid hold of him, and condemned him to death, cruell enough, if any thing may be both cruell and iuſt. For hee cauſed him to be kept in a miſerable priſon, till a day appointed, at which time he would deliuer him to bee deuoured by a monſtrous beaſt of moſt vglie ſhape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as ſtrong as an Elephant, as fierce as a Lion, as nimble as a Leopard, and as cruell as a Tigre: whom he hauing kept in a ſtrong place, from the firſt youth of it, now thought no fitter match, then ſuch a beaſtlie monſter with a monſtrous Tyrant: proclaiming yet withal, that if any ſo well loued him, as to venture their liues againſt his beaſt, for him, if they ouercame, he ſhould be ſaued: not caring how many they were (ſuch confidence he had in that monſters ſtrength) but eſpeciallie hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telemor*, whom he no leſſe hated, becauſe they had bene principall inſtruments of the others power.

I date ſay, if *Zelmane* had knowne what daunger I ſhould haue paſſed, ſhe wold rather haue let her father periſh, then me to haue bidden that aduenture. But my word was paſt, and trulie, the hardneſſe of the enterpriſe was not ſo much a bit as a ſpurre vnto me; knowing well, that the iourney of high honour lies not in plaine wayes. Therfore, going thither, and taking ſufficient ſecuritie that *Plexirtus* ſhould be deliuered if I were victorious, I vndertooke the combate: and (to make ſhort, excellent Lady, and not to trouble your eares with recounting a terrible matter) ſo was my weakneſſe bleſſed from aboue, that without daungerous wounds I ſlue that monſter, which hundreds durſt not attempt: to ſo great admiration of many (who from a ſafe place might looke on) that there was order giuen, to haue the fight both by ſculpture and picture, celebrated in moſt partes of *Aſia*. And the old Noble-man ſo well liked me, that he loued me; only bewayling, my vertue had bene employed to ſaue a worſe monſter then I killed: whom yet (according to faith giuen) he deliuered, and accompanied me to the kingdome of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all ſpeed go, to ſee whether it were poſſible for me (if perchance the day had bene delayed) to come to the combate: but that (before I came) had bene thus finiſhed.

The vertuous *Leonatus* vnderſtãding two ſo good friends of his were to be in that daunger, would perforce be one himſelfe; where he did valiantly, and ſo did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being ſore hurt, the incomparable *Muſidorus* finiſhed the combate by the death of both the Giants, and the taking of *Otanes* priſoner. To whõ as he gaue his life, ſo he got a noble friend, for ſo he gaue his word to be, and he is well knowne to thinke himſelfe greater in being ſubiect to that, then in the greatneſſe of his Principalitie.

But thither (vnderſtanding of our being there) flocked great multitudes of many great perſons, and euen of Princes; eſpeciallie thoſe, whom we had made beholding vnto vs: as, the Kings of *Phrygia*, *Bythinia*, with thoſe two hurt, *of Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the priſoner, by *Muſidorus* ſet free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebiſond*, and *Antiphilus* then king of *Lycia*; with as manie mo great Princes drawne either by our reputation, or by willingneſſe to acknowledge them-

themſelues obliged vnto vs, for what we had done for the others. So as in thoſe parts of the world, I thinke, in many hundreds of yeares there was not ſeene ſo royall an aſſemblie: where nothing was let paſſe to do vs the higheſt honours, which ſuch perſons (who might commaund both purſes and inuentions) could performe. All from all ſides bringing vnto vs right royall preſents (which wee to auoid both vnkindneſſe and importunitie, liberallie receiued) & not content therewith, would needs accept, as from vs their crownes, and acknowledge to hold them of vs: with manie other exceſſiue honours, which would not ſuffer the meaſure of this ſhort leiſure to deſcribe vnto you.

But we quickly awearie thereof, haſted to *Greece*-ward, led thither partly with the deſire of our Parents, but haſtened principallie, becauſe I vnderſtood that *Anaxius* with open mouth of defamation had gone thither to ſeeke me, & was now come to *Peloponneſus*, where frō Court to Court he made enquirie of me, doing yet himſelf ſo noble deeds, as might hap to authorize an ill opiniō of me. We therefore ſuffered but ſhort delayes, deſiring to take this countrie in our way, ſo renowmed ouer the world, that no Prince could pretend height, nor begger lowneſſe, to barre him from the ſound thereof: renowmed indeed, not ſo much for the ancient praiſes attributed thereunto, as for the hauing in it *Argalus* and *Amphialus* (two knights of ſuch rare proweſſe, as we deſired eſpecially to know) and yet by farre not ſo much for that, as without ſuffering of compariſon for the beautie of you and your ſiſter, which makes all indifferent iudges, that ſpeake thereof, account this countrey as a temple of deities. But theſe cauſes indeed mouing vs to come by this land, we embarked our ſelues in the next port, whither all thoſe Princes (ſauing *Antiphilus*, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tarie longer from *Erona*) conueyed vs. And there found we a ſhip moſt royallie furniſhed by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things ſo proper (as well for our defence, as eaſe) that all the other Princes greatly commended him for it: who ſeeming a quite altered man) had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendſhip in his geſture, and vertue in his mouth: ſo that we who had promiſed the ſweet *Zelmane* to pardon him, now not onely forgaue, but began to fauor; perſwading our ſelues with a youthfull credulity, that perchance things were not ſo euill as we tooke them, and as it were, deſiring our owne memorie that it might be ſo. But ſo were we licenſed from thoſe Princes, trulie not without teares, eſpecially of the vertuous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would haue come with vs, but that we (in reſpect of the ones young wife, and both their new ſetled kingdomes) would not ſuffer it. Then would they haue ſent whole fleetes to guard vs: but we, that deſired to paſſe ſecretly into *Greece*, made them leaue that motion, when they found that more ſhippes then one would be diſpleaſing vnto vs. But ſo committing our ſelues to the vncertaine diſcretion of the wind, we (then determining as ſoone as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our owne promiſe to *Zelmane*, as becauſe we deſired to come vnknowne into *Greece*) left the *Aſian* ſhore full of Princely perſons, who euen vpon their knees recommended our ſafeties to the deuotion of their chiefe deſires: among whom none had bene ſo officious (though I dare affirme, all quite contrarie to his vnfaithfulneſſe) as *Plexirtus*.

And ſo hauing ſailed almoſt two dayes, looking for nothing but when we might looke vpon the land, a graue man (whom we had ſeene of great truſt with *Plexirtus*, and was ſent as our principall guide) came vnto vs, and with a certaine kind manner mixt with ſhame, and repentance, began to tell vs, that he had taken ſuch a loue



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vnto vs (conſidering our youth and fame) that though he were a ſeruant and a ſeruant of ſuch truſt about *Plexirtus*, as that he had committed vnto him euen thoſe ſecrets of his heart, which abhord all other knowledge; yet he rather choſe to reueale at this time a moſt pernicious counſel, then by concealing it bring to ruine thoſe, whom he could not chooſe but honour. So went he on, and told vs, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to haue *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdome of *Armenia*, to his wife) had giuen him order when we were neare *Greece*, to find ſome opportunitie to murder vs, bidding him to take vs aſleepe, becauſe he had ſeene what we could do waking. Now ſirs (ſaid he) I would rather a thouſand times loſe my life then haue my remembrance (while I liued) poyſoned with ſuch a miſchiefe: and therefore if it were only I, that knew herein the kings order, then ſhould my diſobedience be a warrant of your ſafetie. But to one more (ſaid he) namely the Captaine of the ſhip, *Plexirtus* hath opened ſo much touching the effect of murdering you, though I think laying the cauſe rather vpō old grudge, thē his hope of *Artaxia*. And my ſelfe, (before the conſideration of your excellencies had drawne loue and pitie into mind) imparted it to ſuch, as I thought fitteſt for ſuch a miſchiefe. Therefore, I wiſh you to ſtand vpon your gard, aſſuring you, that what I cān do for your ſafetie, you ſhall ſee (if it come to the puſh) by me performed. We thanked him, as the matter indeed deſerued, & from that time would no more diſarme our ſelues, nor the one ſleep without his friends eyes waked for him: ſo that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterpriſe, while they thought it rather chaunce, then prouidence, which made vs ſo behaue our ſelues.

But when we came within halfe a dayes ſayling of the ſhore, ſo that they ſaw it was ſpeedilie, or not at all to be done. Then (& I remēber it was about the firſt watch in the night) came the Captaine and whiſpered the Councellour in the eare: But he (as it ſhould ſeeme) diſſwading him frō it, the Captaine (who had bene a pyrate from his youth, and often blouded in it) with a loud voyce ſware, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not ſticke to kill God himſelfe. And therewith cald his mates, and in the kings name willed them to take vs aliue or dead; encouraging them with the ſpoyle of vs, which he ſaid (and indeed was true) would yeeld manie exceeding rich iewels. But the Councellour according to his promiſe) commanded them they ſhould not commit ſuch a villanie, proteſting that he would ſtand betweene them and the kings anger therein. Wherewith the Captaine enraged: Nay (ſaid he) then we muſt begin with this traitor himſelfe: and therewith gaue him a ſore blow vpon the head, who honeſtly did the beſt he could to reuenge himſelfe.

But then we knew it time rather to encounter, then waite for miſchiefe. And ſo againſt the Captaine we went, who ſtraight was enuironed with moſt part of the Souldiers and Mariners. And yet the trueth is, there were ſome, whom either the authoritie of the Councellour, doubt of the Kings mind, or liking of vs, made draw their ſwords of our ſide: ſo that quicklie it grew a moſt confuſed fight. For the narrowneſſe of the place, the darkneſſe of the time, and the vncertaintie in ſuch a tumult how to knowe friends from foes, made the rage of ſwordes rather guide then be guided by their maiſters. For my couſin and me, truelie I thinke we neuer performed leſſe in any place, doing no other hurt then the defence of our ſelues, and ſuccouring them who came for it, draue vs to: for not diſcerning perfectlie, who were for, or againſt vs, we thought it leſſe euill to ſpare a foe, then ſpoile a friend. But from the higheſt to the loweſt part of the ſhippe there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered perſons. The Captaine I hapt

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a while to fight withall, but was driuen to part with him, by hearing the crie of the Counſellour, who receiued a mortall wound, miſtaken of one of his owne ſide. Some of the wiſer would call to parley, and with peace, but while the words of peace were in their mouthes, ſome of their euill auditors gaue them death for their hire. So that no man almoſt could conceiue hope of liuing, but by being laſt aliue: and therefore euerie one was willing to make himſelfe roome, by diſpatching almoſt any other: ſo that the great number in the ſhip was reduced to exceeding few, when of thoſe few the moſt part wearie of thoſe troubles leapt into the boat, which was faſt to the ſhip: but while they that were firſt were cutting off the rope that tied it, others came leaping in ſo diſorderlie, that they drowned both the boate and themſelues.

But while euen in that litle remnant (like the children of *Cadmus*) we continued ſtill to ſlay one another, a fire, which (whether by the deſperate malice of ſome, or intention to ſeparate, or accidentallie while all things were caſt vp and downe) it ſhould ſeeme had taken a good while before, but neuer heeded of vs, (who onely thought to preſerue or reuenge) now violentlie burſt out in many places, & began to maiſter the principall parts of the ſhip. Then neceſſitie made vs ſee, that a common enemie ſets at one a ciuil warre: for that litle al we were (as if we had bene waged by one man to quench a fire) ſtraight went to reſiſt that furious enemie by all art and labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and deuour from the ſterne to the waſte of the ſhip: ſo as labouring in vaine, we were driuen to get vp to the prowe of the ſhip, by the worke of nature ſeeking to preſerue life as long as we could: while truly it was a ſtraunge and vglie ſight, to ſee ſo huge a fire, as it quicklie grew to be in the ſea, and in the night, as if it had come to light vs to death. And by and by it had burned off the maſt, which all this while had proudly borne the ſaile (the wind, as might ſeeme, delighted to carie fire and bloud in his mouth) but now it fell ouer boord, and the fire growing nearer vs, it was not onely terrible in reſpect of what we were to attend, but inſupportable through the heat of it.

So that we were conſtrained to bide it no longer, but diſarming and ſtripping our ſelues, and laying our ſelues vpon ſuch things, as we thought might helpe our ſwimming to the land (too farre for our owne ſtrength to beare vs) my couſin and I threw our ſelues into the Sea. But I had ſwomme a verie litle way, when I felt (by reaſon of a wound I had) that I ſhould not be able to bide the trauell, and therefore ſeeing the maſte (whoſe tackling had bene burnt off) flote cleare from the ſhip, I ſwam vnto it, and getting on it, I found mine owne ſword, which by chaunce, when I threw it away (caught by a peece of canuas) had hung to the maſt. I was glad, becauſe I loued it well; but gladder, when I ſaw at the other end the Captaine of the ſhip and of all this miſchiefe; who hauing a long pike, belike had borne himſelfe vp with that, til he had ſet himſelfe vpon the maſt. But when I perceiued him, Villaine ſaid I, doeſt thou thinke to ouerliue ſo manie honeſt men, whom thy falſhood hath brought to deſtruction? With that beſtriding the maſt, I gat by litle and litle towards him, after ſuch a maner as boyes are wont (if euer you ſaw that ſport) when they ride the wilde mare. And he perceiuing my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage then honeſtie, ſet himſelfe to reſiſt: but I had in ſhort ſpace gotten within him, and (giuing him a ſound blow) ſent him to feed fiſhes. But there my ſelf remained, vntill by Pyrates I was taken vp, & among them againe taken priſoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what (ſaid *Philoclea*) became of your couſin *Muſidorus*? Loſt, ſaid *Pyrocles*.

Ah my *Pyrocles*, ſayd *Philoclea*, I am glad I haue taken you. I perceiue you louers do not alwayes ſay truly: as though I knew not your couſin *Dorus* the ſhepheard? Life of my deſires (ſaid *Pyrocles*,) what is mine, euen to my ſoule is yours: but the ſecret of my friend is not mine. But if you know ſo much, then I may trulie ſay, he is loſt, ſince he is no more his owne. But I perceiue, your noble ſiſter & you are great friends, and well doth it become you ſo to be. But go forward deare *Pyrocles*, I long to heare out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the beſt part of your ſtorie. Ah ſweet *Philoclea* (ſaid *Pyrocles*) do you thinke I can thinke ſo precious leiſure as this well ſpent in talking. Are your eyes a fit booke (thinke you) to reade a tale vpon? Is my loue quiet enough to be an hiſtorian? Deare Princeſſe, be gracious vnto me. And then he faine would haue remembred to haue forgot himſelfe. But ſhe with a ſweetly diſobeying grace, deſired him that her deſire (once for euer) might ſerue, that no ſpot might diſgrace that loue, which ſhortlie ſhe hoped ſhould be to the world warrantable. Faine he would not haue heard, till ſhe threatned anger: and then the poore louer durſt not, becauſe he durſt not. Nay, I pray thee, deare *Pyrocles* (ſaid ſhe) let me haue my ſtorie. Sweet Princeſſe (ſaid he) giue my thoughts a litle reſpite: and if it pleaſe you, ſince this time muſt ſo be ſpoiled, yet it ſhall ſuffer the leſſe harme, if you vouchſafe to beſtow your voyce, & let me know, how the good Queene *Erona* was betrayed into ſuch daunger, and why *Plangus* ſought me. For indeed I ſhould pitie greatly any miſchaunce fallen to that Princeſſe. I will, ſaid *Philoclea* ſmiling, ſo you giue me your word, your hands ſhall be quiet auditours. They ſhall, ſayd he, becauſe ſubiect. Then began ſhe to ſpeake, but with ſo pretie and delightfull a maieſty, when ſhe ſet her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuſe but rebell ſo far as to kiſſe her. She would haue puld her head away, and ſpeake, but while ſhe ſpake he kiſt, and it ſeemed he fed vpon her words: but ſhe gat away. How will you haue your diſcourſe (ſaid ſhe) without you let my lips alone? He yeelded & took her hand. On this (ſaid he) will I reuenge my wrong: and ſo began to make much of that hand, when her tale, and his delight were interrupted by *Miſo*: who taking her time, while *Baſilius* backe was turned, came vnto them; and told *Philoclea*, ſhe deſerued ſhe knew what, for leauing her mother, being euill at eaſe, to keep companie with ſtrangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that ſhe was there by her fathers commandement, ſhe went away muttering, that though her backe and her ſhoulders, and her necke were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it ſhould do her errand to her mother: and ſo went vp to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miſerablie vexed with this maner of dreame. It ſeemed vnto her to be in a place full of thornes, which ſo moleſted her, as ſhe could neither abide ſtanding ſtill, nor tread ſafelie going forward. In this caſe ſhe thought *Zelmane*, being vpon a faire hill, delightful to the eye, & eaſie in apparance, called her thither: whither with much anguiſh being come, *Zelmane* was vaniſhed, & ſhe found nothing but a dead body like vnto her husband, which ſeeming at the firſt with a ſtrãge ſmel to infect her, as ſhe was readie likewiſe within a while to die, the dead bodie ſhe thought tooke her in his armes, and ſaid, *Gynecia*, leaue all, for here is thy onlie reſt.

With that ſhe awaked, crying, very loud, *Zelmane, Zelmane*. But remembring her ſelfe, and ſeeing *Baſilius* by, (her guiltie conſcience more ſuſpecting, then being ſuſpected, ſhe turned her call, & called for *Philoclea*. *Miſo* forthwith like a valiãt ſhrew (looking at *Baſilius*, as though ſhe would ſpeake though ſhe died for it) told *Gynecia*, that her daughter had bene a whole houre together in ſecret talke with *Zelmane*: And (ſayes ſhe) for my part I could not be heard, (your daughters are brought vp

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in ſuch awe) though I told her of your pleaſure ſufficiently. *Gynecia*, as if ſhe had heard her laſt doome pronounced againſt her, with a ſide looke and changed countenance, O my Lord (ſaid ſhe) what meane you to ſuffer theſe young folkes together. *Baſilius* (that aymed nothing at the marke of her ſuſpition) ſmilingly tooke her in his armes; ſweet wife, ſaid he, I thanke you for your care of your child: but they muſt be youthes of other mettall then *Zelmane*, that can endaunger her. O but; cried *Gynecia*, and therewith ſhe ſtayed: for then indeed ſhe did ſuffer a right conflict betwixt the force of loue, and rage of iealouſie. Many times was ſhe about to ſatisfy the ſpite of her mind, & tell *Baſilius*, how ſhe knew *Zelmane* to be far otherwiſe thē the outward appearance. But thoſe many times were all put backe by the manifold obiections of her vehement loue. Faine ſhe would haue bard her daughters hap, but loth ſhe was to cut off her owne hope. But now, as if her life had bene ſet vpon a wager of quicke riſing, as weake as ſhe was, ſhe gat vp; though *Baſilius* (with a kindneſſe flowing only from the fountaine of vnkindneſſe, being indeed deſirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loth to ſuffer it, ſwearing he ſaw ſickeneſſe in her face, and therfore was loth ſhe ſhould aduenture the ayre.

But the great and wretched Lady *Gynecia*, poſſeſſed with thoſe diuels of Loue and Iealouſie, did rid her ſelfe from her tedious husband: and taking no body with her going toward them; O Iealouſie, ſaid ſhe, the phrenſie of wiſe folkes, the welwiſhing ſpite, and vnkind carefulneſſe, the ſelfe-puniſhment for others fault, and ſelfe-miſerie in others happineſſe, the couſin of enuie, daughter of loue, and mother of hate, how couldeſt thou ſo quietly get thee a ſeat in the vnquiet heart of *Gynecia*, *Gynecia* (ſaid ſhe ſighing) thought wiſe, and once vertuous? Alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agonie of affection, that works the chilling acceſſe of thy feuer, in ſuch ſort, that nature giues place; the growing of my daughter ſeemes the decay of my ſelfe; the bleſſings of a mother turne to the curſes of a competitor; and the faire face of *Philoclea* appeares more horrible in my ſight then the image of death. Then remembred ſhe this ſong, which ſhe thought tooke a right meaſure of her preſent mind.

*With two ſtrange fires of equall heat poſſeſt,*
*The one of Loue, the other Iealouſie,*
*Both ſtill do worke, in neither find I reſt:*
*For both, alas, their ſtrengths together tie:*
*The one aloft doth hold, the other hie.*
*Loue wakes the iealous eye leaſt thence it moues:*
*The iealous eye, the more it lookes, it loues.*

*Theſe fires increaſe: in theſe I daylie burne:*
*They feed on me, and with my wings do flie:*
*My louely ioyes to dolefull aſhes turne:*
*Their flames mount vp, my powers proſtrate lie:*
*They liue in force, I quite conſumed die.*
*One wonder yet farre paſſeth my conceit.*
*The fewell ſmall: how be the fires ſo great?*

But her vnleaſured thoughts ran not ouer the ten firſt words; but going with a pace not ſo much too faſt for her body, as ſlow for her mind; ſhe found them together,

who after *Miſos* departure, had left their tale, and determined what to ſay to *Baſilius*. But full abaſhed was poore *Philoclea* (whoſe conſcience now began to know cauſe of bluſhing) for firſt ſalutation, receiuing an eye from her mother, full of the ſame diſdainefull ſcorne, which *Pallas* ſhewed to poore *Arachne*, that durſt contend with her for the prize of well weauing: yet did the force of loue ſo much rule her, that though for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe did deteſt her, yet for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe vſed no harder words to her, then to bid her go home, and accompany her ſolitary father.

Then began ſhe to diſplay to *Zelmane* the ſtorehouſe of her deadly deſires, when ſuddenly the confuſed rumor of a mutinous multitude gaue iuſt occaſion to *Zelmane* to breake off any ſuch conference (for well ſhee found, they were not friendly voices they heard) and to retire with as much diligence as conueniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could winne the lodge by twentie paces, they were ouertaken by an vnruly ſort of clownes, and other rebels, which like a violent floud, were caried, they themſelues knew not whither. But aſſoone as they came within perfect diſcerning theſe Ladies, like enraged beaſtes, without reſpect of their eſtates, or pity of their ſexe, they began to runne againſt them, as right villaines, thinking ability to doo hurt, to be a great aduancement: yet ſo many as they were, ſo many almoſt were their minds, all knit together onely in madneſſe. Some cried, Take; ſome, Kill; ſome, Saue: but euen they that cried ſaue, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Euery one commaunded, none obeyed, hee onely ſeemed chiefe Captaine, that was moſt ragefull.

*Zelmane* (whoſe vertuous courage was euer awake) drew out her ſword, which vpon thoſe il-armed churles giuing as many wounds as blowes, & as many deathes almoſt as wounds (lightning courage, and thundring ſmart vpon them) kept them at a bay, while the two Ladies got themſelues into the lodge: out of the which *Baſilius* (hauing put on an armour long vntried) came to proue his authoritie among his ſubiects, or at leaſt, to aduẽture his life with his deare miſtreſſe, to whom he brought a ſhield, while the Ladies trẽblingly attended the iſſue of this dangerous aduenture. But *Zelmane* made them perceiue the ods betweene an Eagle and a Kite, with ſuch a nimble ſtayedneſſe, and ſuch an aſſured nimbleneſſe, that while one was running backe for feare, his fellow had her ſword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and helpe well encreaſed by the comming of *Dorus*, who hauing beene making of hurdles for his maiſters ſheepe, heard the horrible cries of this madde multitude; and hauing ſtreight repreſented before the eyes of his carefull loue, the perill wherein the ſoule of his ſoule might bee, hee went to *Pamelas* lodge, but found her in a caue hard by, with *Mopſa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not haue opened the entrie to his father. And therefore leauing them there (as in a place ſafe, both for being ſtrong, and vnknowne) he ranne as the noiſe guided him. But when he ſaw his friend in ſuch danger among them, anger and contempt (asking no counſell but of courage) made him runne among them, with no other weapon but his ſheephooke, and with that ouerthrowing one of the villaines, tooke away a two-hand ſword from him, and withall, helpt him from euer being aſhamed of looſing it. Then lifting vp his braue head, and flaſhing terror into their faces, he made armes and legs go complaine to the earth, how euill their maiſters had kept them. Yet the multitude ſtill growing, and the very killing wearying them (fearing, leaſt in long fight they ſhold be conquered with conquering) they drew backe towards the lodge; but drew backe in ſuch ſort, that ſtill their terror went forward: like a valiant maſtiffe, whom when his maiſter pulles backe by the taile frõ the

the beare(with whom he hath already interchanged a hatefull imbracemẽt)though his paſe be backward,his geſture is forward, his teeth and eyes threatning more in the retiring,then they did in the aduancing: ſo guided they themſelues homeward, neuer-ſtepping ſteppe backward, but that they proued themſelues maiſters of the ground where they ſtept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a tayler by occupation, who fetching his courage onely from their going backe,began to bow his knees,and very fencer-like to draw neare to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her diſtance,turning his ſword very nicely about his crowne, *Baſilius*, with a ſide blow,ſtrake off his noſe. He(being a ſuiter to a ſeamſters daughter,and therefore not a litle grieued for ſuch a diſgrace)ſtouped downe,becauſe he had heard,that if it were freſh put to,it would cleaue on againe. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his noſe to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow, ſent his head to his noſe. That ſaw a butcher, a butcherly chuffe indeed (who that day was ſworne brother to him in a cup of wine)and lifted vp a great leauer, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But ſhe (letting ſlippe the blow of the leauer) hitte him ſo ſurely vpon the ſide of his face,that ſhe left nothing but the nether iawe,where the tongue ſtill wagged,as willing to ſay more, if his maiſters remembrance had ſerued. O (ſayd a miller that was halfe dronke) ſee the lucke of a good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitchforke at *Dorus*: but the nimbleneſſe of the wine caried his head ſo faſt,that it made it ouer-runne his feete,ſo that he fell withall, iuſt betweene the legs of *Dorus*: who ſetting his foote on his necke (though he offered two milche kine, and foure fat hogs for his life)thruſt his ſword quite through, from one eare to the other; which tooke it very vnkindlie,to feele ſuch newes before they heard of them, inſtead of hearing, to be put to ſuch feeling. But *Dorus* (leauing the miller to vomit his ſoule out in wine and bloud)with his two-hand ſword ſtrake off another quite by the waſte,who the night before had dreamed he was growne a couple,and (interpreting it that he ſhould be maried) had bragd of his dreame that morning among his neighbours. But that blow aſtoniſhed quite a poore painter,who ſtood by with a pike in his hãds. This painter was to counterfeit the skirmiſh betweene the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, and had bin very deſirous to ſee ſome notable wounds,to be able the more lively to expreſſe them; and this morning(being caried by the ſtreame of this company) the fooliſh fellow was euen delighted to ſee the effect of blowes. But this laſt (hapning neare him) ſo amazed him,that he ſtood ſtocke ſtill,while *Dorus* (with a turne of his ſword)ſtrake off both his hands. And ſo the painter returned, well skilled in wounds but with neuer a hand to performe his skill.

In this maner they recouered the lodge,and gaue the rebels a face of wood of the outſide.But they then(though no more furious,yet more couragious when they ſaw no reſiſter)went about with pickaxe to the wall,& fire to the gate,to get themſelues entrance. Then did the two Ladies mixe feare with loue,eſpecially *Philoclea*, who euer caught hold of *Zelmane*, ſo(by the follie of loue) hindering the ſuccour which ſhe deſired. But *Zelmane* ſeeing no way of defence,nor time to deliberate(the number of thoſe villaines ſtill encreaſing,and their madneſſe ſtill increaſing with their number) thought it onely the meanes to goe beyond their expectation with an vnuſed boldneſſe, and with danger to auoide daunger: and therefore opened againe the gate, and (*Dorus* and *Baſilius* ſtanding ready for her defence) ſhe iſſued againe among them. The blowes ſhe had dealt before (though all in generall were haſtie) made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them

ſodainly ouer-ne:re her, ſo that ſhe had time to get vp to the iudgement-ſeate of the Prince, which (according to the guiſe of that countrie) was before the court gate. There ſhe pauſed a while, making ſigne with her hand vnto them, and withall, ſpeaking aloud, that ſhe had ſom thing to ſay vnto thē, that wold pleaſe thē. But ſhe was anſwered a while with nothing but ſhouts and cries; and ſome beginning to throw ſtones at her, not daring to approch her. But at length, a yong farmer (who might do moſt among the countrie ſort, and was caught in a litle affection towards *Zelmane*) hoping by this kindneſſe to haue ſome good of her, deſired them, if they were honeſt men, to heare the woman ſpeake. Fie fellowes, fie, (ſaid he) what will all the maides in our towne ſay, if ſo many tall men ſhall be afraide to heare a faire wench? I ſweare vnto you by no little ones, I had rather giue my teeme of oxen, then we ſhould ſhew our ſelues ſo vnciuil wights. Beſides, I tell you true, I haue heard it of old men counted wiſdome, to heare much, and ſay little. His ſententious ſpeech ſo preuailed, that the moſt part began to liſten. Then ſhe, with ſuch efficacie of gracefulneſſe, and ſuch a quiet magnanimitie repreſented in her face in this vttermoſt perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks vpon her, in this ſort began vnto them.

It is no ſmall comfort vnto me (ſaid ſhe) hauing to ſpeake ſomthing vnto you for your own behoofes, to finde that I haue to deale with ſuch people, who ſhew indeede in themſelues the right nature of valure, which as it leaues no violence vnattempted, while the choller is nouriſhed with reſiſtance; ſo when the ſubiect of their wrath, doth of it ſelf vnlooked for offer it ſelfe into their hands, it makes them at leſt take a pauſe before they determine crueltie. Now then firſt (before I come to the principall matter) haue I to ſay vnto you; that your Prince *Baſilius* himſelfe in perſon is within this Lodge, and was one of the three, whom a fewe of you went about to fight withall: (and this ſhe ſaid, not doubting but they knew it well inough; but becauſe ſhe would haue them imagine, that the Prince might thinke that they did not know it) by him am I ſent vnto you, as from a Prince to his well approued ſubiects, nay as from a father to beloued children, to know what it is that hath bred iuſt quarrell among you, or who they be that haue any way wronged you? what it is with which you are diſpleaſed, or of which you are deſirous? This he requires: and in deed (for he knowes your faithfulneſſe) he commaunds you preſently to ſet downe, and to chooſe among your ſelues ſome one, who may relate your griefes or demaunds vnto him.

This (being more then they hoped for from their Prince) aſſwaged well their furie, and many of them conſented (eſpecially the yong farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demaunds that he might haue *Zelmane* for his wife) but when they began to talke of their grieues, neuer Bees made ſuch a confuſed humming: the towne dwellers demanding putting downe of impoſts: the countrey fellowes laying out of commons: ſome would haue the Prince keepe his Court in one place, ſome in another. All cried out to haue new councellors: but whē they ſhould thinke of any new, they liked them as well as any other, that they could remember, eſpecially they would haue the treaſure ſo looked vnto, as that he ſhould neuer need to take any more ſubſidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the Artiſans, they would haue corne & wine ſet at a lower price, & bound to be kept ſo ſtill: the plowmē, vine-laborers, & farmers would none of that. The countrimē demanded that euery man might be free in the chief townes: that could not the Burgeſſes like of. The peaſants would haue al the Gentlemē deſtroied, the Citizens (eſpecially

ſuch

ſuch as Cookes, Barbers, and thoſe other that liued moſt on Gentlemen) would but haue them reformed. And of ech ſide were like diuiſions, one neighbourhood beginning to finde fault with another. But no confuſion was greater then of particular mens likings & diſlikings: one diſpraiſing ſuch a one, whom another praiſed, & demanding ſuch a one to be puniſhed, whom the other would haue exalted. No leſſe ado was there about chooſing him, who ſhould be their ſpokes-man. The finer ſort of Burgeſſes, as Marchants, Prentiſes, and Clothworkers, becauſe of their riches, diſdaining the baſer occupations, and they becauſe of their number as much diſdaining them: all they ſcorning the countrimens ignorance, & the countrymen ſuſpecting as much their cunning: So that *Zelmane* (finding that their vnited rage was now growne, not only to a diuiding, but to a croſſing one of another, and that the miſlike growne among themſelues did well allay the heat againſt her) made tokens againe vnto them (as though ſhe tooke great care of their well doing, and were afraid of their falling out) that ſhe would ſpeake vnto them. They now growne iealous one of another (the ſtay hauing ingendred diuiſion, and diuiſion hauing manifeſted their weaknes) were willing enough to heare, the moſt part ſtriuing to ſhew themſelues willinger then their fellowes: which *Zelmane* (by the acquaintance ſhe had had with ſuch kind of humors) ſoone perceiuing, with an angerleſſe brauery, & an vnabaſhed mildneſſe, in this maner ſpake vnto them.

An vnuſed thing it is, and I thinke not heretofore ſeene, ô *Arcadians*, that a woman ſhould giue publike counſel to men, a ſtranger to the country people, and that laſtly in ſuch a preſence by a priuate perſon, the regal throne ſhould be poſſeſſed. But the ſtrangeneſſe of your action makes that vſed for vertue, which your violent neceſſitie impoſeth. For certainely, a woman may well ſpeake to ſuch men, who haue forgotten all manlike gouernment: a ſtranger may with reaſon inſtruct ſuch ſubiects, that neglect due points of ſubiection: and is it maruaile this place is entred into by another, ſince your owne Prince (after thirtie yeares gouernment) dare not ſhew his face vnto his faithfull people? Heare therefore, ô *Arcadians*, and be aſhamed: againſt whom hath this zealous rage bin ſtirred? whither haue bene bent theſe manful weapõs of yours? In this quiet harmles lodge there be harbourd no *Argians* your ancient enimies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbours. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting vſurers. Here lodge none, but ſuch, as either you haue great cauſe to loue, or no cauſe to hate: here being none, beſides your Prince, Princeſſe, & their children, but my ſelfe. Is it I then, ô *Arcadians*, againſt whom your anger is armed? Am I the mark of your vehement quarell? if it be ſo, that innocencie ſhal not be a ſtop for fury; if it be ſo, that the law of hoſpitalitie (ſo long & holily obſerued among you) may not defend a ſtraunger fled to your armes for ſuccour: if in fine it be ſo, that ſo many valiant mens courages can be enflamed to the miſchiefe of one ſilly woman; I refuſe not to make my life a ſacrifice to your wrath. Exerciſe in me your indignation, ſo it go no further, I am content to pay the great fauours I haue receiued among you, with my life, not ill deſeruing I preſent it here vnto you, ô *Arcadians*, if that may ſatisfie you; rather thẽ you (called ouer the world the wiſe & quiet *Arcadians*) ſhold be ſo vaine, as to attẽpt that alone, which all the reſt of your country will abhor; then you ſhold ſhow your ſelues ſo vngratefull, as to forget the fruite of ſo many years peaceable gouernment; or ſo vnnatural, as not to haue with the holy name of your natural Prince, any furie ouer-maſtred. For ſuch a helliſh madneſſe (I know) did neuer enter into your hearts, as to attempt anie thing againſt his perſon; which no ſucceſſor, though neuer ſo hatefull, will euer leaue (for his owne

ſake)vnreuenged. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to ſuch a baſeneſſe, as in ſtead of a Prince, deliuered vnto you by ſo many royal aunceſtors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow ſubiect, in whom the innate meanes will bring foorth rauenous couetouſneſſe, and the newneſſe of his eſtate, ſuſpectful crueltie. Imagin, what could your enimies more wiſh vnto you, then to ſee your owne eſtate with your owne hands vndermined? O what would your fore-fathers ſay, if they liued at this time, and ſaw their of-ſpring defacing ſuch an excellent principalitie, which they with much labour and bloud ſo wiſely haue eſtabliſhed? Do you thinke them fooles, that ſaw you ſhould not enioy your vines, your cattell, no not your wiues and children, without gouernment; and that there could be no gouernment without a Magiſtrate, and no Magiſtrate without obedience, and no obedience where euery one vpon his owne priuate paſſion, may interprete the doings of the rulers? Let your wits make your preſent example a leſſon to you. What ſweetneſſe (in good faith) find you in your preſent condition? what choiſe of choiſe finde you, if you had loſt *Baſilius*? vnder whoſe enſigne would you go, if your enimies ſhould inuade you? If you cannot agree vpō one to ſpeake for you, how will you agree vpon one to fight for you? But with this feare of I cannot tell what, one is troubled, and with that paſſed wrong another is grieued. And I pray you did the Sunne euer bring you a fruitfull harueſt, but that it was more hotte then pleaſant? Haue any of you children, that be not ſometimes cumberſome? Haue any of you fathers, that be not ſometime weariſh? What, ſhall we curſe the Sunne, hate our children, or diſobey our fathers? But what need I vſe theſe words, ſince I ſee in your countenances (now vertuouſly ſettled) nothing els but loue and dutie to him, by whom for your onely ſakes the gouernment is embraced. For all what is done, he doth not onely pardon you, but thanke you; iudging the action by the mindes, and not the mindes by the action. Your griefes, and deſires, whatſoeuer, and whenſoeuer you liſt, he will conſider of, and to his conſideration it is reaſon you ſhould refer them. So then, to conclude; the vncertaintie of his eſtate made you take armes; now you ſee him wel, with the ſame loue lay them downe. If now you end (as I know you will) he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I muſt confeſſe ouer-vehement affection: the only continuance might proue a wickednesſe. But it is not ſo, I ſee verie well, you began with zeale, and will end with reuerence.

The action *Zelmane* vſed, being beautified by nature and apparelled with skill, her geſtures being ſuch, that as her words did paint out her minde, ſo they ſerued as a ſhadow, to make the picture more liuely and ſenſible, with the ſweete cleerneſſe of her voice, riſing and falling kindly as the nature of the worde, and efficacie of the matter required, altogether in ſuch an admirable perſon, whoſe incomparable valour they had well felt, whoſe beautie did pierce through the thicke dulneſſe of their ſenſes, gaue ſuch a way vnto her ſpeach through the rugged wilderneſſe of their imaginations, who (beſides they were ſtricken in admiration of her, as of more then a humane creature) were coold with taking breath, and had learned doubtes out of leaſure, that in ſteed of roaring cries, there was now heard nothing, but a confuſed muttring, whether her ſaying were to be followed, betwixt feare to purſue, and lothneſſe to leaue: moſt of them could haue bene content, it had neuer bene begun, but how to end it (each afraide of his companion,) they knew not, finding it far eaſier to tie then to looſe knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no euill way in ſuch mutinies, to giue the mutinous ſome occaſion of ſuch ſeruice, as they might thinke (in their owne iudgement) would counteruaile their treſpaſſe, withall, to take

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the more assured possession of their minds, which she feared might begin to wauer, Loiall *Arcadians* (said she) now do I offer vnto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that haue taken armes for the Princes safetie, let them turne their backs to the gate, with their weapõs bent against such as would hurt his sacred person. O weake trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancie only doth guide to wel doing: who can set confidence there, where cõpany takes away shame, and eech may lay the fault on his fellow? So said a crafty fellow amõg thẽ, named *Clinias*, to himselfe, when he saw the word no sooner out of *Zelmanes* mouth, but that there were some shouts of ioy with, God saue *Basilius*, & diuers of them with much iollity growne to be his guard, that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This *Clinias* in his youth had bene a scholler so farre, as to learne rather wordes then maners, and of words rather plentie then order; and oft had vsed to be an actor in Tragedies, where he had learned, besides a slidingnesse of language, acquaintance with many passions and to frame his face to beare the figure of them: long vsed to the eyes and eares of men, and to recken no fault, but shamefastnesse, in nature, a most notable Coward, and yet more strangely then rarely venturous in priuie practises.

This fellow was become of neere trust to *Cecropia*; *Amphialus* his mother, so that he was priuy to al the mischieuous deuises, wherewith she went about to ruine *Basilius* and his children, for the aduauncing of her sonne: and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his loue to be doing, taught him in any euill to be secret; and had by his mistresse bene vsed (euer since the strange retiring of *Basilius*) to whisper rumours into the peoples eares: and this time (finding great aptnesse in the multitude) was one of the chiefe that set them in the vprore (though quite without the cõsẽt of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the Kingdõs of the world so haue aduentured the life of *Philoclea*.) But now perceiuing the flood of their furie began to ebbe, he thought it policie to take the first of the tide, so that no man cried lowder then he vpon *Basilius*. And some of the lustiest rebels not yet agreeing to the rest, he caused two or three of his mates that were at his commaundement to lift him vp, and then as if he had had a prologue to vtter, he began with a nice grauitie to demaund audience. But few attending what he said, with vehement gesture, as if he would teare the starres from the skies, he fell to crying out so lowde, that not onely *Zelmane*, but *Basilius* might heare him. O vnhappie men, more mad then the Giants that would haue plucked *Iupiter* out of heauen, how long shall this rage continue? Why do you not all throw downe your weapons, & submit your selues to our good Prince, or good *Basilius*, the *Pelops* of wisdom, and *Minos* of all good gouernment? when will you begin to beleeue me, and other honest & faithful subiects, that haue done all we could to stop your furie

The farmer that loued *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the first he was willing to speake of conditions, hoping to haue gotten great souerainties, and among the rest *Zelmane*: so now perceiuing, that the people, once any thing down the hill from their furie, would neuer stay til they came to the bottome of absolute yeelding, and so that he should be nearer feares of punishment, then hopes of such aduancement, he was one of them that stood most against the agreement: and to begin withall, disdaining this fellow should play the preacher, who had bin one of the chiefest make-bates, strake him a great wound vpon the face with his sword. The cowardly wretch fell downe, crying for succour, and (scrambling through the legs of them that were about him) gat to the throne, where *Zelmane* tooke him, and

comforted him, bleeding for that was paſt, and quaking for feare of more.

But as ſoone as that blow was giuen (as if *Æolus* had broke open the doore to let all his winds out) no hand was idle, ech one killing him that was next, for feare he ſhould do as much to him. For being diuided in minds and not diuided in companies, they that would yeeld to *Baſilius* were intermingled with them that would not yeeld. Theſe men thinking their ruine ſtood vpon it; thoſe men to get fauour of their Prince, conuerted their vngracious motion into their owne bowels, and by a true iudgement grew their owne puniſhers. None was ſooner killed then thoſe that had bene leaders in the diſobedience: who by being ſo, had taught them, that they did leade diſobediẽce to the ſame leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their owne faction, anger whetting, and doubt haſtening their fingers. But then came downe *Zelmane*; and *Baſilius* with *Dorus* iſſued, and ſomtimes ſeeking to draw together thoſe of their party, ſomtimes laying indifferẽtly among them, made ſuch hauocke (among the reſt *Zelmane* ſtriking the farmer to the hart with her ſword, as before ſhe had done with her eyes) that in a while all they of the contrary ſide were put to flight, and fled to certaine woods vpon the frontiers; where feeding wildly, and drinking only water, they were diſciplined for their dronken riots; many of them being ſlaine in the chaſe, about a ſcore onely eſcaping. But when theſe late rebels, now ſouldiers, were returned from the chaſe, *Baſilius* calling them togither, partly for policy ſake, but principally becauſe *Zelmane* before had ſpoken it (which was to him more then a diuine ordinance) he pronounced their generall pardon, willing them to returne to their houſes, and thereafter be more circumſpect in their proceedings: which they did moſt of them with ſharp marks of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chiefe that had bred this good alteration, he gaue him particular thanks, and withall willed him to make him know this frenzie had entred into the people.

*Clinias* purpoſing indeede to tell him the truth of all, ſauing what did touch himſelfe, or *Cecropia*, firſt dipping his hand in the blood of his wound, Now by this blood (ſaid he) which is more deare to me then al the reſt that is in my body, ſince it is ſpent for your ſafety: this tong (perchance vnfortunate, but neuer falſe) ſhall not now begin to lie vnto my Prince, of me moſt beloued. Then ſtretching out his hãd, and making vehement countenances the vſhers to his ſpeeches, in ſuch maner of tearmes recounted this accident. Yeſterday (ſaid he) being your birth-day, in the goodly greene two mile hence before the citie of *Eniſpus*, to do honour to the day, were a foure or fiue thouſand people (of al conditiõs, as I think) gathered together, ſpending all the day in dancings & other exerciſes: & when night came, vnder tents and bowes making great cheare, and meaning to obſerue a waſſaling watch all that night for your ſake. *Bacchus* (the learned ſay) was begot with thunder: I thinke, that made him euer ſince ſo full of ſtur & debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which ſounded the firſt trumpet to this rude Alarum. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honor, & with actiuitie in beaſtlineſſe to ſhew abundance of loue, made moſt of them ſeeke to ſhew the depth of their affectiõ in the depth of their draught. But being once wel chafed with wine (hauing ſpẽt al the night, & ſome peece of the morning in ſuch reuelling) & imboldned by your abſented maner of liuing, there was no matter their eares had euer heard of that grew not to be a ſubiect of their winie conference. I ſpeake it by proofe: for I take witneſſe of the Gods (who neuer leaue periuries vnpuniſhed) that I oftẽ cried out againſt their impudencie, & (when that would not ſerue) ſtopt mine eares, becauſe I would not

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be partaker of their blaſphemies, til with buffets they forced me to haue mine eares and eies defiled. Publike affaires were mingled with priuat grudges, neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretende ſome cauſe of miſlike. Rayling was counted the fruite of freedom, and ſaying nothing had his vttermoſt praiſe in ignorance. At the length, your ſacred perſon (alas) why did I liue to heare it? alas howe do I breath to vtter it? But your commandement doth not only enioyn obedience, but giue me force: your ſacred perſon (I ſay) fel to be their table-talke: a proud word ſwelling in their ſtomacks, & diſdainful reproches againſt ſo great a greatnes, hauing put on the ſhew of greatneſſe in their little minds: til at length the very vnbrideled vſe of wordes hauing increaſed fire in their mindes (which God wot thought their knowledge notable, becauſe they had at all no knowledge to condemne their owne want of knowledge) they deſcended (O neuer to be forgotten preſumption) to a direct miſlike of your liuing from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to remember their far-fetched conſtructiõs. But the ſumme was, you diſdained them: and what were the pompes of your eſtate, if their armes maintained you not? Who would call you a Prince, if you had not a people? When certaine of them of wretched eſtates, and worſe mindes (whoſe fortunes change could not impaire) began to ſay, that your gouernement was to be looked into; how the great treaſures (you had leuied among them) had bene ſpent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counſell, that the commons (forſooth) were too plaine headed to ſay their opinions: but yet their blood and ſweat muſt maintaine all. Who could tell whether you were not betraied in this place, where you liued? nay whether you did liue or no? Therefore that it was time to come and ſee; and if you were here, to know (if *Arcadia* were growne lothſome in your ſight) why you did not rid your ſelfe of the trouble? There would not want thoſe that would take ſo faire a cumber in good parte. Since the Countrie was theirs, and the gouernement an adherent to the countrie, why ſhould th.y not conſider of the one as well as inhabite the other? Nay rather (ſaid they) let vs begin that, which all *Arcadia* will followe. Let vs deliuer our Prince from daunger of practiſes, and our ſelues from want of a Prince. Let vs do that, which all the reſt thinke. Let it be ſaid, that we onely are not aſtoniſhed with vaine titles, which haue their force but in our force. Laſtly, to haue ſaid and heard ſo much, was as dangerous, as to haue attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of libertie with thẽ. Theſe words, being ſpoken (like a furious ſtorme) preſently carried away their well inclined braines. What I, and ſome other of the honeſter ſort could do, was no more then if with a puffe of breath, one ſhould go about to make a ſaile go againſt a mightie winde: or, with one hand, ſtay the ruine of a mightie wall. So generall grewe this madneſſe among them, there needed no drumme, where each man cryed, each ſpake to other that ſpake as faſt to him, and the diſagreeing ſound of ſo many voices was the chiefe token of their vnmeete agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battaile, their winie mirthes to bloudie rages, and the happie prayers for your life to monſtrous threatning of your eſtate; the ſolemnizing your birth-day, tended to haue bene the cauſe of your funerals. But as a drunken rage hath (beſides his wickedneſſe) that follie, that the more it ſeekes to hurt, the leſſe it conſiders how to be able to hurt: they neuer wayed how to arme themſelues but tooke vp euery thing for a weapon, that furie offered to their hands. Many ſwordes, pikes, and billes there were: others tooke pitchforkes and rakes, conuerting husbandrie to ſouldierie, ſome caught hold of ſpittes (things ſeruiceable for life) to be the inſtruments of death. And there was ſome

ſuch one, who held the ſame pot wherein he dranke to your health, to vſe it (as he could) to your miſchiefe. Thus armed, thus gouerned forcing the vnwilling, and hartening the willing, adding furie to furie, and encreaſing rage with running, they came headlong toward this lodge: no man (I dare ſay) reſolued in his owne heart, what was the vttermoſt he would doo when he came hither. But as miſchiefe is of ſuch nature, that it cannot ſtand but with ſtrengthning one euill by an other, and ſo multiplie in it ſelf, till it come to the higheſt, and then fall with his owne weight: ſo to their mindes (once paſſed the boundes of obedience) more and more wickedneſſe opened it ſelfe, ſo that they who firſt pretended to preſerue you, then to reforme you, (I ſpeake it in my conſcience, and with a bleeding hart) now thought no ſafetie for them, without murdering you. So as if the Goddes (who preſerue you for the preſeruation of *Arcadia*) had not ſhewed their miraculous power, and that they had not vſed for inſtruments, both your owne valour (not fit to be ſpoken of by ſo meane a mouth as mine) and ſome (I muſt confeſſe) honeſt minds, (whom alas why ſhould I mention, ſince what we did, reached not to the hundred part of our duty?) our handes (I tremble to think of it) had deſtroyed all that, for which we haue cauſe to reioyce that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out teares: ſo as *Baſilius*, that was not the ſharpeſt piercer into masked minds, tooke a good liking to him; and ſo much the more as he had tickled him with praiſe in the hearing of his miſtres. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, and looke well vnto it, & make the beſt ſearch he could, to know if there were any further depth in this matter, for which he ſhould be well rewarded. But before he went away, certaine of the ſhepheards being come (for that day was appointed for their paſtorals) he ſent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principall noble-men, and cities thereabouts, to make through-inquirie of this vprore, and withall, to place ſuch garriſons in all the townes and villages neere vnto him, that he might thereafter keepe his ſolitarie lodge in more ſecuritie, vpon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, hauing them in a readineſſe for him.

This, *Clinias* (hauing his eare one way when his eye was an other) had perceiued & therefore haſted away, with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that ſhe was to take ſome ſpeedie reſolution, or els it were daunger thoſe examinations would both diſcouer, and ruine her: and ſo went his way, leauing that little companie with embracements, and praiſing of *Zelmanes* excellent proceeding, to ſhew, that no decking ſets foorth any thing ſo much, as affection. For as, while ſhe ſtoode at the diſcretion of thoſe vndiſcreete rebelles, euery angry countenance any of them made, ſeemed a knife layde vpon their owne throates, ſo vnſpeakable was now their ioy, that they ſawe (beſides her ſafetie and their owne) the ſame wrought, and ſafely wrought by her meanes, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could euer alledge of witte and fortitude, were ſet in the ranke of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midſt of thoſe vnfained ceremonies, a Gitterne, il-played on, accompanied with a hoarce voice (who ſeemed to ſing mauger the Muſes, and to be merie in ſpite of Fortune) made them looke the way of the ill-noyſed ſong. The ſong was this.

*A Hateſull cure with hate to heale:*
*A bloody helpe with blood to ſaue:*

*A foolish thing with fooles to deale:*
*Let him be bobd that bobs will haue.*
*But who by meanes of wiſdome hie*
*Hath ſau'd his charge? it is euen I.*

*Let others deck their pride with skarres,*
*And of their wounds make braue lame showes:*
*Firſt let them die, then paſſe the ſtarres,*
*When rotten Fame will tell their blowes.*
*But eye from blade, and eare from crie:*
*Who hath ſau'd all? it is euen I.*

They had ſoone found it was *Dametas*, who came with no leſſe lifted vp countenance, then if he had paſſed ouer the bellies of all his enimies: ſo wiſe a point he thought he had performed, in vſing the naturall ſtrength of the caue. But neuer was it his doing to come ſo ſoone thence, till the coaſt were more aſſuredly cleare: for it was a rule with him, that after a great ſtorme there euer fall a fewe drops before it be fully finiſhed. But *Pamela* (who had now experienced how much care doth ſollicite a Louers heart) vſed this occaſion of going to her parents & ſiſter, indeed aſwel for that cauſe, as being vnquiet, til her eye might be aſſured how her ſhepheard had gone through the daunger. But *Baſilius* with the ſight of *Pamela* (of whom almoſt his head otherwiſe occupied, had left the wonted remembrance) was ſodainly ſtriken into a deuout kind of admiration, remembring the oracle, which (according to the fauning humour of falſe hope) he interpreted now his own to his own beſt, and with the willing blindneſſe of affection (becauſe his minde ran wholly vpon *Zelmane*) he thought the Gods in their oracles did principally minde her.

But as he was deepely thinking of the matter, one of the ſhepheards told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horſe in his cõpany. For hauing by chaunce rid not farre off the litle deſert, he had heard of this vprore, and ſo was come vpon the ſpurre (gathering a company of Gentlemen as faſt as he could) to the ſuccour of his Maſter. *Baſilius* was glad of it; but not willing to haue him, nor any other of the Noble men, ſee his Miſtreſſe) he himſelfe went out of the Lodge, and ſo giuing order vnto him of placing garriſons, and examining theſe matters; and *Philanax* with humble earneſtneſſe beginning to entreat him to leaue off this ſolitarie courſe (which alreadie had bene ſo daungerous vnto him,) Well (ſaid *Baſilius*) it may be ere long I will condiſcend vnto your deſire. In the meane time, take you the beſt order you can to keepe me ſafe in my ſolitarineſſe. But (ſaid he) do you remember, how earneſtly you wrote vnto me, that I ſhould not be moued by that Oracles authoritie, which brought me to this reſolution? Full well Sir (anſwered *Philanax*) for though it pleaſed you not as then to let me know, what the Oracles words were, yet all Oracles holding (in my conceipt) one degree of reputation, it ſufficed me to know, it was but an Oracle, which led you frõ your owne courſe. Wel (ſaid *Baſilius*) I will now tell you the wordes; which before I thought not good to do; becauſe when all the euents fall out (as ſome alreadie haue done) I may charge you with your incredulitie. So he repeated them in this ſort.

*THy elder eare ſhall from thy carefull face*
*By princely meane be ſtolne, and yet not loſt.*

*Thy yonger shall with Natures bliſſe embrace*
*And vncouth loue, which Nature hateth moſt.*
*Both they themſelues vnto ſuch two shall wed,*
*VVho at thy beer, as at a barre, shall plead;*
*VVhy thee (a liuing man) they had made dead.*
*In thine owne ſeat a forraine ſtate shall ſit.*
*And ere that all theſe blowes thy head do hit,*
*Thou, with thy wife, adultry shall commit.*

For you forſooth (ſaid he) when I told you, that ſome ſupernaturall cauſe ſent me ſtrange viſions, which being confirmed with preſagious chaunces, I had gone to *Delphos*, & there receiued this anſwere, you replied to me, that the only ſupernaturall cauſes were the humors of my body, which bred ſuch melancholy dreames; and that both they framed a mind ful of cõceipts, apt to make preſages of things, which in themſelues were meerly chaunceable: and withall as I ſaie, you remember what you wrote vnto me, touching authoritie of the Oracle: but now I haue ſome notable triall of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely cõmunicate vnto you. Only now, know that the thing I moſt feared is already performed; I mean that a forraine ſtate ſhould poſſeſſe my throne. For that hath bene done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruine, but to my preſeruation. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to make the clock of his praiſes run on in ſuch ſort, that (*Philanax* ſound) was more exquiſite then the onely admiration of vertue breedeth: which his faithfull hart inwardly repining at, made him ſhrinke away as ſoone as he could, to go about the other matters of importance, which *Baſilius* had enioyned vnto him.

*Baſilius* returned into the Lodge, thus by him ſelfe conſtruing the oracle, that in that he ſaid, his elder care ſhould by Princely meane be ſtolne away from him, and yet not loſt, it was now perfourmed, ſince *Zelmane* had as it were robd from him the care of his firſt begotten child, yet was it not loſt, ſince in his hart the ground of it remained. That his yonger ſhould with Natures bliſſe embrace the loue of *Zelmane*, becauſe he had ſo commaunded her for his ſake to doo; yet ſhould it be with as much hate of Nature, for being ſo hatefull an oppoſite to the iealouſie he thought her mother had of him. The ſitting in his ſeate he deemed by her alreadie performed: but that which moſt comforted him, was his interpretation of the adulterie, which he thought he ſhold commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwardes he ſhould haue to his wife. The point of his daughters mariage, becauſe it threatened his death withall, he determined to preuent with keeping them (while he liued) vnmaried. But hauing as he thought, gotten thus much vnderſtanding of the Oracle, he determined for three daies after to perfourme certaine rites to *Apollo*: and euen then began with his wife and daughters to ſing this Hymne, by them yearely vſed.

APollo *great, whoſe beames the greater world do light,*
*And in our little world do cleare our inward ſight,*
*VVhich euer shine, though hid from earth by earthly shade,*
*VVhoſe lights do euer liue, but in our darkeneſſe fade;*
*Thou God, whoſe youth was deckt with ſpoile of* Phythons *skin:*
*(So humble knowledge can throw downe the ſnakish ſinne)*

Latonas

*Latonus ſonne, whoſe birth in paine and trauaile long*
*Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes do belong:*
*In trauaile of our life (a ſhort but tedious ſpace)*
*VVhile brickle houreglaſſe runnes, guide thou our panting pace:*
*Giue vs foreſightfull mindes: giue vs minds to obay*
*What foreſight tels; our thoughts vpon thy knowledge ſtay.*
*Let ſo our fruits grow vp that nature be maintaind:*
*But ſo our harts keepe down, with vice they be not ſtainde.*
*Let this aſſured hold our iudgements ouertake,*
*That nothing winnes the heauen, but what doth earth forſake.*

Aſſoone as he had ended his deuotion (all the priuiledged ſhepherds being now come) knowing well inough he might lay all his care vpon *Philanax*, he was willing to ſweeten the taſt of this paſſed tumult, with ſome rural paſtimes. For which while the ſhepheards prepared themſelues in their beſt manner, *Baſilius* tooke his daughter *Philoclea* aſide, and with ſuch haſt, as if his eares hunted for words, deſired to know how ſhe had found *Zelmane*. She humbly anſwered him, according to the agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her ſake *Zelmane* was content to deſcend frō her former reſolution, as to heare him, whenſoeuer he would ſpeak; & further then that (ſhe ſaid) as *Zelmane* had not graunted, ſo ſhe neither did, nor euer would deſire. *Baſilius* kiſt her with more then fatherly thanks, and ſtraight (like a hard-kept warde new come to his lands) would faine haue vſed the benefite of that graunt, in laying his ſickneſſe before his only phyſition. But *Zelmane* (that had not yet fully determined with her ſelfe, how to beare her ſelfe toward him) made him in a few words vnderſtand, that the time in reſpect of the company was vnfit for ſuch a parley, and therefore to keepe his braines the buſier, letting him vnderſtand what ſhe had learned of his daughters, touching *Eronas* diſtreſſe (whō in her trauaile ſhe had knowne, and bene greatly beholding to) ſhe deſired him to finiſh the reſt, for ſo far as *Plangus* had told him; Becauſe ſhe ſaid (and ſhe ſaid truly) ſhe was ful of care for that Ladie, whoſe deſert (only except an ouer-baſe choiſe) was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Baſilius* glad that ſhe would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excuſing the vnfitneſſe of that time, ſhe argued an intention, to graunt a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam (ſaid he) it is verie true, that ſince yeares enabled mee to iudge what is, or is not to be pitied. I neuer ſaw any thing that more moued me to iuſtifie a vehement compaſſion in my ſelfe, then the eſtate of that Prince, whom ſtrong againſt all his owne afflictions (which yet were great, as I perceiue you haue heard) yet true and noble loue had ſo pulled downe, as to lie vnder ſorrow for another. In ſo much as I could not temper my long idle pen in that ſubiect, which I perceiue you haue ſeene. But then to leaue that vnrepeated, which I find my daughters haue told you: It may pleaſe you to vnderſtand, ſince it pleaſeth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and ſo left by the famous Princes *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles* (led thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in theſe prouinces of *Greece*, making a diſhonorable enquirie after that excellent prince *Pyrocles* alreadie periſhed) *Antiphilus* (I ſay) being crowned, and deliuered from the preſence of thoſe two, whoſe vertues (while they were preſent, good ſchoolmaſters) ſuppreſſed his vanities, he had not ſtrength of mind enough in him to make long delay of diſcouering what maner of man hee was. But ſtreight like one caried vp to ſo hie a place, that hee looſeth the

diſcerning of the ground ouer which he is; ſo was his mind lifted ſo far beyond the leuell of his owne diſcourſe, that remembring onely that himſelfe was in the high ſeate of a King, he could not perceiue that he was a king of reaſonable creatures, who would quickly ſcorne follies, and repine at iniuries. But imagining no ſo true propertie of ſouereignetie, as to do what he liſted, and to liſt what ſoeuer pleaſed his fanſie, he quickly made his kingdome a Teniſcourt, where his ſubiects ſhould be the balles, not in truth cruelly, but licenciouſly abuſing them, preſuming ſo far vpon himſelfe, that what he did was liked of euery bodie: nay, that his diſgraces were fauours, & all becauſe he was a King. For in Nature not able to conceiue the bounds of great matters (ſuddenly borne into an vnknowne Ocean of abſolute power) he was ſwayed withall (he knew not how) as euery winde of paſſiõs puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, then that poyſonous ſugar of flatterie: which ſome vſed, out of the innate baſeneſſe of their hart, ſtraight like dogges fawning vpõ the greateſt; others ſecretly hating him, and diſdaining his great riſing ſo ſuddenly, ſo vndeſeruedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him onely to his ouerthrow; like the bird that caries the ſhel-fiſh high, to breake him the eaſier with his fall. But his minde (being an apt matter to receiue what forme their amplifying ſpeeches would lay vpõ it) daunced ſo pretie a muſick to their falſe meaſure, that he thought himſelfe the wiſeſt, the worthieſt, and beſt beloued, that euer gaue honor to a royall title. And being but obſcurely borne, he had found out vnbluſhing pedegrees, that made him not only of the blood royall, but true heire though vniuſtly diſpoſſeſt by *Erons* aunceſtors, & like the fooliſh birde, that when it ſo hides the head that it ſees not it ſelfe, thinks no bodie elſe ſees it: ſo did he imagine, that no bodie knewe his baſeneſſe, while he himſelfe turned his eyes from it.

Then vaineneſſe (a meager friend to gratefulneſſe) brought him ſo to deſpiſe *Erons*, as of whome he had receiued no benefit, that within half a yeares mariage he began to pretend barrennneſſe: & making firſt an vnlawfull law of hauing mo wiues then one, he ſtill keeping *Erons*, vnder-hand, by meſſages ſought *Artaxia*, who no leſſe hating him, then louing (as vnluckie a choiſe) the naughtie King *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to paſſe what ſhee purpoſed, was content to traine him into falſe hopes, till alreadie his imagination had crowned him King of *Armenia*, & had made that but the foundation of more & more monarchies; as if fortune had only gotten eyes to cheriſh him. In which time a great aſſembly of moſt part of all the Princes of *Aſia* being to do honour to the neuer ſufficiently praiſed *Pyrocles* & *Muſidorus*, he would be one not to acknowledge his obligation (which was as great as any of the others,) but looking to haue bin yong-maſtered among thoſe great eſtates, as he was amõg his abuſing vnderlings. But ſo many valorous Princes, indeed far neerer to diſdaine him then otherwiſe, he was quickly (as ſtanding vpon no true ground, inwardly) out of countenance with himſelfe, till his ſeldom-comfortleſſe flatterers (perſwading him, it was enuie and feare of his expected greatneſſe) made him haſt away from that company, and without further delay appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; ſo incredibly blinded with the ouer-bright ſhining of his royaltie, that he could thinke ſuch a Queene would be content to be ioyned-patent with an other to haue ſuch an husband. Poore *Erona* to all this obeied, either vehemencie of affection making her ſtoop to ſo ouerbaſe a ſeruitude, or aſtoniſhed with an vnlooked for fortune, dull to any behoofefull reſolution, or (as many times it falles out euen in great harts when they can accuſe none but themſelues) deſperatly bent to maintaine it. For ſo went ſhe on in that way of her loue, that (poore Lady) to be

beyond

beyond all other examples of ill set affection, she was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that she was content; for the publike good, to be a second wife, and yeeld the first place to her; nay to extoll him, and euen woo *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia* (mortally hating them both for her brothers sake) was content to hide her hate, till she had time to shew it: and pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of vertue, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, euen met them halfe way in excusing her brothers murther, as not being principall actors; & of the other side, driuen to what they did by the euer-pardonable necessitie: and so well handled the matter, as though she promised nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promised himselfe all that she would haue him thinke. And so a solemne enteruiew was appointed: But (as the Poets say) *Hymen* had not there his saffron-coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men secretly (& easily they might be secret, since *Antiphilus* thought she ouer-ran him in loue) when he came euen ready to embrace her (shewing rather a countenance of accepting then offering) they came forth, and (hauing much aduantage both in number, valure, and forepreparation) put all his company to the sword, but such as could flie away. As for *Antiphilus* she caused him and *Erona* both to be put in yrons, hasting back toward her brothers tombe, vpon which she meant to sacrifice them; making the loue of her brother stand betweene her and all other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

But great diuersitie in them two quicklie discouered it selfe for the bearing of that affliction: for *Antiphilus* that had no greatnesse but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faster then calamitie could thrust him; with fruitlesse begging of life (where reason might well assure him his death was resolued) and weake bemoning his fortune, to giue his enemies a most pleasing musike, with manie promises and protestations, to as litle purpose, as from a litle mind. But *Erona* sad indeed, yet like one rather vsed, then new fallen to sadnesse (as who had the ioyes of her heart alreadie broken) seemed rather to welcome then to shun that end of miserie, speaking litle, but what she spake was for *Antiphilus*, remembring his guiltlesnesse, being at that time prisoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant Princes slue him: to the disgrace of men, shewing that there are women both more wise to iudge what is to be expected, and more constant to beare it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, and her sadnesse by her beautie, made this noble Prince *Plangus*, who (neuer almost from his cousin *Artaxia*) was now present at *Eronas* taking, to perceiue the shape of loueliuesse more perfectlie in woe, then in ioyfulnesse (as in a picture which receiues greater life by the darkenesse of shadowes, then by more glittering colours) and seeing to like, and liking to loue, and louing straight to feele the most incident effects of loue, to serue and preserue. So borne by the hastie tide of short leasure, he did hastilie deliuer together his affection, and affectionate care. But she (as if he had spoken of a small matter, when he mentioned her life, to which he had not leasure to attend) desired him if he loued her, to shew it, in finding some way to saue *Antiphilus*. For her, she found the world but a wearisome stage vnto her, where she played a part against her will: and therefore besought him, not to cast his loue in so vnfruitful a place, as could not loue it self: but for a testimonie of constancie, & a suitableness to his word, to do so much comfort to her mind, as that for her sake *Antiphilus* were saued. He told me how much he argued against her tendring him, who had so vngratefully betrayed her, and foolishlie cast away himselfe. But perceiuing she did not onlie bend her verie good wits to speake for him against herself,

but when ſuch a cauſe could be allied to no reaſon, yet loue would needes make it ſelfe a cauſe, and barre her rather from hearing, then yeeld that he ſhould yeeld to ſuch arguments: he likewiſe in whom the power of Loue (as they ſay of ſpirits) was ſubiect to the loue in her, with griefe conſented, and (though backwardly) was diligent to labor the helpe of *Antiphilus*: a man whom he not only hated, as a traytor to *Erona*, but enuied as a poſſeſſor of *Erona*. Yet Loue ſware, his hart, in ſpite of his hart, ſhold make him become a ſeruant to his riual. And ſo did he, ſeeking all the meanes of perſwading *Artaxia*, which the authority of ſo neare, and ſo vertuous a kinſman could giue vnto him. But ſhe to whom the eloquence of hatred had giuen reuenge the face of delight, reiected al ſuch motiõs; but rather the more cloſely impriſoning them in her chiefe city, where ſhe kept them with intention at the birth-day of *Tiridates* (which was very neare) to execute *Antiphilus*, & at the day of his death (which was about halfe a yeare after) to vſe the ſame rigor towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much grieued (becauſe much louing) attempted the humors of the *Lycians*, to ſee, whether they would come in with forces to ſuccor their Princeſſe. But there the next inheritor to the crown (with the true play that is vſed in the game of kingdomes) had no ſooner his miſtreſſe in captiuity, but he had vſurped her place, and making her odious to her people, becauſe of the vnfit election ſhe had made, had ſo left no hope there: but which is worſe, had ſent to *Artaxia*, perſwading the iuſticing her, becauſe that vniuſtice might giue his title the name of iuſtice. Wanting that way, *Plangus* practiſed with ſome deare friends of his, to ſaue *Antiphilus* out of priſon, whoſe day becauſe it was much nearer then *Eronaes*, and that he well found, ſhe had twiſted her life vpon the ſame threed with his, he determined firſt to get him out of priſon: and to that end hauing prepared all matters as well as in ſuch caſe he could, where *Artaxia* had ſet many of *Tiridates* old ſeruants to haue well-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as (by the authority he had) he found meanes to do; & agreed with him of the time & maner, how he ſhould by the death of ſome of his iaylors eſcape. But all being well ordered, and *Plangus* willingly putting himſelfe into the greateſt danger, *Antiphilus* (who, like a bladder, ſweld ready to breake, while it was full of the wind of proſperity, that being out, was ſo abiected, as apt to be trod on by euery body) when it came to the point, that with ſome hazard, he might be in apparant likelihood to auoid the vttermoſt harme, his hart fainted, and (weake foole, neither hoping, nor fearing as he ſhould) gat a conceipt, that with bewraying this practiſe, he might obtaine pardon: and therefore, euen a little before *Plangus* ſhould haue come vnto him, opened the whole practiſe to him that had the charge, with vnpitied teares idely proteſting, he had rather die by *Artaxias* commandement, then againſt her will eſcape: yet begging life vpon any the hardeſt, and wretcheſt conditions that ſhe would lay vpon him. His keeper prouided accordingly, ſo that whē *Plangus* came, he was like, himſelfe to haue bin entrapped: but that finding (with a luckie in-ſight) that it was diſcouered, he retired; and (calling his friends about him) ſtood vpon his gard, as he had good cauſe. For, *Artaxia* (accounting him moſt vngratefull, conſidering that her brother and ſhe had not only preſerued him againſt the malice of his father, but euer vſed him much liker his birth, then his fortune) ſent forces to apprehend him. But he among the martiall men had gotten ſo great loue, that he could not only keepe himſelfe from her malice, but worke in their minds a compaſſion of *Eronas* aduerſity.

But for the ſuccour of *Antiphilus* he could get no body to ioyne with him, the cõtempt of him hauing not bene able to qualifie the hatred; ſo that *Artaxia* might

easily vpon him perfourme her will; which was (at the humble suite of all the women of that citie) to deliuer him to their censure, who mortallie hating him for hauing made a law of *Polygamie*, after many tortures, forst him to throw himselfe from a high Pyramis, which was built ouer *Tiridates* tombe, and so to end his false-hearted life, which had planted no strong thought in him, but that he could be vnkinde.

But *Plangus* well perceiuing that *Artaxia* stayed only for the appointed day, that the faire *Erona's* bodie (consumed to ashes should make a notorious testimonie, how deepely her brothers death was engrauen in her breast, he assembled good numbers of friends, whom his vertue (though a stranger) had tied vnto him, by force to giue her libertie. Contrariwise, *Artaxia*, to whom Anger gaue more courage then her sex did feare, vsed her regall authoritie (the most she could) to suppresse that sedition, & haue her will: which (she thought) is the most princelie thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed (as all men witnesse) is one of the best Captaines (both for policie and valour) that are trayned in the schoole of *Mars*, in a conflict ouerthrew *Artaxias* power, though of farre greater number: and there tooke prisoner a base sonne of her brothers, whom she dearly affected, & then sent her word that he should run the same race of fortune (whatsoeuer it was) that *Erona* did: and happie was that threatning for her; for else *Artaxia* had hastened the day of her death, in respect of those tumults.

But now (some principall Noblemen of that countrie interposing themselues) it was agreed, that all persons else fully pardoned, and all prisoners (except *Erona*) deliuered, she should be put into the hands of a principall Nobleman, who had a castle of great strength, vpon oath, that if by the day two yeare from *Tiridates* death, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* did not in person combat, and ouercome two knights, whō she appointed to maintaine her quarell against *Erona* & them, of hauing by treason destroyed her brother, that then *Erona* should be that same day burned to ashes: but if they came, and had the victorie, she should be deliuered; but vpon no occasion, neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both sides, all tooke solemne oath, and so the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus* partie forcing him to agree, though he himselfe the sooner condiscended, knowing the curtesie of those two excellent Princes, not to refuse so noble a quarrell, and their power such, as two more (like the other two) were not able to resist. But *Artaxia* was more, and vpon better ground, pleased with this action; for she had euen newly receiued newes frō *Plexirtus*, that vpon the sea he had caused them both to perish, & therefore she held her selfe sure of the match.

But poore *Plangus* knew not so much, and therefore seeing his partie (as most times it falles out in like case) hungrie of any conditions of peace, accepted them; and then obtained leaue of the Lord, that indifferentlie kept her, to visite *Erona*, whom he found full of desperate sorow, not suffering neither his vnworthinesse, nor his wrongs, nor his death (which is the naturall conclusion of all worldlie acts) either to couer with forgetfulnesse, or diminish with consideration, the affection she had borne him: but euen glorying in affliction, & shunning all comfort, she seemed to haue no delight, but in making her self the picture of miserie. So that when *Plangus* came to her, she fell in deadlie traunces, as if in him she had seene the death of *Antiphilus*, because he had not succoured him: and yet (her vertue striuing) she did at one time acknowledge her selfe bound, and professe her selfe iniured; in steed of allowing the conclusion they had made, or writing to the Princes (as he wisht

her to do) craning nothing but ſome ſpeedie death to follow her in ſpite of iuſt hate) beloued *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* hauing nothing but a rauiſht kiſſe from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*, whitherward he vnderſtood the Princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*: wherin ſhe ſignified her accepting him to her husband, whom ſhe had euer fauoured, ſo much the rather, as he had perfourmed the conditions of her mariage, in bringing to their deſerued end her greateſt enemies: withall, thanking the ſea, in ſuch tearmes as he might well perceiue it was by ſome treaſon wrought in *Plexirtus* ſhip. Whereupon (to make more diligent ſearch) he tooke ſhip himſelfe and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquirie finding, that ſuch a ſhip was indeed with fight and fire periſhed, none (almoſt) eſcaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, it was aſſuredly determined that they were caſt away: for the name of ſuch Princes (eſpecially in *Greece*) would quicklie elſe haue bene a large witneſſe to the cõtrarie. Full of griefe with that, for the loſſe of ſuch, who left the world poore of perfection: but more ſorie for *Eronas* ſake, who now by them could not be relieued. A new aduertiſement from *Armenia* ouertooke him, which multiplied the force of his anguiſh. It was a meſſage from the Nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giuing him to vnderſtãd, that ſince his departure, *Artaxia* (vſing the benfit of time) had beſieged him in his Caſtle, demaunding preſent deliuerie of her, whom yet for his faith giuen, he would not, before the day appointed, if poſſiblie he could reſiſt, which he foreſaw, long he ſhould not do for want of victuall, which he had not ſo wiſely prouided, becauſe he truſted vpon the generall oath taken for two yeares ſpace: and therefore willed him to make haſte to his ſuccour, and come with no ſmall forces; for all they that were of his ſide in *Armenia* were conſumed, and *Artaxia* had encreaſed her might by mariage of *Plexirtus*, who now crowned king there, ſtickt not to glorie in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, as hauing iuſt cauſe thereto, in reſpect of the deaths of his ſiſter *Andromana*, her ſon his nephew, and his owne daughter *Zelmane*, all whoſe loſſe he vniuſtly charged them withall, and now openly ſtickt not to confeſſe, what a reuenge his wit had brought foorth. *Plangus* much aſtoniſhed herewith, bethought him ſelfe what to do: for to returne to *Armenia* was vaine, ſince his friendes there were vtterly ouerthrowne. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had alreadie (euen ſince the death of his ſtepmother, and brother) attempted the recouering of his fauour, and all in vaine. For they that had before ioyned with *Andromana* to do him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned, and therefore kept him ſtill (with new forged ſuſpitions) odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reſeruing that for a worke of longer time, then the ſauing of *Erona* could beare, determinied to go to the mightie and good king *Euarchus*: who lately hauing (to his eternall fame) fully not onely conquered his enemies, but eſtabliſhed good gouernement in their countries, he hoped he might haue preſent ſuccour of him, both for the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe, and reuenge of his childrens death, by ſo hainous a treaſon murthered. Therfore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (paſſing through my countrey) it was my hap to find him, the moſt ouerthrowne man with griefe, that euer I hope to ſee againe. For ſtill it ſeemed he had *Erona* at a ſtake before his eyes; ſuch an apprehenſion he had taken of her daunger; which in deſpite of all the comfort I could giue him, he powred out in ſuch lamentations, that I was moued not to let him paſſe till he had made full declaration, which by peeces my daughters & I haue deliuered

vnto

deliuered vntoyou. Faine he would haue had ſuccour of my ſelfe, but the courſe of my life being otherwiſe bent, I onely accompanied him with ſome that might ſafely guide him to the great *Euarchus*: for my part hauing had ſome of his ſpeeches ſo feelingly in my memorie, that at an idle time (as I told you) I ſet them downe dialogue wiſe, in ſuch maner as you haue ſeene. And thus excellent Lady, I haue obeyed you in this ſtorie, wherein if it well pleaſe you to conſider what is the ſtrange power of Loue, and what is due to his authoritie, you ſhall exerciſe therein the true nobleneſſe of your iudgement, and do the more right to the vnfortunate Hiſtorian. *Zelmane* (ſighing for *Eronas* ſake, yet inwardly comforted in that ſhe aſſured her ſelfe, *Euarchus* would not ſpare to take in hand the iuſt deliuering of her, ioyned with the iuſt reuenge of his childrens loſſe) hauing now what ſhe deſired of *Baſilius*, to auoyd his further diſcourſes of affection, encouraged the ſhepheards to begin, whom ſhe ſaw already ready for them.

## The ſecond Eclogues.

THe rude tumult of the *Eniſpians* gaue occaſion to the honeſt ſhepheards to begin their Paſtorals this day with a daunce, which they called the skirmiſh betwixt Reaſon and Paſſion. For ſeuen ſhepheards (which were named the reaſonable ſhepheards) ioyned themſelues, foure of them making a ſquare, and the other two going a litle wide of either ſide, like wings for the maine battell, & the ſeuenth man formoſt, like the forlorne hope, to begin the skirmiſh. In like order came out the ſeuen appaſſionated ſhepheards, all keeping the pace of their foot by their voice and ſundry conſorted inſtruments they held in their armes. And firſt, the formoſt of the Reaſonable ſide began to ſing:

*Reaſon. Thou rebell vile, come, to thy maiſter yeeld.*

And the other that met with him anſwered:

*Paſſion. No, Tyrant, no; mine, mine ſhall be the field.*

*R. Can Reaſon then a Tyrant counted be?*
*P. If Reaſon will, that Paſſions be not free.*
*R. But Reaſon will, that Reaſon gouerne moſt.*
*P. And Paſſion will, that Paſſion rule the roſt.*
*R. Your vvill is vvill, but Reaſon reaſon is.*
*P. VVill hath his will, when Reaſons will doth miſſe.*
*R. VVhom Paſſion leads vnto his death is bent.*
*P. And let him die, ſo that he die content.*
*R. By nature you to Reaſon faith haue ſworne.*
*P. Not ſo, but fellow-like together borne.*
*R. VVho Paſſion doth enſue, liues in annoy.*
*P. VVho Paſſion doth forſake, liues voyd of ioy.*
*R. Paſſion is blinde, and treads an vnknowne trace.*
*P. Reaſon hath eyes to ſee his owne ill caſe.*

Then as they approched nearer, the two of Reaſons ſide, as if they ſhot at the other, thus ſang:

*R. Dare Paſſions then abide in Reaſons light?*
*P. And is not Reaſon dim with Paſſions might?*

*R.* *O foolish thing, which glorie doth deſtroy.*
*P.* *O glorious title of a foolish toy.*
*R.* *VVeakneſſe you are, dare you vvith our ſtrength fight?*
*P.* *Becauſe our weakneſſe weakeneth all your might.*
*R.* *O ſacred Reaſon, helpe our vertuous toyles.*
*P.* *O Paſſion, paſſe on feeble Reaſons ſpoyles.*
*R.* *VVe with our ſelues abide a daylie ſtrife.*
*P.* *VVe gladly vſe the ſweetneſſe of our life.*
*R.* *But yet our ſtrife ſure peace in end doth breed.*
*P.* *VVe now haue peace, your peace we do not need.*

Then did the two ſquare battailes meete, and in ſteed of fighting embrace one another, ſinging thus:

*R.* *VVe are too ſtrong: but Reaſon ſeeks no blood.*
*P.* *Who be too weake, do faine they be too good.*
*R.* *Though we cannot orecome, our cauſe is iuſt.*
*P.* *Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniuſt.*
*R.* *Yet Paſſions yeeld at length to Reaſons ſtroke.*
*P.* *What ſhall we win by taking Reaſons yoke.*
*R.* *The ioyes you haue ſhall be made permanent.*
*P.* *But ſo we ſhall with griefe learne to repent.*
*R.* *Repent indeed, but that ſhall be your bliſſe.*
*P.* *How know we that, ſince preſent ioyes we miſſe?*
*R.* *You know it not: of Reaſon therefore know it.*
*P.* *No Reaſon yet had euer skill to ſhew it.*
*R.* *Then let vs both to heauenlie rules giue place.*
*P.* *Which Paſſions kill, and Reaſon do deface.*

Then embraced they one another, and came to the king, who framed his prayſes of them according to *Zelmanes* liking; whoſe vnreſtrained parts, the mind & eye had their free courſe to the delicate *Philoclea*, whoſe looke was not ſhort in wel requiting it, although ſhe knew it was a hatefull ſight to her iealous mother. But *Dicus* (that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus*, for the good parts he found aboue his age in him) had a delight to taſte the fruits of his wit, though in a ſubiect which he himſelfe moſt of all other deſpiſed: and ſo entred to ſpeech with him in the maner of this following Eclogue.

Dicus. Dorus.

Dicus. Dorus, *tell me, vvhere is thy wonted motion,*
*To make theſe woods reſound thy lamentation?*
*Thy Saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion,*
*For vvho doth hold his loue in eſtimation,*
*To vvitneſſe that he thinks his thoughts delicious,*
*Thinkes to make each thing badge of his ſweet paſſion.*

Dorus. *But what doth make thee* Dicus, *ſo ſuſpicious.*

*Of*

*Of my due faith, which needs muſt be immutable?*
*VVho others vertue doubt, themſelues are vicious,*
*Not ſo; although my mettals were moſt mutable,*
*Her beames haue wrought therein moſt faire impreſſion,*
*To ſuch a force ſome change were nothing ſutable.*

Dicus. *The heart well ſet doth neuer ſhunne confeſſion:*
*If noble be thy bandes, make them notorious:*
*Silence doth ſeeme the maske of baſe oppreſſion.*
*VVho glories in his loue, doth make Loue glorious:*
*But who doth feare, or bideth muet wilfully,*
*Shewes guilty heart doth deeme his ſtate opprobrious.*
*Thou then, that fram'ſt both wordes and voice moſt skilfully,*
*Yeelde to our eares a ſweete and ſound relation,*
*If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully.*

Dorus. *If ſunnie beames ſhame heau'nly habitation,*
*If three leau'd graſſe ſeeme to the sheepe vnſauorie,*
*Then baſe and ſowre is Loues moſt high vocation.*
*Or if sheepes cries can helpe the Sunnes owne brauerie,*
*Then may I hope, my pipe may haue abilitie,*
*To helpe her praiſe, who decks me in her ſlauerie.*
*No, no: no words ennoble ſelfe nobilitie,*
*As for your doubts, her voice was it deceiued me,*
*Her eye the force beyond all poſſibilitie.*

Dicus. *Thy words well voyc'd, well grac'de had almoſt heaued me,*
*Quite from my ſelfe to loue Loues contemplation,*
*Till of theſe thoughts thy ſodaine ende bereaued me,*
*Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what fashion*
*In thy owne proofe he gets ſo ſtraunge poſſeſſion,*
*And how poſſeſt he ſtrengthens his invaſion.*

Dorus. *Sight is his roote, in thought is his progreſſion,*
*His childhood wonder, prentizeship attention,*
*His youth delight, his age the ſoules oppreſſion,*
*Doubt is his ſleepe, he waketh in inuention,*
*Fancie his foode, his clothing is of carefullneſſe,*
*Beautie his booke, his play louer diſſention:*
*His eyes are curious ſearch, but vaild with wareſullneſſe:*
*His wings deſire oft clipt with deſperation.*
*Largeſſe his hands could neuer skill of ſpareſulneſſe*
*But how he doth by might, or by perſwaſion*
*To conquere, and his conqueſt how to ratifie,*
*Experience doubts, and ſchooles hold diſputation.*

Dicus. *But ſo thy sheepe may thy good wishes ſatiſſie*
*VVith large encreaſe, and wooll of fine perfection.*

*So she thy loue, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie,*
*As thou wilt giue our ſoules a deare refection,*
*By telling how she was, how now she framed is*
*To helpe, or hurt in thee her owne infection.*

Dorus. *Bleſt be the name, wherewith my miſtres named is:*
*VVhoſe wounds are ſalues, whoſe yokes pleaſe more then pleaſure doth:*
*Her ſtaines are beames; vertue the fault she blamed is,*
*The hart, eye, eare here onely find his treaſure doth.*
*All numbring artes her endleſſe graces number not:*
*Time, place, life, wit, ſcarcely her rare gifts meaſure doth.*
*Is she in rage? ſo is the Sunne in ſommer hot,*
*Yet harueſt brings. Doth she, alas! abſent her ſelfe?*
*The Sunne is hid; his kindly shadowes cumber not.*
*But when to giue ſome grace she doth content her ſelfe,*
*O then it shines, then are the heau'ns diſtributed,*
*And Venus ſeemes, to make vp her, she ſpent herſelfe.*
*Thus then (I ſay) my miſchiefs haue contributed*
*A greater good by her diuine reflection,*
*My harmes to me, my bliſſe to her attributed.*
*Thus she is arm'd: her eyes are my direction,*
*Her loue my life, her anger my deſtruction:*
*Laſtly what ſo she is, that's my protection.*

Dicus. *Thy ſafetie ſure is wrapped in deſtruction,*
*For that conſtruction thine own words do beare.*
*A man to feare a womans moodie eye,*
*Makes Reaſon lie a ſlaue to ſeruile ſenſe,*
*A weake defence where weakneſſe is thy force:*
*So is remorſe in follie dearly bought.*

Dorus. *If I had thought to heare blaſphemous words,*
*My breaſt to ſwords, my ſoule to hell haue ſold*
*I rather would, then thus mine eares defile*
*VVith words ſo vile, which viler breath doth breed.*
*O heards take heed; for I a woolfe haue found,*
*VVho hunting round the ſtrongeſt for to kill,*
*His breaſt doth fill with earth of others woe,*
*And loden ſo pulls downe pull'd downe deſtroyes,*
*O shepheards boyes, eſchue theſe tongues of venome,*
*VVhich do enuenome both the ſoule and ſenſes.*
*Our beſt defenſes are to flie theſe adders.*
*O tongues like ladders made to clime dishonour,*
*VVho iudge that honour, which hath ſcope to ſlaunder!*

Dicus. Dorus *you wander farre in great reproches,*
*So Loue encroches on your charmed reaſon,*
*But it is ſeaſon for to end our ſinging.*

*Such*

*Such anger (bringing: as for me, my fancie*
*In ſicke mans frenzie rather takes compaſſion,*
*Then rage for rage: rather my wish I ſend to thee,*
*Thou ſoone may haue ſome helpe, or chaunge of paſſion:*
*She oft her lookes, the ſtarres her fauour bend to thee,*
*Fortune ſtore, Nature health, Loue graunt perſwaſion.*
*A quiet mind none but thy ſelfe can lend to thee,*
*Thus I commend to thee all our former Loue.*

Dorus. *VVell do I proue, errour lies oft in zeale,*
*Yet it is zeale, though errour, of true heart.*
*Nought could impart ſuch heats to friendly mind,*
*But for to find thy vvords did her diſgrace,*
*VVhoſe onely face the litle heauen is,*
*VVhich who doth miſſe, his eyes are but deluſions,*
*Barr'd from their chiefeſt obiect of delightfulneſſe,*
*Throwne on this earth, the Chaos of confuſions;*
*As for thy vvish, to my enraged ſpitefulneſſe,*
*The louely blow, with rare reward, my prayer is*
*Thou maiſt loue her, that I may ſee thy ſightfulneſſe.*
*The quiet mind (whereof my ſelfe empairer is,*
*As thou doeſt thinke) ſhould moſt of all diſquiet me*
*Without her loue, then any mind who fairer is,*
*Her only cure from ſurfet woes can diet me:*
*She holds the ballance of my contentation:*
*Her cleared eyes, nought elſe in ſtormes can quiet me.*
*Nay rather then my eaſe diſcontentation*
*Should breed to her, let me for aye deiected be*
*From any ioy, which might her griefe occaſion.*
*VVith ſo ſweet plagues my happie harmes infected be:*
*Paine wils me die, yet vvill of death I mortifie:*
*For though life irkes, in life my loues protected be,*
*Thus for each change my changeleſſe heart I fortifie.*

When they had ended to the good pleaſing of the aſſiſtants, eſpecially of *Zelmane*, who neuer forgat to giue due commendations to her friend *Dorus*, *Baſilius* called for *Lamon* to end his diſcourſe of *Strephon* & *Klaius*, wherewith the other day he marked *Zelmane* to haue bene exceedingly delighted. But him ſickeneſſe had ſtayed from that aſſembly: which gaue occaſion to *Hiſtor* & *Damon* two yong ſhepheards, taking vpon them the two friendly riuals names, to preſent *Baſilius* with ſome other of their complaints Eclogue-wiſe, and firſt with this double Seſtine.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. *Ye Gote-heard Gods, that loue the graſſie mountaines,*
*Ye Nymphs that haunt the ſprings in pleaſant vallies,*
*Ye Satyrs ioy'd with free and quiet forreſts,*
*Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſike,*

*VVhich to my woes giue ſtill an earlie morning,*
*And drawes the dolor on till wearie euening.*

Klaius. *O* Mercurie, *foregoer to the euening,*
*O heauenly huntreſſe of the ſauage mountaines,*
*O louely ſtarre, entitled of the morning,*
*VVhile that my voice doth fill theſe wofull vallies,*
*Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſike,*
*Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in ſecret forreſts.*

Strephon. *I that was once free burgeſſe of the forreſts,*
*VVhere shade from Sunne, and ſports I ſought at euening,*
*I that vvas once eſteem'd for pleaſant muſike,*
*Am banisht now among the monſtrous mountaines*
*Of huge deſpaire, and foule afflictions vallies,*
*Am growne a shrich-owle to my ſelfe each morning.*

Klaius. *I that vvas once delighted euerie morning,*
*Hunting the wild inhabiters of forreſts:*
*I that vvas once the muſike of theſe vallies,*
*So darkened am, that all my day is euening,*
*Hart broken ſo, that molehilles ſeeme high mountaines,*
*And fill the vales with cries in ſteed of muſike.*

Strephon. *Long ſince alas, my deadlie ſwannish muſike,*
*Hath made it ſelfe a crier of the morning,*
*And hath with wailing ſtrength clim'd higheſt mountaines:*
*Long ſince my thoughts more deſert be then forreſts:*
*Long ſince I ſee my ioyes come to their euening,*
*And ſtate throwne downe to ouertroden vallies.*

Klaius. *Long ſince the happie dwellers of theſe vallies,*
*Haue pray'd me leaue my ſtraunge exclaiming muſike,*
*Which troubles their dayes worke, and ioyes of euening:*
*Long ſince I hate the night, more hate the morning:*
*Long ſince my thoughts chaſe me like beaſts in forreſts,*
*And make me wish my ſelfe laid vnder mountaines.*

Strephon. *Me ſeemes I ſee the high and ſtatelie mountaines,*
*Transforme themſelues to low deiected vallies:*
*Me ſeemes I heare in theſe ill chaunged forreſts,*
*The Nightingales do learne of Owles their muſike:*
*Me ſeemes I feele the comfort of the morning,*
*Turn'd to the mortall ſerene of an euening.*

Klaius. *Me ſeemes I ſee a filthy cloudy euening,*
*As ſoone as Sunne begins to clime the mountaines:*
*Me ſeemes I feele a noyſome ſent, the morning*

*VVhen*

*VVhen I doo ſmell the flowers of theſe vallies:*
*Me ſeemes I heare, when I doo heare ſweete muſicke,*
*The dreadfull cries of murdred men in forreſts.*

Strephon *I wiſh to fire the trees of all thoſe forreſts,*
*I giue the Sunne a laſt farewell each euening,*
*I curſe the fidling finders out of muſicke:*
*VVith enuie I doo hate the loftie mountaines;*
*And with diſpite deſpiſe the humble vallies;*
*I doo deteſt night, euening, day, and morning.*

Klaius. *Curſe to my ſelfe my praier is, the morning;*
*My fire is more then can be made with forreſts;*
*My ſtate more baſe, then are the baſeſt vallies*
*I wiſh no euenings more to ſee, each euening;*
*Shamed I hate my ſelfe in ſight of mountaines,*
*And ſtoppe mine eares, leſt I grow mad with muſicke.*

Strephon *For ſhe whoſe parts maintainde a perfect muſicke,*
*VVhoſe beautie shin'de more then the blushing morning,*
*VVho much did paſſe in ſtate the ſtately mountaines,*
*In ſtreightneſſe paſt the Cedars of the forreſts,*
*Hath caſt me wretch into eternall euening,*
*By taking her two Sunnes from theſe darke vallies.*

Klaius. *For ſhe, to whome compar'd, the Alps are vallies,*
*She, whoſe leaſt word brings frō the ſphears their muſick,*
*At whoſe approch the Sunne roſe in the euening,*
*VVho where she went bare in her forhead morning,*
*Is gone, is gone, from theſe our ſpoyled forreſts,*
*Turning to deſarts our beſt paſtur'de mountaines.*

Strephon *Theſe mountaines witneſſe ſhall, ſo ſhal theſe vallies,*
*Theſe forreſts eke, made wretched by our muſicke,*
Klaius. *Our morning hymne is this, and ſong at euening.*

But, as though all this had bin but the taking of a taſte of their wailings, *Strephon* againe begā this Dizaine, which was anſwered vnto him in that kind of verſe which is called the crowne.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon *I Ioy in griefe, and doo deteſt all ioyes:*
*Deſpiſe delight am tyr'd with thought of eaſe:*
*I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,*
*And with the change of them my fancie pleaſe,*
*I ſtudie that which may me moſt diſpleaſe,*
*And indeſpite of that diſpleaſures might,*

*Embrace that most, that most my soule destroyes,*
*Blinded with beams, fell darkenesse is my sight:*
*Dwell in my ruines, feede with sucking smart*
*I thinke from me, not from my woes to part.*

Klaius. *I thinke from me, not from my woes to part,*
*And loath this time, call'd life, nay thinke, that life*
*Nature to me for torment did impart;*
*Thinke, my hard haps haue blunted deaths sharpe knife,*
*Not sparing me, in whom his workes be rife:*
*And thinking this, think nature, life, and death*
*Place Sorowes triumph on my conquerd heart,*
*VVhereto I yeeld, and seeke none other breath,*
*But from the sent of some infectious graue:*
*Nor of my fortune ought, but mischiefe craue.*

Strephon *Nor of my fortune ought but mischiefe craue,*
*And seeke to nourish that, which now containes*
*All what I am: if I my selfe will saue,*
*Then must I saue, what in me chiefly raines,*
*VVhich is the hatefull web of sorowes paines.*
*Sorow then cherish me, for I am sorow:*
*No being now, but sorow I can haue:*
*Then decke me as thine owne; thy helpe I borow,*
*Since thou my riches art, and that thou haste*
*Enough to make a fertill mind lie waste.*

Klaius. *Enough to make a fertill minde lie waste,*
*Is that huge storme, which powres it selfe on me:*
*Hailestones of teares, of sight a monstrous blast,*
*Thunders of cries; lightnings my wilde lookes be,*
*The darkened heau'n my soule, which nought can see,*
*The flying sprits which trees by rootes vp teare,*
*Be those despaires which haue my hopes quite wast.*
*The difference is; all folks those stormes forbeare,*
*But I cannot; who then my selfe should flie.*
*So close vnto my selfe my wrackes do lie.*

Strephon *So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doo lie,*
*But cause, effect, beginning, and the ende*
*Are all in me: what helpe then can I trie?*
*My ship, my selfe, whose course to loue doth bende,*
*Sore beaten doth her mast of comfort spend:*
*Her cable, Reason, breakes from anchor, Hope:*
*Fancie her tackling, torne away doth flie:*
*Ruine, the winde, hath blowne her from her scope:*
*Brused with waues of Cares, but broken is*
*On rocke, Despaire, the buriall of my blisse.*

On

Klaius. *On rocke, Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe,*
*I long do plowe with plough of deepe deſire:*
*The ſeede Faſt meaning is, no truth to miſſe:*
*I harow it with Thoughts, which all conſpire*
*Fauour to make my chiefe and only hire.*
*But, woe is me, the yeare is gone about,*
*And now I faine would reape, I reape but this*
*Hatefully growne, Abſence new ſprong out.*
*So that I ſee, although my ſight empaire,*
*Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire.*

Strephon *Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire:*
*For ſo did I, when with my angle Vvill,*
*I ſought to catch the fish Torpedo faire.*
*Eu'n then Deſpaire did Hope already kill:*
*Yet fancie would perforce employ his skill,*
*And this hath got; the catcher now is caught,*
*Lam'd with the angle, which it ſelfe did beare,*
*And vnto death, quite drownd in dolours, brought*
*To death, as then diſguiſd in her faire face.*
*Thus, thus, alas, I had my loſſe in chaſe.*

Klaius. *Thus, thus alas, I had my loſſe in chaſe,*
*Vvhen firſt that crowned Baſiliske I knewe,*
*Vvhoſe footeſteps I with kiſſes oft did trace,*
*Till by ſuch hap, as I muſt euer rue,*
*Mine eyes did light vpon her shining hue,*
*And hers on me, aſtonisht with that ſight.*
*Since then my hart did looſe his wonted place,*
*Infected ſo with her ſweet poyſons might,*
*That, leauing me for dead, to her it went:*
*But ah her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent.*

Strephon *But ah her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent,*
*Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me,*
*Yet liuing ſtill in her, while her beames lent*
*Such vitall ſparke, that her mine eyes might ſee.*
*But now thoſe liuing lights abſented be,*
*Full dead before, I now to duſt ſhould fall,*
*But that eternall paines my ſoule haue hent,*
*And keepe it ſtill within this body thrall:*
*That thus I muſt, while in this death I dwell,*
*In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell.*

Klaius. *In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell*
*Alas I doo; from which to finde releaſe,*
*I would the earth, I vvould the heauens fell,*
*But vaine it is to thinke theſe paines ſhould ceaſe.*

*VVhere life is death, and death cannot breed peace.*
*O faire, ô onely faire, from thee alas,*
*These foule, most foule, desastres to me fell;*
*Since thou from me (ô me) O Sunne didst passe.*
*Therefore esteeming all good blessings toyes,*
*I ioy in griefe, and do detest all ioyes.*

Strephon. *I ioy in griefe, and do detest all ioyes,*
*But now an end, (ô Klaius) now an end:*
*For euen the hearbes our hatefull musike stroyes,*
*And from our burning breath the trees do bend.*

So well were these wailefull cõplaints accorded to the passions of all the princelie hearers, while euery one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they stood a long while striken in a sad and silent cõsideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking then condemning in them, desirous to set forth what counsels the wisdome of age had laid vp in store against such fancies (as he thought) follies of youth, yet so as it might not appeare that his words respected them, bending himselfe to a young shepheard named *Philisides*, (who neither had daunced nor sung with them, and had all this time laine vpon the ground at the foot of a *Cypresse* tree, leaning vpon his elbow with so deepe a melancholie that his sences caried to his mind no delight from any of their obiects) he strake him vpon the shoulder with a right old mans grace, that will seeme liuelier then his age will afford him. And thus began vnto him his Eglogue.

Geron. Philisides.

Geron. VP, vp Philisides, *let sorowes go,*
*Who yeelds to vvoe, doth but increase his smart.*
*Do not thy heart, to plaintfull custome bring,*
*But let vs sing, sweet tunes do passions ease,*
*An old man heare, who would thy fancies raise.*

Philisides. *VVho minds to please the mind drown'd in annoyes*
*VVith outward ioyes, which inlie cannot sinke,*
*As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire:*
*Or with desire to make such foe a frend,*
*Who doth his soule to endlesse malice bend.*

Geron. *Yet sure an end to each thing time doth giue,*
*Though vvoes now liue, at length thy vvoes must die:*
*Then vertue trie, if she can vvorke in thee*
*That which vve see in manie time hath wrought,*
*And weakest hearts to constant temper brought.*

Philisides. *Who euer taught a skillesse man to teach,*
*Or stop a breach, that neuer Cannon saw?*
*Sweet vertues law barres not a causefull mone.*

Time

*Time shall in one my life and ſorrowes end,*
*And me perchaunce your conſtant temper lend.*

Geron. *VVhat can amend where phyſicke is refuſde?*
*The wits abuſde with will no counſayle take.*
*Yet for my ſake diſcouer vs thy griefe.*
*Oft comes reliefe when moſt we ſeeme in trap.*
*The ſtarres thy ſtate, fortune may change thy hap.*

Philiſides *If fortunes lappe became my dwelling place,*
*And all the ſtarres conſpired to my good,*
*Still were I one, this ſtill ſhould be my caſe,*
*Ruines relique, cares web, and ſorowes foode:*
*Since she faire fierce to ſuch a ſtate me calles,*
*VVhoſe wit the ſtarres, whoſe fortune fortune thralls.*

Geron. *Alas what fals are falne vnto thy minde?*
*That there where thou confeſt thy miſchiefe lyes,*
*Thy wit doſt vſe ſtill ſtill more harmes to finde.*
*VVhom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes,*
*VVhat counſell can preuaile, or light giue light?*
*Since all his force againſt himſelfe he tries.*
*Then each conceit that enters in his ſight,*
*Is made, forſooth, a Iurate of his woes,*
*Earth, ſea, ayre, fire, heau'n, hell, and gaſtly ſprite.*
*Then cries to ſenceleſſe things, which neither knowes*
*VVhat ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde*
*VVould ſcorne in man (their king) ſuch feeble show's.*
*Rebell, Rebell, in golden fetters binde*
*This tyran Loue; or rather do ſuppreſſe*
*Thoſe rebell thoughts which are thy ſlaues by kinde.*
*Let not a glittring name thy fancie dreſſe*
*In painted clothes, becauſe they call it loue.*
*There is no hate that can thee more oppreſſe.*
*Begin (and halfe the worke is done) to proue*
*By riſing vp, vpon thy ſelfe to ſtand.*
*And thinke she is a she, that doth thee moue.*
*He water plowes, and ſoweth in the ſand,*
*And hopes the flickring winde with net to hold,*
*VVho hath his hopes laid vpon womans hand.*
*VVhat man is he that hath his freedome ſolde?*
*Is he a manlike man, that doth not know man*
*Hath power that Sex with bridle to withhold?*
*A fickle Sex, and true in truſt to no man,*
*A ſeruant Sex, ſoone proud if they be coi'd:*
*And to conclude, thy miſtreſſe is a woman.*

Philiſides *O gods, how long this old foole hath annoy'd*

*My wearied eares! O gods yet graunt me this,*
*That ſoone the world of his falſe tong be void.*
*O noble age who place their onely bliſſe*
*In being heard vntill the hearer dye*
*Vttring a ſerpents mind with ſerpents hiſſe.*
*Then who will heare a well autoriſde lye,*
*(And pacience hath) let him goe learne of him*
*VVhat ſwarmes of vertues did in his youth flye*
*Such hartes of braſſe, wiſe heads, and garments trim*
*VVere in his dayes: which heard, one nothing heares,*
*If from his words the falshood he do skim.*
*And herein moſt their folly vaine appeares,*
*That ſince they ſtill alledge,* When they were yong:
*It shewes they fetch their wit from youthfull yeares*
*Like beaſt for ſacrifice, where ſaue the tong*
*And belly nought is left, ſuch ſure is he,*
*This life-deadman in this old dungeon flong.*
*Olde houſes are throwne downe for new we ſee:*
*The oldeſt Rammes are culled from the flocke:*
*No man doth wish his horſe ſhould aged bee.*
*The ancient oke well makes a fired blocke:*
*Old men them ſelues, doe loue yong wiues to chooſe:*
*Only fond youth admires a rotten ſtocke.*
*VVho once a white long beard, well handle does,*
*(As his beard him, not he his beard did beare)*
*Though cradle witted, muſt not honour looſe.*
*Oh when will men leaue off to iudge by haire;*
*And thinke them olde, that haue the oldeſt mind,*
*VVith vertue fraught and full of holy feare!*

Geron. *If that thy face were hid, or I were blind,*
*I yet ſhould know a yong man ſpeaketh now,*
*Such wandring reaſons in that ſpeech I find,*
*He is a beaſt, that beaſtes vſe wil allow*
*For proofe of man, who ſprung of heau'nly fire*
*Hath ſtrongeſt ſoule, when moſt his raynes do bowe.*
*But fondlings fond, know not your owne deſire*
*Loth to dye yong, and then you muſt be old,*
*Fondly blame that to which your ſelues aſpire.*
*But this light choller that doth make you bold,*
*Rather to wrong then vnto iuſt defence,*
*Is paſt with me, my blood is waxed cold.*
*Thy words, though full of malapert offence,*
*I way them not, but ſtill will thee aduiſe*
*How thou from foolish loue maiſt purge thy ſenſe.*
*Firſt thinke they erre, that thinke them gayly wiſe,*
*VVho well can ſet a paſſion out to ſhew:*
*Such ſight haue they that ſee with goggling eyes.*

*Paſſion*

*Paſſion beares high vvhen puffing wit doth blow,*
*But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,*
*True cauſe of euils; and cauſe of cauſeleſſe woe.*
*If once thou maiſt that fancie gloſſe deſtroy*
*VVithin thy ſelfe, thou ſoone wilt be aſhamed,*
*To be a player of thine owne annoy.*
*Then let thy mind with better bookes be tamed.*
*Seek to eſpie her faults as well as praiſe,*
*And let thine eyes to other ſportes be framed.*
*In hunting feareſull beaſts, do ſpend ſome dayes,*
*Or catch the birds with pitfals, or with lyme,*
*Or traine the foxe that traines ſo craftie layes.*
*Lie but to ſleepe, and in the earlie prime*
*Seeke skill of herbes in hilles, haunt brookes neare night,*
*And trie with bayt how fish will bite ſometime.*
*Go graft againe, and ſeeke to graft them right,*
*Thoſe pleaſant plants, thoſe ſweet and fruitfull trees,*
*VVhich both the pallate, and the eyes delight.*
*Cherish the hiues of wiſely paineſull Bees:*
*Let ſpeciall care vpon thy flocke be ſtaid,*
*Such actiue mind but ſeldome paſſion ſees.*

Philiſides. *Hath any man heard vvhat this old man ſaid?*
*Truly not I, who did my thoughts engage,*
*VVhere all my paines one looke of her hath paid.*

*Geron* was euen out of countenance, finding the words he thought were ſo wiſe, winne ſo litle reputation at this young mans hands; and therefore ſometimes looking vpon an old acquaintance of his called *Maſtix*, one of the repiningſt fellowes in the world, and that beheld no body but with a mind of miſlike (ſaying ſtill the world was amiſſe, but how it ſhould be amended he knew not) ſometimes caſting his eyes to the ground, euen aſhamed to ſee his gray haires deſpiſed, at laſt he ſpied his two dogges, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the younger *Lælaps*, (indeed the iewels he euer had with him) one brawling with another; which occaſion he tooke to reſtore himſelf to his countenance, and rating *Melampus*, he began to ſpeake to his dogs, as if in them a man ſhould find more obedience then in vnbridled young men.

Geron. Maſtix.

Geron. *DOwne, downe* Melampus, *what? your fellow bite?*
*I ſet you ore the flocke I dearelie loue,*
*Them to defend, not with your ſelues to fight.*
*Do you not thinke this vvill the vvolues remoue*
*From former feare, they had of your good minds,*
*VVhen they ſhall ſuch deuided vveakneſſe proue?*
*VVhat if* Lælaps *a better morſell find*
*Then you earſt knew? rather take part with him*

*Then iarle: lo, lo, euen theſe how enuie blindes,*
*And then* Lælaps *let not pride make thee brim;*
*Becauſe thou haſt thy fellow ouergone,*
*But thanke the cauſe, thou ſeeſt, where he is dim.*
*Here* Lælaps, *here, indeede a gainſt the foen*
*Of my good sheepe, thou neuer trew's time tooke:*
*Be as thou art, but be with mine at one.*
*For though* Melampus *like a wolfe do looke,*
*(For age doth make him of a woluish hew)*
*Yet haue I ſeene when well a wolfe he shooke.*
*Foole that I am, that with my dogges ſpeake grewe.*
*Come neere good* Maſtix, *tis now full tway ſcore*
*Of yeares (alas) ſince I good* Maſtix *knew.*
*Thou heardſt euen now a yong man ſneb me ſore,*
*Becauſe I red him, as I would my ſon.*
*Youth will haue will: Age muſt to age therefore.*

Maſtix. *VVhat maruell if in youth ſuch falts be done,*
*Since that we ſee our ſaddeſt Shepheards out*
*VVho haue their leſſon ſo long time begonne?*
*Quickly ſecure, and eaſilie in doubt,*
*Either a ſleepe be all if nought aſſaile,*
*Or all abroade if but a Cubb ſtart out.*
*VVe shepherds are like them that vnder ſaile*
*Doe ſpeake high words, when all the coaſt is cleare,*
*Yet to a paſſenger will bonnet vaile.*
*I con thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,*
*But commonly like curres we them entreate,*
*Saue when greate need of them perforce appeare.*
*Then him we kiſſe, whom late before we beatt*
*VVith ſuch intemperance, that each way grows*
*Hate of the firſt, contempt of latter feate,*
*And ſuch diſcord twixt greateſt shepheards ſlowes,*
*That ſport it is to ſee vvith how great arte,*
*By iuſtice worke they their owne faults diſcloſe:*
*Like buſie boyes, to vvin their tutors heart,*
*One ſaith, he mockes; the other ſaith, he playes,*
*The third his leſſon miſt, till all do ſmart.*
*As for the reſt, how shepheards ſpend their dayes,*
*At blow-point, hotcocles, or elſe at keeles,*
*While, Let vs paſſe our time each shepheard ſayes.*
*So ſmall account of time the shepheard feeles,*
*And doth not feele, that life is nought but time,*
*And when that time is paſt, death holdes his heeles.*
*To age thus do they draw their youthfull prime,*
*Knowing no more, then vvhat poore tryall showes,*
*As fiſh ſure tryall hath of muddie ſlime.*
*This paterne good, vnto our children goes,*
*For vvhat they ſee their parents loue or hate,*

*Their*

*Their firſt caught ſence prefers to teachers blows.*
*Theſe coklings cockred we bewaile too late,*
*When that we ſee our offſpring gaily bent,*
*Women man-wood, & men effeminate.*

Geron. *Fy man, fy man, what words hath thy toung lent?*
*Yet thou art mickle warſe then ere was I,*
*Thy too much zeale, I feare thy braine hath ſpent,*
*We oft are angrier, with the feeble flie*
*For buſineſſe, where it pertaines him not,*
*Then with the poiſnous todes that quiet lie.*
*I pray thee what hath ere the* Parret *got,*
*And yet they ſay he talkes in great mens bowers?*
*A Cage (guilded perchance) is all his lot,*
*Who of his tongue the lickour gladly powrs,*
*A good foole call'd with paine perhaps may be,*
*But euen for that ſhall ſuffer mightie Lowers.*
*Let ſwannes example ſiker ſerue for thee,*
*Who once all birdes, in ſweetely ſinging paſt,*
*But now to ſilence turn'd his minſtrelſie.*
*For he would ſing, but others were defaſte;*
*The peacockes pride, the pyes pild flattery,*
*Cormorants glutt, Kites ſpoile, king fishers waſte.*
*The Falcons fiercenеſſe, Sparrowes letchery,*
*The Cockows ſhame, the Gooſes good intent,*
*Euen turtle toucht he with hypocriſie.*
*And worſe of other more, till by aſſent*
*Of all the birdes, but namely thoſe were grieued,*
*Of fowles there called was a parliament.*
*There was the ſwan of dignitie depriued,*
*And ſtatute made he neuer ſhould haue voice,*
*Since when I thinke he hath in ſilence liued.*
*I warne thee therefore (ſince thou maiſt haue choice)*
*Let not thy toung become a firy match,*
*No ſword ſo bytes as that euill toole annoyes.*
*Let our vnpartiall eyes a litle watch*
*Our owne demeane, and ſoone we wonder ſhall,*
*That hunting faultes, our ſelues we did not catch.*
*Into our mindes let vs a little fall,*
*And we ſhall find more ſpots then Leopards ſkin.*
*Then who makes vs ſuch iudges ouer all?*
*But farewell nowe, thy fault is no great ſinne,*
*Come, come my curres, it is late I will goe in.*

And away with his doggs ſtraight he went, as if he would be ſure to haue the laſt worde: all the aſſemblie laughing at the luſtineſſe of the old fellowe who departed muttering to himſelfe he had ſeene more in his daies then twentie of them. But

*Baſilius*, who neuer before had heard *Philiſides* (though hauing ſeldome failed to be at theſe metings) deſired him he would begin ſome Eclogue with ſome other of the ſhepheards according to the accuſtomed guiſe. *Philiſides* though very vnwilling, at the Kings cõmaundement offred to ſing with *Thyrſis*. But he directly refuſed him, ſeeing, he ſhould within few dayes be maried to the faire *Kala*, & ſince he had gotten his deſire he would ſing no more. Then the king willed *Philiſides* to declare the diſcourſe of his own fortunes vnknowē to them as being a ſtranger in that countrie; but he prayed the king to pardon him, the time being farre too ioyfull to ſuffer the rehearſall of his miſeries. But to ſatiſfie *Baſilius* ſome way, he began an Eclogue betwixt himſelfe and the *Echo*, framing his voice ſo in thoſe deſert places as what wordes he would haue the Echo replie vnto, thoſe he would ſing higher then the reſt; and ſo kindly framed a diſputation betwixt himſelfe and it, which with theſe hexameters in the following order he vttered.

Philiſides. Echo.

*Faire Rocks, goodly riuers, ſweet woods, when ſhall I ſee peace? Peace.*
*Peace? what barrs me my tongue? who is it that comes me ſo ny? I.*
*Oh! I do know what gueſt I haue met; it is Echo. 't is Echo.*
*Well met Echo, approch: then tell me thy will too. I will too.*
*Echo, what do I get yelding my ſprite to my grieues? Grieues.*
*What medicine may I finde for a griefe that drawes me to death? Death.*
*O poiſonous medecin! what worſe to me can be then it? It.*
*In what ſtate was I then, when I tooke this deadly diſeaſe? Eaſe.*
*And what manner a mind which had to that humor a vaine? Vaine.*
*Hath not Reaſon enough vehemence the deſire to reproue? Proue.*
*Oft proue I: but what ſalue, when Reaſon ſeeks to be gone? One.*
*Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a ſalue to my Loue? Loue.*
*What do louers ſeeke for, long ſeeking for to enioy? Ioy.*
*What be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the paines? Paines.*
*Then to an earneſt Loue what doth beſt victorie lend? Ende.*
*End? but I can neuer end, loue will not giue me the leaue? Leaue.*
*How be the minds diſpoſ'd that can not taſt thy phyſick? Sick.*
*Yet ſay againe thy aduiſe for th' euils that I told thee? I told thee.*
*Doth th' infected wretch, of his harme th' extremitie know? No.*
*But if he know not his harms what guides hath he whilſt he be blind? Blind.*
*What blind guides can he haue that leanes to fancie? A fancy.*
*Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that ſteppeth aloft? Oft.*
*What cauſes firſt made theſe torments on me to light? Light.*
*Can then a cauſe be ſo light that forceth a man to go die? Tea.*
*Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to die? Eye.*
*Eyſight made me to yeeld, but what firſt pierſt to my eies? Eies.*
*Eies hurters, eies hurt: but what from them to me falles? Falles.*
*But when I firſt did fall, what brought moſt fall to my hart? Art.*
*Art? what can be that art that thou doſt meane by thy ſpeche? Speche.*
*What be the fruits of ſpeaking art? what growes by the words? Words.*
*O much more then words: thoſe words ſeru'd more me to bleſſe. Leſſe.*

Ob

*Oh when shall I be knowne, where most to be knowne I do long? Long.*
*Long be thy woes for such newes, but how reck's she my thoughts? Oughts.*
*Then then what do I gaine, since vnto her will I do winde? VVinde.*
*VVinde, tempests, & stormes, yet in ende what giues she desire? Ire.*
*Silly reward! yet among women hath she of vertue the most. Most.*
*VVhat great name may I giue to so heau'nly a woman? Awoe man.*
*Wo, but seemes to me ioy, that agrees to my thought so. I thought so.*
*Thinke so, for of my desired blisse it is only the course. Curse.*
*Curs'd be thy selfe for cursing that which leades me to ioies. Toies.*
*VVhat be the sweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard? Hard.*
*VVhat makes them be vnkind? speake for th' hast narrowly pry'de? Pride.*
*VVhence can pride come there, since springs of beautie he thence? Thence.*
*Horrible is this blasphemy vnto the most holy. O lie.*
*Thou li'st false Echo, their minds as vertue be iust, Iust.*
*Mock'st thou those Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods? Ods.*
*Ods? what an ods is there since them to the heau'ns I preferre? Erre.*
*Tell yet againe me the names of these faire form'd to do euils. Deuils.*
*Deuils? if in hell such deuils do abide, to the hells I do go. Go.*

*Philisides* was commended for the placing of his Echo, but little did he regard their praises, who had set the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised: and therefore returning againe to the traine of his desolate pensiuenesse, *Zelmanes* seeing no bodie offer to fill the stage, as if her long restrained conceits did now burst out of prison: she thus desiring her voice should be accorded to nothing, but to *Philocleas* eares, threw downe the burden of her minde in *Anacreons* kinde of verses.

*My muse what ailes this ardour*
*To blase my onely secrets?*
*Alas it is no glory*
*To sing mine owne decaid state.*
*Alas it is no comfort,*
*To speake without an answere.*
*Alas it is no wisdome*
*To shew the wound without cure.*

*My muse vvhat ailes this ardour?*
*Mine eyes be dym, my lyms shake,*
*My voice is hoarse, my throte scorcht,*
*My tong to this my roofe cleaues,*
*My fancy amazde, my thought dull'd,*
*My hart doth ake, my life faints,*
*My soule beginnes to take leaue.*
*So great a passion all feele,*
*To thinke a soare so deadly*
*I should so rashly rip vp.*

*My muse vvhat ailes this ardour?*
*If that to sing thou art bent,*
*Go sing the fall of old* Thebes,
*The vvarres of ougly Centaures,*
*The life, the death of* Hector,
*So may the song be famous,*
*Or if to loue thou art bent,*
*Recount the rape of* Europe,
Adonis *end*, Venus *net*,
*The sleepie kisse the Moone stale:*
*So may thy song be pleasant.*

*My muse vvhat ailes this ardour?*
*To blase my only secrets?*
*Wherein do only flourish*
*The sorie fruits of anguish.*
*The song thereof a last will,*
*The tunes be cryes, the words plaints,*
*The singer is the songs theame,*

*VVherein no eare can haue ioy,*
*Nor eye receiue due obiect*
*Ne pleasure here, ne fame get.*

*My muse what ail's this ardour?*
*Alas she saith I am thine,*
*So are thy pains my pains too.*
*Thy heated hart my seat is*
*Wherein I burne thy breath is*
*My voice, too hot to keepe in,*
*Besides lo here the author*
*Of all thy harmes: Lo here she,*
*That only can redresse thee,*
*Of her will I demaund help.*

*My muse I yeeld, my muse sing,*
*But all thy song herein knit,*
*The life we lead is all loue:*
*The loue we hold is all death,*
*Nor ought I craue to feede life,*
*Nor ought I seeke to shun death,*
*But onely that my goddesse*
*My life my death do count hers.*

*Basilius* when shee had fully ended her song, fell prostrate vpon the ground, and thanked the Gods they had preserued his life so long, as to heare the very musicke they themselues vsed, in an earthly body. And thē with like grace to *Zelmane* neuer left intreating her, til she had (taking a *Lyra Basilius* helde for her) song these *Phaleuciakes*:

*Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason*
*In this strange violence, to make resistance.*
*VVhere sweet graces erect the stately banner*
*Of vertues regiment, shining in harnesse*
*Of fortunes Diademes, by beauty mustred,*
*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*Her loose haire be the shot, the brest the pikes be,*
*Skowts each motion is, the hands be horsmen,*
*Her lips are the riches the warres to maintaine,*
*VVhere well couched abides a coffer of pearle*
*Her legges carriage is of all the sweet campe:*
*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,*
*VVhich at first voly gaue too open entrie,*
*Nor ramper did abide, my braine was vp blowne,*
*Vndermin'd with a speech the piercer of thoughts.*
*Thus weakned by my selfe, no help remaineth:*
*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*And now fame the herald of her true honour,*
*Doth proclaime with a sound made all by mens mouths,*
*That nature soueraine of earthly dwellers,*
*Commands all creatures, to yeeld obeysance*
*Vnder this, this her owne, her only dearling.*
*Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?*

*Reason sighes, but in end he thus doth answere.*

Nought

*Nought can reaſon auaile in heauenly matters.*
*Thus natures Diamond receiue thy conqueſt,*
*Thus pure pearle, I do yeeld my ſenſes and ſoule.*
*Thus ſweete paine, I do yeeld, what ere I can yeeld,*
*Reaſon looke to thy ſelfe, I ſerue a goddeſſe.*

*Dorus* had long he thought kept ſilence from ſaying ſomwhat which might tend to the glorie of her in whom all glorie to his ſeeming was included, but now he brake it, ſinging theſe verſes called *Aſclepiadikes.*

*O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!*
*O how much I do like your ſolitarineſſe!*
*Where mans mind hath a freed conſideration*
*Of goodneſſe to receiue lowely direction.*
*Where ſenſes do beholde th'order of heau'nly hoſte,*
*And wiſe thoughts do behold what the creator is:*
*Contemplation here holdeth his only ſeate:*
*Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope*
*Clymes euen vnto the ſtarres, Nature is vnder it.*
*Nought diſturbs thy quiet, all to thy ſeruice yeelds,*
*Each ſight draws on a thought, thought mother of ſcience,*
*Sweet bird's kindly do graunt harmony vnto thee,*
*Faire trees shade is enough fortification,*
*Nor danger to thy ſelfe if be not in thy ſelfe.*

*O ſweete woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!*
*O how much I do like your ſolitarineſſe!*
*Here nor treaſon is hid, vailed in innocence,*
*Nor enuies ſnakie eye, finds any harbor here,*
*Nor flatterers venimous inſinuations,*
*Nor comming humoriſts puddled opinions,*
*Nor courteous ruine of proffered vſury,*
*Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,*
*Nor cauſeleſſe dutie, nor comber of arrogance,*
*Nor trifling title of vanitie dazleth vs,*
*Nor golden manacles, ſtand for a paradiſe,*
*Here wrongs name is vnheard: ſlander a monſter is,*
*Keepe thy ſprite from abuſe, here no abuſe doth haunt.*
*What man grafts in a tree diſſmulation?*

*O ſweete woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!*
*O how well I do like your ſolitarineſſe!*
*Yet deare ſoile, if a ſoule cloſ'd in a manſion*
*As ſweete as violets, faire as a lilly is,*
*Streight as Cedar, a voice ſtaines the Cannary birds,*
*Whoſe ſhade ſafely doth hold, danger auoideth her:*
*Such wiſedome, that in her liues ſpeculation:*

*Such goodneſſe that in her ſimplicitie triumphs:*
*VVhere enuies ſnaky eye, winketh or els dyeth,*
*Slander wants a pretext, flattery gone beyond:*
*Oh! if ſuch a one haue bent, to a lonely life,*
*Her ſteps glad we receiue, glad we receiue her eys.*
*And thinke not she doth hurt our ſolitarineſſe,*
*For ſuch company decks ſuch ſolitarineſſe.*

The other Shepheards were offring themſelues to haue continued the ſports, but the night had ſo quietlie ſpent the moſt part of her ſelfe among them, that the king for that time licēſed thē. And ſo bringing *Zelmane* to her lodging, who would much rather haue done the ſame for *Philoclea*, of all ſides they went to counterfet a ſleepe in their bed, for a true one there agonies could not aforde them. Yet there they lay (ſo might they be moſt ſolitarie for the food of their thoughts) till it was neere noone the next day, after which *Baſilius* was to continue his *Apollo* deuotions, and the other to meditate vpon their priuate deſires.

*The end of the ſecond Eclogues.*

THE

# THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

(·)

THis laſt dayes daunger, hauing made *Pamelas* loue diſcerne what a loſſe it ſhould haue ſuffered if *Dorus* had bene deſtroyed, bred ſuch tenderneſſe of kindneſſe in her toward him, that ſhe could no longer keep loue frō looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words; whom before as a cloſe priſoner ſhe had to her heart onely committed; ſo as finding not onely by his ſpeaches and letters, but by the pitifull oration of a languiſhing behauiour, and the eaſilie diſciphered character of a ſorowfull face, that Deſpaire began now to threaten him deſtructiō, ſhe grew content both to pitie him, & let him ſee ſhe pitied him, as wel by making her own beautiful beames to thaw away the former ycineſſe of her behauiour, as by entertaining his diſcourſes (whenſoeuer he did vſe them) in the third perſon of *Muſidorus*; to ſo farre a degree, that in the end ſhe ſaid, that if ſhe had bene the Princeſſe whom that diſguiſed Prince had vertuouſlie loued, ſhe would haue requited his faith with faithfull affection: finding in her heart, that nothing could ſo hartily loue as vertue: with many mo words to the ſame ſence of noble fauour, and chaſt plainneſſe. Which when at the firſt it made that expected bliſſe ſhine vpon *Dorus*; he was like one frozen with extremitie of cold, ouer-haſtilie brought to a great fire, rather oppreſſed then relieued with ſuch a lightning of felicitie. But after the ſtrength of nature had made him able to feele the ſweetneſſe of ioyfulneſſe, that againe being a child of Paſſion, and neuer acquainted with mediocritie, could not ſet bounds vpon his happineſſe nor be content to giue deſire a kingdome, but that it muſt be an vnlimited monarchie. So that the ground he ſtood vpon being ouer-high in happineſſe, and ſlipperie through affection, he could not hold himſelfe from falling into ſuch an error, which with ſighes blew all comfort out of his breaſt, & waſht away all chearfulneſſe, of his cheare with teares. For this fauour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his deſire, and Deſire conſidering nothing but oportunitie: one time (*Mopſa* being called away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the ſudden occaſion called Loue, and that neuer ſtaid to aske Reaſons leaue, but made the too-much louing *Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kiſſe her, and as it were, to eſtabliſh a trophee of his victorie. But ſhe, as if ſhe had bene readie to drinke a wine of excellent taſte and colour, which ſodainely ſhe perceiued had poyſon in it, ſo did ſhe put him away from her: looking firſt vp to heauen, as amazed to find her ſelfe

ſo beguiled in him; then laying the cruell puniſhment vpon him of angrie Loue,& lowring beautie, ſhewing diſdaine, & a deſpiſing diſdaine, Away (ſaid ſhe) vnworthie man to loue, or to be loued. Aſſure thy ſelfe, I hate my ſelfe for being ſo deceiued; iudge then what I do thee for deceiuing me. Let me ſee thee no more, the only fall of my iudgement, and ſtaine of my conſcience. With that ſhe called *Mopſa*, not ſtaying for any anſwere (which was no other but a flood of teares) which ſhee ſeemed not to marke (much leſſe to pitie) and chid her for hauing ſo left her alone.

It was not a ſorow, but it was euen a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainlie at that inſtant wold haue killed him, but that the feare to tarie longer in her preſence (contrary to her commandement) gaue him life to cary himſelfe away from her ſight, and to run into the woods, where throwing himſelfe downe at the foot of a tree, he did not fall to lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieuing for himſelfe (which he did no way) but to curſes of his life, as one that deteſted himſelfe. For finding himſelfe not only vnhappie, but vnhappie after being fallen frō all happineſſe & to be fallen frō all happineſſe, not by any miſconceiuing, but by his owne fault, and his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela*; he did not tender his owne eſtate, but deſpiſed it; greedily drawing into his mind, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And ſo remained he two dayes in the woods, diſdayning to giue his body food, or his mind comfort, louing in himſelfe nothing, but the loue of her. And indeed that loue onely ſtraue with the furie of his anguiſh, telling it, that if it deſtroyed *Dorus*, it ſhould alſo deſtroy the image of her that liued in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in vnto him, it began to winne of him ſome compaſſion to the ſhrine of that image, and to bewaile not for himſelfe (whō he hated) but that ſo notable a loue ſhold periſh. Then began he onlie ſo farre to wiſh his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the puniſhment: and the vttermoſt height he aſpired vnto, was, that after his death ſhe might yet pitie his errour, and know that it proceeded of loue, and not of boldneſſe. That conceit found ſuch friendſhip in his thoughts, that at laſt he yeelded ſince he was baniſhed her preſence, to ſeeke ſome means by writing to ſhew his ſorow and teſtifie his repentance. Therefore getting him the neceſſary inſtruments of writing, he thought beſt to counterfeit his hand (fearing that as alreadie ſhe knew his, ſhe would caſt it away as ſoone as ſhe ſaw it) and to put it in verſe, hoping that would draw her on to reade the more, chuſing the *Elegiac* as fitteſt for mourning. But neuer pen did more quakingly performe his office; neuer was paper more double moiſtened with inke and teares; neuer words more ſlowly maried together, and neuer the Muſes more tired then now with changes and rechanges of his deuiſes: fearing how to end, before he had reſolued how to begin, miſtruſting each word, condemning each ſentence. This word was not ſignificant, that word was too plaine: this would not be conceiued, the other would be ill conceiued: here ſorow was not enough expreſſed, there he ſeemed too much for his own ſake to be ſorie: this ſentence rather ſhewed arte then paſſion; that ſentence rather fooliſhly paſſionate, then forciblie mouing. At laſt, marring with mending, and putting out better then he left, he made an end of it; and being ended, was diuers times readie to teare it; till his reaſon aſſuring him, the more he ſtudied, the worſe it grew, he folded it vp, deuoutlie inuoking good acceptation vnto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner (ſauing *Mopſa*) to the other Lodge, ſtale vp into *Pamelas* chamber, and in her ſtandiſh (which firſt hee kiſſed; and craued of it a ſafe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be ſeen at her next vſing

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her inke (himſelfe returning againe to be true priſoner to deſperate ſorow) leauing her ſtandiſh vpon her beds head, to giue her the more occaſion to marke it: which alſo fell out.

For ſhe finding it at her after-noone returne, in another place then ſhe left it, opened it. But when ſhe ſaw the letter, her heart gaue her from whence it came. And therefore clapping it to againe, ſhe went away from it, as if it had bene a contagious garment of an infected perſon: and yet was not long away, but that ſhe wiſhed ſhe had read it, though ſhe were loth to reade it. Shall I (ſaid ſhe) ſecond his boldneſſe ſo farre, as to reade his preſumptuous letters? And yet (ſaith ſhe) he ſees me not now to grow the bolder thereby: & how can I tell whether they be preſumptuous? The paper came from him, and therfore not worthy to be receiued? and yet the paper, ſhe thought, was not guiltie. At laſt ſhe concluded, it were not much amiſſe to looke it ouer, that ſhe might out of his words picke ſome further quarell againſt him. Then ſhe opened it, and threw it away, and tooke it vp againe, till (ere ſhe were aware) her eyes would needes reade it, conteining this matter,

*VNto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,*
*and now fullie beleeues helpe to be quite perished;*
*Grant yet, grant yet a looke, to the laſt monument of his anguish,*
*O you (alas ſo I find) cauſe of his onlie ruine.*
*Dread not a vvhit (O goodlie cruell) that pitie may enter*
*into thy heart by the ſight of this Epiſtle I ſend:*
*And ſo refuſe to behold of theſe ſtrange wounds the recitall,*
*leaſt it might th'allure home thy ſelfe to returne,*
*(Vnto thy ſelfe I do meane thoſe graces dwell ſo vvithin thee,*
*gratefulneſſe, ſweetneſſe, holie loue, hartie regard)*
*Such thing cannot I ſeeke (Deſpaire hath giuen me my anſwere:*
*Deſpaire moſt tragicall clauſe to a deadlie requeſt)*
*Such thing cannot he hope, that knowes thy determinate hardneſſe,*
*hard like a rich Marbell: hard, but a faire Diamond.*
*Can thoſe eyes that of eyes drownd in moſt hartie flowing teares,*
*(teares and teares of a man) had no returne to remorſe;*
*Can thoſe eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a ſorow,*
*which inke onlie relates, but ne laments, ne replies?*
*Ah, that, that I do I not conceiue (though that to my bliſſe were)*
*More then* Neſtors *yeares, more then a kings Diademe.*
*Ah, that that I do not conceiue, to the heauen when a mouſe climes*
*then may I hope t'achieue grace of a heauenlie Tiger.*
*But, but alas, like a man condemn'd doth craue to be heard ſpeake,*
*Not that he hopes for amends of the deſaſter he feeles,*
*But finding th'approch of death with an inly relenting,*
*giues an adieu to the vvorld, as to his only delight:*
*Right ſo my boiling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire eye,*
*bubling out doth breath ſignes of his hugie dolours:*
*Now that he finds to what end his life, and loue be reſerued,*
*and that he thence muſt part, where to liue onlie he liu'd.*
*O faire, O faireſt, are ſuch thy triumphes to thy faireneſſe?*
*can death beautie become? muſt I be ſuch monument?*

*Muſt I be only the marke, ſhall proone that vertue is angrie?*
*ſhall proone that fierceneſſe can with a white Doue abide?*
*Shall to the vvorld appeare that faith and loue be rewarded*
*vvith mortall diſdaine, bent to vnendly reuenge?*
*Vnto reuenge? O ſweet, on a wretch wilt thou be reuenged*
*ſhall ſuch high Planets tend to the loſſe of a vvorme?*
*And to reuenge vvho do bend, vvold in that kind be reuenged,*
*as th'offence vvas done, and go beyond if he can.*
*All my offence vvas loue: vvith loue then muſt I be chaſtned:*
*and vvith more, by the lawes that to reuenge do belong.*
*If that loue be a fault, more fault in you to be louely:*
*Loue neuer had me oppreſt, but that I ſaw to be lou'd.*
*You be the cauſe that I lou'd: vvhat Reaſon blameth a ſhadovv,*
*that vvith a body 't goes? ſince by a body it is.*
*If that Loue you did hate, you ſhould your beauty haue hidden:*
*you ſhould thoſe faire eyes haue vvith a veile couered.*
*But foole, foole that I am, thoſe eyes would ſhine frõ a darke caue.*
*vvhat veiles then do preuaile, but to a more miracle?*
*Or thoſe golden lockes, thoſe locks vvhich locke me to bondage,*
*torne you ſhould diſperſe vnto the blaſts of a vvind.*
*But foole, foole that I am, tho I had but a haire of her head found*
*eu'n as I am, ſo I ſhould vnto that haire be a thrall.*
*Or with faire hands-nayls (ô hand which nailes me to this death)*
*you ſhould haue your face (ſince Loue is ill) blemiſhed.*
*O vvretch, vvhat do I ſay? ſhould that faire face be defaced?*
*ſhould my too-much ſight cauſe ſo true a Sun to be loſt?*
*Firſt let* Cimmerian *darkneſſe be my onl' habitation:*
*firſt be mine eyes puld out, firſt be my braine periſhed;*
*Ere that I ſhould conſent to do ſo exceſſiue a dammage*
*vnto the earth, by the hurt of this her heauenly iewell.*
*O not, but ſuch loue you ſay you could haue afoorded,*
*as might learne Temp'rance void of a rages euents.*
*O ſweet ſimplicitie: from vvhence ſhould Loue be ſo learned?*
*vnto* Cupid *that boy ſhall a Pedante be found?*
*Well: but faultie I was: Reaſon to my Paſſion yeelded,*
*Paſſion vnto my rage, Rage to a haſtie reuenge.*
*But what's this for a fault, for vvhich ſuch faith be abolisht,*
*ſuch faith, ſo ſtaineleſſe, inuiolate, violent?*
*Shall I not? ô may I not thus yet refreſh the rembrance,*
*vvhat ſweet ioyes I had once, and what a place I did hold?*
*Shall I not once obiect, that you, you graunted a fauour*
*vnto the man, whom now ſuch miſeries you award?*
*Bend your thoughts to the deare ſweet words which thẽ to me giu'n vvere:*
*thinke vvhat a vvorld is now, thinke vvho hath altred her heart.*
*VVhat? vvas I then worthy ſuch good, now vvorthy ſuch euill?*
*now fled, then cherished? then ſo nie, now ſo remote?*
*Did not a roſed breath, from lips more roſie proceeding,*
*ſay, that I vvell ſhould find in vvhat acare I vvas had?*

*with*

*With much more: now what do I find, but Care to abhorre me,*
*Care that I ſinke in griefe, Care that I liue banished?*
*And banished do I liue, nor now will ſeeke a recou'rie,*
*ſince ſo ſhe will, whoſe will is to me more then a law.*
*If then a man in moſt ill caſe may giue you a farewell:*
*farewell, long farewell, all my wo, all my delight.*

What this would haue wrought in her, ſhee her ſelfe could not tell: for, before her reaſon could moderate the diſputation betweene Fauour and Faultineſſe, her ſiſter, and *Miſo*, called her downe to entertaine *Zelmane*, who was come to viſite the two ſiſters; about whō, as about two Poles the skie of Beautie was turned: while *Gynecia* wearied her bed with her melancholie ſickneſſe, & made *Miſos* ſhrewdneſſe (who like a ſprite, ſet to keepe a treaſure, bard *Zelmane* from anie further conference) to be the Lieutenant of her iealouſie: both ſhe and her husband driuing *Zelmane* to ſuch a ſtraight of reſolution, either of impoſſible graunting, or daungerous refuſing, as the beſt eſcape ſhe had, was (as much as ſhe could) to auoyd their companie. So as, this day, being the fourth day after the vprore (*Baſilius* being with his ſicke wife, conferring vpon ſuch examinations as *Philanax*, & other of his noblemen had made of this late ſedition, all touching *Cecropia* with vehement ſuſpition of giuing either flame or fewell vnto it) *Zelmane* came with her body, to finde her mind, which was gone long before her, and had gotten his ſeat in *Philoclea*: who now with a baſhfull chearefulneſſe (as though ſhe were aſhamed, that ſhe could not chooſe but be glad) ioyned with her ſiſter, in making much of *Zelmane*.

And ſo as they ſate deuiſing how to giue more feathers to the wings of Time, there came to the lodge dore ſixe maids, all in one liuery of ſcarlet peticotes, which were tuckt vp almoſt to their knees, the peticotes themſelues being in many places garniſhed with leaues, their legs naked, ſauing that aboue the anckles they had litle blacke ſilke laces, vpō which did hang a few ſiluer bels: like which they had a litle aboue their elbowes vpon their bare arms. Vpō their haire they ware garlands of roſes & gilliflowers; and the haire was ſo dreſt, as that came againe aboue the garlāds, enterchāging a mutuall couering: ſo as it was doubtfull, whether the haire dreſt the garlāds, or the garlands dreſt the haire. Their breaſts liberal to the eye; the face of the foremoſt of thē, in excellency faire; & of the reſt louelie, if not beautifull: & beautifull might haue bene, if they had not ſuffered greedy *Phœbus*, ouer-often, & hard, to kiſſe them. Their countenances full of a gracefull grauitie; ſo as the geſture matcht with the apparell, it might ſeeme a wanton modeſtie, & an entiſing ſoberneſſe. Each of thē had an inſtrumēt of muſike in their hands, which conſorting their well pleaſing tunes, did charge each eare with vnſenſibleneſſe, that did not lend it ſelfe vnto them. The muſike entring alone into the Lodge, the Ladies were all deſirous to ſee frō whence ſo pleaſant a gueſt was come: & therfore went out together; where before they could take the paines to doubt, much leſſe to aske the queſtion of their qualitie, the faireſt of them (with a gay, but yet diſcreet demeanor) in this ſort ſpake vnto them. Moſt excellent Ladies, (whoſe excellencies haue power to make cities enuie theſe woods, and ſolitarineſſe to be accounted the ſweeteſt companie) vouchſafe our meſſage your gracious hearing, which as it comes frō loue, ſo comes it from louelie perſons. The Maides of all this coaſt of *Arcadia*, vnderſtanding the often acceſſe that certaine ſhepheards of theſe quarters, are allowed to haue in this

forbidden place; and that their rurall ſports are not diſdained of you, haue bin ſtirred vp with emulation to thē, & affection to you, to bring forth ſomething, which might as well breed your contentment: and therefore hoping that the goodneſſe of their intention, and the hurtleſneſſe of their ſex ſhall excuſe the breach of the commandement in cōming to this place vnſent for, they choſe out vs, to inuite both your princelie parents, and your ſelues, to a place in the woods about halfe a mile hence: where they haue prouided ſome ſuch ſports, as they truſt your gracious acceptations will interpret to be delightfull. We haue bene at the other Lodge, but finding thē there buſied in waightier affaires, our truſt is, that you yet will not deny the ſhining of your eyes vpō vs. The Ladies ſtood in ſome doubt whether they ſhold go or not, leaſt *Baſilius* might be angrie withall. But *Miſo* (that had bene at none of the Paſtorals, and had a great deſire to lead her old ſences abroad to ſome pleaſure) told them plainly, they ſhould nor will nor chooſe, but go thither, and make the honeſt country people know, that they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as folkes thought of thē. The Ladies glad to be warranted by her authoritie; with a ſmiling humbleneſſe obeyed her: *Pamela* only caſting a ſeeking looke, whether ſhe could ſee *Dorus* (who poore wretch, wandred halfe mad for ſorow in the woods, crying for pardon of her, who could not heare him) but indeed was grieued for his abſence, hauing giuen the wound to him through her owne hart. But ſo the three Ladies & *Miſo* went with thoſe ſix *Nymphes*, conquering the length of the way with the force of muſike, leauing onlie *Mopſa* behind, who diſgraced weeping with her countenāce, becauſe her mother would not ſuffer her to ſhew her new ſcoured face among thē. But the place appointed (as they thought) met them halfe in their way, ſo well were they pleaſed with the ſweet tunes & pretie conuerſation of their inuiters. There found they in the midſt of the thickeſt part of the wood, a litle ſquare place, not burthened with trees, but with a boord couered, and beautified with the pleaſanteſt fruits, that ſunburnd *Autumne* could deliuer vnto thē. The maids beſought the Ladies to ſit downe & taſt of the ſwelling grapes, which ſeemed great with child of *Bacchus*: and of the diuerſe coloured plums, which gaue the eye a pleaſant taſt before they came to the mouth. The Ladies would not ſhew to ſcorne their prouiſion, but eat and dranke a litle of their coole wine, which ſeemed to laugh for ioy to come to ſuch lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the comming forth of ſuch deuiſes as were prepared for them, there ruſht out of the woods twenty armed men, who round about enuironed them, and laying hold of *Zelmane* before ſhe could draw her ſword, and taking it from her, put hoods ouer the heades of all foure, and ſo muffled, by force ſet them on horſeback and caried them away; the ſiſters in vaine crying for ſuccour, while *Zelmanes* heart was rent in peeces with rage of the iniurie, and diſdaine of her fortune. But when they had caried them a foure or fiue mile further; they left *Miſo* with a gagge in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, ſo to take her fortune: and brought the three Ladies (by that time the night ſeemed with her ſilence to conſpire to their treaſon) to a Caſtle about ten mile from the Lodges: where they were faine to take a boate which waited for them: for the Caſtle ſtood in the midſt of a great lake vppon a high rocke, where partlie by Arte, but principallie by Nature, it was by all men eſteemed impregnable. But at the Caſtle gate their faces were diſcouered, and there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the ſiſters knew their Aunt in law *Cecropia*. But that ſight increaſed the deadly terrour of the Princeſſes, loking for nothing but death, ſince they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came vnto thē,

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making curteſie the outſide of miſchiefe,& deſiring them not to be diſcomforted: for they were in a place dedicated to their ſeruice, *Philoclea* (with a looke where Loue ſhined through the miſt of Feare) beſought her to be good vnto them, hauing neuer deſerued euill of her. But *Pamelas* high heart diſdained humbleneſſe to iniury, Aunt (ſayd ſhe) what you haue determined of vs I pray you do it ſpeedily: for my part I looke for no ſeruice, where I find violence.

But *Cecropia* (vſing no more words with them) conueyed them all three to ſeuerall lodgings (*Zelmanes* heart ſo ſwelling with ſpite, that ſhe could not bring forth a word) and ſo left them: firſt taking from them their kniues, becauſe they ſhould do themſelues no hurt, before ſhe had determined of them: and then giuing ſuch order that they wanted nothing but liberty, and comfort, ſhe went to her ſonne, who yet kept his bed, becauſe of his wound he had receiued of *Zelmane*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but euen then returned from far countries, where he had wonne immortall fame, both of courage and curteſie, when he met with the Princeſſes, and was hurt by *Zelmane*, ſo as he was vtterly ignorant of all his mothers wicked deuiſes, to which he would neuer haue conſented, being (like a roſe out of a brier) an excellent ſonne of an euill mother: and now when hee heard of this, was as much amazed, as if he had ſeene the Sunne fall to the earth. And therefore deſired his mother that ſhe would tell him the whole diſcourſe, how all theſe matters had happened. Sonne (ſayd ſhe) I will doo it willingly, and ſince all ie done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howſoeuer I might be aſhamed to tell it ſtrangers, who would thinke it wickedneſſe, yet what is done for your ſake (how euill ſoeuer to others) to you is vertue. To begin then euen with the beginning, this doting foole *Baſilius* that now raignes, hauing liued vnmaried till he was nigh threeſcore yeares old (and in all his ſpeeches affirming, and in all his doings aſſuring, that he neuer would marrie) made all the eyes of this country to be bent vpon your father, his onelie brother (but younger by thirtie yeares) as vpon the vndoubted ſucceſſor: being indeed a man worthie to reigne, thinking nothing enough for himſelfe: where this gooſe (you ſee) puts downe his head, before there bee anie thing neere to touch him. So that heholding place and eſtimation as heire of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the King of *Argos*, his brother helping to the concluſion, with proteſting his bachelerly intention: for elſe you may be ſure the King of *Argos*, nor his daughter would haue ſuffered their Royall bloud to bee ſtained with the baſe name of ſubiection. So that I came into this country as apparant Princeſſe thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the Ladies of this countrie. My port and pompe did well become a King of *Argos* daughter: in my preſence their tongues were turned into eares, and their eares were captiues vnto my tongue. Their eyes admired my Maieſty, & happy was he or ſhe, on whom I would ſuffer the beames thereof to fall. Did I go to Church? it ſeemed the very Goddes waited for me, their deuotions not being ſolemnized till I was ready. Did I walke abroad to ſee any delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it ſelfe: for to it was the concourſe; one thruſting vpon another, who might ſhew himſelfe moſt diligent and ſeruiceable towards me: my ſleepes were inquired after, and my wakings neuer vnſaluted: the very gate of my houſe full of principall perſons, who were glad, if their preſents had receiued a gratefull acceptation. And in this felicitie wert thou borne, the very earth ſubmitting it ſelfe vnto thee to be troden on as by his Prince; & to that paſſe had my husbands vertue (by my good helpe) within ſhort time brought it, with a plot we layd, as we ſhould not haue needed to haue waited the tedious

worke of a naturall end of *Basilius*; when the heauens (I thinke enuying my great felicity) then stopt thy fathers breath, when he breathed nothing but power and soueraignty. Yet did not thy orphancy, or my widdowhood, depriue vs of the delightfull prospect, which the hill of honour doth yeeld, while expectation of thy succession did bind dependencies vnto vs.

But before (my sonne) thou wert come to the age to feele the sweetenesse of authoritie, this beast (whom I can neuer name with patience) falsely and foolishly married this *Gynecia*, then a young gyrle, and brought her to sit aboue me in al feasts to turne her shoulder to me-ward in all our solemnities. It is certaine, it is not so great a spite to be surmounted by strangers, as by ones owne allies. Thinke then what my mind was, since withall there is no question: The fall is greater from the first to the second, then from the second to the vndermost. The rage did swell in my heart, so much the more as it were faine to be suppressed in silence, and disguised with humblenesse. But aboue all the rest, the griefe of grieues was, when with these two daughters (now thy prisoners) she cut off all hope of thy succession. It was a tedious thing to me; that my eyes should looke lower then any bodies, that (my selfe being by) anothers voyce then mine, should be more respected. But it was insupportable vnto me, to thinke that not only I, but thou shouldst spend all thy time in such misery, and that the Sun should see my eldest son lesse then a Prince. And though I had bin a Saint I could not choose, finding the change this change of fortune bred vnto me, for now from the multitude of followers, silence grew to be at my gate, & absence in my presence. The guesse of my mind could preuaile more before, thē now many of my earnest requests. And thou (my deare sonne) by the fickle multitude no more then an ordinary person (borne of the mud of the people) regarded. But I (remembring that in all miseries weeping becomes fooles, and practise wise folks) haue tried diuers meanes to pull vs out of the mire of subiection. And though many times fortune failed me, yet did I neuer faile my selfe. Wild beastes I kept in a caue hard by the lodges, which I caused by night to be fed in the place of their pastorals; I as then liuing in my house hard by the place, and against the houre they were to meete (hauing kept the beastes without meate) then let them loose, knowing that they would seeke their foode there, and deuoure what they found. But blind Fortune hating sharpe-sighted inuentions, made them vnluckily to be killed. After I vsed my seruant *Clinias* to stir a notable tumult of countrie people: but those loutes were too grosse instruments for delicate conceits. Now lastly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quit; and with a sleight I vsed of my fine-witted wench *Artesia*, with other maides of mine, would haue sent these goodly inheritrixes of *Arcadia*, to haue pleaded their cause before *Pluto*, but that ouer-fortunatly for thē, you made me know the last day how vehemently this childish passion of loue doth torment you. Therefore I haue brought them vnto you, yet wishing rather hate then loue in you. For hate often begetteth victory; Loue commonly is the instrument of subiection. It is true, that I wold also by the same practise haue entrapped the parents, but my maids failed of it, not daring to tary long about it. But this sufficeth, since (these being taken away) you are the vndoubted inheritor, and *Basilius* will not long ouer-liue this losse.

O mother (sayd *Amphialus*) speake not of doing them hurt, no more then to mine eyes, or my hart, or if I haue any thing more deare then eyes, or hart vnto me. Let others find what sweetnesse they will in euer fearing, becausse they are euer feared: for my part, I will thinke my selfe highly intitled, if I may be once by *philoclea* accepted

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for a ſeruant. Well (ſayd *Cecropia*) I would I had borne you of my mind, as well as of my body: then ſhould you not haue ſuncke vnder theſe baſe weakneſſes. But ſince you haue tied your thoughts in ſo wilfull a knot, it is happie my policy hath brought matters to ſuch a paſſe, as you may both enioy affection, and vpon that build your ſoueraignty. Alas (ſayd *Amphialus*) my hart would faine yeeld you thanks for ſetting me in the way of felicity, but that feare killes thē in me, before they are fully borne. For if *Philoclea* be diſpleaſed, how can I be pleaſed? if ſhe count it vnkindneſſe, ſhal I giue tokens of kindneſſe? perchance ſhe condemnes me of this action, and ſhall I triumph? perchance ſhe drownes now the beauties I loue with ſorrowfull teares, and where is then my reioycing? You haue reaſon (ſayd *Cecropia* with a fained grauity) I will therefore ſend her away preſently, that her contentment may be recouered. No good mother (ſayd *Amphialus*) ſince ſhe is here, I could not for my life conſtraine preſence, but rather would I die then conſent to abſence. Pretie intricate follies (ſayd *Cecropia*) but get you vp, and ſee how you can preuaile with her, while I go to the other ſiſter. For after we ſhall haue our hands full to defend our ſelues, if *Baſilius* hap to beſiege vs. But remembring her ſelfe, ſhe turned back and asked him what he would haue done with *Zelmane*, ſince now he might be reuenged of his hurt. Nothing but honorably, anſwered *Amphialus*, hauing deſerued no other of me, eſpecially being (as I heare) greatly cheriſhed of *Philoclea*: & therfore I could wiſh they were lodged together. O no (ſayd *Cecropia*) company confirmes reſolutions, & lonelineſſe breeds a wearines of ones thoughts, & ſo a ſooner conſenting to reaſonable profers.

But *Amphialus* (taking off his mother *Philocleas* kniues, which he kept as a relique, ſince ſhe had worne thē) gat vp, and calling for his richeſt apparell, nothing ſeemed ſumptuous inough for his miſtreſſes eyes: and that which was coſtly, he feared were not dainty: and though the inuention were delicate, he miſdoubted the making. As carefull he was too of the colour; leaſt if gay, he might ſeem to glory in his iniury, & her wrong; if mourning, it might ſtrike ſome euil preſage vnto her of her fortune. At length he took a garmēt more rich then glaring, the ground being black veluet, richly embrodered with great pearle, and precious ſtones, but they ſet ſo among certaine tuffes of cipres, that the cipres was like black clowds, through which the ſtars might yeeld a dark luſter. About his neck he ware a brode & gorgeous coller; whereof the peeces enterchāgeably anſwering; the one was of diamōds & pearle, ſet with a white enamell, ſo as by the cunning of the workman it ſeemed like a ſhining ice, and the other piece being of Rubies, and Opalles, had a fierie gliſtring, which he thought pictured the two paſſions of Feare & Deſire, wherein he was enchained. His hurt (not yet fully well) made him a litle halt, but he ſtraue to giue the beſt grace hee could vnto his halting.

And in that ſort he went to *Philocleas* chamber: whom hee found (becauſe her chamber was ouer-lightſome) ſitting of that ſide of her bedde which was from the window; which did caſt ſuch a ſhaddow vpon her, as a good Painter would beſtow vpon *Venus*, when vnder the trees ſhe bewailed the murther of *Adonis*: her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her ſhoulder leaning to her beds head, and ouer her head a ſcarfe, which did eclipſe almoſt halfe her eyes, which vnder it fixed their beames vpon the wall by, with ſo ſteddie a maner, as if in that place they might well chaunge, but not mend their obiect: and ſo remayned they a good while after his comming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor ſhe perceiuing him, till that (a little varying her thoughts ſomething quickening her ſenſes) ſhe heard him as he happed to ſtirre his vpper

garment: and perceiuing him, roſe vp, with a demeanure, where in the booke of Beauty there was nothing to be read but Sorrow: for Kindneſſe was blotted out,& Anger was neuer there.

But *Amphialus* that had entruſted his memory with long and forcible ſpeeches, found it ſo locked vp in amazement, that he could pike nothing out of it, but the beſeeching her to take what was done in good part, and to aſſure her ſelfe there was nothing but honour meant vnto her perſon. But ſhe making no other anſwere, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were ioyned (with eyes ſomething caſt aſide, and a ſilent ſigh) gaue him to vnderſtand, that conſidering his dooings, ſhe thought his ſpeech as full of incongruitie, as her anſwere would be voide of purpoſe: whereupon he kneeling downe, and kiſſing her hand (which ſhe ſuffered with a countenance witneſſing captiuity, but not kindneſſe) he beſought her to haue pity of him, whoſe loue went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of vttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did ſtand; whereto the leaſt motion of hers would ſerue to determine, ſhe being indeede the miſtreſſe of his life, and he her eternall ſlaue; and with true vehemency beſought her that he might heare her ſpeake, whereupon ſhe ſuffered her ſweete breath to turne it ſelfe into theſe kind of words.

Alas couſin (ſayd ſhee) what ſhall my tongue bee able to doo, which is informed by the eares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pittie, and vſe crueltie; you ſay, you loue me, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme your death is in my hands, but you haue brought me to ſo neare a degree to death, as when you will, you may lay death vpon me: ſo that while you ſaie, I am miſtreſſe of your life, I am not miſtreſſe of mine owne. You entitle your ſelfe my ſlaue, but I am ſure I am yours. If then violence, iniurie, terror, and depriuing of that which is more deare then life it ſelfe, libertie, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be eaſily perſwaded. But if the neareneſſe of our kinred breede any remorſe in you, or there be any ſuch thing in you, which you call loue toward me, then let not my fortune be diſgraced with the name of impriſonment: let not my heart waſte it ſelfe by being vexed with feeling euill, and fearing worſe. Let not me be a cauſe of my parents wofull deſtruction; but reſtore me to my ſelfe; and ſo doing I ſhall account I haue receiued my ſelfe of you. And what I ſay for my ſelfe, I ſay for my deare ſiſter, and my friend *Zelmane*: for I deſire no wel-being, without they may bee partakers. With that her teares rayned downe from her heauenly eyes, and ſeemed to water the ſweete and beautifull flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poore woman, who louing a tame Doe ſhe had, aboue all earthly things, hauing long played withall, and made it feede at her hand and lappe, is conſtrained at length by famine (all her flocke being ſpent, and ſhe fallen into extreame pouertie) to kill the Deare, to ſuſtaine her life. Many a pitifull looke doth ſhe caſt vpon it, and many a time doth ſhe drawe backe her hand before ſhe can giue the ſtroke. For euen ſo *Amphialus* by a hunger-ſtarued affection, was compelled to offer this iniury, and yet the ſame affection made him with a tormenting griefe, thinke vnkindneſſe in himſelfe, that hee could find in his heart anyway to reſtraine her freedome. But at length, neither able to graunt, nor denie, hee thus anſwered her. Deare Lady (ſayd he) I will not ſay vnto you (how iuſtly ſoeuer I may do it) that I am neither author, nor acceſſary vnto this your withholding. For ſince I do not redreſſe it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I

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proteſt vnto you (and this proteſtation of mine, let the heauens heare, and if I lie, let them anſwer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my ſoule I wiſh I had neuer ſeene the light, or rather, that I had neuer had a father to beget ſuch a child, then that by my means thoſe eyes ſhold ouerflow their owne beauties, then by my means the skie of your vertue ſhould be ouerclowded with ſorrow. But woe is me, moſt excellent Lady, I find my ſelfe moſt willing to obey you: neither truely do mine eares receiue the leaſt word you ſpeake, with any leſſe reuerence, then as abſolute, and vnreſiſtable commandements. But alas, that tyrant Loue (which now poſſeſſeth the hold of all my life and reaſon) will no way ſuffer it. It is Loue, it is Loue, not I, which diſobey you. What then ſhall I ſay? but that I, who am readie to lie vnder your feete, to venture, nay to looſe my life at your leaſt commandement: I am not the ſtay of your freedome, but Loue, Loue, which ties you in your owne knots. It is you your ſelfe, that impriſon your ſelfe: it is your beauty which makes theſe caſtle walles embrace you: it is your owne eyes, which reflect vpon themſelues this iniury. Then is there no other remedy, but that you ſome way vouchſafe to ſatisfie this Loues vehemency; which (ſince it grew in your ſelfe) without queſtion you ſhall find it (far more then I) tractable.

But with theſe words *Philoclea* fell to ſo extreme a quaking, and her liuely whiteneſſe did degenerate to ſuch a deadly paleneſſe, that *Amphialus* feared ſome daungerous traunce: ſo that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to bee one of the chiefe firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the ſence of it wrapt vp in coldneſſe, he began humbly to beſeech her to put away all feare, and to aſſure her ſelfe vpon the vow hee made thereof vnto God, and her ſelfe, that the vttermoſt forces hee would euer employ to conquer her affection, ſhould bee Deſire, and Deſert. That promiſe brought *Philoclea* againe to her ſelfe, ſo that ſlowly lifting vp her eyes vpon him, with a countenance euer courteous, but then languiſhing, ſhe told him, that he ſhould do well to do ſo, if indeede he had euer taſted what true loue was: for that where now ſhe did beare him good will, ſhe ſhould (if he tooke any other way) hate, and abhor the very thought of him: aſſuring him withall, that though his mother had taken away her kniues, yet the houſe of death had ſo many dores, as ſhe would eaſily flie into it, if euer ſhe found her honour endangered.

*Amphialus* hauing the cold aſhes of Care caſt vpon the coales of Deſire, leauing ſome of his mothers Gentlewomen to waite vpon *Philoclea*, himſelfe indeede a priſoner to his priſoner, and making all his authoritie to bee but a footeſtoole to Humbleneſſe, went from her to his mother. To whom with words which Affection endited, but Amazement vttered, hee deliuered what had paſſed betweene him and *Philoclea*: beſeeching her to trie what her perſwaſions could doo with her, while he gaue order for all ſuch things as were neceſſary againſt ſuch forces, as he looked dayly *Baſilius* would bring before his caſtle. His mother bad him quiet himſelfe, for ſhe doubted not to take fit times. But that the beſt way was firſt to let her owne Paſſion a litle tire it ſelfe.

So they calling *Clinias*, and ſome other of their counſell, aduiſed vpon their preſent affaires. Firſt, he diſpatched priuate letters to all thoſe principall Lords & gentlemen of the country, whom he thought either alliance, or friendſhip to himſelfe might draw; with ſpeciall motions from the generall conſideration of duetie: not omitting all ſuch, whom either youthfull age, or youthlike minds did fill with vnlimited deſires: beſides ſuch, whom any diſcontentment made hungry of change,

or an ouer-ſpended want, made want a ciuill war: to each (according to the counſell of his mother) conforming himſelfe after their humors. To his friends, friendlineſſe; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the diſpleaſed, reuenge; to the greedy, ſpoile; wrapping their hopes with ſuch cunning, as they rather ſeemed giuen ouer vnto them as partakers: then promiſes ſprong of neceſſity. Then ſent he to his mothers brother, the king of *Argos*: but he was as then ſo ouer-laid with war himſelfe, as from thence he could attend ſmall ſuccour.

But becauſe he knew how violently rumors do blow the ſailes of popular iudgements, and how few there be that can diſcerne betweene truth and truthlikeneſſe, betweene ſhewes and ſubſtance; he cauſed a iuſtification of this his action to be written, whereof were ſowed abroade many copies, which with ſome gloſſes of probability, might hide indeede the ſouleneſſe of his treaſon; and from true commonplaces, feteh downe moſt falſe applications. For, beginning how much the duetie which is owed to the countrie, goes beyond all other dueties, ſince in it ſelfe it containes them all; and that for the reſpect thereof, not onely all tender reſpects of kinred, or whatſoeuer other friendſhippes, are to be laide aſide, but that euen long-held opinions (rather builded vpon a ſecret of gouernement, then any ground of truth) are to be forſaken. He fell by degrees to ſhew, that ſince the end whereto any thing is directed, is euer to be of more noble reckning, then the thing thereto directed: that therefore, the weale-publike was more to be regarded, then any perſon or magiſtrate that thereunto was ordained. The feeling conſideration whereof, had moued him (though as neare of kinne to *Baſilius* as could be, yet) to ſet principally before his eyes, the good eſtate of ſo many thouſands, ouer whom *Baſilius* raigned: rather then ſo to hoodwinke himſelfe with affection, as to ſuffer the realme to runne to manifeſt ruine. The care whereof, did kindly appertaine to thoſe who being ſubalterne magiſtrates and officers of the crowne, were to bee employed as from the Prince, ſo for the people; and of all other, eſpecially himſelfe, who being deſcended of the Royall race, and next heire male. Nature had no ſooner opened his eyes, but that the ſoyle whereupon they did looke, was to looke for at his hands a continuall carefulneſſe: which as from his childhood he had euer caried; ſo now finding that his vncle had not only giuen ouer all care of gouernment, but had put it into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proude, and partiall dealing, liked of any) but beſide, had ſet his daughters (in whom the whole eſtate, as next heires thereunto, had no leſſe intereſt then himſelfe) in ſo vnfit and il-guarded a place, as it was not onely dangerous for their perſons, but (if they ſhould be conueied to any forraine country) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this ſtrong caſtle of his, which way, if it might ſeeme ſtrange, they were to conſider, that new neceſſities require new remedies: but there they ſhould be ſerued and honored as belonged to their greatneſſe, vntil by the generall aſſembly of the eſtates, it ſhould be determined how they ſhould to their beſt (both priuate, and publique) aduantage be matched; vowing all faith & duty both to the father and children, neuer by him to be violated. But if in the meane time, before the eſtates could be aſſembled, he ſhold be aſſailed, he wold then for his own defence take armes: deſiring al, that either tendred the daungerous caſe of their country, or in their harts loued iuſtice, to defend him in this iuſt action. And if the Prince ſhold command them otherwiſe, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeied, then if he ſhould call for poiſon to hurt himſelfe withall: ſince all that was done, was done for his ſeruice, howſoeuer he might

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(ſeduced by *Philanax*) interprete of it: he proteſting, that whatſoeuer he ſhould do for his owne defence, ſhould be againſt *Philanax*, and no way againſt *Baſilius*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments and examples, and painted with rhetoricall colours, did hee ſow abroade many diſcourſes: which as they preuailed with ſome of more quicke then ſound conceipt, to run his fortune with him; ſo in many did it breed a coleneſſe, to deale violently againſt him, & a falſe-minded neutrality to expect the iſſue. But beſides the wayes he vſed to weaken the aduerſe party, he omitted nothing for the ſtrengthning of his owne. The chiefe truſt whereof (becauſe he wanted men to keepe the field) he repoſed in the ſurety of his caſtle; which at leaſt would win him much time, the mother of many mutations. To that therfore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, ſtriuing to make Art ſtriue with Nature, to whether of them two that fortification ſhould be moſt beholding. The ſeat Nature beſtowed, but Art gaue the building: which as his rocky hardneſſe would not yeelde to vndermining force, ſo to open aſſaults he tooke counſell of skill, how to make all approches, if not impoſſible, yet difficult; as well at the foote of the caſtell, as round about the lake, to giue vnquiet lodgings to them, whom onely enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted he nothing of defence, as well ſimple defence, as that which did defend by offending, fitting inſtruments of miſchiefe to places, whence the miſchiefe might be moſt liberally beſtowed. Neither was his ſmalleſt care for victuals, as well for the prouiding that which ſhould ſuffice, both in ſtore and goodneſſe, as in well preſeruing it, and wary diſtributing it, both in quantity & quality; ſpending that firſt which would keepe leaſt.

But wherein he ſharpned his wits to the piercingeſt point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, & maiſter-ſpring (as it were) which makes all the reſt to ſtir; and that therfore in the Art of man ſtood the quinteſſence, and ruling skill of all proſperous gouernment, either peaceable, or military) hee choſe in number as many as without peſtring (and ſo daunger of infection) his victuall would ſerue for two yeare to maintaine; all of able bodies, and ſome few of able minds to direct, not ſeeking many commaunders, but contenting himſelfe, that the multitude ſhould haue obeying wittes, euery one knowing whom hee ſhould commaund, and whom he ſhould obey, the place where, and the matter wherein; diſtributing each office as neare as he could, to the diſpoſition of the perſon that ſhould exerciſe it: knowing no loue, daunger, nor diſcipline can ſuddenly alter an habite in nature. Therefore would he not employ the ſtill man to a ſhifting practiſe, nor the liberall man to be a diſpenſer of his victuals, nor the kind-harted man to be a puniſher: but would exerciſe their vertues in ſorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chiefe care to know them all particularly, & throughly, regarding alſo the conſtitution of their bodies; ſome being able better to abide watching, ſome hunger, ſome labour, making his benefit of each hability, & not forcing beyond power. Time to euery thing by iuſt proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in euery thing elſe, no ſmall error winckt at, leaſt greater ſhould be animated. Euen of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to haue care of the watch, which he knew his owne feare would make him very wakefully performe. And before the ſiege began, he himſelfe cauſed rumors to be ſowed, and libels to be ſpread againſt himſelfe, fuller of malice, then witty perſwaſion: partly to know thoſe that would be apt to ſtumble at ſuch motions, that he might cull them from the faithfuller band; but principally, becauſe in neceſſitie they ſhould not know when any ſuch things were in earneſt attempted, whether it were, or not of his owne

inuention. But euen then before the enemies face came neare to breed any terrour) did he exercise his men dayly in all their charges, as if Daunger had presently presented his most hideous presence: himselfe rather instructing by example, then precept; being neither more sparing in trauell, nor spending in diet, then the meanest souldier: his hand and body disdaining no base matters, nor shrinking from the heauy.

The onely ods was, that when others tooke breath, he sighed; and when others rested, he crost his armes. For Loue passing thorow the pikes of Daunger, and tumbling it selfe in the dust of Labour, yet still made him remember his sweete desire, and beautifull image. Often when he had begun to commaund one, somewhat before halfe the sentence were ended, his inward gueſt did so entertaine him, that hee would breake it off, and a pretty while after end it, when hee had (to the maruell of the standers by) sent himselfe in to talke with his owne thoughts. Somtimes when his hand was lifted vp to do something, as if with the sight of *Gorgons* head he had bene suddenly turned into a stone, so would he there abide with his eyes planted, and hand lifted, till at length, comming to the vse of himselfe, he would looke about whether any had perceiued him; then would he accuse, and in himselfe condemne all those wits, that durst affirme Idlenesse to be the well-spring of Loue. O, would he say, all you that affect the title of wisdome, by vngratefull scorning the ornaments of Nature, am I now piping in a shadow? or doo slouthfull feathers now enwrap me? Is not hate before me, and doubt behind me? Is not daunger of the one side, and shame of the other? And doo I not stand vpon paine, and trauell, and yet ouer all, my affection triumphes? The more I stirre about vrgent affaires, the more me thinkes the very stirring breedes a breath to blow the coales of my loue: the more I exercise my thoughts, the more they encrease the appetite of my desires. O sweete *Philoclea* (with that he would cast vp his eyes wherein some water did appeare, as if they would wash themselues against they should see her) thy heauenly face is my Astronomie; thy sweete vertue, my sweete Philosophie: let me profit therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas, my mind misgiues me, for your planets beare a contrary aspect vnto me. Woe, woe is me they threaten my destruction: and whom do they threaten this destruction? euen him that loues them; and by what meanes will they destroy, but by louing them? O deare (though killing) eyes, shall death head his darte with the gold of *Cupids* arrow? Shall death take his aime from the rest of Beauty? O beloued (though hating *Philoclea*, how if thou beest mercifull, hath cruelty stolne into thee? Or how if thou beest cruell, doth cruelty looke more beautifull then euer mercy did? Or alas, is it my destinie that makes Mercie cruell: like an euill vessell which turnes sweet licour to sowernesse; so when thy grace fals vpon me, my wretched constitution makes it become fierceneſſe. Thus would he exercise his eloquence, when she could not heare him, and be dumbe-striken, when her presence gaue him fit occasion of speaking: so that his wit could find out no other refuge, but the comfort and counsell of his mother, desiring her (whose thoughts were vnperplexed) to vse for his sake the most preuailing maners of intercession.

She seeing her sonnes safety depend thereon (though her pride much disdained the name of a desirer) tooke the charge vpon her, not doubting the easie conquest of an vnexpert virgin, who had already with subtiltie and impudencie begun to vndermine a monarchy. Therefore, weighing *Philocleas* resolutions by the counterpease of her owne youthfull thoughts, which shee then called to mind, shee doubted

doubted not at leaſt to make *Philoclea* receiue the poyſon diſtilled in ſweet liquour, which ſhe with little diſguiſing had drunke vp thirſtily. Therefore ſhe went ſoftly to *Philocleas* chamber, and peeping through the ſide of the doore, then being a little open, ſhe ſaw *Philoclea* ſitting lowe vpon a cuſhion, in ſuch a giuen-ouer manner, that one would haue thought, ſilence, ſolitarineſſe, and melancholie were come there, vnder the enſigne of miſhap, to conquere delight, & driue him from his naturall ſeate of beautie: her teares came dropping down like raine in Sunſhine, and ſhe not taking heede to wipe the teares, they hong vpon her cheekes, & lips, as vpon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dreſſing of her haire & apparell, ſhe might ſee neither a carefull art, nor an arte of careleſneſſe, but euen left to a neglected chaunce, which yet could no more vnperfect her perfections, then a Die any way caſt, could looſe his ſquareneſſe.

*Cecropia* (ſtirred with no other pitie, but for her ſonne) came in, and haling kindneſſe into her countenance, What ayles this ſweet Ladie, (ſaid ſhe) will you marre ſo good eyes with weeping? ſhall teares take away the beautie of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wiſh for, and the men long after? Fie of this peeuiſh ſadneſſe; in ſooth it is vntimely for your age. Looke vpon your owne bodie, and ſee whether it deſerue to pine away with ſorrow: ſee whether you will haue theſe hands (with that ſhee tooke one of her hands and kiſſing it, looked vpon it as if ſhe were enamoured with it) fade from their whiteneſſe, which makes one deſire to touch them; and their ſoftneſſe, which reboundes againe a deſire to looke on them, and become drie, leane and yellow, and make euerie bodie wonder at the change, and ſay, that ſure you had vſed ſome arte before, which now you had left? for if the beauties had beene naturall, they would neuer ſo ſoone haue beene blemiſhed. Take a glaſſe, and ſee whether theſe teares become your eyes: although I muſt confeſſe, thoſe eyes are able to make teares comely. Alas Madame (anſwered *Philoclea*) I know not whether my teares become mine eyes, but I am ſure mine eyes thus beteared, become my fortune. Your fortune (ſayd *Cecropia*) if ſhe could ſee to attire her ſelfe, would put on her beſt raiments. For I ſee, and I ſee it with griefe, and (to tell you true) vnkindneſſe: you miſconſter euery thing, that only for your ſake is attempted. You thinke you are offended, and are indeede defended: you eſteeme your ſelfe a priſoner, and are in truth a miſtreſſe: you feare hate, and ſhall find loue. And truely, I had a thing to ſay to you, but it is no matter, ſince I find you are ſo obſtinately melancholy, as that you woo his fellowſhip: I will ſpare my paines, and hold my peace: and ſo ſtaied indeede, thinking *Philoclea* would haue had a female inquiſitiueneſſe of the matter. But ſhe, who rather wiſhed to vnknow what ſhe knew, then to burthen her hart with more hopeles knowledge, only deſired her to haue pity of her, and if indeede ſhe did meane her no hurt, then to graunt her liberty: for elſe the very griefe and feare, would proue her vnappointed executioners. For that (ſayd *Cecropia*) beleeue me vpon the faith of a kings daughter, you ſhall be free, ſo ſoone as your freedome may be free of mortall danger, being brought hither for no other cauſe, but to preuent ſuch miſchiefes as you know not of. But if you thinke indeed to winne me to haue care of you, euen as of mine owne daughter, then lend your eares vnto me, and let not your mind arme it ſelfe with a wilfulneſſe to be flexible to nothing. But if I ſpeake reaſon, let Reaſon haue his due reward, perſwaſion. Then ſweete neece (ſayd ſhe) I pray you preſuppoſe, that now, euen in the midſt of your agonies, which you paint vnto your ſelfe moſt horrible, wiſhing with ſighes, and praying with vowes, for a ſoone and ſafe deliuerie. Imagine

neece (I ſay) that ſome heauenly ſpirit ſhould appeare vnto you, and bid you follow him through the doore, that goes into the garden, aſſuring you, that you ſhould thereby returne to your deare mother, and what other delights ſoeuer your mind eſteemes delights: would you (ſweet neece) would you refuſe to follow him, and ſay, that if he led you not through the chiefe gate, you would not enioy your ouer-deſired liberty? Would you not drinke the wine you thirſt for, without it were in ſuch a glaſſe, as you eſpecially fancied? tell me (deare neece) but I will anſwere for you, becauſe I know your reaſon & wit is ſuch, as muſt needs cõclude, that ſuch niceneſſe can no more be in you, to diſgrace ſuch a mind, then diſgracefulneſſe can haue any place in ſo faultleſſe a beauty. Your wiſdom would aſſuredly determin, how the mark were hit, not whether the bow were of Ewe or no, wherein you ſhot. If this be ſo, and thus ſure (my deare neece) it is, then (I pray you) imagine, that I am that ſame good Angel, who grieuing in your griefe, and in truth not able to ſuffer, that bitter ſighs ſhould be ſent forth with ſo ſweete a breath, am come to leade you, not only to your deſired, and imagined happineſſe, but to a true & eſſentiall happineſſe; not only to liberty, but to liberty with commandement. The way I will ſhew you (which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your priuate choiſe, yet ſhall it be a doore to bring you through a garden of pleaſures, as ſweet as this life can bring foorth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: (My ſonne) let it be no blemiſh to him that I name him my ſon, who was your fathers own nephew: for you know I am no ſmall kings daughter) my ſonne (I ſay) farre paſſing the neerneſſe of his kinred, with neerneſſe of good-will, and ſtriuing to match your matchleſſe beauty with a matchleſſe affection, doth by me preſent vnto you the full enioying of your liberty, ſo as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this caſtell, with all the reſt which you know he hath, in honourable quantitie; and will cõfirme his gift, and your receipt of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might ſay much both for the perſon and the matter; but who will crie out the Sun ſhines? It is ſo manifeſt a profit vnto you, as the meaneſt iudgement muſt ſtraight apprehend it: ſo farre is it from the ſharpneſſe of yours, thereof to be ignorant. Therefore (ſweete neece) let your gratefulneſſe be my interceſſion, and your gentleneſſe my eloquence, and let me cary comfort to a hart which greatly needes it. *Philoclea* looked vpon her, and caſt downe her eye againe. Aunt (ſayd ſhe) I would I could be ſo much a miſtreſſe of my owne mind, as to yeeld to my couſins vertuous requeſt: for ſo I conſtrue of it. But my hart is already ſet (and ſtaying a while on that word, ſhe brought foorth afterwards) to leade a virgins life to my death: for ſuch a vow I haue in my ſelfe deuoutly made. The heauens preuent ſuch a miſchiefe (ſayd *Cecropia.*) A vow, quoth you? no, no, my deare neece, Nature, when you were firſt borne, vowed you a woman, and as ſhe made you child of a mother, ſo to do your beſt to be mother of a child: ſhe gaue you beautie to moue loue; ſhe gaue you wit to know loue; ſhe gaue you an excellent body to reward loue: which kind of liberall rewarding is crowned with an vnſpeakable felicitie. For this, as it bindeth the receiuer, ſo it makes happy the beſtower: this doth not impouerish, but enrich the giuer. O the ſweet name of a mother: O the comfort of comforts, to ſee your children grow vp, in whom you are (as it were) eternized: if you could conceiue what a hart-tickling ioy it is to ſee your owne little ones, with awfull loue come running to your lap, & like little models of your ſelfe, ſtill cary you about them, you wold thinke vnkindneſſe in your owne thoughts, that euer they did rebel againſt the mean vnto it. But perchance I ſet this bleſſednes before your eyes, as Captaines do victorie before their ſouldiers, to which they muſt come through

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many paines,grieues & dangers.No, I am cõtent you ſhrinke frõ this my counſell, if the way to come vnto it,be not moſt of all pleaſant.I know not(anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea*, fearing leaſt ſilence would offend for ſullenneſſe) what contentment you ſpeake of: but I am ſure the beſt you can make of it (which is mariage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah,deare neece (ſayd *Cecropia*) how much you are deceiued? A yoke indeed we all beare,layd vpõ vs in our creation,which by mariage is not increaſed but thus far eaſed,that you haue a yokefellow to help to draw through the cloddy cumbers of this world. O widow-nights,beare witneſſe with me of the difference. How often alas do I embrace the orphan-ſide of my bed,which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my deare husband, and with teares acknowledge, that I now enioy ſuch a liberty as the baniſhed mã hath;who may,if he liſt,wãder ouer the world,but is for euer reſtrained frõ his moſt delightful home?that I haue now ſuch a liberty as the ſeeled doue hath,which being firſt depriued of eyes,is then by the falconer caſt off?For beleeue me,neece,beleeue me,mãs experiẽce is womãs beſt eye-ſight.Haue you euer ſeene a pure Roſewater kept in a chriſtal glaſſe?how fine it looks?how ſweet it ſmels,while that beautifull glaſſe impriſons it?Breake the priſon,and let the water take his owne courſe,doth it not imbrace duſt,and looſe all his former ſweetneſſe,& faireneſſe? Truly ſo are we, if we haue not the ſtay,rather then the reſtraint of Chriſtalline mariage.My hart melts to thinke of the ſweet comforts,I in that happy time receiued,when I had neuer cauſe to care, but the care was doubled: when I neuer reioyced,but that I ſaw my ioy ſhine in anothers eyes.What ſhal I ſay of the free delight,which the hart might imbrace,without the accuſing of the inward conſcience, or feare of outward ſhame? and is a ſolitary life as good as this? then can one ſtring make as good muſicke as a conſort: then can one colour ſet foorth a beautie. But it may be,the generall conſideration of mariage doth not ſo much miſlike you, as the applying of it to him. He is my ſon, I muſt confeſſe, I ſee him with a mothers eyes, which if they doo not much deceiue me,he is no ſuch one, ouer whom Contempt may make any iuſt chalenge. He is comely, he is noble, he is rich; but that which in it ſelfe ſhould carie all comelineſſe,nobilitie, and riches,he loues you; and he loues you,who is beloued of others.Driue not away his affection (ſweete Lady) and make no other Lady hereafter proudly bragge, that ſhe hath robbed you of ſo faithfull & notable a ſeruant.*Philoclea* heard ſome peeces of her ſpeeches,no otherwiſe then one doth when a tedious pratler combers the hearing of a delightfull muſicke.For her thoughts had left her eares in that captiuity, and conueyed themſelues to behold (with ſuch eyes as imagination could lend them) the eſtate of her *Zelmane*: for whom how well ſhe thought many of thoſe ſayings might haue bin vſed with a far more gratefull acceptation.Therfore liſting not to diſpute in a matter whereof her ſelfe was reſolued,& deſired not to enforme the other,ſhe only told her,that whileſt ſhe was ſo captiued,ſhe could not conceiue of any ſuch perſwaſions (though neuer ſo reaſonable)any otherwiſe,then as conſtraints: and as conſtraints muſt needs euen in nature abhor them,which at her liberty,in their own force of reaſon,might more preuaile with her: and ſo faine wold haue returned the ſtrength of *Cecropias* perſwaſions,to haue procured freedome.

But neither her wittie words in an enemie, nor thoſe words, made more then eloquent with paſſions through ſuch lippes,could preuaile in *Cecropia*,no more then her perſwaſions could winne *Philoclea* to diſauowe her former vow, or to leaue the priſoner *Zelmane*, for the commaunding *Amphialus*. So that both ſides being deſirous,and neither graunters, they brake off conference. *Cecropia* ſucking vp more

and more ſpite out of her deniall, which yet for her ſonnes ſake, ſhe diſguiſed with a viſard of kindneſſe, leauing no office vnperfourmed, which might either witneſſe, or endeare her ſonnes affection. Whatſoeuer could be imagined likely to pleaſe her, was with liberall diligence perfourmed: Muſickes at her window, and eſpecially ſuch Muſickes, as might (with dolefull embaſſage) call the mind to thinke of ſorrow, and thinke of it with ſweetneſſe; with ditties ſo ſenſibly expreſſing *Amphialus* caſe, that euery word ſeemed to be but a diuerſifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily preſents, as it were oblations, to pacifie an angrie Deitie, ſent vnto her: wherein, if the workmanſhip of the forme, had ſtriuen with the ſumptuouſneſſe of the matter, as much did the inuention in the application, contend to haue the chiefe excellencie: for they were as ſo many ſtories of his diſgraces, and her perfections; where the richneſſe did inuite the eyes, the faſhion did entertaine the eyes, and the deuice did teach the eyes, the preſent miſerie of the preſenter himſelfe awfully ſeruiceable: which was the more notable, as his authority was manifeſt. And for the bondage wherein ſhe liued, all meanes vſed to make knowne, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage onely knit in loue-knots: but in hart alreadie vnderſtanding no language but one. The Muſicke wrought indeede a dolefulneſſe, but it was a dolefulneſſe to be in his power: the dittie intended for *Amphialus*, ſhe tranſlated to *Zelmane*: the preſents ſeemed ſo many tedious clogs of a thralled obligation: and his ſeruice, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobrate (as ſhe thought) vnto her, her vnworthie eſtate: that euen he that did her ſeruice, had authoritie of commanding her, onely conſtruing her ſeruitude in his owne nature, eſteeming it a right, and a right better ſeruitude: ſo that all their ſhots (how well ſoeuer leuelled) being carried awrie from the marke, by the ſtorme of her miſlike, the Prince *Amphialus* affectionately languiſhed, and *Cecropia* ſpitefully cunning, diſdained at the barrenneſſe of their ſucceſſe.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would haue reuenged, but that ſhe ſaw, her hurt could not be deuided from her ſonnes miſchiefe: wherefore, ſhe bethought her ſelfe to attempt *Pamela*, whoſe beautie being equall, ſhe hoped, if ſhe might be won, that her ſons thoughts would rather reſt on a beautifull gratefulneſſe, then ſtill be tormented with a diſdaining beauty. Therefore, giuing new courage to her wicked inuentions, and vſing the more induſtry, becauſe ſhe had miſt in this, and taking euen precepts of preuailing in *Pamela*, by her fayling in *Philoclea*, ſhe went to her chamber, and (according to her owne vngracious method of ſubtile proceeding) ſtood liſtning at the dore, becauſe that out of the circumſtance of her preſent behauiour, there might kindly ariſe a fit beginning of her intended diſcourſe.

And ſo ſhe might perceiue that *Pamela* did walke vp & downe, full of deep (though patient) thoughts. For her looke & countenance was ſetled, her pace ſoft and almoſt ſtill of one meaſure, without any paſſionate geſture, or violent motion: till at length (as it were) awaking, & ſtrengthning her ſelfe, Well (ſayd ſhe) yet this is the beſt, and of this I am ſure, that howſoeuer they wrong me, they cannot ouer-maiſter God. No darknes blinds his eyes, no gayle bars him out. To whom then elſe ſhold I flie, but to him for ſuccor? And therwith kneeling down, euen where ſhe ſtood, ſhe thus ſaid: O al-ſeeing Light, & eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either ſo great, that it may reſiſt; or ſo ſmall, that it is contemned: looke vpon my miſery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limite out ſome proportion of deliuerance vnto me, as to thee ſhall ſeeme moſt conuenient. Let not iniurie, ô Lord, triumph ouer me, and let my faults by thy hand bee corrected, and make not mine

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vniuſt enemy the miniſter of thy Iuſtice. But yet, my God, if in thy wiſdome, this be the apteſt chaſtiſement for my vnexcuſable folly; if this low bondage bee fitteſt for my ouer-high deſires; if the pride of my not-inough humble hart, be thus to be broken, ô Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, and ioyfully embrace what ſorrow thou wilt haue me ſuffer. Onely thus much let me craue of thee (let my crauing, ô Lord, be accepted of thee, ſince euen that proceedes from thee) let me craue, euen by the nobleſt title, which in my greateſt affliction I may giue my ſelfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodneſſe (which is thy ſelfe) that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beame of thy Maieſty ſo to ſhine into my mind, that it may ſtil depend cõfidently vpon thee. Let calamity be the exerciſe, but not the ouerthrow of my vertue: let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to deſtruction: let my greatnes be their pray: let my pain be the ſweetnes of their reuenge: let them (if ſo it ſeeme good vnto thee) vex me with more and more puniſhment. But, ô Lord, let neuer their wickedneſſe haue ſuch a hand, but that I may cary a pure mind in a pure body. (And pauſing a while) And ô moſt gracious Lord (ſayd ſhe) what euer become of me, preſerue the vertuous *Muſidorus*.

The other part *Cecropia* might well heare, but this latter prayer for *Muſidorus*, her hart held it, as ſo iewel-like a treaſure, that it would ſcarce truſt her owne lippes withall. But this prayer, ſent to heauen, from ſo heauenly a creature, with ſuch a feruent grace, as if Deuotion had borowed her body, to make of it ſelfe a moſt beautifull repreſentation; with her eyes ſo lifted to the skie-ward, that one would haue thought they had begun to flie thitherward, to take their place among their fellow ſtarres; her naked hands raiſing vp their whole length, and as it were kiſſing one another, as if the right had bene the picture of *Zeale*, and the left, of *Humbleneſſe*, which both vnited themſelues to make their ſuites more acceptable. Laſtly, all her ſenſes being rather tokens then inſtruments of her inward motions, altogether had ſo ſtrange a working power, that euen the hard-harted wickedneſſe of *Cecropia*, if it found not a loue of that goodneſſe, yet it felt an abaſhment at that goodneſſe, and if ſhe had not a kindly remorſe, yet had ſhe an yrkſome accuſation of her owne naughtineſſe, ſo that ſhe was put from the bias of her fore-intended leſſon. For well ſhe found there was no way at that time to take that mind, but with ſome, at leaſt, image of Vertue, and what the figure thereof was, her hart knew not.

Yet did ſhe prodigally ſpend her vttermoſt eloquence, leauing no argument vnproued, which might with any force inuade her excellent iudgement: the iuſtnes of the requeſt being, but for marriage; the worthineſſe of the ſuiter: then her owne preſent fortune, which ſhould not only haue amendment, but felicity: beſides falſely making her beleeue, that her ſiſter would thinke her ſelfe happy, if now ſhe might haue his loue which before ſhe contemned: and obliquely touching, what daunger it ſhould be for her, if her ſonne ſhould accept *Philoclea* in marriage, and ſo match the next heire apparant, ſhe being in his power: yet plentifully periuring how extreamely her ſonne loued her, and excuſing the little ſhewes he made of it, with the duetifull reſpect he bare vnto her, and taking vpon her ſelfe that ſhe reſtrained him, ſince ſhe found ſhe could ſet no limits to his paſſions. And as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo did ſhe to her, with the tribute of gifts, ſeeke to bring her mind into ſeruitude: and all other meanes, that might either eſtabliſh a beholdingnes, or at leaſt awake a kindneſſe; doing it ſo, asby reaſon of their impriſonment, one ſiſter knew not how the other was wooed, but each might thinke, that only ſhe was ſought. But if *Philoclea* with ſweete and humble dealing did auoide their aſſaults, ſhe with the Maieſty of Vertue did beate them off.

But this day their ſpeech was the ſooner broken of, by reaſon that he, who ſtood as watch vpō the top of the keep, did not only ſee a great duſt ariſe (which the earth ſent vp, as if it would ſtriue to haue clowdes as wel as the aire) but might ſpie ſometimes, eſpecially when the duſt (wherin the naked wind did apparell it ſelf) was caried a ſide from them, the ſhining of armour; like flaſhing of lightning, wherewith the clowdes did ſeeme to be with child; which the Sun guilding with his beames, it gaue a ſight delightfull to any, but to them that were to abide the terrour. But the watch gaue a quicke Alarum to the ſoldiers within, whō practiſe already hauing prepared, began each, with vnabaſhed harts or at leaſt countenances, to looke to their charge, or obedience, which was allotted vnto them.

Only *Clinias* and *Amphialus* did exceede the bounds of mediocrity: the one in his naturall coldneſſe of cowardiſe, the other in heate of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold only in buſie whiſperings, and euen in that whiſperingneſſe rather indeede confident in his cunning, that it ſhould not bee bewraied, then any way bold, if euer it ſhould bee bewrayed) now that the enemy gaue a dreadfull aſpect vnto the caſtle, his eyes ſaw no terror, nor eare heard any martiall ſound, but that they multiplied the hideouſneſſe of it to his mated mind. Before their comming he had many times felt a dreadfull expectation, but yet his mind (that was willing to eaſe it ſelfe of the burden of feare) did ſomtime faine vnto it ſelfe poſſibility of let; as the death of *Baſilius*, the diſcord of the nobility, and (when other cauſe fayled him) the nature of chaunce ſerued as a cauſe vnto him: and ſometimes the hearing other men ſpeake valiantly, and the quietneſſe of his vnaſſailed ſenſes, would make himſelfe beleeue, that he durſt doo ſomething. But now, that preſent daunger did diſplay it ſelfe vnto his eye, and that a daungerous dooing muſt be the onely meane to preuent the danger of ſuffering, one that had marked him would haue iudged, that his eyes would haue run into him, and his ſoule out of him; ſo vnkindly did either take a ſent of danger. He thought the lake was too ſhallow, and the walles too thin: he miſdoubted each mans treaſon, and coniectured euery poſſibility of misfortune, not only fore-caſting likely perils, but ſuch as all the planets together could ſcarcely haue conſpired: and already began to arme himſelfe, though it was determined he ſhold tary within dores; and while he armed himſelf, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himſelfe, if the enemies wonne the caſtle. Deſirous he was, that euery body ſhould do valiantly, but himſelfe; and therefore was afraid to ſhew his feare, but for very feare would haue hid his feare; leaſt it ſhould diſcomfort others: but the more he ſought to diſguiſe it, the more the vnſutablneſſe of a weake broken voice to high braue words, and of a pale ſhaking countenance to a geſture of animating did diſcouer him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who before the enimies came, was careful, prouidently diligent, & not ſomtimes with out doubting of the iſſue; now the nearer danger approched (like the light of a glow-worme) the leſſe ſtill it ſeemed: and now his courage began to boile in choler, and with ſuch impatience to deſire to powre out both vpon the enemy, that he iſſued preſently into certaine boates he had of purpoſe and carying with him ſome choiſe men, went to the fortreſſe he had vpon the edge of the lake, which hee thought would be the firſt thing, that the enemy would attempt, becauſe it was a paſſage, which commanding all that ſide of the country, and being loſt would ſtop victuall, or other ſupply, that might be brought into the caſtle, & in that fortreſſe hauing ſome force of horſemen, he iſſued out with two hundred horſe, & fiue hundred footmen, embuſhed his footmen in the falling of a hill, which

was

was ouer ſhadowed with a wood, he with his horſmen went a quarter of a mile further; aſide hand of which he might perceiue the many troupes of the enemy, who came but to take view where beſt to encampe themſelues.

But as if the ſight of the enemy had bene a Magnes ſtone to his courage, he could not containe himſelfe, but ſhewing his face to the enemy, and his backe to his ſouldiers, vſed that action, as his onely oration, both of denouncing warre to the one, and perſwading helpe of the other. Who faithfully following an example of ſuch authority, they made the earth to grone vnder their furious burden, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a young man, youngeſt brother to *Philanax*, whoſe face as yet did not bewray his ſex, with ſo much as ſhew of haire; of a mind hauing no limits of hope, not knowing why to feare; full of iollity in conuerſation, and lately growne a Louer. His name was *Agenor*, of all that army the moſt beautifull: who hauing ridden in ſportfull conuerſation among the foremoſt, all armed ſauing that his beauer was vp, to haue his breath in more freedome, ſeeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his cõpany, neither ſtaying the commandement of the Captaine, nor recking whether his face were armed, or no, ſet ſpurs to his horſe, and with youthfull brauery caſting his ſtaffe about his head, put it then in his reſt, as carefull of comely carying it, as if the marke had beene but a Ring, and the lookers on Ladies. But *Amphialus* launce was already come to the laſt of his deſcending line, and began to make the ful point of death againſt the head of this young Gentleman, when *Amphialus* perceiuing his youth and beauty, Compaſſion ſo rebated the edge of Choller, that hee ſpared that faire nakedneſſe, and let his ſtaffe fall to *Agenors* vampalt: ſo as both with braue breaking ſhould hurtleſſie haue performed that match, but that the pittileſſe launce of *Amphialus* (angry with being broken) with an vnlucky counterbuffe full of vnſparing ſplinters, lighted vpon that face farre fitter for the combats of *Venus*; giuing not onely a ſudden, but a fowle death, leauing ſcarcely any tokens of his former beauty: but his hands abandoning the reynes, and his thighes the ſaddle, hee fell ſideward from the horſe. Which ſight comming to *Leontius*, a deare friend of his, who in vaine had lamentably cried vnto him to ſtay, when he ſaw him begin his careere, it was hard to ſay, whether pitty of the one, or reuenge againſt the other, held as then the ſoueraigntie in his paſſions. But while he directed his eye to his friend, and his hinde to his enemy, ſo wronglie-conſorted a power could not reſiſt the ready minded force of *Amphialus*: who perceiuing his il-directed direction againſt him, ſo payd him his debt before it was lent, that he alſo fell to the earth, onely happy that one place, and one time, did finiſh both their loues and liues together.

But by this time there had bene a furious meeting of either ſide: where after the terrible ſalutation of warlike noyſe, the ſhaking of hands was with ſharpe weapon: ſome launces according to the mettall they met, and skill of the guider, did ſtaine themſelues in bloud; ſome flew vp in peeces, as if they would threaten heauen, becauſe they fayled on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, either by (the Prince of weapons) the ſword, or by ſome heauy maſe, or biting axe; which hunting ſtil the weakeſt chaſe, ſought euer to light there, where ſmalleſt reſiſtãce might worſe preuent miſchiefe. The claſhing of armour, and cruſhing of ſtaues; the iuſtling of bodies, the reſounding of blowes, was the firſt part of that ill agreeing muſicke, which was beautified with the griſlineſſe of wounds, the riſing of duſt; the hideous falles and grones of the dying. The very horſes angrie in their maiſters

anger, with loue and obedience brought foorth the effects of hate and reſiſtance, and with minds of ſeruitude, did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead vnder their dead maiſters, whom vnknightly wounds had vniuſtly puniſhed for a faithfull duty. Some lay vpon their Lords by like accidents, and in death, had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some hauing loſt their commanding burthens, ranne ſcattered about the field, abaſhed with the madneſſe of mankind. The earth it ſelfe (wont to be a buriall of men) was now (as it were) buried with men: ſo was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom Death had come masked in diuerſe manners. In one place lay diſinherited heades, diſpoſſeſſed of their naturall ſeignories: in another, whole bodies to ſee to, but that their harts wont to be bound all ouer ſo cloſe, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fowler deaths had ouglily diſplayed their trayling guts. There lay armes, whoſe fingers yet moued, as if they would feele for him that made them feele: and legges, which contrary to common reaſon, by being diſcharged of their burden, were growne heauier. But no ſword payed ſo large a tribute of ſoules to the eternall Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*, who like a Tigre, from whom a company of Woolues did ſeeke to rauiſh a new gotten pray; ſo he (remembring they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valure, ſtrength, choller and hatred, to anſwer the proportion of his loue, which was infinite.

There died of his hands the old knight *Æſchylus*, who though by yeares might well haue bene allowed to vſe rather the exerciſes of wiſedome, then of courage; yet hauing a luſty body and a merry hart, he euer tooke the ſummons of Time in ieſt, or elſe it had ſo creepingly ſtolen vpon him, that he had heard ſcarcely the noiſe of his feete, and therefore was as freſh in apparell, and as forward in enterpriſes, as a farre yonger man: but nothing made him bolder, then a certaine prophecie had beene told him, that he ſhould die in the armes of his ſonne, and therefore feared the leſſe the arme of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus* ſword was paſſed through his throate, he thought himſelfe abuſed; but that before he died, his ſonne, indeede ſeeing his father begin to fall, held him vp in his armes, till a pitileſſe ſouldier of the other ſide, with a mace brained him, making father and ſon become twinnes in the neuer againe dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Niſus* and *Policrates*; the firſt hsd his eyes cut out ſo, as he could not ſee to bid the neare following death welcome: the ſecond had met with the ſame Prophet that old *Æſchylus* had, and hauing found many of his ſpeeches true, beleeued this to, that hee ſhould neuer bee killed, but by his owne companions: and therefore no man was more valiant then he againſt an enemy, no man more ſuſpicious of his friends: ſo as he ſeemed to ſleep in ſecurity, when he went to a battell, and to enter into a battell, when he began to ſleepe, ſuch gards hee would ſet about his perſon; yet miſtruſting thoſe verie gards leaſt they would murther him. But now *Amphialus* helped to vnriddle his doubts; for he ouerthrowing him from his horſe, his owne companions comming with a freſh ſupply, preſſed him to death. *Niſus* graſping with *Amphialus*, was with a ſhort dagger ſlaine. And for *Policrates*, while he ſhunned as much as he could, keeping only his place for feare of puniſhment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow ſtrake off his head, where, with the conuulſions of death ſetting his ſpurres to his horſe, he gaue ſo braue a charge vpon the enemy, as it grew a prouerbe, that *Policrates* was onely valiant after his head was off. But no man eſcaped ſo well his hands as *Phebilus* did: for he hauing long loued *Philoclea*, though for the meanneſſe of his eſtate he neuer durſt reueale it, now knowing *Amphialus*, ſetting the edge of a riuall vpon the

the ſword of an enemy, he held ſtrong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the daungerouſeſt places diſarmed him, and was lifting vp his ſword to ſend him away from himſelfe, when he thinking indeede to die, ô *Philoclea* (ſayd he) yet this ioyes mee, that I die for thy ſake. The name of *Philoclea* firſt ſtaied his ſword, and when he heard him out, though he abhord him much worſe then before, yet could he not vouchſafe him the honour of dying for *Philoclea*, but turned his ſword another way, doing him no hurt for ouer-much hatred. But what good did that to poore *Phebilus*, if eſcaping valiant hand, he was ſlaine by baſe ſouldier, who ſeeing him ſo diſarmed, thruſt him through?

But thus with the well-followed valure of *Amphialus* were the other almoſt ouerthrowne, when *Philanax* (who was the marſhall of the army) came in, with new force renuing the almoſt decayed courage of his ſouldiers. For crying to them (and asking them whether their backes or their armes were better fighters) he himſelfe thruſt into the preſſe, and making force and furie waite vpon diſcretion and gouernement, he might ſeeme a braue Lion, who taught his yong Lionets, how in taking of a pray, to ioyne courage with cunning. Then Fortune (as if ſhe had made chaſes inow of the one ſide of that bloudy Teniſcourt) went of the other ſide the line, making as many fall downe of *Amphialus* followers, as before had done of *Philanaxis*, they looſing the ground, as faſt as before they had won it, onely leauing them to keepe it, who had loſt themſelues in keeping it. Then thoſe that had killed, inherited the lot of thoſe that had beene killed; and cruell deaths made them lie quietly together, who moſt in their liues had ſought to diſquiet each other; and many of thoſe firſt ouerthrowne, had the comfort to ſee the murtherers ouerrun them to *Charons* ferrie.

*Codrus*, *Cteſiphon*, and *Milo*, loſt their liues vpon *Philanax* his ſword: but no bodies caſe was more pitied, then of a young eſquire of *Amphialus*, called *Iſmenus*, who neuer abandoning his maiſter, and making his tender age aſpire to actes of the ſtrongeſt manhood, in this time that his ſide was put to the worſt, and that *Amphialus* his valure was the onely ſtay of them from deliuering themſelues ouer to a ſhamefull flight, hee ſawe his maiſters horſe killed vnder him. Whereupon, asking no aduiſe of no thought, but of faithfulneſſe and courage, hee preſently lighted from his owne horſe, and with the helpe of ſome choiſe and faithfull ſeruants, gat his maiſter vp. But in the multitude that came of either ſide, ſome to ſuccour, ſome to ſaue *Amphialus*, hee came vnder the hand of *Philanax*: and the youth perceiuing hee was the man that did moſt hurt to his partie (deſirous euen to change his life for glorie) ſtrake at him, as hee rode by him, and gaue him a hurt vpon the leg, that made *Philanax* turne towards him; but ſeeing him ſo young, and of a moſt louelie preſence, he rather tooke pitty of him; meaning to take him priſoner, and then to giue him to his brother *Agenor* to bee his companion, becauſe they were not much vnlike, neither in yeares, nor countenance. But as hee looked downe vpon him with that thought, he ſpied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, euen almoſt vnder the ſquiers feete. Then ſorrowing not onely his owne ſorrow, but the paſt-comfort ſorrow which he fore-knew his mother would take (who with many teares, and miſgiuing ſighs had ſuffred him to go with his elder brother *Philanax*) blotted out all figures of pitty out of his mind, and putting forth his horſe (while *Iſmenus* doubled two or three more valiant, then well ſet blowes) ſaying to himſelfe. Let other mothers bewaile & vntimely death as well as mine: he thruſt him through. And the boy fierce,

though beautifull;and beautifull,though dying, not able to keepe his failing feete, fell downe to the earth,which he bit for anger,repining at his fortune, and as long as he could reſiſting death,which might ſeeme vnwilling to;ſo long he was in taking away his yong ſtruggling ſoule.

*Philanax* himſelfe could haue wiſhed the blow vngiuen,when he ſaw him fal like a faire apple,which ſome vncurteous body(breaking his bow)ſhould throw downe before it were ripe. But the caſe of his brother made him forget both that, & himſelfe: ſo as ouerhaſtily preſſing vpon the retiring enemies,he was(ere he was aware) further engaged then his owne ſouldiers could relieue him; where being ouerthrowne by *Amphialus*,*Amphialus* glad of him,kept head againſt his enemies while ſome of his men caried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax*-his men as if with the loſſe of *Philanax* they had loſt the fountaine of their valure,had their courages ſo dried vp in feare;that they began to ſet honour at their backs, and to vſe the vertue of patience in an vntimely time: when into the preſſe comes (as hard as his horſe, more affraide of the ſpurre, then the ſworde could cary him) a Knight in armour as darke as blackneſſe could make it, followed by none,and adorned by nothing; ſo farre without authority that hee was without knowledge. But vertue quickly made him knowne, and admiration bred him ſuch authority, that though they of whoſe ſide he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him:and while he was followed by the valianteſt,hee made way for the vileſt. For, taking part with the beſiegers, he made the *Amphialians* bloud ſerue for a capariſon to his horſe, and a decking to his armour. His arme no oftner gaue blowes, then the blowes gaue wounds, then the wounds gaue deathes: ſo terrible was his force,and yet was his quickneſſe more forcible then his force,and his iudgement more quicke then his quickeneſſe. For though his ſworde went faſter then eye-ſight could follow it, yet his owne iudgement went ſtill before it. There dyed of his hand, *Sarpedon*, *Pliſtonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great prooſe in warres, and who had that day vndertaken the gard of *Amphialus*. But while they ſought to ſaue him, they loſt the fortreſſes that Nature had placed them in. Then ſlew he *Megalus*,who was a litle before proude,to ſee himſelf ſtained in the bloud of his enemies: but when his owne bloud came to be married to theirs, he then felt, that cruelty doth neuer enioy a good cheape glory. After him ſent he *Palemon* who had that day vowed(with fooliſh brauery)to be the death of ten: and nine already he had killed,and was careful to performe his(almoſt performed)vow,when the blacke knight helpt him to make vp the tenth himſelfe.

And now the often-changing Fortune beganne alſo to chaunge the hew of the battels. For at the firſt, though it were terrible, yet Terror was deckt ſo brauelie with rich furniture, guilt ſwords, ſhining armours, pleaſant penſils, that the eye with delight had ſcarce leaſure to be affraide: But now all vniuerſally defiled with duſt, bloud, broken armour, mangled bodies, tooke away the maske, and ſette foorth Horror in his owne horrible manner. But neither could daunger be dreadfull to *Amphialus* his vndiſmayable courage, nor yet ſeeme ougly to him, whoſe truely-affected minde, did ſtill paint it ouer with the beauty of *Philoclea*. And therefore hee, rather enflamed then troubled with the increaſe of daungers, and glad to find a worthy ſubiect to exerciſe his courage, ſought out this new knight, whom he might eaſily find: for he, like a wanton rich man, that throwes downe his neighbours houſes, to make himſelfe the better proſpect, ſo had his ſworde made him ſo ſpacious a roome, that *Amphialus* had more cauſe to wonder at

the

the finding, then labour for the seeking: which, if it stirred hate in him, to see how much harme he did to the one side, it prouoked as much emulation in him, to perceiue how much good he did to the other side. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautifull folkes, Loue naturally stirres a desire of ioyning, so in their two courages Hate stirred a desire of triall. Then began there a combat betweene them, worthy to haue had more large listes, and more quiet beholders: for with the spurre of Courage, and the bitte of Respect, each so guided himselfe, that one might well see, the desire to ouercome, made them not forget how to ouercome: in such time and proportion they did employ their blowes, that none of *Ceres* seruants could more cunningly place his flaile: while the left foote spurre set forward his owne horse, the right set backeward the contrary horse, euen sometimes by the aduantage of the enemies legge, while the left hand (like him that held the sterne) guided the horses obedient courage: All done in such order, that it might seeme, the mind was a right Prince indeede, who sent wise and diligent Lieutenants into each of those well gouerned partes. But the more they fought, the more they desired to fight; and the more they smarted, the lesse they felte the smarte: and now were like to make a quicke proofe, to whom Fortune or Valour would seeme most friendly, when in comes an olde Gouernour of *Amphialus*, alwayes a good Knight, and carefull of his charge; who giuing a sore wound to the Blacke Knights thigh, while hee thought not of him, with another blow slewe his horse vnder him. *Amphialus* cried to him, that hee dishonoured him: You say well (answered the olde Knight) to stand now like a priuate souldier, setting your credit vpon particular fighting, while you may see *Basilius* with all his hoste, his getting betweene you and your towne. He looked that way, and found that true indeede, that the enemy was beginning to encompasse him about, and stoppe his returne: and therefore causing the retreate to be sounded, his Gouernour ledde his men homeward, while hee kept himselfe still hindmost, as if hee had stood at the gate of a sluse, to let the streame goe, with such proportion, as should seeme good vnto him: and with so manfull discretion perfourmed it, that (though with losse of many of his men) he returned in himselfe safe, and content, that his enemies had felte, how sharpe the sworde could bite of *Philocleas* Louer. The other pattie being sorie for the losse of *Philanax*, was yet sorier when the Blacke Knight could not bee found. For he hauing gotten a horse, whom his dying maister had bequeathed to the word, finding himselfe sore hurt, and not desirous to be knowne, had in the time of the enemies retiring, retired away also: his thigh not bleeding bloud so fast, as his heart bledde reuenge. But *Basilius* hauing attempted in vaine to barre the safe returne of *Amphialus*, encamped himselfe as strongly as he could, while he (to his griefe) might heare the ioy was made in the towne by his owne subiect, that he had that day sped no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloued of that people) when they saw him not vanquished, they esteemed him as victorious, his youth setting a flourishing shew vpon his worthinesse, and his great nobility ennobling his dangers.

But the first thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to visite *Philoclea*, and first presuming to cause his dreame to be song vnto her (which he had seen the night before he fell in loue with her) making a fine boy he had, accord the pretty dolefulnesse vnto it. The song was this:

NOw was our heau'nly vault depriued of the light
with Sunnes depart: and now the darkenesse of the night
Did light those beamy stars which greater light did darke:
Now each thing that enioy'd that firie quickning sparke
(VVhich life is cald) were mou'd their spirits to repose,
And wanting vse of eyes, their eyes began to close:
A silence sweet each vvhere vvith one consent embraste
(A musique sweete to one in carefull musing plaste)
And mother earth, now clad in mourning vveedes, did breath
A dull desire to kisse the image of our death:
When I, disgraced vvretch, not vvretched then, did giue
My senses such reliefe, as they which quiet liue,
Whose braines broile not in woes, nor breasts with beatings ake,
Which natures praise are wont in safest home to take.
Far from my thoughts vvas ought, vvhereto their minds aspire,
VVho vnder courtly pompes do hatch a base desire.
Free all my powers vvere from those captiuing snares,
VVhich heau'nly purest gifts defile the muddy cares.
Ne could my soule it selfe accuse of such a faulte,
As tender conscience might with furious pangs assault.
But like the feeble flower (vvhose stalke cannot sustaine
His vveighty top) his top downeward doth drooping leane:
Or as the silly bird in vvell acquainted nest
Doth hide his head vvith cares but only hovv to rest:
So I in simple course, and vnentangled mind
Did suffer drowsie lids mine eyes then cleare to blind;
And laying downe my head, did natures rule obserue,
Which senses vp doth shut the senses to preserue.
They first their vse forgot, then fancies lost their force,
Till deadly sleepe at length possest my liuing coarse.
A liuing coarse I lay: but ah, my vvakefull mind
(vvhich made of heau'nly stuffe no mortall change doth blind)
Flevv vp vvith freer vvings of fleshly bondage freed,
And hauing plaste my thoughts, my thoughts thus placed me.
Me thought, may sure I vvas, I vvas in faireſt vvood
Of Samothea land, a land vvhich vvhilom stood,
An honour to the world, vvhile Honour vvas their end,
And vvhile their line of yeares they did in vertue spend.
But there I vvas, and there my calmie thoughts I fed
On Natures sweete repast, as healthfull senses led.
Her gifts my study vvas, her beauties vvere my sport:
My worke her vvorkes to know, her dwelling my resort.
Those lamps of heau'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The euer-turning spheres, the neuer-moouing ground;
VVhat essence deſt nie hath, if fortune be or no,
Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth do slovv:
What life it is, and hovv that all these liues do gather,
VVithout ward makers force, or like an inward father.

Such

Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and straind my single mind,
Then void of neerer cares, the depth of things to find;
When lo with hugeſt noiſe (ſuch noiſe a tower makes
When it blowne downe with wind a fall of ruine takes)
(Or ſuch a noiſe it was, as higheſt thunders ſend,
Or cannons thunder-like, all shot together, lend)
The Moone a ſunder rent; whereout with ſudden fall
(More ſwift then falcons ſtoope to feeding Falconers call)
There came a chariot faire by doues and ſparrowes guided,
Whoſe ſtormelike courſe ſtaid not till hard by me it bided.
I wretch aſtonisht was, and thought the deathfull doome
Of heauen, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.
But ſtreight there iſſued forth two Ladies (Ladies ſure
They ſeemd to me) on whom did wait a Virgin pure.
Strange were the Ladies weedes; yet more vnfit then ſtrange.
The firſt with cloth's tuckt vp as Nymphes in woods do range;
Tuckt vp euen with the knees, with bow and arrowes preſt:
Her right arme naked was, diſcouered was her breſt.
But heauy was her pace, and ſuch a meagre cheere,
As litle hunting mind (God knowes) did there appeere.
The other had with art (more then our women know,
As ſtuffe meant for the ſale ſet out to glaring show)
A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd
Her haire, which by the helpe of painters cunning, shin'd.
When I ſuch gueſts did ſee come out of ſuch a houſe,
The mountaines great with child I thought brought forth a mouſe.
But walking forth, the firſt thus to the ſecond ſayd,
Venus come on: ſayd she, Diane you are obayd.
Thoſe names abasht me much, when thoſe great names I heard:
Although their fame (me ſeemd) from truth had greatly iard.
As I thus muſing ſtood, Diana cald to her
The waiting Nimph, a Nimph that did excell as farre
All things that earſt I ſaw, as orient pearles exceede
That which their mother hight, or elſe their ſilly ſeede.
Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a ſweet conſent
Of all thoſe Graces gifts the heauens haue euer lent.
And ſo she was attir'd, as one that did not prize
Too much her peereleſſe parts, nor yet could them deſpiſe.
But cald, she came a pace, a pace wherein did moue
The band of beauties all, the litle world of Loue.
And bending humbled eyes (o eyes the Sunne of ſight)
She waited miſtreſſe will: who thus diſcloſde her ſpright,
Sweet Mira mine (quoth she) the pleaſure of my mind,
In whom of all my rules the perfect proofe I find,
To only thee thou ſeeſt we graunt this ſpeciall grace
Vt to attend, in this moſt priuate time and place.
Be ſilent therefore now, and ſo be ſilent ſtill
Of that thou ſeeſt: cloſe vp in ſecret knot thy will.

*She answer'd was with looke, and well perform'd beheſt:*
*And* Mira *I admirde: her shape ſonke in my breſt.*
*But thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with ſpite*
Diana *did begin. VVhat mou'd me to inuite*
*Your preſence (ſiſter deare) firſt to my Moony ſpheare,*
*And hither now, vouchſafe to take with willing eare.*
*I know full well you know, what diſcord long hath raign'd*
*Betwixt vs two; how much that diſcord foule hath ſtain'd*
*Both our eſtates, while each the other did deprane,*
*Proofe ſpeakes too much to vs that feeling triall haue.*
*Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd:*
*Our offrings ſpoil'd, our prieſts from prieſthood are diſplac'd.*
*Is this the fruite of ſtrife? thoſe thouſand Churches hie,*
*Thoſe thouſand altars faire now in the duſt to lie?*
*Immortall minds our mindes but planets names preſerue:*
*No knees once bowed, forſooth, for them they ſay we ſerue.*
*Are we their ſeruants growne? no doubt a noble ſtate:*
*Celeſtiall powers to wormes,* Ioues *children ſerue to clay.*
*But ſuch they ſay we be: this praiſe our diſcord bred,*
*VVhile we for mutuall ſpite, a ſtriuing paſſion fed.*
*But let vs wiſer be, and what foule diſcord brake,*
*So much more ſtrong againe let faſteſt concord make.*
*Our yeares do it require: you ſee we both do feele*
*The weakning worke of times for euer whirling-wheele.*
*Although we be diuine, our graundſire* Saturne *is*
*With ages force decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.*
*And now before we ſeeke by wiſe* Apollos *skill,*
*Our young yeares to renew (for ſo he ſayth he will)*
*Let vs a perfect peace betweene vs two reſolue:*
*Which leaſt the ruinous want of gouernment diſſolue,*
*Let one the Princeſſe be, to her the other yeeld:*
*For vaine equality is but Contentions field.*
*And let her haue the gifts that ſhould in both remaine:*
*In her let beauty both, and chaſtneſſe fully raigne.*
*So as if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me:*
*If you, on you I lay what in my office be.*
*Now reſteth only this, which of vs two is she,*
*To whom precedence ſhall of both accorded be.*
*For that (ſo that you like) hereby doth lie a youth*
*(She beckned vnto me) as yet of ſpotleſſe truth,*
*Who may this doubt diſcerne: for better, wit, then lot*
*Becommeth vs: in vs fortune determines not.*
*This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne ſhe held)*
*To worthieſt let him giue, when both he hath beheld:*
*And be it as he ſayth.* Venus *was glad to heare*
*Such proffer made, which ſhe well ſhewd with ſmiling cheere.*
*As though ſhe were the ſame, as when by* Paris *doome*
*She had chiefe Goddeſſes in beauty ouercome.*

*And*

*And ſmirkly thus gan ſay, I neuer ſought debate*
Diana *deare; my mind to loue and not to hate*
*VVas euer apt: but you my paſtimes did deſpiſe.*
*I neuer ſpited you, but thought you ouerwiſe.*
*Now kindneſſe profred is, none kinder is then I:*
*And ſo moſt ready am this meane of peace to trie.*
*And let him be our iudge: the lad doth pleaſe me well.*
*Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell*
*(For both together ſpake, each loth to be behinde)*
*That they by ſolemne oath their Deities would binde,*
*To ſtand vnto my will: their will they made me knovvv.*
*I that was firſt agaſt, vvhen firſt I ſaw their shovv,*
*Now bolder waxt, waxt proude, that I ſuch ſway muſt beare:*
*For neare acquaintance doth diminish reuerent feare.*
*And hauing bound them faſt by* Styx, *they ſhould obay*
*To all what I decreede, did thus my verdict ſay.*
*How ill both you can rule, vvell hath your diſcord taught:*
*Ne yet for ought I ſee, your beauties merit ought.*
*To yonder Nimph therefore (to* Mira *I did point)*
*The crowne aboue you both for euer I appoint.*
*I would haue ſpoken out: but out they both did cry,*
*Fie, fie, what haue we done? vngodly rebell fie.*
*But now we needes muſt yeelde, to that our oathes require.*
*Yet thou ſhalt not go free (quoth* Venus) *ſuch a fire.*
*Her beauty kindle ſhall within thy foolish minde,*
*That thou full oft ſhalt wish thy iudging eyes were blind.*
*Nay then* (Diana *ſayd) the chaſtneſſe I will giue,*
*In aſhes of deſpaire (though burnt) ſhall make thee liue.*
*Nay thou (ſayd both) ſhalt ſee ſuch beames shine in her face,*
*That thou ſhalt neuer dare ſeeke helpe of wretched caſe.*
*And with that curſed curſe away to heauen they fled,*
*Firſt hauing all their gifts vpon faire* Mira *ſpred.*
*The reſt I cannot tell, for therewithall I wak'd,*
*And found with deadly feare that all my ſinewes shak'd.*
*VVas it a dreame? O dreame, how haſt thou wrought in me,*
*That I things erſt vnſeene ſhould firſt in dreaming ſee?*
*And thou O traytour Sleepe, made for to be our reſt,*
*How haſt thou framde the paine wherewith I am oppreſt?*
*O coward* Cupid *thus dooſt thou thy honour keepe,*
*Vnarmde (alas) vnwarn'd to take a man aſleepe?*

Laying not onely the conqueſts, but the heart of the conquerour at her feete. But ſhee receiuing him after her wonted ſorrowfull (but otherwiſe vnmoued) manner, it made him thinke, his good ſucceſſe was but as a pleaſant monument of a dolefull buriall: Ioy it ſelfe ſeeming bitter vnto him, ſince it agreed not to her taſte.

Therefore, ſtill crauing his mothers helpe to perſwade her, hee himſelfe ſent for *Philanax* vnto him, whom hee had not onely long hated, but now had his hate

greatly encreased by the death of his Squire *Ismenus*. Besides he had made him as one of the chiefe causes that mooued him to this rebellion, and therefore was enclined (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrewe the handes of his accomplices by making them guiltie of such a trespasse) in some formall sort to cause him to be executed: being also greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and some other, who long had hated *Philanax*, only becausse he was more worthy, then they to be loued.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour then the reason of each speaker, *Philoclea* comming to knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* stood, she desired one of the gentlewomen appointed to waite vpon her, to go in her name, and beseech *Amphialus*, that if the loue of her had any power of perswasion in his mind, he would lay no further punishment, then imprisonment vpon *Philanax*. This message was deliuered euen as *Philanax* was entring to the presence of *Amphialus*, comming (according to the warning was giuen him) to receiue a iudgement of death. But when he with manfull resolution attended the fruite of such a tyrannicall sentence, thinking it wrong, but no harme to him that should die in so good a cause; *Amphialus* turned quite the fourme of his pretended speech, and yeelded him humble thankes, that by his meanes he had come to that happines, as to receiue a commandement of his Lady: and therefore he willingly gaue him liberty to returne in safety whither he would, quitting him, not only of all former grudge, but assuring him that he would be willing to do him any friendship and seruice: only desiring thus much of him, that he would let him know the discourse and intent of *Basilius* his proceeding.

Truely my Lord (answered *Philanax*) if there were any such knowne to mee, secret in my maisters counsell, as that the reuealing thereof might hinder his good succesſe, I should loath the keeping of my bloud, with the losse of my faith, and would thinke the iust name of a traytor a hard purchase of a few yeares liuing. But since it is so, that my maister hath indeede no way of priuie practise, but meanes openly and forcibly to deale against you, I will not sticke in few words to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what a maze of a mazement, both *Basilius* and *Gynecia* were, when they mist their children and *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to suspect some practise of *Zelmane*, becausse she was a stranger; somtimes doubting some reliques of the late mutiny, which doubt was rather increased, then any way satisfied, by *Miso*: who (being found, almost dead for hunger, by certaine countrey people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trayned out, and with what violence they were caried away. But that within a few dayes they came to knowledge where they were, by *Amphialus* his own letters sent abrode to procure confederates in his attempts. That *Basilius* his purpose was neuer to leauethe siege of this towne, till he had taken it, and reuenged the iniury done vnto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, and famine, then by force of assault: knowing how valiant men he had to deale withall in the towne: that he had sent order, that supplies of souldiers, pioners, and all things else necessary, should dayly be brought vnto him: so as, my Lord (sayd *Philanax*) let me now, hauing receiued my life by your grace, let me giue you your life and honour by my counsell; protesting vnto you, that I cannot chuse but loue you, being my maister his nephew; and that I wish you well in all causes but this. You know his nature is as apt to forgiue, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault passed is excusable, in that loue perswaded, and youth was perswaded. Do not vrge the effects of angrie victorie, but rather seeke to obtaine that constantlie by

seene

curteſie, which you can neuer aſſuredly enioy by violence. One might eaſily haue ſeene in the cheare of *Amphialus*, that diſdainefull choller would faine haue made the anſwer for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* ſerued for forcible barriers betweene anger, and angry effects: ſo as he ſayd no more, but that he would not put him to the trouble to giue him any further counſell: but that hee might returne, if he liſted, preſently. *Philanax* glad to receiue an vncorrupted liberty, humbly accepted his fauourable conuoy out of the towne; and ſo departed, not viſiting the Princeſſes, thinking it might be offenſiue to *Amphialus*, and no way fruitfull to them who were no way but by force to be reskued.

The poore Ladies indeede, not ſuffered either to meete together, or to haue conference with any other, but ſuch as *Cecropia* had already framed to ſing all their ſongs to her tune, ſhe herſelfe omitting no day, and catching hold of euery occaſion to moue forward her ſonnes deſire, and remoue their owne reſolutions: vſing the ſame arguments to the one ſiſter, as to the other; determining that whom ſhe could winne firſt, the other ſhould (without her ſonnes knowledge) by poyſon be made away. But though the reaſons were the ſame to both, yet the handling was diuerſe, according as ſhe ſaw their humours to prepare a more or leſſe aptneſſe of apprehenſion. This day hauing vſed long ſpeech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a litle the great dutifulneſſe her ſonne had ſhewed in deliuering *Philanax*: of whom ſhe could get no anſwer, but a ſilence ſealed vp in vertue, and ſo ſweetly graced, as that in one inſtant it caried with it both reſiſtance, and humbleneſſe: *Cecropia* threatning in her ſelfe to run a more rugged race with her, went to her ſiſter *Pamela*, who that day hauing wearied her ſelfe with reading, and with the height of her hart diſdaining to keepe companie with any of the Gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom ſhe accounted her iaylors, was working vpon a purſe certaine roſes and lillies, as by the fineneſſe of the worke, one might ſee ſhe had borowed her wits of the ſorow that then owed thē, and lent them wholy to that exerciſe. For the flowers ſhe had wrought, caried ſuch life in thē, that the cunningeſt painter might haue learned of her needle: which with ſo prety a maner made his careers to & fro through the cloth, as if the needle it ſelf wold haue bin loth to haue gone frōward ſuch a miſtreſſe, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes vpon her, and louingly embracing the wounds ſhe gaue it: the ſheares alſo were at hand to behead the ſilke, that was growne too ſhort. And if at any time ſhe put her mouth to bite it off, it ſemed, that where ſhe had bin long in making of a roſe with her hands, ſhe wold in an inſtant make roſes with her lips; as the lillies ſeemed to haue their whiteneſſe, rather of the hand that made them, thē of the matter wherof they were made; & that they grew thereby the Suns of her eyes, and were refreſhed by the moſt indiſcōfort comfortable ayre, which an vnwares ſigh might beſtow vpon them. But the colours for the ground were ſo well choſen, neither ſullenly darke, nor glaringly lightſome, and ſo well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to ſerue for an ornament of the principal worke; that it was not without maruell to ſee, how a mind which could caſt a careleſſe ſemblant vpon the greateſt conflicts of Fortune, could command it ſelfe to take care for ſo ſmall matters. Neither had ſhee neglected the daintie dreſſing of her ſelfe: but as if it had bin her mariage time to Affliction, ſhe rather ſeemed, to remember her owne worthineſſe then the vnworthineſſe of her husband. For well one might perceiue ſhe had not reiected the counſell of a glaſſe, & that her hands had pleaſed themſelues, in paying the tribute of vndeceiuing skill, to ſo high perfections of nature.

The ſight whereof ſo diuerſe from her ſiſter (who rather ſuffered ſorrow to dreſſe it ſelfe in her beauty, then that ſhe would beſtow any entertainment of ſo vnwelcome a gueſt, made *Cecropia* take a ſudden aſſuredneſſe of hope, that ſhe ſhould obtaine ſomewhat of *Pamela:* thinking (according to the ſquaring out of her owne good nature) that beautie, carefully ſet foorth, would ſoone proue a ſigne of an vnrefuſing harborough. Animated wherewith, ſhe ſate downe by *Pamela*, and taking the purſe, and with affected curioſitie looking vpon the worke, Full happie is he (ſayd ſhe) at leaſt if hee knew his owne happineſſe, to whom a purſe in this maner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he ſhall haue cauſe to account it, not as a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelfe, worthie to bee purſed vp in the purſe of his owne hart. And thinke you ſo indeede (ſayd *Pamela* halfe ſmiling) I promiſe you I wrought it, but to make ſome tedious houres beleeue, that I thought not of them: for elſe I valued it, but euen as a verie purſe. It is the right nature (ſayd *Cecropia*) of Beauty, to worke vnwitting effects of wonder. Truly (ſayd *Pamela*) I neuer thought till now, that this outward glaſſe, intitled Beautie, which it pleaſeth you to lay to my (as I thinke) vnguiltie charge, was but a pleaſant mixture of naturall colours, delightfull to the eye, as muſicke is to the eare, without any further conſequence: ſince it is a thing, which not onely beaſtes haue; but euen ſtones and trees many of them do greatly excell in it. That other things (anſwered *Cecropia*) haue ſome portion of it, takes not away the excellencie of it, where indeede it doth excell: ſince we ſee, that euen thoſe beaſts, trees, and ſtones, are in the name of Beauty onely highly praiſed. But that the beauty of humaine perſons be beyond all other things, there is great likelihood of reaſon, ſince to them onely is giuen the iudgement to diſcerne Beautie; and among reaſonable wights, as it ſeemes, that our ſexe hath the preheminence, ſo that in that preheminence, Nature counteruailes al other liberalities, wherein ſhe may bee thought to haue dealte more fauourably toward mankind. How do men crowne (thinke you) themſelues with glorie, for hauing either by force brought others to yeeld to their mind, or with long ſtudie, and premeditated orations, perſwaded what they would haue perſwaded? and ſee, a faire woman ſhall not onley commaund without authority, but perſwade without ſpeaking. She ſhall not neede to procure attention, for their owne eyes will chaine their eares vnto it. Men venture liues to conquere; ſhe conqueres liues without venturing. She is ſerued, and obeyed, which is the moſt notable, not becauſe the lawes ſo commaund it, but becauſe they become lawes themſelues to obey her; not for her parents ſake, but for her owne ſake. She need not diſpute, whether to gouerne by Feare or Loue, ſince without her thinking thereof, their loue will bring foorth feare, and their feare will fortifie their loue: and ſhee neede not ſeeke offenſiue, or defenſiue force, ſince her only lippes may ſtand for ten thouſand ſhields, and ten thouſand vneuitable ſhot goe from her eyes. Beautie, Beautie (deere Neece) is the crowne of the feminine greatneſſe; which gift, on whom ſoeuer the heauens (therein moſt niggardly) do beſtow, without queſtion, ſhe is bound to vſe it to the noble purpoſe, for which it is created: not onely winning, but preſeruing; ſince that indeede is the right happineſſe, which is not onely in it ſelfe happy, but can alſo deriue the happines to another. Certainly Aunt (ſayd *Pamela*) I feare me you will make me not only think my ſelfe fairer then euer I did, but think my fairenes a matter of greater valew then heretofore I could imagine it. For I euer (till now) conceiued theſe conqueſts you ſpeake of, rather to proceed from the weakeneſſe of the conquered, then from the ſtrength of the conquering power: as they ſay, the Cranes ouerthrow

whole

whole battels of *Pygmees*, not so much of their Craniſh courage, as becauſe the other are *Pygmees*, and that we ſee, yong babes thinke babies of wonderfull excellency, and yet the babies are but babies. But ſince your elder yeres, & abler iudgement, find Beauty to be worthy of ſo incomparable eſtimation, certainly me thinkes it ought to be held in deareneſſe, according to the excellency, and (no more then wee would do of things which we account precious) euer to ſuffer it to be defiled.

Defiled? (ſayd *Cecropia*) Mary God forbid that my ſpeech ſhould tend to any ſuch purpoſe, as ſhould deſerue ſo foule a title. My meaning is to ioyne your beauty to loue; your youth to delight. For truely, as colours ſhould be as good as nothing if there were no eyes to behold them: ſo is Beauty nothing, without the eye of Loue behold it: and therefore, ſo far is it from defiling it, that it is the only honoring of it, the only preſeruing of it: for Beauty goes away, deuoured by Time, but where remaines it euer flouriſhing, but in the hart of a true louer? And ſuch a one (if euer there were any) is my ſon: whoſe loue is ſo ſubiected vnto you, that rather thē breed any offence vnto you, it will not delight it ſelfe in beholding you. There is no effect of his loue (anſwered *Pamela*) better pleaſeth me then that: but as I haue often anſwered you, ſo, reſolutely I ſay vnto you, that he muſt get my parents conſent, and then he ſhall know further of my mind; for, without that, I know I ſhold offend God. O ſweet youth (ſayd *Cecropia*) how vntimely ſubiect it is to deuotion? No, no ſweete neece, let vs old folks thinke of ſuch preciſe conſiderations; do you enioy the heauen of your age, whereof you are ſure: and like good houſhoulders, which ſpend thoſe things that will not be kept, ſo do you pleaſantly enioy that, which elſe will bring an ouer-late repentance, when your glaſſe ſhall accuſe you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you ſee how the ſpring-time is full of flowers, decking it ſelf with them, and not aſpiring to the fruits of *Autumn*? what leſſon is that vnto you but that in the April of your age, you ſhold be like *April*? Let not ſome of them for whom already the graue gapeth, and perhaps enuy the felicity in you, which themſelues cannot enioy, perſwade you to looſe the hold of occaſion; while it may not only be take, but offers, nay ſues to be taken: which if it be not now taken, will neuer hereafter be ouertaken. Your ſelfe know, how your father hath refuſed all offers made by the greateſt Princes about you, & will you ſuffer your beauty to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peeuiſh thoughts? If he be peeuiſh (ſaid *Pamela*) yet is he my father, & how beautifull ſo euer I be, I am his daughter: ſo as God claimes at my hands obedience, and makes me no iudge of his imperfections.

These often replies vpon conſcience in *Pamela*; made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter way for her, then as ſhe had (in her opinion) ſet her in liking of Beauty, with perſwaſion not to ſuffer it to be voide of purpoſe, ſo if ſhe could make her leſſe feeling of thoſe heauenly conceipts, that then ſhe might eaſily wind her to her crooked bias. Therefore, employing the vttermoſt of her miſchieuous wit, and ſpeaking the more earneſtly, becauſe ſhe ſpake as ſhe thought, ſhe thus dealt with her. Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter, if my affection and wiſh might preuaile therein, how much doth it increaſe (trow you) the earneſt deſire I haue of this bleſſed match, to ſee theſe vertues of yours knit faſt with ſuch zeale of Deuotion (indeede the beſt bond) which the moſt politicke wits haue found, to hold mans wit in well doing? For, as children muſt firſt by feare be induced to know that, which after (when they do know) they are moſt glad of: So are theſe bug-beares of opinions brought by great Clearks into the world, to ſerue as ſhewelles to keepe them from thoſe faults, whereto elſe the vanitie of the world, and weakeneſſe of

ſenſes might pull them. But in you(Neece)whoſe excellency is ſuch,as it neede not to be held vp by the ſtaffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you ſhould loue Vertue ſeruilly, for feare of I know not what, which you ſee not: but euen for the good effects of vertue which you ſee. Feare, and indeede, fooliſh feare, and fearefull ignorance,was the firſt inuenter of thoſe conceipts. For,when they heard it thunder,not knowing the naturall cauſe, they thought there was ſome angry body aboue, that ſpake ſo loude: and euer the leſſe they did perceiue, the more they did conceiue. Wherof they knew no cauſe that grew ſtraight a miracle: fooliſh folkes,not marking that the alterations be but vpon particular accidents,the vniuerſality being alwayes one. Yeſterday was but as to day,and to morrow will tread the ſame footſteps of his foregoers: ſo as it is manifeſt inough, that all things follow but the courſe of their owne nature,ſauing onely Man,who while by the pregnancie of his imagination he ſtriues to things ſupernaturall,meane-while he looſeth his owne naturall felicity.Be wiſe,and that wiſdome ſhall be a God vnto thee; be contented, and that is thy heauen: for elſe to thinke that thoſe powers (if there be any ſuch) aboue are moued either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe at the folly of our actions; caries aſmuch reaſon as if flies ſhould thinke,that men take great care which of them hums ſweeteſt,and which of them flies nimbleſt.

She would haue ſpoken further to haue enlarged and confirmed her diſcourſe: when *Pamela*(whoſe cheekes were died in the beautifulleſt graine of vertuous anger, with eyes which gliſtered foorth beames of diſdaine) thus interrupted her. Peace (wicked woman)peace,vnworthy to breath,that doeſt not acknowledge the breathgiuer;moſt vnworthy to haue a tongue,which ſpeakeſt againſt him, through whom thou ſpeakeſt: keepe your affection to your ſelfe, which like a bemired dog, would defile with fauning. You ſay yeſterday was as to day. O fooliſh woman, and moſt miſerably fooliſh, ſince wit makes you fooliſh, What doth that argue, but that there is a conſtancie in the euerlaſting gouernour? Would you haue an inconſtant God,ſince we count a man fooliſh that is inconſtant? He is not ſeene you ſay, and would you thinke him a God, who might bee ſeene by ſo wicked eyes, as yours? which yet might ſee enough if they were not like ſuch, who for ſport-ſake willingly hood-winke themſelues to receiue blowes the eaſier. But though I ſpeake to you without any hope of fruite in ſo rotten a heart, and there be no body elſe here to iudge of my ſpeeches,yet be thou my witneſſe,ô captiuity,that my eares ſhal not be willingly guiltie of my Creators blaſphemie. You ſay,becauſe we know not the cauſes of things;therfore feare was the mother of ſuperſtition:nay,becauſe we know that each effect hath a cauſe, that hath engendred a true and liuely deuotion. For this goodly worke of which we are,& in which we liue,hath not his being by Chance;on which opinion it is beyond meruaile by what Chance any braine could ſtumble.For if it be eternall(as you would ſeeme to conceiue of it,)Eternity & Chance are things vnſufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened,when it might haue not happened;or elſe it did not happen; and ſo if chanceable, not eternall. And as abſurd it is to thinke that if it had a beginning, his beginning was deriued from Chaunce: for Chaunce could neuer make all things of nothing: and if therewere ſubſtances before, which by chance ſhould meete to make vp this worke, thereon followes another bottomleſſe pitte of abſurdities. For then thoſe ſubſtances muſt needes haue bin from euer, and ſo eternall: and that eternall cauſes ſhould bring forth chanceable effects, is as ſenſible, as that the Sunne ſhould bee the author of darkeneſſe. Againe, if it were chance-

chanceable, then was it not neceſſarie; whereby you take away all conſequents. But we ſee in all things, in ſome reſpect or other, neceſſitie of conſequence: therefore in reaſon we muſt needes know that the cauſes were neceſſary.

Laſtly Chaunce is variable, or elſe it is not to be called Chaunce: but we ſee this worke is ſteady and permanent. If nothing but Chaunce had glewed thoſe peeces of this All, the heauie parts would haue gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely vpward, and ſo neuer haue met to haue made vp his goodly bodie. For before there was a heauen, or a earth, there was neither a heauen to ſtay the height of the ring, nor an earth, which (in reſpect of the round walles of heauen) ſhould become a center. Laſtly, perfect order, perfect beautie, perfect conſtancie, if theſe be the children of Chaunce, let wiſedome be counted the roote of wickednesſe. But you will ſay it is ſo by nature, as much as if you ſayd, it is ſo, becauſe it is ſo: if you meane of many natures cõſpiring together, as in a popular gouernemẽt to eſtabliſh this faire eſtate; as if the Elementiſh and ethereall parts ſhould in their towne-houſe ſet downe the bounds of each ones office; then conſider what followes: that there muſt needes haue bene a wiſedome which made them concurre: for their natures being abſolute contrarie, in nature rather would haue ſought each others ruine, then haue ſerued as well conſorted parts to ſuch an vnexpreſſable harmonie. For that contrary things ſhould meete to make vp a perfection without a force and Wiſedome aboue their powers, is abſolutely impoſſible; vnleſſe you will flie to that hiſſed-out opinion of Chaunce againe. But you may perhaps affirme, that one vniuerſall Nature (which hath bene for euer) is the knitting together of theſe many parts to ſuch an excellent vnitie. If you meane a Nature of wiſdom, goodneſſe, and prouidence, which knowes what it doth, then ſay you that, which I ſeeke of you, and cannot conclude thoſe blaſphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, & mine eares. But if you meane a Nature, as we ſpeake of the fire, which goeth vpward, it knowes not why: and of the name of the ſea which in ebbing and flowing ſeemes to obſerue ſo iuſt a daunce and yet vnderſtands no muſicke, it is but ſtill the ſame abſurditie ſuperſcribed with another title. For this word, one, being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a leſſe matter, when we ſay one kingdome which containes many citties; or one citty which containes many perſons, wherein the vnder ones (if there be not a ſuperiour power and wiſedome) cannot by nature regard to any preſeruation but of themſelues: no more we ſee they do, ſince the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth; ſo farre are they from a conſpired vnitie: but that a right heauenly Nature indeed, as it were vnnaturing them, doth ſo bridle them.

Againe, it is as abſurd in nature, that from an vnitie many contraries ſhould proceed ſtill kept in an vnitie: as that from the number of contrarieties an vnitie ſhould ariſe. I ſay ſtill, if you baniſh both a ſingularitie, and pluralitie of iudgement from among them, then (if ſo earthly a mind can lift it ſelfe vp ſo high) do but conceiue, how a thing whereto you giue the higheſt, and moſt excellent kind of being (which is eternity) can be of a baſe & vileſt degree of being, and next to a not-being; which is ſo to be, as not to enioy his owne being? I will not here call all your ſenſes to witneſſe which can heare, nor ſee nothing, which yeeldes not moſt euident euidence of the vnſpeakeableneſſe of that Wiſedome: each thing being directed to an ende, and an end of preſeruation: ſo proper effects of iudgement, as ſpeaking and laughing are of mankind.

But what mad furie can euer ſo inueagle any conceipt, as to ſee our mortall and

corruptible ſelues to haue a reaſon, and that this vniuerſalitie (whereof we are but the leaſt peeces) ſhould be vtterly deuoide thereof? as if one ſhould ſay, that ones foote might be wiſe, and himſelfe fooliſh. This heard I once alledged againſt ſuch a godleſſe mind as yours, who being driuen to acknowledge this beaſtly abſurditie, that our bodies ſhould be better then the whole world, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were voide; he ſought (not able to anſwere directly) to ſhift it off in this ſort: that if that reaſon were true, then muſt it follow alſo, that the world muſt haue in it a ſpirit, that could write and reade too, and be learned; ſince that was in vs commendable: wretched foole, not conſidering that Bookes be but ſupplies of defects; and ſo are prayſed, becauſe they helpe our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternall intelligence, which needes no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge, no more then the Sunne wants waxe to bee the fewell of his glorious lightfulneſſe. This world therefore cannot otherwiſe conſiſt but by a mind of Wiſedome, which gouerns it, which whether you will allow to be the Creator thereof, as vndoubtedly he is, or the ſoule and gouernour thereof, moſt certaine it is that whether he goueme all, or make all, his power is aboue either his creatures, or his gouernement. And if his power bee aboue all things, then conſequently it muſt needes be infinite, ſince there is nothing aboue it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, muſt needes be boundleſſe, and infinite: if his power bee infinite, then likewiſe muſt his knowledge bee infinite: for elſe there ſhould be an infinite proportion of power which hee ſhould not know how to vſe; the vnſenſibleneſſe whereof I thinke euen you can conceiue: and if infinite, then muſt nothing, no not the eſtate of flies (which you with ſo vnſauerie ſcorne did ieſt at) be vnknowne vnto him. For if it were, then there were his knowledge bounded, and ſo not infinite: if knowledge and power be infinite, then muſt needes his goodneſſe and iuſtice march in the ſame ranke: for infiniteneſſe of power, and knowledge, without like meaſure of goodneſſe, muſt neceſſarily bring foorth deſtruction and ruine, and not ornament and preſeruation. Since then there is a God, and an all-knowing God, ſo as he ſees into the darkeſt of all naturall ſecretes, which is the heart of Man; and ſees therein the deepeſt diſſembled thoughts, nay ſees the thoughts before they be thought: ſince he is iuſt to exerciſe his might, and mightie to performe his iuſtice, aſſure thy ſelfe, moſt wicked woman (that haſt ſo plaguily a corrupted mind, as thou canſt not keepe thy ſickeneſſe to thy ſelfe, but muſt moſt wickedly infect others) aſſure thy ſelfe, I ſay (for what I ſay dependes of euerlaſting and vnremoueable cauſes) that the time will come, when thou ſhalt know that power by feeling it, when thou ſhalt ſee his wiſedome in the manifeſting thy ougly ſhamefulneſſe, and ſhalt only perceiue him to haue bene a Creator in thy deſtruction.

Thus ſhe ſayd, thus ſhe ended, with ſo faire a maieſtie of vnconquered vertue, that captiuitie might ſeeme to haue authoritie ouer tyrannie: ſo fowlly was the filthineſſe of impietie diſcouered by the ſhining of her vnſtayned goodneſſe, ſo farre, as either *Cecropia* ſaw indeed, or elſe the guilty amazement of a ſelfe-accuſing conſcience, made her eyes vntrue iudges of their naturall obiect, that there was a light more then humaine, which gaue a luſtre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a Batte (which though it haue eyes to diſcerne that there is a Sunne, yet hath ſo euill eyes, that it cannot delight in the Sunne) found a trueth, but could not loue it. But as great perſons are wont to make the wrong they haue done, to be a cauſe to doo the more wrong, her knowledge roſe to no higher point, but to enuie a worthier,

worthier,and her will was no otherwiſe bent, but the more to hate, the more ſhee found her enemie prouided againſt her. Yet all the while ſhe ſpake (though with eyes caſt like a horſe that would ſtrike at the ſtirrop, and with colour which bluſhed through yellowneſſe) ſhe ſate rather ſtill then quiet, and after her ſpeech rather muttered,then replied: for the warre of wickedneſſe in her ſelfe, brought forth diſdainefull pride to reſiſt cunning diſſimulation; ſo as, ſaying little more vnto her,but that ſhe ſhould haue leyſure inough better to bethinke her ſelfe; ſhe went away repining,but not repenting: condemning greatly(as ſhe thought her ſons ouer-feeble humbleneſſe,and purpoſing to egge him forward to a courſe of violence. For her ſelfe,determining to deale with neither of them both any more in maner of a ſuter: for what maieſtie of vertue did in the one, that did ſilent humbleneſſe in the other. But finding her ſon ouer-apt to lay both condemnation,and execution of ſorrow vpon himſelfe,ſhe ſought to mitigate his mind with feigned delayes of comfort, who (hauing this inward ouerthrow in himſelfe) was the more vexed, that he could not vtter the rage thereof vpon his outward enemies.

For *Baſilius* taught by the laſt dayes triall,what dangerous effects choſen courages can bring forth,rather vſed the ſpade, then the ſword; or the ſword, but to defend the ſpade; girding about the whole towne with trenches; which beginning a good way off from the towne,with a number of well directed Pioners, he ſtill caryed before him till they came to a neere diſtance, where he builded Fortes, one anſwering the other, in ſuch ſort,as it was a pretie conſideration in the diſcipline of war, to ſee building vſed for the inſtrument of ruine, and the aſſayler entrenched as if he were beſieged. But many ſallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exerciſing more melancholie, then choller in their reſolution) made him find, that if by the aduantage of the place, few are able to defend themſelues from many, that many muſt needes haue power (making themſelues ſtrong in ſeate) to repell few,referring the reuenge rather to the end,then a preſent requitall. Yet oftentimes they dealt ſome blowes in light skirmiſhes,each ſide hauing a ſtrong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarums, to vexe the enemy,then for any hope of great ſucceſſe.

Which euery way was a tedious comber to the impacient courage of *Amphialus*: till the fame of this warre, bringing thither diuerſe, both ſtrangers, and ſubiects,as well of Princely,as noble houſes, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his ſportful delights as then,to ſerue *Baſilius*(whom he honoured for receiued honors) when he had ſpent ſome time in conſidering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping,and fighting,and had learned in what points of gouernement, and obedience their diſcipline differed from others,and ſo had ſatisfied his mind in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helpes,and furniſhing ones ſelfe,which *Baſilius* orders could deliuer vnto him, his young ſpirits (wearie of wanting cauſe to be wearie) deſired to keepe his valure in knowledge, by ſome priuate acte, ſince the publike policy reſtrained him;the rather,becauſe his old miſtreſſe *Arteſia* might ſee, whom ſhe had ſo lightly forſaken: and therefore demaunding and obtaining leaue of *Baſilius*; he cauſed a Heraulde to be furniſhed with apparell of his office, and tokens of a peaceable meſſage, and ſo ſent him to the gate of the towne to demaund audience of *Amphialus*: who vnderſtanding thereof, cauſed him both ſafely and courteouſly to bee brought into his preſence: who making lowly reuerence vnto him, preſented his Letters, deſiring *Amphialus*, that whatſoeuer they contayned, hee would conſider that hee was onely the bearer, and not the

inditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentleneſſe aſſured him both by honourable ſpeeches, and a demeanure which anſwered for him, that his reuenge, whenſoeuer, ſhould ſort vnto it ſelfe a higher ſubiect. But opening the letters, he found them to ſpeake in this maner.

*Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, ſendeth the greeting of a hateleſſe enemie. The liking of martiall matters without any miſlike of your perſon, hath brought me rather to the companie, then to the mind of your beſiegers: where languiſhing in idleneſſe, I deſire to refreſh my mind with ſome exerciſe of armes, which might make knowne the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore, if there be any Gentleman in your Towne, that either for the loue of Honour, or honour of his Loue, will armed on horſebacke, with Launce, and ſword, winne another, or looſe himſelfe, to be a priſoner at diſcretion of the conquerour, I will to morrow morning by Sunne-riſing, with a trumpet and a Squire onely, attend him in like order furniſhed. The place I thinke fitteſt, the Iland within the Lake, becauſe it ſtandes ſo well in the view of your Caſtell, as that the Ladies may haue the pleaſure of ſeeing the combat: which though it be within the commaundement of your Caſtell, I deſire no better ſecurity, then the promiſe I make to my ſelfe of your vertue. I attend your aunſwere, and wiſh you ſuch ſucceſſe as may be to your honour, rather in yeelding to that which is iuſt, then in maintayning wrong by violence.

*Amphialus* read it with cheerefull countenance, & thinking but a little with himſelfe, called for inke and paper, and wrote this anſwer.

*Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, wiſheth all his owne wiſhes, ſauing thoſe which may be hurtfull to another. The matter of your letters ſo fit for a worthy mind, and the maner ſo ſutable to the nobleneſſe of the matter giue me cauſe to thinke how happy I might account my ſelfe, if I could get ſuch a friend, who eſteeme it no ſmall happineſſe to haue met with ſo noble an enemie. Your chalenge ſhall be aunſwered, and both time, place, and weapon accepted. For your ſecuritie from any treacherie (hauing no hoſtage worthie to counteruaile you) take my word, which I eſteeme aboue all reſpects. Prepare therefore your armes to fight, but not your hart to malice; ſince true valure needes no other whetſtone, then deſire of honour.

HAuing writte and ſealed his letter, he deliuered it to the Herauld, and withall tooke a faire chaine from off his owne necke, and gaue it him. And ſo with ſafe conuoy ſent him away from out his Citie: and he being gone, *Amphialus* ſhewed vnto his mother, and ſome other of his chiefe Counſellours, what he had receiued, and how hee had aunſwered: telling them withall, that hee was determined to aunſwere the challenge in his owne perſon. His mother with prayers authorized by motherly commaundement; his olde gouernour with perſwaſions mingled with reprehenſions (that hee would rather affect the glorie of a priuate fighter, then of a wiſe Generall) *Clinias* with falling downe at his feete, and beſeeching him to remember, that all their liues depended vpon his ſafetie, ſought all to diſſwade him. But *Amphialus* (whoſe heart was enflamed with courage, and courage enflamed with affection) made an imperious reſolution cutte off

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the tediousnesse of replies, giuing them in charge, what they shold do vpon all occasions, and particularly to deliuer the Ladies, if otherwise then well happened vnto him: onely desiring his mother, that she would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence she might with ease perfectly discerne the combat. And so, as soone as the morning began to draw dew from the faireſt greenes to wash her face withall, against the approach of the burning Sunne, he went to his stable, where himselfe chose out a horse, whom (though he was neere twentie yeare old) he preferred for a peece of sure seruice, before a great number of yonger. His colour was of a browne bay, dapled thicke with blacke spots; his forhead marked with a white star; to which, in all his bodie there was no part sutable, but the left foote before; his mane and taile blacke, and thicke, of goodly, and well proportioned greatnesse. He causèd him to be trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawnie, and gold ennamell, enriched with precious stones: his furniture was made into the fashion of the branches of a tree, from which the leaues were falling: and so artificially were the leaues made, that as the horse moued, it seemed indeed that the leaues wagged, as when the wind plaies with them; & being made of a pale cloath of gold, they did beare the straw-coloured liuerie of ruine. His armour was also of tawnie and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkened, as when they newly brake the prison of a smokie fornace. In his shield hee had painted the *Torpedo* fish. And so appointed, he causèd himselfe, with his trumpet and squire (whom hee had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to be ferried ouer into the Iland: a place well chosen for such a purpose. For, it was so plaine, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillocke, either to vnleuell, or shadow it: of length and breadth enough, to trie the vttermost both of Launce and sword, and the one end of it facing the Castle, the other extending it selfe toward the campe, and no accesse to it, but by water: there could no secret trechery be wrought, and for manifest violence, either side might haue time inough to succour their party.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him vpon a horse, milke white, but that vpon his shoulder and withers, he was freckned with red staines, as when a few strawberies are scattered into a dish of creame. He had causèd his mane and taile to be died in carnation; his reynes were vine branches, which ingendring one with the other, at the end, when it came to the bit, there, for the bosse, brought forth a cluster of grapes, by the workeman made so liuely, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bit, he chopped for them, and that it did make his mouth water, to see the grapes so neere him. His furniture behind was of vines, so artificially made, as it seemed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so pretily were clusters of rubie grapes dispersed among the trappers which embraced his sides. His armour was blew, like the heauen, which a Sun did with his rayes (proportionately deliuered) guild in most places. His shield was beautified with this deuice; A greyhound, which ouerrunning his fellow, and taking the hare, yet hurts it not when it takes it. The word was, *The glory, not the pray.*

But as soone as *Amphialus* landed, he sent his squire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the Knight, ready to know whether hee had any thing to say to him. *Phalantus* answered, that his answere now must bee in the language of launces; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointment of foure iudges, who with consideration of the same, had deuided the ground. *Phalantus*-his horse young, and feeling the youth of his maister, stood coruetting, which being well gouerned by *Phalantus*, gaue such a glittering grace, as when the

Sunne in a cleare day ſhines vpon a wauing water. *Amphialus*-horſe ſtood pawing vpon the ground, with his further foote before, as if he would for his maiſters cauſe begin to make himſelfe angry: till the trumpet ſounding together, Together they ſet ſpurres to their horſes, together tooke their Launces from their thighes, conueyed them vp into their reſts together, together let them ſinke downward; ſo as it was a delectable ſight, in a dangerous effect; and a pleaſant conſideration, that there was ſo perfect agreement, in ſo mortall diſagreement: like a muſicke made of cunning diſcords. But their horſes keeping an euen line their maſters had skilfully allotted vnto them, paſſed one by another without encountring, although either might feele the angry breath of other. But the ſtaues being come to a iuſt deſcent, but euen when the marke was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vambplate, and vnder the arme: ſo as the ſtaffe appearing behind him, it ſeemed to the beholders he had bene in danger. But he ſtrake *Phalantus* iuſt vpon the gorget, ſo as he battred the lamms thereof, and made his head almoſt touch the backe of his horſe. But either ſide hauing ſtayed the ſpur, and vſed the bit to ſtop ther horſes fury, caſting away the troncheons of their ſtaues, & drawing their ſwords, they attended the ſecond ſummons of the death-threatning trumpet, which quickly followed; and they aſſoone making their horſes aunſwer their hands, with a gentle gallop, ſet one toward the other, til being come in the neareneſſe of litle more then a ſtaues length. *Amphialus* truſting more to the ſtrength, then to the nimbleneſſe of his horſe, put him foorth with ſpeedie violence, and making his head ioyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with diſcretion, and ſtrengthning it with the courſe of his horſe, ſtrake *Phalantus* vpon the head, in ſuch ſort, that his feeling ſenſe did both dazell his ſight, and aſtoniſh his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accuſtomed to be vngratefull to ſuch benefits) ſtrake him vpon the ſide of his face, with ſuch force, that he thought his iaw had bene cut aſunder: though the faithfulneſſe of his armour indeede garded him from further damage. And ſo remained they awhile, rather angry with fighting, then fighting for anger, till *Amphialus*-his horſe, leaning hard vpon the other, and winning ground, the other horſe feeling himſelfe preſt, began to riſe a litle before, as hee was wont to do in his coruet: which aduantage *Amphialus* taking, ſet forward his owne horſe with the further ſpurre, ſo as *Phalantus*-his horſe came ouer with his maiſter vnder him. Which *Amphialus* ſeeing, lighted, with intention to helpe *Phalantus*. But his horſe that had faulted, rather with vntimely art, then want of force, gat vp from burdning his burden, ſo as *Phalantus* (in the fall hauing gotten his feete free off the ſtirrop) could (though ſomething bruiſed) ariſe, and ſeeing *Amphialus* neere him, he asked him, Whether he had giuen him any helpe in remouing his horſe. *Amphialus* ſayd No. Truely ſayd *Phalantus*, I asked it, becauſe I would not willingly haue fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now (ſayd *Phalantus*) before we proceede further, let me know who you are, becauſe neuer yet did any man bring me to the like fortune. *Amphialus* liſting to keepe himſelfe vnknowne, told him he was a Gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had giuen armour and horſe to trie his valour, hauing neuer before bene in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (ſayd *Phalantus* in a rage) And muſt I be the exerciſe of your prentiſ-age? and with that, choler tooke awaye either the bruſe, or the feeling of the bruſe, ſo as he entred afreſh into the combat, & boiling into his armes the diſdaine of his hart, ſtrake ſo thicke vpon *Amphialus*, as if euery blow would faine haue bene foremoſt. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great ſpending to leaue ſmall remnants) let paſſe the ſtorme with ſtrong wards, and nimble auoydings:

dings: till seeing his time fit, both for distance and nakednesse, he strake him so cruell a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell downe withall in a sowne.

But *Amphialus*, perceiving approued valour, made precious by naturall curtesie, went to him, & taking off his head-peece to giue him aire, the yong Knight (disdaining to buy life with yeelding) bad him vse his fortune: for he was resolued neuer to yeeld. No more you shall (sayd *Amphialus*) if it be not to my request, that you will account your selfe to haue great interest in me. *Phalantus* more ouercome by his kindnesse, then by his fortune, desired yet once againe to know his name, who in his first beginning had shewed such furie in his force, and yet such stay in his furie. *Amphialus*, then named himselfe, telling him withall, he wold thinke his name much bettred, if it might be honored by the title of his friend. But no Baulme could be more comfortable to his wound, then the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when he knew his mishap should be excused by the renowmed valour of the other. And so promising each to other assuredne sse of good will, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would haue no other raunsome, but his word of friendship) was conueyed into the campe, where he would but litle remaine among the enemies of *Amphialus*: but went to seeke his aduentures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, he was receiued with triumph into the Castle; although one might see by his eyes (humbly lifted vp to the window where *Philoclea* stood) that he was rather suppliant, then victorious: which occasion *Cecropia* taking (who as then stood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another roome, whence also she might see the combat) Sweet Lady (sayd she) now you may see, whether you haue cause to loue my son, who then lies vnder your feete, when he stands vpon the necke of his braueſt enemies. Alas sayd *Philoclea*, a simple seruice to me, me thinks it is, to haue those, who come to succour me, destroyed: If it be my duty to call it loue, be it so: but the effects it brings forth, I confesse I account hatefull. *Cecropia* grew so angry with this vnkind answer, that she could not abstaine from telling her, that shee was like them that could not sleepe, when they were softly layed: but that if her son would follow her counsell, he should take another course with her: and so flang away from her.

Yet (knowing the desperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like cases) framed to him a very thankfull message, powdring it with some hope-giuing phrases; which were of such ioy to *Amphialus*, that he (though against publike respect, and importunity of dissuaders) presently caused it to bee made knowne to the campe, that whatsoeuer Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did; he should in like sort be answered: so as diuers of the valianteſt, partly of themselues, partly at the instigation of *Basilius*, attempted the combat with him: and according to euery ones humour, so were the causes of the challenge grounded: one laying treason to his charge; another preferring himselfe in the worthinesse to serue *Philoclea*, a third, exalting some Ladies beautie beyond either of the sisters; a fourth, laying disgraces to loue it selfe, naming it the bewitcher of the witte, the rebell to Reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the vnderminer of magnanimitie, the flatterer of vice, the slaue to weakenesse, the infection of youth, the madnesse of age, the curse of life, and reproch of death; a fifth, disdayning to cast at lesse then at all, would make the cause of his quarrell the causers of loue, and proclaime his blasphemies against womankind; that namely that sexe was the ouersight of Nature, the disgrace of reasonableneſse, the obstinate cowards, the slaue-borne tyrants, the shops of vanities, the guilded wether-cocks, in whom

conſcience is but peeuiſhneſſe, chaſtity waywardneſſe, and gratefulneſſe a miracle. But all theſe challenges (how well ſo euer endited) were ſo well anſwered, that ſome by death taught others, though paſt learning themſelues; & ſome by yeelding gaue themſelues the lie for hauing blaſphemed; to the great griefe of *Baſilius*, ſo to ſee his Rebell preuaile, and in his owne ſight to crowne himſelfe with deſerued honour.

Whereupon thirſting for reuenge, and elſe not hoping to preuaile, the beſt of his campe being already ouerthrowne; he ſent a meſſenger to *Argalus* in whoſe approued courage and force, he had (and had cauſe) to haue great confidence, with a letter, requiring him to take this quarrell in hand, from which hee had hitherto ſpared him in reſpect of his late mariage. But now his honour, and (as he eſteemed it) felicity ſtanding vpon it, hee could no longer forbeare to chalenge of him his faithfull ſeruice.

The meſſenger made ſpeede, and found *Argalus* at a caſtle of his owne, ſitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a booke the ſtories of *Hercules*, ſhe by him, as to heare him reade; but while his eyes looked on the booke, ſhee looked on his eyes, and ſometimes ſtaying him, with ſome prety queſtion, not ſo much to bee reſolued of the doubt; as to giue him occaſion to looke vpon her. A happy couple, he ioying in her, ſhe ioying in her ſelfe, but in her ſelfe, becauſe ſhee enioyed him: both encreaſed their riches by giuing to each other; each making one life double, becauſe they made a double life one; where deſire neuer wanted ſatisfaction, nor ſatisfaction euer bred ſacietie; he ruling, becauſe ſhe would obey: or rather becauſe ſhe would obey, ſhe therein ruling.

But when the meſſenger came in with letters in his hand, and haſt in his countenance, though ſhe knew not what to feare, yet ſhe feared, becauſe ſhe knew not; but ſhe roſe, and went aſide, while he deliuered his letters and meſſage; yet a far off ſhe looked, now at the meſſenger, and then at her husband: the ſame feare, which made her loth to haue cauſe of feare, yet making her ſeeke cauſe to nouriſh her feare. And well ſhe found there was ſome ſerious matter; for her husbands countenance figured ſome reſolution betweene lothneſſe and neceſſitie: and once his eye caſt vpon her, and finding hers vpon him, he bluſhed; and ſhe bluſhed, becauſe hee bluſhed, and yet ſtreight grew pale, becauſe ſhe knew not why he had bluſhed. But when he had read, and heard, and diſpatched away the meſſenger (like a man in whom Honour could not be rocked aſleepe by affection) with promiſe quickly to follow; hee came to *Parthenia*, and as ſorie as might be for parting, and yet more ſorie for her ſorrow, he gaue her the letter to reade. She with fearefull ſlowneſſe tooke it, & with fearefull quickneſſe read it; and hauing read it, *Ah* my *Argalus* (ſayd ſhe) and haue you made ſuch haſt to anſwere? and are you ſo ſoone reſolued to leaue me? But hee diſcourſing vnto her, how much it imported his honour (which ſince it was deare to him, he knew it would be deare vnto her) her reaſon ouerclowded with ſorrow, ſuffered her not preſently to replie, but left the charge thereof to teares, and ſighes; which he not able to beare, left her alone, and went to giue order for his preſent departure.

But by that time he was armed and ready to go, ſhe had recouered a litle ſtrength of ſpirit againe, and comming out, and ſeeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her fearewell, ſhe ran to him, tooke him by the arme, and kneeling downe without regard, who either heard her ſpeech, or ſaw her demeanour, My *Argalus*, my *Argalus* (ſayd ſhe) do not thus forſake me. Remember, alas, Remember that I haue intereſt in you, which I wil neuer yeeld ſhalbe thus aduentured. Your valour is

already

already sufficiently knowne: sufficiently haue you already done for your country: ennow, ennow there are besides you to loose lesse worthie liues. Woe is me, what shall become of me, if you thus abandon mee? Then was it time for you to follow these aduentures, when you aduentured no body but your selfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or neuer, I claime mine owne; mine you are, and without me you can vndertake no danger: and will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* shall be in the battell of your fight: *Parthenia* shall smart in your paine and your bloud must be bled by *Pharthenia*. Deare *Parthenia* (sayd he) this is the first time, that euer you resisted my will: I thanke you for it; but perseuer not in it; and let not the teares of those most beloued eyes be a presage vnto me of that, which you wold not shold happen. I shall liue doubte not: for so great a blessing, as you are was not giuen vnto me, so soone to be depriued of it. Looke for me therefore shortly, and victorious; and prepare a ioyfull welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph. She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-striken with amazement: for true Loue made obedience stand vp against all other passions. But when he tooke her in his armes, and sought to print his heart in her sweete lippes, she fell in a sound, so as he was faine to leaue her to her Gentlewomen: and caried away by the tyrannie of Honour, though with many a backe-cast looke, and hartie grone, went to the campe. Where vnderstanding the notable victories of *Amphialus* he thought to giue him some daies respite of rest, because he would not haue his victory disgraced by the others wearinesse. In which dayes, he sought by all meanes (hauing leaue to parly with him) to disswade him from his enterprise: and then imparting his mind to *Basilius*, because he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his desie vnto him in this manner.

RIght famous *Amphialus*, if my perswasion in reason, or prayer in good will, might preuaile with you, you should by better meanes bee like to obtaine your desire. You should make many braue enemies become your faithfull seruants, and make your honour flie vp to heauen, being caried vp by both the wings of valure and iustice; whereof now it wants the latter. But since my suite, nor counsell can get no place in you, disdaine not to receiue a mortall chalenge, from a man so far inferiour vnto you in vertue, as that I do not so much mislike of the deede, as I haue the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore your selfe, according to the noble manner you haue vsed, and thinke not lightly of neuer so weake an arme, which strikes with the sword of iustice,

To this he quickely receiued this answere.

MVch more famous *Argalus*, I whom neuer threatnings could make afraide, am now terrified by your noble curtesie. For well I knowe, from what height of vertue it doth proceed, and what cause I haue to doubt such vertue bent to my ruine: but Loue, which iustifieth the vniustice you lay vnto me, doth also animate me against all dangers, since I come full of him by whom your selfe haue bin (if I be not deceiued) somtimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the Ile, carying this aduantage with me, that as it shall be a singular honour if I get the victorie, so there can be no dishonour in being ouercome by *Argalus*.

The chalenge thus denounced, and accepted, *Argalus* was armed in a white armour, which was al guilded ouer with knots of womans haire, which came downe from the crest of his head-peece, & spred it selfe in rich quantity ouer all his armor:

his furniture was cut out into the fashion of an Egle, whereof the beake (made into a rich iewell (was fastened to the saddle, the taile couered the crooper of the horse, and the wings serued for trappers; which falling of each side, as the horse stirred, the bird seemed [illegible]ie. His petrell and raines, were embrodered with feathers sutable vnto it: vpon his right arme he ware a sleeue, which his deare *Parthenia* had made for him, to be worne in a iustes, in the time that succesſe was vngratefull to their weldeserued loue: it was full of bleeding harts, though neuer intended to any bloudy enterprise. In his shield (as his own deuice) he had two Palme-trees, neere one another, with a word signifying, *In that sort flourishing*. His horse was of a firie sorrell, with blacke feete, and backe list on his back, who with open nostrels breathed war, before he could see an enemy: and now vp with one leg, and then with another, seemed to complaine of Nature, that she had made him any whit earthie.

But he had scarcely vewed the ground of the Iland, and considered the aduantages (if any were) thereof, before the Castell boate had deliuered *Amphialus*, in all points prouided to giue a hard entertainment. And then sending each to other their Squires in honourable maner, to know whether they should attend any further ceremonie; the trumpets sounding, the horses with smooth running, the staues with vnshaked motion, obediently performed their cholericke commandements. But when they drew neere, *Argalus* horse being hot, prest in with his head: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, knowing if he gaue him his side, it should be to his disaduantage, prest in also with him, so as both the horses and men met shoulder to shoulder, so as the horses (hurt as much with the striking, as being striken) tumbled downe to the earth, dangerously to their maisters, but that they by strength nimble, and by vse skilfull, in the falling shunned the harme of the fall, and without more respite, drew out their swords with a gallant brauerie, each striuing to shew himselfe the lesse endamaged, and to make knowne that they were glad, they had now nothing else to trust to, but their owne vertue. True it is, that *Amphialus* was the sooner vp, but *Argalus* had his sword out the sooner: and then fell they to the cruellest combat, that any present eye had seene. Their swords first, like Canons, battering downe the wals of their armour, making breaches almost in euery place for troupes of wounds to enter. Among the rest, *Argalus* gaue a great wound to *Amphialus* disarmed face; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded vpon his shield, and withall (first casting his eye vp to *Philocleas* Window, as if he had fetched his courage thence) feyning to entend the same sort of blow, turned his sword, and with a mightie reuerse, gaue a cruell wound to the right arme of *Argalus*, the vnfaithfull armour yeelding to the swords strong guided sharpnesse. But though the bloud accused the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confesse it: but keeping himselfe in a lower ward, stood watching with timely thrustes to repaire his losse, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus* (following his fawning fortune) layd on so thicke vpon *Argalus*, that his shield had almost fallen peece-meale to the earth, when *Argalus* comming in with his right foot, and somthing stowping to come vnder his armour, thrust him into the belly daungerously, and mortally it would haue beene, but that with the blow before, *Amphialus* had ouer striken himselfe so, as he fell side-ward downe, and with falling saued himselfe from ruine. The sword by that meanes slipping aside, and not piercing more deepely. *Argalus* seeing him fall, threatning with voyce and sword, bad him yeeld. But he striuing without aunswere to rise, *Argalus* strake with all his might vpon his head. But his hurt arme not able to maister so sound a force, let the sword fall so, as *Amphialus*, though astonished with

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the blow, could ariſe: which *Argalus* conſidering, ranne in to graſp with him, and ſo cloſed together; falling ſo to the ground, now one getting aboue', and then the other; at length, both wearie of ſo vnlouely embracements, with a deſcending conſent gate vp, and went to their ſwords: but happened each of his enemies: where *Argalus* finding his foes ſword garniſhed in his bloud, his hart raſe with the ſame ſword to reuenge it, and on that blade to allie their blouds together. But his mind was euill wayted-on by his lamed force, ſo as he receiued ſtill more & more wounds which made all his armour ſeeme to bluſh, that it had defended his maiſter no better. But *Amphialus* perceiuing it, and waying the ſmall hatefulneſſe of their quarrell, with the worthineſſe of the Knight, deſired him to take pitty of himſelfe. But *Argalus*, the more repining, the more he found himſelfe in diſaduantage, filling his veines with ſpite in ſtead of bloud, and making courage ariſe againſt faintneſſe (like a Candell, which a little before it goes out, giues then the greateſt blaze) ſo did he vnite all his force, that caſting away the little remnant of his ſhield, and taking his ſword in both hands, he ſtroke ſuch a notable blow, that he cleft his ſhield armour, and arme almoſt to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forgat all ceremonies & with cruell blowes made more of his beſt bloud ſucceed the reſt; till his hand being ſtayed by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull crie, the crie guided his ſight to an excellent faire Lady, who came running as faſt as ſhe could, and yet becauſe ſhe could not as faſt as ſhe would, ſhe ſent her lamentable voyce before her: and being come, and being knowne to them both, to be the beautifull *Parthenia* (who had that night dreamed ſhe ſaw her husband in ſuch eſtate, as ſhe then found him, which made her make ſuch haſt thither) they both maruailed. But *Parthenia* ran betweene them (feare of loue making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell downe at their feete, determining ſo to part them, till ſhe could get breath to ſigh out her dolefull ſpeeches: and when her breath (which running had ſpent, & diſmayedneſſe made ſlow to returne) had by ſobbes gotten into her ſorrow-cloſed breaſt, for a while ſhe could ſay nothing, but, ô wretched eyes of mine, ô wailefull ſight, ô day of darkeneſſe: at length turning her eyes (wherein ſorrow ſwamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lord (ſayd ſhe) it is ſayd you loue; in the power of that loue, I beſeech you to leaue off this combat, as euer your heart may find comfort in his affection, euen for her ſake, I craue it: or if you be mortally determined, be ſo pitifull vnto me, as firſt to kill me, that I may not ſee the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to haue anſwered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his Fortune, but moſt vexed that ſhe ſhould ſee him in that fortune. Ah *Parthenia* (ſayd he) neuer till now vnwelcome vnto me, do you come to get my life by requeſt? And cãnot *Argalus* liue but by requeſt? Is that a life? With that he went a ſide, for fear of hurting her, & wold haue begun the combat afreſh. But *Amphialus* not only cõiured by that which held the Monarchie of his mind, but euen in his noble hart melting with cõpaſſion at ſo paſſionate a ſight, deſired him to withhold his hãds, for that he ſhold ſtrike one, who ſought his fauour, & would not make reſiſtance. A notable example of the wonderfull effects of Vertue, where the conquerour ſought for friendſhip of the conquered, and the conquered would not pardon the conquerour: both indeed being of that mind to loue each other for accepting, but not for giuing mercie, and neither affected to ouer-liue a diſhonour: ſo that *Argalus* not ſo much ſtriuing with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like ſort, in like ſort he would haue dealt with him) as labouring againſt his owne power (which he chiefly deſpiſed) ſet himſelfe forward, ſtretching his ſtrength to the vtter-moſt. But the fire of that ſtrife,

blowne with his inward rage, boyled out his bloud in ſuch abundance, that hee was driuen to reſt him vpon the pommell of his ſword: and then each thing beginning to turne round in the daunce of Death before his eyes, his ſight both dazled and dimmed, till (thinking to ſit downe) he fell in a ſound, *Parthenia*, and *Amphialus* both haſtily went vnto him: *Amphialus* tooke off his helmet, and *Parthenia* laid his head in her lap, tearing off her linnē ſleeues & partlet, to ſerue about his wounds: to bind which, ſhe tooke off her hair lace, and would haue cut off her faire haire her ſelfe, but that the ſquires and iudges came in with fitter things for the purpoſe: while ſhe bewayled her ſelfe with ſo lamentable ſweetneſſe, as was inough to haue taught ſorrow to the gladdeſt thoughts, and haue engraued it in the minds of hardeſt mettall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (ſayd ſhe) What art thou? what ſeeſt thou? how is thy bliſſe in a moment fallen? how art thou, euen-now before all Ladies the example of perfect happineſſe, and now the gaſing ſtocke of endleſſe miſerie? O God, what hath bene my deſert to be thus puniſhed? or if ſuch haue bene my deſert, why was I not in my ſelfe puniſhed? O wandering life, to what wilderneſſe wouldeſt thou lead me? But Sorrow, I hope thou art ſharp inough to ſaue my labour from other remedies. *Argalus, Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his ſound, and lifting vp his languiſhing eyes (which a painefull reſt, and iron ſleepe did ſeeke to locke vp) ſeeing her, in whom (euen dying) hee liued, and himſelfe ſeated in ſo beloued a place, it ſeemed a little cheerefull bloud came vp to his cheekes, like a burning cole, almoſt dead, if ſome breath a little reuine it: and forcing vp (the beſt he could) his feeble voyce, My deare, my better halfe (ſayd hee) I find I muſt now leaue thee: and by that ſweete hand, and faire eyes of thine I ſweare, that Death brings nothing with it to grieue me, but that I muſt leaue thee, and cannot remaine to anſwere part of thy infinit deſerts, with being ſome comfort vnto thee. But ſince ſo it pleaſeth him, whoſe wiſedome and goodneſſe guideth all, put they confidence in him, and one day we ſhall bleſſedly meet againe, neuer to depart: meane while liue happily, deare *Parthenia*, and I perſwade my ſelfe, it will encreaſe the bleſſedneſſe of my ſoule, ſo to ſee thee. Loue well the remembrance of thy louing, and truly louing, *Argalus*: and let not (with that word he ſighed) this diſgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadſt an vnworthy husband. They could ſcarcely vnderſtand the laſt words: for Death began to ſeaze himſelfe of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make anſwer, ſo full was her breaſt of anguiſh. But while the other ſought to ſtanch his remedileſſe wounds, ſhe with her kiſſes made him happie: for his laſt breath was deliuered into her mouth.

But when indeede ſhe found his ghoſt was gone, then Sorrow loſt the witte of vtterance, and grew ragefull, and madde, ſo that ſhee tare her beautifull face, and rent her haire, as though they could ſerue for nothing, ſince *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphialus* (ſo moued with pittie of that ſight, as that he honoured his aduerſaries death with teares) cauſed her (with the helpe of her women that came with her partly by force, to be conueyed into the boat, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which ſhe would not depart. And being come of the other ſide, there ſhe was receiued by *Baſilius* himſelfe, with all the funerall pompe of militarie diſcipline, trayling all their Enſignes vpon the ground, making theſe warlike inſtruments ſound doleſull notes, and *Baſilius* (with comfort in his mouth, and woe in his face) ſought to perſwade ſome eaſe into *Parthenias* mind: but all was as eaſeſull to her, as the hand-

handling of ſore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruine, ſhe finding no comfort, but in deſperate yeelding to Sorrow: and rather determined to hate her ſelfe, if euer ſhee ſhould find eaſe thereof. And well might ſhe heare as ſhe paſt through the Campe, the great prayſes ſpoken of her husband, which all were recordes of her loſſe. But the more excellent he was (being indeed accounted ſecond to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of thoſe praiſes, beare vp the wings of *Amphialus*-his fame: to whom yet (ſuch was his caſe) that Trophe vpon Trophe, ſtill did but build vp the monument of his thraldome; hee euer finding himſelfe in ſuch fauour of *Philoclea*, that ſhe was moſt abſent, when he was preſent with her; and euer ſorieſt, when hee had beſt ſucceſſe: which would haue made him renounce all comfort, but that his mother, with diuerſity of deuiſes, kept vp his hart.

But while he allayed thus his outward glorie, with inward diſcomfort, he was like to haue bin ouertaken with a notable treaſon, the beginning wherof (though meerely ridiculous) had like to haue brought forth vnto him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Baſilius* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one; whether to be preſent with him, or abſent from *Miſo*: once, certaine it was without any mind to make his ſword curſed by any widow. Now being in the campe, while each talke ſeemed iniurious, which did not acknowledge ſome duety to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out ſomtimes in cõmunication, that as the ſpeech of heauen doth often beget the mentiõ of hell, ſo the admirable proweſſe of *Amphialus* (by a cõtrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardiſe of *Clinias*: in ſo much, as it grew almoſt to a prouerbe, *As very a coward, as Clinias*. Deſcribing him in ſuch ſort, that in the end, *Dametas* began to thinke with himſelfe, that if he made a chalenge vnto him, hee would neuer anſwer it; and that then he ſhould greatly encreaſe the fauourable conceite of *Baſilius*. This fancie of his he vttered to a yong Gentleman, that waited vpon *Philanax*, in whoſe friendſhip he had eſpeciall confidence, becauſe he haunted his company, laughing often merily at his ſpeeches, and not a little extolling the goodly *dotes* of *Mopſa*. The young Gentleman as glad as if he had found a Hare ſitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour ſhould quaile in him) wrote a challenge himſelfe for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it, putting his head on his ſhoulder, and ſo...what ſmiling; he ſayd, it was prettie indeed; but that it had not a loftie ſtile enough: and ſo would needes indite it in this ſort.

O Clinias, *thou* Clinias, *the wickedeſt worme that euer went vpon two legs; the very fritter of fraud, and ſeethnig pot of iniquitie: I* Dametas, *chiefe gouernour of all the royall cattell, and alſo of* Pamela (*whom thy Maiſter moſt pernicieuſly hath ſuggeſted out of my dominion*) *do defie thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike vpward. VVhich if thou dooſt preſume to take in hand, I will out of that ſuperfluous bodie of thine make thy ſoule to be enacuated.*

The young Gentleman ſeemed dumbe-ſtriken with admiration, and preſently tooke vpon him to bee the bearer thereof, while the heate of the fit laſted, and hauing gotten leaue of *Baſilius* (euery body helping on, to eaſe his mind ouercharged with melancholy) hee went into the towne according to the manner before time vſed, and in the preſence of *Amphialus* deliuered this letter to *Clinias*; deſiring to haue an anſwere, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, read

it; and in the reading, his bloud not daring to be in ſo daungerous a place, went out of his face, and hid it ſelfe more inwardly: and his very words (as if they were afraide of blowes) came very ſlowly out of his mouth: but, aſwell as his panting breath would vtter it, he bad him tell the lowte that ſent him, that hee diſdained to haue any thing to do with him. But *Amphialus*, perceiuing the matter, tooke him aſide, and very earneſtly dealt with him not to ſhame himſelfe; *Amphialus* only deſirous to bring it to paſſe to make ſome ſport to *Philoclea*, but not being able to perſwade with him, *Amphialus* licenced the Gentleman, telling him, that by next morning he ſhould haue anſwer.

The yong Gentleman (ſory he had ſped no better) returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a ſower-breathed ſigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the chalenge. But when he perceiued by his truſty meſſenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no diſpoſition in him to accept it; then lo, *Dametas* began to ſpeake his lowd voyce, to looke big, to march vp and downe, and in his march to lift his legges higher then he was wont, ſwearing by no meane deuotions, that the walles ſhould not keepe the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his cunnie-berrie: & then was hotter then euer to prouide himſelfe of horſe and armour, ſaying, hee would go to the Iland brauely addoubed, and ſhew himſelfe to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpoſe many willing hands were about him, letting him haue reynes, pettrell, with the reſt of the furniture, and very braue baſes; but all comming from diuerſe houſes, neither in colour nor faſhion, ſhewing any kinred one with another; but that liked *Dametas* the better: for that he thought would argue, that he was maiſter of many braue furnitures. Then gaue he order to a painter for his deuiſe; which was, a plowe with the oxen lewſed from it, a ſword with a great number of armes and legges cut off; and laſtly a great armie of pen and inke-hornes and bookes. Neither did he ſticke to tell the ſecrete of his intent, which was, that hee had left off the plough, to do ſuch bloudy deedes with his ſword, as many inke-hornes and bookes ſhould be employed about the hiſtorifying of them: and being asked, why he ſet no word vnto it, he ſaid, that was indeed like the painter, that ſayeth in his picture, Here is the dog, and there is the Hare: and with that he laughed ſo perfectly, as was great conſolation to the beholders. Yet remembring, that *Miſo* would not take it well at his returne, if he forgat his duety to her, he cauſed in a border about to be written:

Miſo *mine owne pigſnie, thou ſhalt heare newes of* Dametas.

Thus all things being condignely ordered, with an ill fauoured impatiencie he waited, vntill the next morning, that he might make a muſter of himſelfe in the Iland; often asking them that very diligently wayted vpon him, whether it were not pittie, that ſuch a coward as *Clinias*, ſhould ſet his runaway feete vpon the face of the earth?

But as he was by diuerſe principall yong Gentlemen, to his no ſmall glory, lifted vp on horſebacke, comes me a page of *Amphialus*, who with humble ſmiling reuerence deliuered a letter vnto him from *Clinias*: whom *Amphialus* had brought to this; firſt with perſwaſions (that for certaine, if he did accept the combat, *Dametas* would neuer dare to appeare, and that then the honour ſhould be his) but principally threatning him, that if he refuſed it, he would turne him out of the town to be put to death for a traytor by *Baſilius*: ſo as the preſent feare (euer to a coward

moſt

moſt terrible) of being turned out of the towne, made him, though full vnwillingly, vndertake the other feare, wherein he had ſome ſhew of hope, that *Dametas* might hap either to be ſicke, or not to haue the courage to performe the matter. But when *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly ſuſpecting what the matter might be, he bad the page carry backe his letter, like a naughty boy as he was: for he was in no humour, he told him, of reading letters. But *Dametas*-is friend, firſt perſwading him, that for certaine it was ſome ſubmiſſion, tooke vpon him ſo much boldneſſe, as to open his letter, and to reade it alowd in this ſort.

*Fllthy driuell, vnworthy to haue thy name ſet in any letter by a ſouldiers hand written: could thy wretched heart thinke it was timerouſneſſe, that made* Clinias *ſuſpend a while his anſwer? No caitiffe, no: it was but as a Ram, which goes backe to returne with the greater force. Know therefore that thou ſhalt no ſooner appeare (appeare now if thou dareſt) I ſay thou ſhalt no ſooner appeare in the Iland (ô happy thou, if thou do not appeare) but that I will come vpon thee with all my force, and cut thee in peeces (marke, what I ſay) ioynt after ioynt, to the eternall terrour of all preſumptuous villaynes. Therefore looke what thou dooſt: for I tell thee, horrible ſmart, and paine ſhall be thy lot, if thou wilt needs be ſo foolish (I hauing giuen thee no ſuch cauſe) as to meete with me.*

The terrible words *Clinias* vſed, hoping they would giue a cooling to the heate of *Dametas*-is courage: and ſo indeed they did, that he did grone to heare the thundring of thoſe threatnings. And when the Gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this anſwer came too late, and that therefore he might very well go, and diſarme himſelfe: eſpecially conſidering, the other had in curteous maner warned him not to come. But they (hauing him now on horſebacke) led him vnto the ferry, and ſo into the Iland; the claſhing of his owne armour ſtriking miſerable feare into him, and in his mind thinking great vnkindneſſe in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter ſo contrary to his complexion. There ſtayed he but a little (the Gentlemen that came with him teaching him how to vſe his ſword and Launce, while he caſt his eye about, to ſee which way he might run away, curſing all Ilands for being euill ſituated) whē *Clinias* with a braue ſound of trumpets landed at the other ende: who came all the way debating with himſelfe, what he had deſerued of *Amphialus* to driue him to thoſe inconueniences. Sometimes his witte made him bethinke himſelfe what was beſt to be done: but feare did ſo corrupt his witte, that whatſoeuer he thought was beſt, he ſtill found daunger therein; fearefulneſſe (contrarie to all other vices) making him thinke the better of another, the worſe he found himſelfe, rather imagining in himſelfe, what words he would vſe (if he were ouercome) to get his life of *Dametas*, then how to ouercome, whereof hee could thinke with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth pitifully complayning, that a man of ſuch ſufficiencie (as he thought himſelfe) ſhould in his beſt yeares be ſwallowed vp by ſo baſe an element. Faine he would haue prayed, but he had not hart inough to haue confidence in prayer, the glittering of the armour, and ſounding of the trumpets giuing ſuch an aſſault to the weake-breach of his falſe ſenſes, that hee grewe from the degree of feare to an amazement, not almoſt to know what he did; till two iudges (choſen for the purpoſe) making the trumpets ceaſe, and taking the oath of thoſe champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, ſet them at wonted diſtance, one from the other.

Then the trumpets ſounding, *Dametas* horſe (vſed to ſuch cauſes) when hee thought leaſt of the matter, ſtarted out ſo luſtily, that *Dametas* was iogd blacke with head and body, and pulling withall his bridle-hand, the horſe (that was tender of mouth) made halfe a ſtop, and fell to bounding, ſo that *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both his hands held by the pummell: the horſe, halfe running, halfe leaping, till he met with *Clinias*: who fearing he ſhould miſſe his reſt, had put his ſtaffe therein before he began his careere: neither would he then haue begun, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that ſtood behind) ſtrake on his horſe, who running ſwiftly, the wind tooke ſuch hold of his ſtaffe, that it croſt quite ouer his breaſt, and in that ſort gaue a flat baſtonado to *Dametas*: who, halfe out of his ſadle, went neere to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the creſt of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was paſt him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing leaſt *Dametas* were at his backe turned with a wide turne; and ſeeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or neuer, to treade him vnder his horſes feete; and withall (if he could) hurt him with his Launce, which had not broken, the encounter was ſo eaſy. But putting forth his horſe, what with the falling of the ſtaffe too low before the legs of the horſe, & the comming vpon *Dametas*, who was then ſcrambling vp, the horſe fell quer and ouer, and lay vpon *Clinias*. Which *Dametas* (who was gotten vp) perceiuing, drew out his ſword, prying which way he might beſt come to kill *Clinias* behind. But the horſe that lay vpon him, kept ſuch a pawing with his feete, that *Dametas* durſt not approch, but very leyſurely; ſo as the horſe (being luſtie) gat vp, & withall fel to ſtrike, and leape, that *Dametas* ſtarted backe a good way, and gaue *Clinias* time to riſe, but ſo bruiſed in body, and broken in heart, that he meant to yeeld himſelfe to mercy: and with that intent drew out his ſword, intending when he came nearer, to preſent the pommell of it to *Dametas*. But *Dametas*, when he ſaw him come with his ſword drawne, nothing conceiuing of any ſuch intent, went back as faſt as his backe and heeles could leade him. But as *Clinias* found that, he began to thinke a poſſibility in the victory, and therefore followed with the cruell haſt of a preuailing coward; laying vpon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand: ſometimes that he was dead, ſometimes that he would complaine to *Baſilius*: but ſtill bare the blowes vngratefully, going backe, till at length he came into the water with one of his feete.

But then a new feare of drowning tooke him, ſo that not daring to go backe, nor to deliberat (the blowes ſtill ſo lighted on him) nor to yeeld (becauſe of the cruell threatnings of *Clinias*) feare being come to the extremity, fell to a madneſſe of deſpaire: ſo that (winking as hard as euer he could) he began to deale ſome blowes, and his arme (being vſed to a flaile in his youth) layd them on ſo thicke, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to ſee his owne bloud come out in many places, and before he had loſt halfe an ounce, finding in himſelfe that he fainted, cried out aloud to *Dametas*, that he yeelded. Throw away thy ſword then (ſayd *Dametas*) and I will ſaue thee; but ſtill laying on, as faſt as he could. *Clinias* ſtraight obeyed, & humbly craued mercy, telling him, his ſword was gone. Then *Dametas* firſt opened his eyes, and ſeeing him indeed vnweaponed, made him ſtand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lie downe vpon the earth as flat as he could. *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas* (who neuer could thinke himſelfe ſafe, till *Clinias* were dead) began to thinke with himſelfe, that if he ſtrake at him with his ſword, if he did not kill him at the firſt blow, that then *Clinias* might happe to ariſe, and reuenge himſelfe. Therefore he thought beſt to kneele downe vpon him, and with a great whittle hee had (hauing

hauing diſarmed his head) to cut his throate, which he had vſed ſo with Calues, as he had no ſmall dexteritie in it. But while he ſought for his kniſe, which vnder his armour he could not well find out, and that *Clinias* lay with ſo ſleepiſh a quietneſſe, as if he would haue beene glad to haue his throate cut for feare of more paine, the Iudges came in, and tooke *Dametas* from off him, telling him he did againſt the Law of Armes, hauing promiſed life, if he threw away his ſword. *Dametas* was loath to conſent, till they ſware, they would not ſuffer him to fight any more, when he was vp: and then more forced, then perſwaded, he let him riſe, crowing ouer him, and warning him to take heede how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kinred. But thus this *combat of cowardes* being finiſhed, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melody receiued into the campe as victorious, neuer a Page there failing to waite vpon this Triumph.

But *Clinias* though he wanted hart to preuent ſhame, yet he wanted not wit to feele ſhame; not ſo much repining at it for the abhorring of ſhame, as for the diſcommodities that to them that are ſhamed, enſue. For well he deemed, it would be a great barre to his practiſe, and a pulling on of iniuries, when men needed not care, how they vſed him. Inſomuch, that *Clinias* (finding himſelfe the ſcorning-ſtocke of euery company) fell with repining to hate the cauſe thereof; and hate in a cowards hart, could ſet it ſelfe no other limites, but death. Which purpoſe was well egged on by repreſenting vnto himſelfe, what danger he lately was in; which ſtill kept no leſſe ougly figure in his mind, then when it was preſent: and quickly (euen in his diſſembling countenance) might be diſcerned a concealed grudge. For though he forced in himſelfe a farre more diligent officiouſneſſe toward *Amphialus*, then euer before, yet a leering eye vpon the one ſide at him, a countenance ſtill framed to ſmiling before him (how little cauſe ſoeuer there was of ſmiling) and grombling behind him, at any of his commandements, with an vncertaine manner of behauiour: his words comming out, though full of flatterie, yet ſlowly, and hoarcely pronounced, might well haue blazed, what armes his falſe hart bare. But deſpiſed: becauſe of his cowardlineſſe, and not marked, becauſe deſpiſed, he had the freer ſcope of practiſe. Which he did the more deſperately enter into, becauſe the daily dangers *Amphialus* did ſubmitte himſelfe vnto, made *Clinias* aſſuredly looke for his ouerthrow, and for his owne conſequently, if he did not redeeme his former treaſon to *Baſilius*, with a more treaſonable falſhood toward *Amphialus*. His chiefe care therefore was, to find out among all ſorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like feare, tediouſneſſe of the ſiege, or diſcontentment of ſome vnſatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the ſame mine that he did: and ſome already of welthy weary ſolkes, and vnconſtant youths (who had not found ſuch ſudden ſucceſſe as they had promiſed themſelues) he had made ſtoupe to his lure. But of none he made ſo good accoũt as of *Arteſia*, ſiſter to the late ſlaine *Iſmenus*, & the chiefe of the ſixe maides, who had trained out the Princeſſes to their banket of miſerie: ſo much did the ſharpneſſe of her wit counteruaile (as he thought) any other defects of her ſex: for ſhe had vndertaken that dangerous practiſe by the perſwaſion of *Cecropia*, who aſſured her that the two Princeſſes ſhould be made away; and then *Amphialus* would marry her: which ſhe was the apter to beleeue, by ſome falſe perſwaſion her glaſſe had giuen her of her owne incomparable excellencies, and by the great fauour ſhe knew he bare to her brother *Iſmenus*, which (like a ſelf-flattering woman) ſhe conceiued was done for her ſake. But when ſhe had atchieued her attempt, & that ſhe found the Princeſſes were ſo far from their intended death, as that the one of thẽ was like to be her ſoueraigne,

and that neither her ſeruice had won of *Amphialus* much more then ordinary fauor, nor her ouer large offring her ſelfe to a mind otherwiſe owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptation; diſdaine to be diſdained ſpite of a fruſtrate hope, and perchance vnquenched luſt-growne rage, made her vnquiet thoughts find no other reſt, but malice: which was increaſed by the death of her brother, whom ſhe iudged neither ſuccoured againſt *Philanax*, nor reuenged vpon *Philanax*. But all theſe coles were well blowne by the company ſhe eſpecially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her impriſonment. For finding her preſence vncheerfull to the mourning *Philoclea*, and condemned of the hie harted *Pamela*, ſhe ſpent her time moſt with *Zelmane*. Who though at the firſt hardly brooking the inſtrument of their miſerie, learning cunning in the ſchoole of aduerſitie, in time framed her ſelfe to yeeld her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmane*, when ſhee had by that vnexpected miſchiefe her body impriſoned, he valure ouer maiſtred, her wit beguiled, her deſires barred, her loue eclipſed; aſſured of euil, fearing worſe, able to know *Philocleas* misfortune, & not able to ſuccour her, ſhe was a great while, before the greatneſſe of her hart could deſcend to ſorow; but rather roſe boyling vp in ſpite and diſdaine; Reaſon hardly making Courage beleeue, that it was diſtreſſed: but as if the walles would be afraid of her, ſo would her lookes ſhoote out threatning vpon them. But the fetters of ſeruitude (growing heauier with wearing) made her feele her caſe, and the little preuailing of repining: & then griefe gate a ſeate in her ſoftned mind, making ſweetneſſe of paſſed comforts by due title claime teares of preſent diſcomforts: and ſince her fortune made her able to helpe as little as any body, yet to be able to waile as much as any body; ſolitarie Sorrow, with a continuall circle in her ſelfe, going out at her owne mouth, to come in againe at her owne eares. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graued in the glaſſe windowes, and by the fooliſh idolatrie of affection, no ſooner written, then adored; and no ſooner adored, then pitied: all the wonted praiſes (ſhe was wont to giue vnto her) being now but figures of rhetorike to amplifie the iniuries of misfortune; againſt which being alone, ſhe would often make inuectiue declamations, methodized only by raging ſorrow.

But when *Arteſia* did inſinuate her ſelfe into her acquaintance, ſhe gaue the gouernment of her courage to wit, and was content to familiarize her ſelfe with her: ſo much the rather, as that ſhe perceiued in her certaine flawes of il-concealed diſcontentment. Inſomuch that whē *Zelmane* wold ſweeten her mouth with the praiſes of the ſiſters, eſpecially ſetting forth their noble gratefulnes in neuer forgetting welintended ſeruices, & inuoking the iuſtice of the gods, not to ſuffer ſuch treaſures to be wrongfully hidden, & ſomtimes with a kind vnkindnes, charging *Arteſia* that ſhe had bin abuſed to abuſe ſo worthy perſons: *Arteſia* (though falſly) would proteſt, that ſhe had bin beguiled in it, neuer meaning other matter then recreation: & yet withal (by alleaging how vngratefully ſhe was dealt with) it was eaſie to be ſeene, it was the vnrewarding, and not the euill employing her ſeruice, which grieued her. But *Zelmane* (vſing her own bias to bowle neer the miſtreſſe of her own thoughts) was content to lend her beleefe, and withall, to magnifie her deſert, if willingly ſhe would deliuer, whom vnwillingly ſhee had impriſoned; leauing no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter reuenge. So that *Arteſia* (puſht forward by *Clinias* and drawne onward by *Zelmane*) bound her ſelfe to that practiſe; wherein *Zelmane* (for her part) deſired no more, but to haue armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to performe any thing, how impoſſible ſoeuer, which longing Loue can perſwade, and inuincible Valour dare promiſe.

But

But *Clinias* (whoſe faith could neuer comprehend the miſteries of courage) perſwaded *Arteſia* while he by corruption had drawne the guard of one gate, to open it (when he would appoint the time) to the enemy: that ſhe ſhould impoyſon *Amphialus*, which ſhe might the eaſier do, becauſe ſhe herſelfe had vſed to make the broaths, when *Amphialus* (either wearied or wounded) did vſe ſuch diet. And all things already were ready to bee put in execution, when they thought beſt to breake the matter with the two excellent ſiſters, not doubting of their conſent in a thing ſo behoofefull to themſelues: their reaſons being, that the Princeſſes knowing their ſeruice, might be ſure to preſerue them from the fury of the entring ſouldiers: whereof *Clinias* (euen ſo) could ſcarcely be ſufficiently certaine: and withall, making them priuie to their action, to bind them afterwards to a promiſed gratefulneſſe towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Clinias* to *Philoclea*, and *Arteſia* to *Pamela*: and *Clinias*, with no fewe words, did ſet foorth what an exploite was intended for her ſeruice. But *Philoclea* (in whoſe cleere mind treaſon could find no hiding place) told him, that ſhe would be glad, if he could perſwade her coſin to deliuer her, and that ſhe would neuer forget his ſeruice therein: but that ſhe deſired him to lay downe any ſuch way of miſchiefe, for that (for her part) ſhe would rather yeeld to perpetuall impriſonment, then conſent to the deſtroying her coſin, who (ſhe knew) loued her, though wronged her. This vnlooked for anſwere amazed *Clinias*, ſo that he had no other remedy in his mind, but to kneele downe to *Philoclea*, and beſeech her to keepe it ſecret, conſidering that the intention was for her ſeruice: and vowing (ſince ſhe miſliked it) to proceed no further therein, ſhe comforted him with promiſe of ſilence, which ſhe perfourmed.

But that little auayled: for *Arteſia* hauing in like ſort opened this deuice to *Pamela*, ſhe (in whoſe mind Vertue gouerned with the ſcepter of Knowledge) hating ſo horrible a wickedneſſe, and ſtreight iudging what was fit to doo; Wicked woman (ſayd ſhe) whoſe vnrepenting heart can find no way to amend treaſon, but by treaſon: now the time is come, that thy wretched wiles haue caught thy ſelfe in thine owne nette: as for me, let the Gods diſpoſe of me as ſhall pleaſe them; but ſure it ſhall be no ſuch way, nor way-leader, by which I will cõme to liberty. This ſhe ſpake ſomething with a lowder voyce then ſhe was wont to vſe, ſo as *Cecropia* heard the noiſe; who was (ſooner then *Arteſia* imagined ſhe would) come vp, to bring *Pamela* to a window, where ſhe might ſee a notable skirmiſh happened in the Campe, as ſhe thought, among themſelues: and being a cunning fiſher in troubled waters, ſtreight found by their voyces and geſtures, there was ſome matter of conſequence, which ſhe deſired *Pamela* to tell her. Aske of her (ſayd *Pamela*) and learne to know, that who do falſhood to their ſuperiours, teach falſhood to their inferiours. More ſhe would not ſay. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Arteſia*, with feare of torture, gat of her the whole practiſe: ſo as *Zelmane* was the more cloſely impriſoned, and *Clinias* (with the reſt of his corrupted mates, according to their merites) executed: For, as for *Arteſia*, ſhe was but lockt vp in her chamber, *Amphialus* not conſenting (for the loue he bare to *Iſmenus*) that further puniſhment ſhould be layd vpon her.

But the noiſe they heard in the campe, was occaſion of the famous Prince *Anaxius*, nephew to the Gyant *Euardes* whom *Pyrocles* ſlue: A Prince, of body exceedingly ſtrong; in armes ſo skilfull and fortunate, as no man was thought to excell him; of courage that knew not howe to feare: parts worthie praiſe, if they had not beene

guided by pride, and followed by vniuſtice. For by a ſtrange compoſition of mind, there was no man more tenderly ſenſible in any thing offered to himſelfe, which in the fartheſt-fet conſtruction, might be wreſted to the name of wrong; no man, that in his owne actions could worſe diſtinguiſh betweene Valour and Violence: So proud, as he could not abſtaine from a *Thraſo*-like boaſting, and yet (ſo vnluckie a lodging his vertues had gotten) he would neuer boaſt more then he would accompliſh: falſly accounting an vnflexible anger, a couragious conſtancie: eſteeming feare, and aſtoniſhment, righter cauſes of admiration, then Loue and Honour. This man had foure ſundrie times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had bene ſo vnpartiall an arbiter, that neither ſide gatte aduantage of the other. But in the end it happened, that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus* (vnknowne) in a great danger, and ſaued his life: whereupon (louing his owne benefit) began to fauour him, ſo much the more as thinking ſo well of himſelfe, he could not chooſe but like him, whom he found a match for himſelfe: which at laſt grew to as much friendſhippe towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceiued. So as in this trauell (ſeeking *Pyrocles* to be reuenged of his vncles death) hearing of this ſiege, neuer taking paines to examine the quarrell (like a man whoſe will was his God, and his hand his lawe, taking with him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himſelfe in martiall matters) and two hundred choſen horſemen (with whom hee thought himſelfe able to conquere the world) yet commaunding the reſt of his forces to follow, he himſelfe vpon ſuch an vnexpected ſuddenneſſe entred in vpon the backe of *Baſilius*, that many with great vnkindneſſe tooke their death, not knowing why, nor how they were ſo murdred. There, if euer, did he make knowne the wonderfulneſſe of his force. But the valiant, and faithfull *Philanax*, with well gouerned ſpeed made ſuch head againſt him, as would haue ſhewed, how ſoone Courage falles in the ditch which hath not the eye of Wiſedom: but that *Amphialus* at the ſame time iſſued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the ſconſes, which *Baſilius* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius* with great loſſe of both ſides, but eſpecially of the *Baſilians*; ſuch notable monuments had thoſe two ſwords eſpecially left of their Maiſters redoubted worthineſſe.

There with the reſpect fit to his eſtate, the honour due to his worthineſſe, and the kindneſſe which accompanies friendſhip (made faſt by enterchaunged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himſelfe (as much as in a beſieged towne he could) to make *Anaxius* know, that his ſuccour was not ſo needefull, as his preſence gratefull. For cauſing the ſtreetes and houſes of the towne to witneſſe his welcome (making both ſouldiers and Magiſtrates in their countenances to ſhew their gladneſſe of him) hee led him to his mother, whom hee beſought to entertaine him with no leſſe loue and kindneſſe, then as one, who once had ſaued her ſonnes life, and now came to ſaue both life and honour. Tuſh (ſayd *Anaxius*, ſpeaking alowde, looking vpon his brothers) I am onely ſorie there are not halfe a dozen Kings more about you: that what *Anaxius* can do, might be the better manifeſted. His brothers ſmiled, as thogh he had ouer-modeſtly ſpoken farre vnderneath the pitch of his power. Then was he diſarmed at the earneſt requeſt of *Amphialus:* for *Anaxius* boiled with deſire to iſſue out vpon the enemies, perſwading himſelfe, that the Sun ſhould not be ſet, before he had ouerthrowne them. And hauing repoſed himſelfe, *Amphialus* asked him, whether he would viſite the yong Princeſſes. But *Anaxius* whiſpered him in the eare: In trueth (ſayd hee) deare friend *Amphialus*, though I am none of thoſe, that loue to ſpeake of themſelues, I neuer came yet in companie of Ladies, but that they fell in

loue

loue with me. And I that in my hart ſcorne them as a peeuiſh paltry ſexe, not worthie to communicate with my vertues, would not doo you the wrong: ſince (as I heare) you do debaſe your ſelfe ſo much as to affect them. The curteous *Amphialus* could haue beene angry with him for thoſe words; but knowing his humour, ſuffered him to daunce to his owne muſicke: and gaue himſelfe to entertaine both him and his brothers, with as cheerefull a manner, as could iſſue from a mind whom vnluckie loue had filled with melancholie. For to *Anaxius* he yeelded the direction of all. He gaue the watchword, and if any grace were graunted, the meanes were to be made to *Anaxius*. And that night when ſupper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* would needes himſelfe waite vpon him, he cauſed in Boates vpon the Lake an excellent muſicke to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceiue was for his honour, yet indeede he was but the Bricke-wall to conuey it to the eares of the beloued *Philoclea*.

The muſicke was of Cornets, whereof one aunſwering the other, with a ſweete emulation, ſtriuing for the glorie of muſicke, and ſtriking vpon the ſmooth face of the quiet Lake, was then deliuered vp to the caſtle walles, which with a proude reuerberation, ſpreading it into the aire; it ſeemed before the harmonie came to the eare, that it had enriched it ſelfe in trauaile, the nature of thoſe places adding melodie to that melodious inſtrument. And when a while that inſtrument had made a braue proclamation to all vnpoſſeſſed mindes of attention, an excellent conſort ſtreight followed of fiue Violles, and as many voyces; which all being but Oratours of their maiſters paſſions, beſtowed this ſong vpon her, that thought vpon another matter.

*THe Fire to ſee my wrongs for anger burneth:*
*The Aire in raine for my affliction weepeth:*
*The Sea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth:*
*The Earth with pittie dul his center keepeth:*
*Fame is with wonder blazed:*
*Time runnes away for ſorrow:*
*Place ſtandeth ſtill amazed,*
*To ſee my night of euils, which hath no morrow.*
*Alas all only ſhe no pittie taketh*
*To know my miſeries, but chaſte and cruell*
*My fall her glory maketh;*
*Yet ſtill her eyes giue to my flames their fuell,*
*Fire, burne me quite till ſenſe of burning leaue me:*
*Aire, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish:*
*Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereaue me:*
*Earth, take this earth wherein my ſpirits languish.*
*Fame, ſay I was not borne:*
*Time, haſt my dying hower:*
*Place, ſee my graue vptorne:*
*Fire, aire, ſea, earth, fame, time, place ſhew your power.*
*Alas from all their helpes I am exiled:*
*For hers am I, and Death feares her diſpleaſure.*
*Fie Death thou art beguiled:*
*Though I be hers, ſhe makes of me no treaſure.*

But *Anaxius* (ſeeming awearie before it was ended) told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no muſick, but the neighing of horſes, the ſound of trumpets, and the cries of yeelding perſons: and therefore deſired, that the next morning they ſhould iſſue vpon the ſame place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make them quickly aweary of being the beſiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit leſſe courage, though nothing blowne vp with pride, willingly condiſcended, & ſo the next morning (giuing falſe alarum to the other ſide of the campe) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius* earneſt requeſt, ſtaying within the towne to ſee it garded, *Anaxius* and his brethrē, *Lycurgus*, and *Zoilus*, ſallied out with the beſt choſen men. But *Baſilius* (hauing bin the laſt day ſomwhat vnprouided) now had better fortified the ouerthrowne ſconſe; and ſo well had prepared euery thing for defence, that it was impoſſible for any valour from within, to preuaile. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credite of the credulous. For thriſe (valiantly followed by his brothers) did he ſet vp his banner vpon the rampire of the enemy: though thriſe againe by the multitude, and aduantage of the place, but eſpecially by the comming of three valiant Knights, he were driuen downe againe. Numbers there were that day, whoſe deathes and ouerthrowes were excuſed by the well knowne ſword of *Anaxius*: but the reſt by the length of time & iniury of Hiſtorians, haue bin wrapped vp in darke forgetfulneſſe: only *Treſſennius* is ſpoken of, becauſe when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius*; till hauing loſt one of his legs, yet not loſt the hart of fighting, *Lycurgus* (ſecond brother to *Anaxius*) cruellie murthered him; *Anaxius* him ſelfe diſdayning any further to deale with him.

But ſo far had *Anaxius* at the third time preuailed, that now the *Baſilians* began to let their courage deſcend to their feete. *Baſilius* & *Philanax* in vaine ſtriuing with reuerence of authority to bridle the flight of aſtoniſhment, and to teach Feare diſcretion: ſo that *Amphialus*, ſeeing Victory ſhew ſuch a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force; hoping that day to end the ſiege.

But that fancie altered quickelie by the ſudden comming to the other ſide of three Knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in greene, and the third by his blacke armour and deuice ſtreight knowne to be the notable Knight, who the firſt day had giuen Fortune ſo ſhort a ſtoppe with his notable deedes and fighting hand to hand the deemed inuincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no ſooner ſaw him, but as borrowing ſome of his ſpirit, they went like young Eagles to the pray, vnder the wing of their damme. For the three aduenturers, not content to keepe them from their rampire, leapt downe among them, and entered into a braue combate with the three valiant brothers. But to whether ſide Fortune would haue beene partiall, could not be determined. For the *Baſilians*, lightened with the beames of theſe ſtrangers valure, followed ſo thicke, that the *Amphialians* were glad with ſome haſt to retire to the walles-ward: though *Anaxius* neither reaſon, feare nor example, could make him aſſwage the furie of his fight: vntill one of the *Baſilians* (vnworthy to haue his name regiſtred, ſince hee did it cowardly, ſideward, when he leaſt looked that way) almoſt cut off one of his legges: ſo as he fell downe, blaſpheming heauen, that all the influences thereof had power to ouerthrow him, and there death would haue ſeazed of his proud hart, but that *Amphialus* tooke in hand the blacke knight, while ſome of his ſouldiers conueied away *Anaxius*, ſo requiting life for life vnto him.

And for the loue and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fitte of heate: when *Baſilius* (that thought inough to bee done for that day) cauſed retraite

retraite to be ſounded; fearing leaſt his men following ouer-earneſtly, might be the loſſe of thoſe excellent Knights whom he deſired to know. The knights as ſoone as they heard the retraite (though they were eagerly ſet, knowing that courage without diſcipline is nearer beaſtlineſſe then manhood) drew backe their ſwords, though hungrie of more bloud: eſpecially the blacke knight, who knowing *Amphialus* could not refraine to tell him, that this was the ſecond time he eſcaped out of his hands, but that he would ſhortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. *Amphialus*, ſeeing it fit to retire alſo (moſt of his people being hurt, both in bodies and harts) withdrew himſelfe, with ſo well ſeated a reſolution, that it was as far from anger, as from diſmayednesſe; anſwering no other to the blacke knights threats, but that when hee brought him his account, he ſhould find a good pay-maiſter.

The fight being ceaſſed, and each ſide withdrawne within their ſtrengths, *Baſilius* ſent *Philanax* to entertaine the ſtrange knights, and to bring them vnto him, that he might acknowledge what honor was due to their vertue. But they excuſed thēſelues, deſiring to be knowne firſt by their deeds, before their names ſhold accuſe their vnworthineſſe: and though the other replied according as they deſerued, yet (finding that vnwelcome curteſie is a degree of iniury) he ſuffered them to retire thēſelues to a tent of their owne without the campe, where they kept themſelues ſecret: *Philanax* himſelfe being called away to another ſtrange knight; ſtrange not only by the vnlookedforneſſe of his comming, but by the ſtrange maner of his comming.

For he had before him foure damoſels, & ſo many behind him, all vpon palfrayes and all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a ſeruant of each ſide, with like liueries of ſorrow. Himſelfe in an armour, all painted ouer with ſuch a cunning of ſhadow, that it repreſented a gaping ſepulcher, the furniture of his horſe was all of Cypreſſe braunches: wherewith in olde time they were wont to dreſſe graues, His Baſes (which he ware ſo long, as they came almoſt to his ankle) were embrodered onely with blacke wormes, which ſeemed to crawle vp and downe, as ready alreadie to deuoure him. In his ſhield for *Impreſa*, he had a beautifull child, but hauing two heads; whereon the one ſhewed, that it was already dead: the other aliue, but in that caſe, neceſſarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to be rid from death, but by death.*

This Knight of the tombe (for ſo the ſouldiers termed him) ſent to *Baſilius* to demaund leaue to ſend in a damoſell into the towne, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time ſome others had done. Which being graunted (as glad any would vndertake the charge, which no bodie elſe in that campe was knowne willing to do) the damoſell went in, & hauing with teares ſobbed out a braue chalenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the Tombe, *Amphialus*, honourably entertaining the Gentlewoman and deſiring to know the knights name (which the doleſull Gentlewoman would not diſcouer) accepted the chalenge, onely deſiring the Gentlewoman to ſay thus much to the ſtraunge knight from him, that if his mind were like to his title, there were more cauſe of affinity, then enemie betweene them. And therefore preſently (according as he was wont) as ſoone as he perceiued the knight of the Tombe, with his Damoſels and Iudge, was come into the Iland, hee alſo went ouer in accuſtomed maner: and yet for the curteſie of his nature, deſired to ſpeake with him.

But the Knight of the Tombe, with ſilence, and drawing his horſe backe, ſhewed no will to heare, nor ſpeake: but with Launce on thigh, made him knowe, it was fitte for him to go to the other ende of the Career, whence wayting the ſtart of the

vnknowne Knight,he likewiſe made his ſpurres claime haſte of his horſe. But when his ſtaffe was in his reſt, comming downe to meete with the Knight, now verie neere him, he perceiued the Knight had miſt his reſt: wherefore the curteous *Amphialus* would not let his Launce deſcend, but with a gallant grace, ran ouer the head of his therein friended enemie: and hauing ſtopped his horſe, and with the turning of him, bleſſed his ſight with the Window where hee thought *Philoclea* might ſtand, he perceiued the knight had lighted from his horſe, and throwne away his ſtaffe, angrie with his miſtortune, as of hauing miſt his reſt, and drawne his ſword to make that ſupply his fellowes fault. He alſo lighted, and drew his ſword, eſteeming victorie with aduantage, rather robbed then purchaſed: and ſo the other comming eagerly toward him; he with his ſhield out, and ſword aloft, with more brauerie then anger, drew vnto him; and ſtraight made their ſwords ſpeake for them a pretie-while with equall fierceneſſe. But *Amphialus* (to whom the earth brought foorth few matches) hauing both much more skill to chooſe the places, and more force to worke vpon the choſen, had already made many windowes in his armour for death to come in at; when in the nobleneſſe of his nature abhorring to make the puniſhment ouergo the offence, he ſtept a little backe, and withall, Sir knight (ſaid he) you may eaſily ſee, that it pleaſeth God to fauour my cauſe; employ your valour againſt them that with you hurt: for my part, I haue not deſerued hate of you. Thou lyeſt falſe traytor, ſayd the other, with an angry, but weake voyce. But *Amphialus*, in whom abuſed kindneſſe became ſpitefull rage, Ah barbarous wretch (ſayd he) onely couragious in diſcurteſie; thou ſhalt ſoone ſee whether thy tongue hath betrayed the hart or no: and with that redoubling his blowes, gaue him a great wound vpon his necke, and cloſing with him ouerthrew him, & in the fall thruſt him mortally into the body: and with that went to pul off his helmet, with intention to make him giue himſelfe the lie, for hauing ſo ſayd, or to cut off his head.

But the head-peece was no ſooner off, but that there fell about the ſhoulders of the ouercome knight the treaſure of faire golden haire, which with the face (ſoone knowne by the badge of excellency) witneſſed that it was *Parthenia*, the vnfortunate-lie vertuous wife of *Argalus*; her beauty then euen in deſpight of the paſſed ſorrow, or comming death, aſſuring all beholders, that it was nothing ſhort of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes, hauing with continuall weeping gotten a litle redneſſe about them; her roundy ſweetly ſwelling lips a litle trembling, as though they kiſſed their neighbor death; in her cheeks the whiteneſſe ſtriuing by litle & litle to get vpō the roſineſſe of them, her necke, a neck indeed of Alablaſter, diſplaying the wound, which with moſt daintie bloud laboured to drowne his owne beauties; ſo as here was a riuer of pureſt red, there an Iland of perfitteſt white, each giuing luſtre to the other; with the ſweete countenance (God knowes) full of an vnaffected languiſhing: though theſe things to a groſly conceiuing ſenſe might ſeeme diſgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beautie in a new faſhion, which al looked-vpon thorough the ſpectacles of pittie, did euen encreaſe the lines of her naturall fairenes, ſo as *Amphialus* was aſtoniſhed with griefe, compaſſion, and ſhame, deteſting his fortune, that made him vnfortunate in victory.

Therefore, putting off his headpeece and gauntlet, kneeling downe vnto her, and with teares teſtifying his ſorrow, he offred his (by himſelfe accurſed) hands to helpe her: proteſting his life and power to be ready to doe her honour. But *Parthenia* (who had inward meſſengers of the deſired deathes approch) looking vpon him and ſtreight turning away her feeble ſight, as from a delightleſſe obiect, drawing

out

out her words, which her breath (loath to depart from ſo ſweet a body) did faintly deliuer, Sir (ſayd ſhe) I pray you (if praiers haue place in enemies) to let my maides take my body vntouched by you: the only honour I now deſire by your meanes, is, that I haue no honor of you. *Argalus* made no ſuch bargaine with you, that the hands which killed him, ſhould helpe me. I haue of them (and I do not only pardon you, but thanke you for it) the ſeruice which I deſired. There reſts nothing now, but that I go liue with him, ſince whoſe death I haue done nothing but die. Then pawſing, and a litle fainting, and againe comming to her ſelfe, ô ſweete life, well come (ſayd ſhe) now feele I the bands vntied of the cruell death, which ſo long hath held me. And ô life, ô death, anſwer for mee, that my thoughts haue not ſo much as in a dreame taſted any comfort; ſince they were depriued of *Argalus*. I come, my *Argalus*, I come: And, ô God hide my faults in thy mercies, and graunt (as I feele thou doſt graunt) that in thy eternall loue, we may loue each other eternally. And this ô Lord: But there *Atropos* cut off her ſentence: for with that, caſting vp both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble ſoule departed (one might well aſſure himſelfe) to heauen, which lift the body in ſo heauenly a demeanure.

But *Amphialus* (with a hart oppreſſed with griefe, becauſe of her requeſt) withdrew himſelfe, but the Iudges, as full of pity, had bene all this while diſarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries, labouring to ſtanch the remedileſſe wounds: and a while ſhe was dead before they perceiued it; death being able to diuide the ſoule, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death aſſured them of their loſſe, one of the women would haue killed her ſelfe, but that the ſquire of *Amphialus* perceiuing, by force held her. Others that had as ſtrong paſſion, though weaker reſolution, fell to caſt duſt vpon their heads, to teare their garments: all falling vpon the earth: & crying vpon their ſweet miſtres; as if their cries could perſwade the ſoule to leaue the celeſtiall happineſſe, to come againe into the elements of ſorrow: one time calling to remembrance her vertue, chaſtneſſe, ſweetneſſe, goodnes to them: another time accurſing thẽſelues, that they had obeyed her, they hauing bene deceiued by her words, who aſſured them that it was reuealed vnto her, that ſhe ſhould haue her harts deſire in the battell againſt *Amphialus*, which they wrongly vnderſtood. Then kiſſing her cold hands and feete, wearie of the world, ſince ſhe was gone, who was their world, the verie heauens ſeemed with a cloudie countenance, to loure at the loſſe, and Fame it ſelfe (though by nature glad to tell ſuch rare accidents, yet) could not chooſe but deliuer it in lamentable accents, & in ſuch ſort went it quickly all ouer the Campe: &, as if the aire had bene infected with ſorrow, no hart was ſo hard, but was as ſubiect to that contagion; the rareneſſe of the accident, matching together (the rarely matched together) pittie with admiration, *Baſilius* himſelfe came forth, and brought the faire *Gynecia* with him, who was come into the campe vnder colour of viſiting her husband, & hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmane* was the Sainct, to which her pilgrimage was intended: curſing, enuying, bleſſing, and in her hart kiſſing the walles which impriſoned her. but both they with *Philanax*, & the reſt of the principall Nobility, went out, to make Honour triumph ouer Death, conueying that excellent body (whereto *Baſilius* himſelfe would needs lend his ſhoulder) to a Church a mile from the Campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed; recommending to that ſepulcher the bleſſed reliques of faithfull and vertuous Loue, giuing order for the making of the marble images, to repreſent them, and each way enriching the tombe; vpon which, *Baſilius* himſelfe cauſed this Epitaph to be written.

The Epitaph.

*HIs being was in her alone:*
*And he not being, she was none.*

*They ioy'd one ioy, one griefe they grieu'd,*
*One loue they lou'd, one life they liu'd.*
*The hand was one, one was the ſword*
*That did his death, her death afford.*

*As all the reſt, ſo now the ſtone*
*That tombes the two, is iuſtly one.*

ARGALVS & PARTHENIA.

Then with eyes full of teares, and mouthes full of her praiſes, returned they to the campe, with more and more hate againſt *Amphialus*: who (poore Gentleman) had therefore greater portion of woe then any of them. For that courteous heart, which would haue grieued but to haue heard the like aduenture, was rent with remembring himſelfe to be the author: ſo that his wiſdome could not ſo far temper his paſſion, but that he tooke his ſword, counted the beſt in the world (which with much bloud he had once conquered of a mighty Giant) and brake it into many peeces (which afterwards he had good cauſe to repent) ſaying, that neither it was worthy to ſerue the noble exerciſe of chiualrie, nor any other worthy to feele that ſword, which had ſtroken ſo excellent a Lady: and withall, baniſhing all cheerefulneſſe of his countenance, he returned home. Where he gate him to his bed, not ſo much to reſt his reſtleſſe mind, as to auoid all company, the ſight wherof was tedious vnto him. And then melancholy (only rich in vnfortunate remembrances) brought before him all the miſhaps, with which his life had wreſtled: taking this, not onely as a confirming of the former, but a preſage of following miſerie; and to his heart (already ouercome by ſorrowfulneſſe) euen trifling misfortunes came, to fill vp the rolle of a grieued memorie, labouring only his wits to pierce farther & farther into his owne wretchednеſſe. So as all that night (in deſpite of darkneſſe) he held his eyes open; and the morning when the delight began to reſtore to each boy his colour, then with curtaines bard he himſelfe from the enioying of it: neither willing to feele the comfort of the day, nor the eaſe of the night: vntill his mother (who neuer knew what loue meant, but onely to himward) came to his bed ſide, and beginning with louing earneſtneſſe to lay a kind chiding vpon him, becauſe he wold ſuffer the weakneſſe of ſorrow, to conquer the ſtrength of his vertues; he did with a broken peece-meale ſpeech (as if the tempeſt of paſſion vnorderly blew out his words) remember the miſhaps of his youth, the euils he had bene cauſe of, his rebelling with ſhame, & that

that ſhame increaſed with ſhamefull accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* & *Parthenia*, wherin he found himſelfe hated of the euer-ruling powers, but eſpecially (and ſo eſpecially, as the reſt ſeemed nothing when he came to that) his fatall loue to *Philoclea*: to whom he had ſo gouerned himſelfe, as one that could neither conquer, nor yeeld; being of the one ſide a ſlaue, and of the other iaylor: and withall, almoſt vpbrayding vnto his mother the little ſucceſſe of her large hoping promiſes, he in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified, and now himſelfe ſo caſt downe, as hee thought him vnworthy of better. But his mother (as ſhe had plentifull cauſe) making him ſee, that of his other griefes there was litle or no fault in himſelfe, and therfore there ought to be little or no griefe in him; when ſhe came to the head of the ſore, indeed ſeeing that ſhe could no longer patch vp her former promiſes (he taking a deſperat deafneſſe to all delaying hopes) ſhe confeſt plainly, that ſhe could preuaile nothing: but the fault was his owne, who had marred the yong Girle by ſeeking to haue that by praier, which hee ſhould haue taken by authoritie. That as it were an abſurd cunning to make hie ladders to go in a plaine way; ſo was it an vntimely and fooliſh flattery, there to beſeech, where one might commaund, puffing them vp by being beſought, with ſuch a ſelfe-pride of ſuperiority, that it was not (forſooth) to be held out, but by a denial. O God (ſayd *Amphialus*) how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labors? aſſure your ſelfe, mother, I will ſooner pull out theſe eyes, thē they ſhall looke vpon the heauenly *Philoclea*, but as vpō a heauen, whence they haue their light, and to which they are ſubiect, if they wil powre downe any influences of cōfort, ô happy I: but if by the ſacrifice of a faithfull hart, they will not be called vnto me, let me languiſh, and wither with languiſhing, and grieue with withering, but neuer ſo much as repine with neuer ſo much grieuing. Mother, ô Mother, luſt may well be a tyrant but true loue where it is indeed, it is a ſeruant. Accurſed more then I am, may I be, if euer I did approch her, but that I freezed aſmuch in a fearefull reuerence, as I burned in a vehement deſire. Did euer mans eye looke thorough loue vpon the maieſty of vertue, ſhining through beautie, but that he became (as it well became him) a captiue; and is it the ſtile of a captiue to write, *Our will and pleaſure?*

Tuſh, tuſh ſonne (ſaid *Cecropia*) if you ſay you loue, but withall you feare; you feare leaſt you ſhould offend; Offend? and how know you, that you ſhould offend? becauſe ſhe doth denie; Denie? now by my truth, if your ſadneſſe wold let me laugh, I could laugh hartily, to ſee that yet you are ignorant, that No, is no negatiue in a womans mouth. My ſonne, beleeue me, a woman, ſpeaking of women: a louers modeſty among vs is much more praiſed, then liked: or if we like it, ſo well we like it, that for marring of his modeſtie, he ſhal neuer proceed further. Each vertue hath his time: if you commaund your ſouldier to march formoſt, & he for curteſie put others before him, would you praiſe his modeſty? loue is your generall: he bids you dare: and will *Amphialus* be a daſtard? Let examples ſerue: do you thinke *Theſeus* ſhould euer haue gotten *Antiope* with ſighing and croſſing his armes? he rauiſhed her, and rauiſhed her that was an *Amazon*, and therefore had gotten a habite of ſtoutneſſe aboue the nature of a woman; but hauing rauiſhed her, he got a child of her. And I ſay no more, but that (they ſay) is not gotten with out conſent of both ſides. *Iole* had her owne father killed by *Hercules*, and her ſelfe rauiſhed, by force rauiſhed, and yet ere long this rauiſhed, and vnfathered Lady could ſportfully put on the Lions skin vpon her owne faire ſhoulders, and play with the club with her owne delicat hands: ſo eaſily had ſhe pardoned the rauiſher, that ſhe could not but delight in thoſe weapons of rauiſhing.

But aboue all, marke *Helen* daughter to *Iupiter*, who could neuer brooke her manerly-wooing *Menelaus*, but disdained his humblenesse, and lothed his softnes. But so well she could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him she could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menelaus* takes hart, he recouers her by force, by force carries her home, by force inioyes her; and she, who wold neuer like him for seruiceablenes, euer after loued him for violēce. For what can be more agreeable, then vpon force to lay the fault of desire, & in one instant to ioyne a deare delight with a iust excuse or rather the true cause is (pardon me ô woman-kind for reuealing to mine own son the truth of this mistery) we thinke there wants fire, where we find no sparkles at least of fury. Truly I haue known a great Lady, long sought by most great, most wise, most beautiful, most valiāt persons; neuer won, because they did ouer-superstitiously sollicite her: the same Lady brought vnder by another, inferiour to all thē in all those qualities, only because he could vse that imperious maisterfulnes, which nature giues to men aboue women. For indeede (son, I confesse vnto you) in our very creation we are seruants: and who prayseth his seruants shall neuer be well obeyed: but as a ready horse streight yeelds, when he finds one that will haue him yeeld, the same fals to bounds when he feeles a fearful horsman. Awake thy spirits (good *Amphialus*) and assure thy selfe, that though she refuseth, she refuseth but to endeere the obtaining. If she weepe, and chide, and protest, before it be gotten, she can but weepe, and chide, and protest, when it is gotten. Thinke, she wold not striue, but that she meanes to trie thy force: and my *Amphialus*, know thy selfe a man, and shew thy selfe a man; and (beleeue me vpon my word) a woman is a woman.

*Amphialus* was about to answer her, when a Gentleman of his made him vnderstand, that there was a messenger come, who had brought a letter vnto him from out of the campe: whom he presently calling for, tooke, opened, and read the letter, importing this:

*TO thee* Amphialus *of* Arcadia, *the forsaken Knight wisheth health, and courage, that by my hand thou maiest receiue punishment for thy treason, according to thine own offer, which wickedly occasioned, thou hast proudly begun, and accursedly maintained. I will presently (if thy mind faint thee not for his owne guiltinesse) meete thee in thy Iland in such order, as hath by the former beene vsed: or if thou likest not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine own reasonable choise in any of them: so as thou do perfourme the substance. Make me such answer as may shew that thou hast some taste of honour: and so I leaue thee, to liue till I meete thee.*

*Amphialus* read it, and with a deepe sigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) seemed euen to condemne himselfe, as though indeed his reproches were true. But howsoeuer the dulnesse of Melancholy would haue languishingly yeelded thereunto, his Courage (vnused to such iniuries) desired helpe of Anger to make him this answer.

*FOrsaken Knight, though your nameles challenge might carry in it selfe excuse for a man of my birth & estate, yet herein set your hart at rest, you shall not be forsaken. I wil without stay answer you in the wonted maner, and come both armed in your foolish threatnings, and yet the more fearelesse, expecting weake blowes, where I find so strong words. You shall not therefore long attend me in the Iland, before proofe teach you that of my life you haue made your selfe too large a promise. In the meane time, Farewell.*

This

This being written, and deliuered, the meſſenger told him that his Lord would (if he liked the ſame) bring two Knights with him to be his Patrons. Which *Amphialus* accepted, and withall ſhaking off (with reſolution) his mothers importunate diſſwaſions, he furniſhed himſelfe for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now (as if he would turne his inſide outward) he would needes appeare all in blacke; his decking both for himſelfe, and horſe, being cut out into the faſhion of very rags: yet all ſo daintily ioyned together with precious ſtones, as it was a braue raggednesſe, and a rich pouertie: and ſo cunningly had a workeman followed his humour in his armour, that he had giuen it a ruſtie ſhew, and yet ſo, as any man might perceiue was by art, & not negligence; carying at one inſtant a diſgraced handſomneſſe, and a new oldneſſe. In his ſhield he bare for his deuiſe, a Night, by an excellent painter excellently painted, with a Sunne with a ſhadow, and vpon the ſhadow with a ſpeech ſignifying, that it *only* was *barrd from inioying that, whereof it had his life*: or, *From whoſe I am, banished*. In his creſt he caried *Philocleas* knives, the only token of hir forced fauour.

So paſt he ouer into the Iland, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius*; where hee found the forſaken Knight, attired in his owne liuerie, as blacke as ſorrow it ſelfe could ſee it ſelfe in the blackeſt glaſſe: his ornaments of the ſame hew, but formed into the figure of Rauens, which ſeemed to gape for carrion: onely his raynes were ſnakes, which finely wrapping themſelues one within the other, their heads came together to the cheekes and boſſes of the bit, where they might ſeeme to bite at the horſe, and the horſe (as he champte the bit) to bite at them, and that the white ſoame was ingendred by the poyſonous furie of the combate. His *Impreſa* was a *Catoblepta* which ſo long lies dead, as the Moone (whereto it hath ſo naturall a ſympathie) wants her light. The word ſignified that *The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beaſt wanted the Moones light*. He had in his headpeece, a whippe, to witneſſe a ſelfe-puniſhing repentance. Their very horſes were cole-blacke too, not hauing ſo much as one ſtarre to giue light to their night of blackeneſſe: ſo as one would haue thought they had bene the two ſonnes of Sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birth-right in that ſorie inheritance.

Which alliance of paſſions ſo moued *Amphialus* (already tender minded by the afflictions of Loue) that without ſtaffe or ſword drawne, he trotted fairely to the forſaken Knight, willing to haue put off this combat, to which his melancholy hart did (more then euer in like occaſion) miſgiue him: and therefore ſaluting him, Good Knight (ſayd he) becauſe we are men, and ſhould know reaſon why we doo things; tell me the cauſe, that makes you thus eager to fight with me. Becauſe I affirme (anſwered the forſaken Knight) that thou doſt moſt rebellious iniurie to thoſe Ladies, to whom all men owe ſeruice. You ſhall not fight with me (ſayd *Amphialus*) vpon the quarrell: for I confeſſe the ſame too: but it proceeds from their owne beautie, to inforce Loue to offer this force. I maintaine then (ſayd the forſaken Knight) that thou art not worthie ſo to loue. And that confeſſe I too (ſayd *Amphialus*) ſince the world is not ſo richly bleſſed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more vnworthy then any other, ſince in none can be a more worthy loue. Yes, more vnworthy then my ſelfe (ſayd the forſaken Knight) for though I deſerue contempt, thou deſerueſt both contempt, and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each indeede miſtaking other) that he was his riuall, forgat all mind of reconciliation, and hauing all his thoughts

bound vp in choller, neuer ſtaying either iudge, trumpet, or his owne launce, drew out his ſword, and ſaying, Thou lyeſt falſe villaine vnto him; his words and blowes came ſo quicke together, as the one ſeemed a lightning of the others thunder. But he found no barren ground of ſuch ſeede: for it yeelded him his owne with ſuch encreaſe, that though Reaſon and Amazement go rarely together, yet the moſt reaſonable eyes that ſaw it, found reaſon to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Neuer game of death betted played; neuer fury ſet it ſelfe forth in greater bravery. The curteous *Vulcan*, when he wrought at his more curteous wiues requeſt *Æneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater ſound, then the ſwords of thoſe noble Knights did, they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to ſhine at the meeting of their ſwords, and armours, each ſide fetching ſtill new ſpirit from the caſtle window, and carefull of keeping their ſight that way as a matter of greater conſideration in their combat, then either the aduantage of Sunne or wind: which Sunne and wind (if the aſtoniſhed eyes of the beholders were not by the aſtoniſhment deceiued) did both ſtand ſtill to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eyes diſcerne motion in the Sunne, and no breath of wind ſtirred, as if either for feare it would not come among ſuch blowes, or with delight had his eyes ſo buſie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell, ſince both Loue and Hatred conſpired to ſharpen their humours, that hard it was to ſay, whether Loue with one trumpet, or Hatred with another, gaue the lowder alarum to their courages. Spite, rage, diſdaine, ſhame, reuenge, came waiting vpon Hatred: of the other ſide came with loue-longing Deſire, both inuincible Hope, and feareleſſe Deſpaire, with riuallike Iealouſie, which (although brought vp within doores in the ſchoole of *Cupid*) would ſhew themſelues no leſſe forward, then the other duſtie band of *Mars*, to make themſelues notable in the notableneſſe of this combat. Of either ſide Confidence, vnacquainted with Loſſe, but aſſuring truſt to ouercome, and good experience how to ouercome: now ſeconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring the horſes, to winne ground of the enemie; now vnlooked-for parting one from the other, to winne aduantage by an aduantageous returne. But force againſt force, skill againſt skill, ſo enterchangeably encountred, that it was not eaſie to determine, whether enterpriſing, or preuenting came former: both, ſometimes at one inſtant, doing and ſuffring wrong, and choller no leſſe riſing of the doing, then of the ſuffring. But as the fire, the more fuell is put to it, the more hungrie ſtill it is to deuoure more: ſo the more they ſtrake, the more vnſatisfied they were with ſtriking. Their verie armour by peecemeale fell away from them: and yet their fleſh abode the wounds conſtantly, as though it were leſſe ſenſible of ſmart, then the ſenſleſſe armour: their bloud in moſt places ſtayning their blacke colour, as if it would giue a more liuely colour of mourning, then blacke can do. And ſo a long ſpace they fought, while neither vertue nor fortune ſeemed partiall of either ſide: which ſo tormented the vnquiet hart of *Amphialus*, that he reſolued to ſee a quicke end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding ſtrength to his blow, he ſtrake in ſuch wiſe vpon the ſide of the others head, that his remembrance left that battered lodging: ſo as he was quite from himſelfe, caſting his armes abrode, and readie to fall downe; his ſword likewiſe went out of his hand; but that being faſt by a chaine to his arme, he could not looſe. And *Amphialus* vſed the fauour of occaſion, redoubling his blowes: but the horſe (weary to be beaten, as well as the maiſter) carried his maiſter away, till he came vnto himſelf. But then who could haue ſeene him,

might

might well haue diſcerned ſhame in his cheekes, and reuenge in his eyes: ſo as ſetting his teeth together with rage, he came running vpon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered vp the ſword, meaning with that blow to haue cleaued *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* ſeeing the blow comming, ſhunned it with nimble turning his horſe aſide; wherewith the forſaken Knight ouer-ſtrake himſelfe ſo, as almoſt he came downe with his owne ſtrength. But the more hungrie of his purpoſe, the more he was bard the food of it: diſdaining the reſiſtance, both of force and fortune, he returned vpon the ſpurre againe, and ranne with ſuch violence vpon *Amphialus*, that his horſe with the force of the ſhocke roſe vp before, almoſt ouerturned: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, with rayne and ſpurre put forth his horſe; and withall gaue a mightie blow in the deſcent of his horſe, vpon the ſhoulder of the forſaken Knight; from whence ſliding, it fell vpon the necke of his horſe, ſo as horſe and man fell to the ground: but he was ſcarce downe before he was vp on his feete againe, with braue geſture ſhewing riſing of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the curteous *Amphialus* excuſed himſelfe, for hauing (againſt his will) kild his horſe. Excuſe thy ſelfe for viler faults (anſwered the forſaken Knight) and vſe this poore aduantage the beſt thou canſt; for thou ſhalt quickly finde thou haſt neede of more. Thy folly (ſayd *Amphialus*) ſhall not make me forget my ſelfe: and therewith (trotting a little aſide) alighted from his horſe, becauſe he would not haue fortune come to claime any part of the victory. Which curteous act would haue mollified the noble heart of the forſaken Knight, if any other had done it, beſides the Iaylor of his miſtreſſe: but that was a ſufficient aſſeazaunce for the firmeſt bond of good nature; and therefore he was no ſooner alighted, but that he ranne vnto him, reentring into as cruell a fight, as eye did euer ſee, or thought could reaſonably imagine; farre beyond the reach of weake words to be able to expreſſe it. For what they had done on horſebacke, was but as a morſell to keepe their ſtomackes in appetite, in compariſon of that, which now (being themſelues) they did. Nor euer glutton by the change of daintie diet could be brought to freſh feeding (when he might haue bene ſatisfied before) with more earneſtneſſe, then thoſe (by the change of their manner of fight) fell cleane to a new fight, though any elſe would haue thought they had had their fill already. *Amphialus* being the taller man, for the moſt part ſtood with his right legge before; his ſhield at the vttermoſt length of his arme; his ſword hie, but with the point toward his enemy. But when he ſtrake, which came ſo thick, as if euery blow would ſtriue to be foremoſt, his arme ſeemed ſtill a poſtillion of death. The forſaken Knight ſhewed with like skill, vnlike geſture, keeping himſelfe in continuall motion, proportioning the diſtance betweene them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted: his eye guided his foote, and his foote conneighed his hand; and ſince nature had made him ſomething the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not ſtriue with nature: ſhunning rather then warding his blowes; like a cunning maſtiffe, who knowes the ſharpnes of the horne & ſtrength of the Bull; fights low to get his proper aduantage; anſwering mightines with nimblenes, and yet at times imploying his wonderfull force, wherein he was ſecond to none. In ſumme, the blowes were ſtrong, the thruſts thicke, and the auoydings cunning. But the forſaken Knight (that thought it a degree of being conquered to be long in conquering) ſtrake him ſo mightie a blow, that he made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humbleneſſe. But when he felt himſelfe ſtriken downe, and ſaw himſelfe ſtriken downe by his riuall, then ſhame ſeemed one arme, and diſdaine another; fury in his eyes, and reuenge in his heart; skill and force gaue

place,and they tooke the place of skill and force: with ſo vnweariable a manner, that the forſaken Knight alſo was driuen to leaue the ſterne of cunning,and giue himſelf wholly to be guided by the ſtorme of fury : there being in both (becauſe hate would not ſuffer admiration)extreame diſdaine to find themſelues ſo matched.

What(ſayd *Amphialus* to himſelfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom ſo many monſters and Gyants haue falne dead, when I onely ſought cauſeleſſe aduentures? and can one Knight now withſtand me in the preſence of *Philoclea*,and fighting for *Philoclea*?or ſince I loſt my liberty, haue I loſt my courage? haue I gotten the heart of a ſlaue as well as the fortune? If an army were againſt me in the ſight of *Philoclea*, could it reſiſt me? O beaſt,one man reſiſts thee: thy riuall reſiſts thee,or am I indeed *Amphialus*? haue not paſſions kild him,and wretched I ( I know not how) ſucceeded into his place? Of the other ſide,the forſaken Knight with no leſſe ſpite, fell out with himſelfe; Haſt thou broken ( ſayd he to himſelfe ) the commandement of thy onely Princeſſe to come now into her preſence, and in her preſence to proue thy ſelfe a coward? Doth *Aſia* and *Egypt* ſet vp Trophies vnto thee, to bee matched here by a traytor? O noble *Barſanes*, how ſhamed will thy ſoule be, that he that ſlew thee, ſhould be reſiſted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieued wilt thou be with thy friends ſhame, then with thine owne impriſonment, when thou ſhalt know how little I haue bin able to do for the deliuery of thee ,and thoſe heauenly Princeſſes. Am I worthy to be fried to the moſt valorous Prince that euer was entituled valorous, and ſhew my ſelfe ſo weake a wretch? No, ſhamed *Muſidorus*, worthie for nothing,but to keepe ſheepe,get thee a ſheephooke againe, ſince thou canſt vſe a ſword no better.

Thus at times did they,now with one thought,then with another, ſharpen their ouer-ſharpe humors; like the Lion that beates himſelfe with his owne taile,to make himſelfe the more angrie. Theſe thoughts indeede not ſtaying , but whetting their angrie ſwords, which now had put on the apparell of Crueltie: they bleeding ſo aboundantly , that euery body that ſaw them, fainted for them , and yet they fainted not in themſelues : their ſmart being more ſenſible to others eyes , then to their owne feeling. Wrath and Courage barring the common ſenſe from bringing any meſſage of their caſe to the mind: Paine, Wearineſſe,& Weakneſſe, not daring to make knowne their caſe ( though already in the limits of death) in the preſence of ſo violent furie: which filling the veines with rage, in ſteede of bloud , and making the mind miniſter ſpirites to the body , a great while held out their fight, like an arrow ſhotte vpward by the force of the bow , though by his owne nature hee would go downeward. The forſaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the forer ; which the other ( watching time and place ) had cunningly giuen vnto him. Who euer ſaw a well-mand Galley fight with a tall ſhip,might make vnto himſelfe ſome kind of compariſon of the difference of theſe two Knights ; a better couple then which the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* ſeemed to excell in ſtrength,the forſaken Knight in nimbleneſſe;and yet did the ones ſtrength excell in nimbleneſſe,& the others nimbleneſſe excell in ſtrength : but now, ſtrength & nimbleneſſe were both gone,and exceſſe of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mighty blowes driuen the forſaken Knight to goe ſtaggering backward , but euery one of thoſe times hee requited paine with ſmart and ſhame with repulſe. And now,whether he had cauſe, or that ouer-much confidence(an ouer-forward ſcholler of vnconquered Courage) made him thinke he had cauſe,he began to perſwade himſelfe he had the aduantage of the combat, though

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the aduantage he tooke himſelfe to haue, was only that he ſhould be the later to die: which hope, Hate (as vnſecret as Loue) could not conceale, but drawing himſelfe a litle backe from him, brake out in theſe maner of words.

Ah *Amphialus* (ſaid the forſaken knight) this third time thou ſhalt not eſcape me, but thy death ſhall ſatisfie thy iniurie and my malice, and pay for the crueltie thou ſhewedſt in killing the noble *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia*. In troth (ſaid *Amphialus*) thou art the beſt knight that euer I fought withall, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage; (that beſides other follies) layeſt that to my charge, which moſt againſt my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee; and vpon the word wayted a blow, which parted his ſhield into two peeces; & deſpiſing the weake reſiſtãce of his alreadie broken armour, made a great breach into his heart ſide, as if he wold make a paſſage for his loue to get out at.

But paine rather ſeemed to increaſe life, then to weaken life in thoſe champions. For the forſaken knight comming in with his right leg, & making it guide the force of the blow, ſtrake *Amphialus* vpon the bellie ſo horrible a wound, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceiuing (fearing death, onely becauſe it ſhould come with ouerthrow) he ſeemed to coniure all his ſtrength for one moments ſeruice; and ſo, lifting vp his ſword with both hands, hit the forſaken knight vpon the head, a blow, wherewith his ſword brake. But (as if it would do a notable ſeruice before it died) it preuayled ſo, euen in the inſtant of breaking, that the forſaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that inſtant forgetting both loue and hatred: & *Amphialus* (finding himſelfe alſo in ſuch weakneſſe, as he looked for ſpeedy death) glad of the victorie, though litle hoping to enioy it, puld vp his viſar, meaning with his dagger to giue him death; but in ſtead of death, he gaue him life: for, the aire ſo reuiued his ſpirits, that comming to himſelfe, and ſeeing his preſent danger, with a life conquering death, he tooke *Amphialus* by the thigh, and together roſe himſelfe and ouerturned him. But *Amphialus* ſcrambled vp againe, both now ſo weake indeed, as their motions rather ſeemed the after drops to a ſtorm, thē any matter of great fury.

But *Amphialus* might repent himſelfe of his wilfull breaking his good ſword: for, the forſaken knight (hauing with the extremitie of iuſtlie-conceiued hate, and the vnpitifulneſſe of his owne neare-threatning death, blotted out all complements of curteſie) let flie at him ſo cruellie, that though the blowes were weake, yet weakneſſe vpon a weakned ſubiect, proued ſuch ſtrength, that *Amphialus* hauing attempted in vaine, once or twiſe to cloſe with him, receiuing wound vpon wound, ſent his whole burthen to ſtrike the earth with falling, ſince he could ſtrike his foe no better in ſtanding: giuing no other tokens of himſelfe, then as of a man euen ready to take his oath to be deaths true ſeruant.

Which when the hardie brothers of *Anaxius* perceiued, not recking law of armes, nor vſe of chiualrie, they flew in to defend their friend, or reuenge their loſſe of him. But they were forthwith encountred with the two braue companions of the forſaken knight, whereof the one being all in greene, both armour and furniture, it ſeemed a pleaſant garden, wherein grew Orange trees; which with their golden fruites, cunningly beaten in and embroydered, greatly inriched the eye-pleaſing colour of greene. In his ſhield was a ſheep feeding in a pleaſant field, with this word *without feare or enuie*. And therfore was called the Knight of the ſheepe. The other knight was all in milke white, his attiring elſe all cut in ſtars, which made of cloth of ſiluer, and ſiluer ſpangles, each way ſeemed to caſt manie aſpects. His deuice was

the verie Pole it ſelfe, about which manie ſtarres ſtirring, but the place it ſelfe left void. The word was, *The beſt place yet reſerued*. But theſe foure knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a moſt fierce combat: the forſaken knight himſelfe not able to helpe his ſide, but was driuen to ſit him downe, with the extreame faintneſſe of his more and more fainting body. But thoſe valiant couples ſeeking honour by diſhonouring, and to build ſafetie vpon ruine, gaue new appetites to the almoſt glutted eyes of the beholders: and now bloud began to put ſweat from the full poſſeſſion of their outſides, no aduantage being yet to be ſeene; onely the knight of the ſheepe ſeeming moſt deliuer, and affecting moſt all that viewed him, when a companie of ſouldiers ſent by *Cecropia*, came out in boates to the Iſland; and all came running to the deſtruction of the three knights, whereof the one was vtterlie vnable to defend himſelfe.

But then did the other two knights ſhew their wonderfull courage and fidelitie. For turning backe to backe, and both beſtriding the blacke forſaken knight (who had fainted ſo long til he had loſt the feeling of faintneſſe) they held play againſt the reſt, though the two brothers vnknightly helped them; till *Philanax* (who watchfully attended ſuch traiterous practiſes) ſent likewiſe ouer, both by boat and ſwimming, ſo choice a number as did put moſt of the other to the ſword. Onely the two brothers with ſome of the braueſt of them, carying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather haue died, then haue left behind them.

So was the forſaken knight (laid vpon clokes) caried home to the campe. But his two friends knowing his earneſt deſire not to be knowne, couering him from any bodies eyes, conueyed him to their owne tent: *Baſilius* himſelfe conquering his earneſt deſire to ſee him, with feare to diſpleaſe him, who had fought ſo notablie in his quarell. But Fame ſet the honour vpon his backe, which he would not ſuffer to ſhine in his face: no mans mouth being barraine of praiſes to the noble knight, that haſt battered the moſt eſteemed knight in the world: euerie body praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themſelues. But he himſelfe, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applyed cunning of Surgeons, he came to renew againe the league betweene his mind and bodie; then fell he to a freſh warre with his owne thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardiſe to himſelfe, whom the impudenteſt backebiter would not ſo haue wronged. For his courage (vſed to vſe victorie as an inheritance) could brooke no reſiſtance at any time: but now that he had promiſed himſelfe not only the conqueſt of him, but the ſcaling of the walles, and deliuerie of *Pamela*, though he had done beyond all others expectation, yet ſo ſhort was he of his owne, that he hated to looke vpon the Sunne, that had ſeene him do ſo weakely: and ſo much abhorred all viſitation or honour, whereof he thought himſelfe vnworthy, that he beſought his two noble friends to cary him away to a caſtle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, and neuer be knowne till he made ſucceſſe excuſe this (as he thought) want in him. They louingly obeyed him, leauing *Baſilius* and all the campe verie ſorie for the parting of theſe three vnknowne knights, in whoſe proweſſe they had repoſed greateſt truſt of victorie.

But they being gone, *Baſilius* and *Philanax* gaue good order to the ſtrengthning of the ſiege, fortifying themſelues, ſo as they feared no more any ſuch ſodaine onſet, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reaſon of *Anaxius* hurt, but eſpecially of *Amphialus*-is) gaue themſelues only to diligent watch & ward, making no ſallies out, but committing the principall truſt to *Zoilus* & *Lycurgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet

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forced to keepe his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his bodie had such wounds, & he gaue such wounds to his mind, as easilie it could not be determined, whether death or he made the greater haste one to the other: for when the diligent care of cunning Chirurgians had brought life to the possession of his owne right, Sorow and Shame (like two corrupted seruants) came waiting of it, perswading nothing but the giuing ouer of it self to destructiō. They laid before his eyes his present case, painting euery peece of it in most vgly colours: they shewed him his loue wrapped in despaire, his fame blotted by ouerthrow; so that if before he languished, because he could not obtaine his desiring, he now lamented, because he durst not desire the obtaining. Recreant *Amphialus* (would he say to himselfe) how darest thou entitle thy selfe the louer of *Philoclea*, that hast neither shewed thy selfe a faithfull coward, nor a valiant rebell, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quite, nor grace haue pitie of? Alas life, what litle pleasure thou doest me, to giue me nothing but sense of reproch, and exercise of ruine? I would (sweet *Philoclea*) I had died, before thy eyes had seene my weakneſſe: and then perchance with some sigh thou wouldest haue confessed, thou hadst lost a worthy seruant. But now, caytife that I am, what euer I haue done, serues but to build vp my riuals glorie. To these speeches he would couple such gestures of vexation, & would fortifie the gestures with such effects of furie, as sometimes offring to teare vp his wounds, sometimes to refuse the sustenance of meat, and counsell of Physitions, that his perplexed mother was driuen to make him by force to be tended, with extreame corsey to her selfe and annoyance to him: till in the end he was contented to promise her, he would attempt no violence vpon himself, vpon condition he might be troubled by no body but only his Physitions: his melancholy detesting all companie, so as not the very Chirurgians nor seruants durst speake vnto him in doing him seruice: only he had prayed his mother, as she tendred his life, she would procure him grace, and that without that, she would neuer come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her loue onely vnto him, set only such about him, as were absolutely at her commandement, whom she forbad to let him know any thing that passed in the castle, till his wounds were cured, but as she from time to time should instruct them: she (for her self) being resolued, now she had the gouernement of all things in her owne hands, to satisfie her sons loue by their yeelding, or satisfie her owne reuenge in their punishment. Yet first, because she wold be the freer from outward force, she sent a messenger to the campe to denounce vnto *Basilius*, that if he did not presentlie raise his siege, she would cause the heads of the three Ladies, prisoners, to be cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more feare a present performance, she caused his two daughters and *Zelmane* to be led vnto the walles, where she had made a scaffold, easie to be seene by *Basilius*: and there caused them to be kept, as ready for the slaughter, till answer came from *Basilius*. A sight full of pitie it was, to see those three (all excelling in all those excellencies, wherewith Nature can beautifie any body: *Pamela* giuing sweetnesse to maiestie, *Philoclea* enriching nobleneſſe with humbleneſſe, *Zelmane* setting in womanly beauty manlike valour) to be thus subiected to the baſeſt iniurie of vniust fortune. One might see in *Pamela* a willingneſſe to die, rather thē to haue life at others discretion, though sometimes a Princelie disdaine would sparkle out of her Princelie eyes, that it should be in others power to force her to die. In *Philoclea* a prety feare came vp, to endamaske her rosie cheekes: but it was such a feare, as rather seemed a kindly child to her innate hūbleneſſe, then any other dismayedneſſe: or if she

were dismayed, it was more for *Zelmane*, then for her self; or if more for her self, it was because *Zelmane* should lose her. As for *Zelmane*, as she went with her hands bound (for they durst not aduenture on her well knowne valour, especiallie among a people, which perchaunce might be moued by such a spectacle to some reuolt) she was the true image of ouermaistered courage, and of spite, that sees no remedy. For her breast swelled withall, the bloud burst out at her nose, and she looked paler then accustomed, with her eyes cast on the ground, with such a grace, as if she were fallen out with the heauens, for suffering such an iniurie. The lookers on were so moued withall, as they misliked what themselues did, and yet still did what themselues misliked. For some glad to rid themselues of the dangerous annoyãce of this siege, some willing to shorten the way to *Amphialus* his succession (whereon they were dependants) some and the greatest some, doing because others did, and suffering because none durst begin to hinder, did in this sort set their hands to this (in their owne conscience) wicked enterprise.

But when this message was brought to *Basilius*, and that this pitifull preparation was a sufficient letter of credite for him to beleeue it, he called vnto him his chiefe Councellours: among which, those he chieflie trusted were *Philanax* and *Kalander* lately come to the campe at *Basilius* commandement, and in himselfe wearie of his solitarie life, wanting his sonnes presence, & neuer hauing heard from his beloued guests since they parted from him.) Now in this doubt what he should do, he willed *Kalander* to giue him his aduise: who spake much to this purpose. You commaund me sir (said he) to speake, rather because you will keepe your wonted graue and noble maner, to do nothing of importãce without counsel thẽ that in this cause (which indeed hath but one way) your mind needs to haue any counsel: so as my speech shal rather be to confirme what you haue already determined, then to argue against anie possibilitie of other determination. For what sophistical scholler can find any question in this, whether you will haue your incõparable daughters liue, or die? whether since you be here to cause their deliuerãce, you will make your being here the cause of their destruction? for nothing can be more vnsensible, then to thinke what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Do therefore as I am sure you meane to do, remoue the siege, & after seeke by practise, or other gentle meanes, to recouer that which by force you cannot: & therof is indeed (when it please you) more counsell to be taken. Once, in extremities the winning of time is the purchase of life, and worse by no meanes then their deaths can befall vnto you. A man might vse more words, if it were to any purpose to gyld gold, or that I had any cause to doubt of your mind: but you are wise, and are a father. He said no more, for he durst not attempt to perswade the marying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another consultation. But *Basilius* made signe to *Philanax*, who standing a while in a maze as inwardly perplexed, at last thus deliuered his opinion.

If euer I could wish my faith vntried, & my counsell vntrusted, it should be at this time, when in truth I must cõfesse I wold be content to purchase silence with discredite. But since you command, I obey: only let me say thus much, that I obey not to these excellent Ladies father, but to my Prince: & a Prince it is to whõ I giue coũsel. Therefore as to a Prince I say, that the graue & (I well know) true-minded counsell of my Lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you first tooke armes, before all your subiects gate notice of your intention, before so much bloud was spent, & before they were driuen to seeke this shift for their last remedie. But if now, this force you away, why did you take armes? since you might be sure when euer they were in extre-

extremitie they would haue recourſe to this threatning? And for a wiſe man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word ouerthrow, hath in my cõceit great incongruitie, & as great, not to forethinke what his enemie in reaſon will do. But they threatẽ they will kill your daughters. What if they promiſed you if you remoued your ſiege, they would honorably ſend home your daughters? would you be angled by their promiſes? truly no more ought you be terrified by their threatnings. For yet of the two, promiſe binds faith more then threatning. But indeed a Prince of iudgement ought not to conſider what his enemies promiſe, or threaten, but what the promiſers & threatners in reaſon will do: and the neareſt coniecture thereunto, is what is beſt for their owne behoofe to do. They threaten if you remoue not they will kill your daughters, and if you do remoue, what ſuretie haue you but that they will kill them, ſince if the purpoſe be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus* his ambition, the ſame cauſe will continue when you are away; and ſo much the more encouraged, as the reuenging power is abſent, and they haue the more oportunitie to draw their factious friends about them: but if it be for their ſecuritie onelie, the ſame cauſe will bring forth the ſame effect: and for their ſecuritie they will preſerue them. But it may be ſaid, no man knowes what deſperate folkes will do: it is true, & as true that no reaſon nor policie can preuent what deſperate folks wil do: and therfore they are among thoſe dangers, which wiſdome is not to recken. Onlie let it ſuffice to take away their deſpaire, which may be by granting pardon for what is paſt; ſo as the Ladies may be freelie deliuered. And let them that are your ſubiects truſt you that are their Prince; do not you ſubiect your ſelfe to truſt them, who are ſo vntruſtie as to be manifeſt traitors. For if they find you ſo baſe-minded, as by their threatning to remoue your force, what indignitie is it, that they would not bring you vnto ſtill by the ſame threatning? ſince then if loue ſtirre them, loue will keepe them from murthering what they loue; and if ambition prouoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as well as while you are here: take not away your force, which bars not the one, & bridles the other. For as for their ſhewes and words, they are but feare-babes, not worthy once to moue a worthie mans conceit, which muſt ſtill conſider what in reaſon they are like to do. Their deſpaire I graunt you ſhall do well to preuent, which as it is the laſt of all reſolutions, ſo no man fals into it while ſo good a way as you may offer, is open vnto thẽ. In ſumme, you are a Prince, and a father of a people, who ought with the eye of wiſdome, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of iuſtice, to ſet downe all priuate conceits, in compariſon of what for the publike is profitable.

He would haue proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmane*: and falling at *Baſilius* feet, beſought him to make no delay; vſing ſuch geſtures of compaſſion in ſteed of ſtopped words, that *Baſilius*, otherwiſe enough tender minded, eaſilie granted to raiſe the ſiege, which he ſaw daungerous to his daughters; but indeed more carefull for *Zelmane*, by whoſe beſieged perſon, the poore old man was ſtraightlie beſieged: ſo as to rid him of the famine of his mind, he went in ſpeed away, diſcharging his ſouldiers: only leauing the authority, as before, in *Philanaxis* hands, he himſelfe went with *Gynecia* to a ſtrong Caſtle of his, where he tooke counſell how firſt to deliuer *Zelmane*, whom he called the poore ſtranger, as though onlie Law of hoſpitalitie moued him, & for that purpoſe ſent diuerſe meſſengers to traffike with *Cecropia*.

But ſhe by this means rid of the preſent danger of the ſiege (deſiring *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus* to take the care, till their brother recouered, of reuictualling & furniſhing

the citie, both with men, and what elſe wanted, againſt any new occaſion ſhould vrge them, ſhe her ſelfe diſdayning to hearken to *Baſilius*, without he would graunt his daughter in mariage to her ſonne, which by no meanes he would be brought vnto) bent all the ſharpneſſe of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable grant to her ſonne, whereupon ſhe well found no leſſe then his life depended. Therefore for a while ſhe attempted all means of eloquent praying, and flattering perſwaſion, mingling ſometimes gifts, ſomtimes threatnings, as ſhe had cauſe to hope, that either open force, or vndermining, would beſt win the caſtle of their reſolution. And euer as much as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo much did ſhe to *Pamela*, though in manner ſometimes differing, as ſhe found fit to leuell at the ones noble height, and the others ſweet lowlineſſe. For though ſhe knew her ſonnes heart had wholly giuen it ſelfe to *Philoclea*, yet ſeeing the equall gifts in *Pamela*, ſhe hoped, a faire grant wold recouer the ſorow of a faire refuſall: cruelly intending the preſent impoyſoning the one, as ſoone as the others affection were purchaſed.

But in vaine was all her vaine oratorie imployed. *Pamelas* determination was built vpon ſo braue a rocke, that no ſhot of hers could reach vnto it: and *Philoclea* (though hūblie ſeated) was ſo inuironed with ſweet riuers of cleare vertue, as could neither be battered, nor vndermined: her wittie perſwaſions had wiſe anſwers; her eloquence recompenced with ſweetneſſe; her threatnings repelled with diſdaine in the one, and patience in the other; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent, cruell, becauſe ambitious; hatefull, for old rooted grudge to their mother, & now ſpiteful, becauſe ſhe could not preuaile with girles, as ſhe counted them; laſtly, drawne on by her loue to her ſonne, and held vp by a tyrannicall authoritie, forthwith followed the byas of her owne crooked diſpoſition, and doubling & redoubling her threatnings, fell to confirme ſome of her threatned effects: firſt withdrawing all comfort, both of ſeruants and ſeruice from them. But that thoſe excellent Ladies had bene vſed vnto, euen at home, and then found in themſelues how much good the hardneſſe of education doth to the reſiſtance of miſerie. Then diſhonourablie vſing them both in diet, and lodging, by a contempt to pull downe their thoughts to yeelding. But as before, the conſideration of a priſon had diſgraced all ornaments, ſo now the ſame conſideration made them attend all diſeaſtulneſſe. Then ſtill as ſhe found thoſe not preuaile, would ſhe go forward with giuing them terrours, ſometimes with noiſes of horror, ſometimes with ſodaine frightings in the night, when the ſolitarie darkneſſe thereof might eaſier aſtoniſh the diſarmed ſenſes. But to all Vertue and Loue reſiſted, ſtrengthened one by the other, when each found it ſelfe ouer-vehemently aſſaulted. *Cecropia* ſtill ſweetning her fierceneſſes with faire promiſes, if they would promiſe faire; that feeling euill, and ſeeing a way farre better, their minds might the ſooner be mollified. But they that could not taſte her behauiour, when it was pleaſing indeed, could worſe now, when they had loſt all taſte by her iniuries.

She reſoluing all extremities, rather then faile of conqueſt, purſued on her rugged way: letting no day paſſe, without new and new perplexing the poore Ladies minds, and troubling their bodies; and ſtill ſwelling, the more ſhe was ſtopped, and growing hot with her owne doings; at length abhominable rage caried her to abſolute tyrannies, ſo that taking with her certaine old women (of wicked diſpoſitions, and apt for enuie-ſake to be cruell to youth and beautie) with a countenance impoyſoned with malice, flew to the ſweete *Philoclea*, as if ſo many Kites ſhould come about a white Doue, & matching violent geſtures, with miſchieuous threat-

threatnings, she hauing a rod in her hand (like a furie that shold carrie wood to the burning of *Dianas* temple) fell to scourge that most beautifull body: Loue in vaine holding the shield of Beautie against her blind crueltie. The Sunne drew clouds vp to hide his face from so pitifull a sight; and the verie stone walles did yeeld drops of sweat for agonie of such a mischiefe: each senceless thing had sense of pittie; only they that had sense, were senseless. Vertue rarely found her worldly weakenesse more, then by the oppression of that day: and weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was sorie he was not deafe, as well as blind, that he might neuer know so lamentable a worke. *Philoclea*, with tearefull eyes, and sobbing breast (as soone as her wearinesse rather then compassion, gaue her respite) kneeled down to *Cecropia*, and making pittie in her face honourable, and torment delightfull, besought her, since she hated her (for what cause she tooke God to witnesse she knew not) that she would at once take away her life, & not please her selfe with the tormenting of a poore Gentlewoman. If (said she) the common course of humanitie cannot moue you, nor the hauing me in your own walls, cannot claime pittie: nor womanly mercie, nor neere alliance, nor remembrance (how miserable so euer now) that I am a Princes daughter; yet let the loue (you haue often told me) your sonne beares me, so much procure, that for his sake, one death may be thought enough for me; I haue not liued so many yeares, but that one death may be able to conclude them: neither haue my faults (I hope) bene so many but that one death may satisfie them. It is no great suite to an enemie, when but death is desired. I craue but that, and as for the graunting your request, know for certaine you lose your labours, being euery day furtherof-minded from becomming his wife, who vseth me like a slaue. But that in stead of getting grace, renued againe *Cecropias* fury: so that (excellent creature) she was newly againe tormented by those hellish monsters: *Cecropia* vsing no other words, but that she was a proud and vngratefull wench: and that she would teach her to know her owne good, since of her self she would not conceiue it. So that with silence and patience (like a faire gorgeous armour, hammered vpon by an ilfauored Smith) she abode their pittileſſe dealing with her: till, rather reseruing her for more, then meaning to end, they left her to an vncomfortable leisure, to consider with her self her fortune; both helpless her self, being a prisoner, & hopeless, since *Zelmane* was a prisoner: who therein onely was short of the bottome of miserie, that she knew not how vnworthily her Angell, by these deuils was abused: but wanted (God wot) no stings of griefe, when those words did but strike vpon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captiue, & she not able to succour her. For well she knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, & well she knew, *Philoclea* had cause to haue confidence: and all troden vnder foot by the wheele of senseless Fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the soule, as it can deliuer knowledge to another, without bodily organs; so vehement were the workings of their spirites, as one met with other, though themselues perceiued it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their owne louing fancies. And that was the only worldly thing, whereon *Philoclea* rested her minde, that she knew she should die beloued of *Zelmane*, and should die, rather then be false to *Zelmane*. And so this most daintie Nimphe, easing the paine of her mind with thinking of anothers paine; and almost forgetting the paine of her bodie, through the paine of her minde, she wasted, euen longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedie.

But for a while she was vnuisited, *Cecropia* employing her time in vsing the like crueltie vpon *Pamela*, her heart growing not onely to desire the fruit of punishing

them,but euen to delight in the puniſhing them. But if euer the beames of perfe-
ction ſhined through the clowds of affliction, if euer Vertue tooke a bodie to ſhew
his (els vnconceiuable)beautie,it was in *Pamela*. For when Reaſon taught her there
was no reſiſtance, (for to iuſt reſiſtance firſt her heart was enclined) then with ſo
heauenly a quietneſſe,and ſo gracefull a calmneſſe, did ſhe ſuffer the diuers kindes
of torments they vſed to her, that while they vexed her faire bodie, it ſeemed, that
ſhe rather directed,then obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended,and asked
whether her heart would yeeld: ſhe a little ſmiled, but ſuch a ſmiling as ſhewed no
loue, and yet could not but be louely. And then, Beaſtly woman (ſaid ſhe) followe
on, do what thou wilt, and canſt vpon me: for I know thy power is not vnlimitted.
Thou maiſt well wracke this ſillie bodie, but me thou canſt neuer ouerthrow. For
my part,I will not do thee the pleaſure to deſire death of thee: but aſſure thy ſelfe,
both my life and death, ſhall triumph with honour, laying ſhame vpon thy deteſta-
ble tyrannie.

And ſo, in effect,conquering their doing with her ſuffering,while *Cecropia* tried
as many ſorts of paines, as might rather vexe them, then ſpoile them(for that ſhee
would not do while ſhe were in any hope to winne either of them for her ſonne)
*Pamela* remained almoſt as much content with triall in her ſelfe, what vertue could
do,as grieued with the miſerie wherein ſhe found her ſelfe plunged, onely ſome-
times her thoughts ſoftned in her,when with open wings they flewe to *Muſidorus*.
For then ſhe would thinke with her ſelf, how grieuouſly *Muſidorus* would take this
her miſerie; and ſhe,that wept not for her ſelfe, wept yet *Muſidorus* teares, which
he would weepe for her. For gentle Loue did eaſlier yeeld to lamentation, then the
conſtancie of vertue would els admitte. Then would ſhe remember the caſe where-
in ſhe had left her poore ſhepheard, and ſhe that wiſhed death for her ſelfe, feared
death for him; and ſhe that condemned in her ſelfe the feebleneſſe of ſorrow, yet
thought it great reaſon to be ſorie for his ſorow: and ſhe that long had prayed for
the vertuous ioyning themſelues together, now thinking to die her ſelfe, hartely
prayed,that long time their fortunes might be ſeperated. Liue long my *Muſidorus*
(would ſhe ſay) and let my name liue in thy mouth, in thy heart my memorie. Liue
long,that thou maiſt loue long the chaſt loue of thy dead *Pamela*. Then would ſhe
wiſh to her ſelfe,that no other woman might euer poſſeſſe his hart: and yet ſcarce-
ly the wiſh was made a wiſh, when her ſelfe would finde fault with it, as being too
vniuſt,that ſo excellent a man ſhould be baniſhed from the comfort of life. Then
would ſhe fortifie her reſolution,with bethinking the worſt, taking the counſell of
vertue, and comfort of loue.

So theſe Diamonds of the world whom Nature had made to be preciouſly ſet in
the eyes of men, to be the chiefe workes of her workemanſhip, the chiefe orna-
ments of the world,and Princeſſes of felicitie,by rebellious iniurie were brought to
the vttermoſt diſtreſſe that an enemies hart could wiſh, or a womans ſpite inuent:
*Cecropia* daily in one or other ſort puniſhing them, ſtill with her euill torments gi-
uing them feare of worſe,making the feare it ſelfe the foreſt torment of all; that in
the end wearie of their bodies, they ſhould be content to beſtow them at her ap-
pointment. But as in labour,the more one doth exerciſe it, the more by the doing
one is enabled to do; ſtrength growing vpon the worke, ſo as what at firſt would
haue ſeemed impoſſible,after growes eaſie: ſo theſe Princeſſes ſecond to none, and
far from any ſecond,only to be matched by themſelues, with the vſe of ſuffering
their mindes,gate the habit of ſuffring ſo,as all feares and terrors were to them but

ſummons

ſummons to a battaile, whereof they knew before hand they would be victorious, & which in the ſuffering was painefull, being ſuffered, was a trophee to it ſelfe: wherby *Cecropia* found her ſelfe ſtill further off: for where at firſt ſhe might perchaunce haue perſwaded them to haue viſited her ſonne, and haue giuen him ſome comfort in his ſickneſſe, drawing neere to the confines of Deaths kingdome, now they proteſted, that they would neuer otherwiſe ſpeake to him, then as to the enemy, of moſt vniuſt cruelty towards them, that any time or place could euer make them knowe.

This made the poiſon ſwel in her cankred breaſt, perceiuing that (as in water) the more ſhe graſped the leſſe ſhe held: but yet now hauing run ſo long the way of rigor, it was too late in reaſon, & too contrary to her paſſion, to returne to a courſe of meekeneſſe. And therefore (taking counſell of one of her olde aſſociates who ſo far excelled in wickedneſſe, as that ſhe had not only loſt al feeling of conſciẽce, but had gotten a very glory in euill) in the ende they determined, that beating, & other ſuch ſharp dealing did not ſo much pull downe a womans hart, as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemy to yeelding, then anger; making their tender harts take on the armour of obſtinacy: (for thus did their wicked mindes blind to the light of vertue, and owly eied in the night of wickedneſſe interpret of it) and that therefore that was no more to be tried. And for feare of death (which no queſtion would do moſt with them) they had bene ſo often threatned, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to eſteeme threatning words to be but words. Therfore the laſt, but beſt way now was, that the one ſeeing indeed the others death, ſhold perceiue, there was no dallying meant: & then there was no doubt, that a womans ſoule would do much, rather then leaue ſo beautiful a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea* and told her, that now ſhe was to come to the laſt part of the play: for her part, though ſhe found her hard-hearted obſtinacie ſuch, that neither the ſweetneſſe of louing meanes, nor the force of hard meanes could preuaile with her, yet before ſhe would paſſe to a further degree of extremity, ſhe had fought to win her ſiſter; in hope that her ſonne might be with time ſatisfied with the loue of ſo faire a Lady; but finding her alſo rather more then leſſe wilfull, ſhe was now minded that one of their deathes ſhould ſerue for an example to the other, that deſpiſing worthy folks was more hurtfull to the deſpiſer, then the deſpiſed: that yet becauſe her ſonne eſpecially affected her, and that in her owne ſelfe ſhe was more inclinable to pittie her, then ſhe had deſerued, ſhe would begin with her ſiſter; who that afternoone ſhould haue her head cut off before her face; if in the meane time one of them, did not pull out their il-wrought ſtiches of vnkindeneſſe, ſhe bad her looke for no other, nor longer time thẽ ſhe told her. There was no aſſault giuen to the ſweete *Philocleas* mind, that entred ſo far, as this: for where to all paines and dangers of her ſelfe, fore-ſight (with his Lieutenant Reſolution) had made ready defence, now with the loue ſhe bare her ſiſter, ſhe was driuen to a ſtay, before ſhe determined: but long ſhe ſtayed not, before this reaſon did ſhine vnto her, that ſince in her ſelfe ſhe preferred death before ſuch a baſe ſeruitude, loue did teach her to wiſh the ſame to her ſiſter. Therefore croſſing her armes, and looking ſide-ward vpon the ground, Do what you will (ſaid ſhe) with vs: for my part, heauen ſhall melt before I be remoued. But if you will follow my counſell, for your owne ſake (for as for prayers for my ſake I haue felt how litle they preuaile) let my death firſt ſerue for example to win her, who perchaunce is not ſo reſolued againſt *Amphialus*, and ſo ſhall you not onely iuſtlie puniſh me, (who indeede do hate both you and your ſonne) but, if that may moue you,

you ſhall do more vertuouſly in preſeruing one moſt worthy of life, and killing an other moſt deſirous of death: laſtly in winning her, in ſteed of a peeuiſh vnhappie creature, that I am, you ſhall bleſſe your ſonne with the moſt excellent woman in all praiſe-worthy things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia*, (who had already ſet downe to her ſelfe what ſhe would do) with bitter both termes, and countenaunce, told her, that ſhe ſhould not need to woo death ouer-eagerly: for if her ſiſter going before her did not teach her wit, her ſelf ſhould quickly follow. For ſince they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her ſonnes quiet, but to knowe that they were paſt getting. And ſo ſince no intreating, nor threatning might preuayle, ſhe bad her prepare her eies for a new play, which ſhe ſhould ſee within fewe houres in the hall of that caſtle.

A place in deed ouer fit for ſo vnfit a matter: for being ſo ſtately made, that the bottome of it being euen with the ground, the roofe reached as hie as any part of the caſtle, at either ende it had conuenient lodgings. In the one ende was (one ſtorie from the ground) *Philocleas* abode, in the other of euen height, *Pamelas*, & *Zelmanes* in a chamber aboue her: but all ſo vaulted of ſtrong and thickly built ſtone, as one could no way heare the other: each of theſe chambers had a litle windowe to looke into the hall, but becauſe the ſiſters ſhould not haue ſo much comfort, as to looke one to another, there was (of the outſides) curtaines drawne, which they could not reach with their hands, ſo barring the reach of their ſight. But when the houre came that the Tragedie ſhould beginne, and curtaynes were withdrawne from before the windowes of *Zelmane*, and of *Philoclea*: a ſufficient challenge to call their eyes to defende themſelues in ſuch an incounter. And by and by came in at one ende of the hall, with about a dozen armed ſouldiers a Ladie, led by a couple, with her handes bound before her: from aboue her eyes to her lippes muffled with a faire kerchiefe, but from her mouth to the ſhoulders all bare: and ſo was led on to a ſcaffold raiſed a good deale from the floore, & all couered with crimſin veluet. But neither *Zelmane*, nor *Philoclea* needed to be told who ſhe was: for the apparell ſhe ware, made them too well aſſured, that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whiteneſſe of her naked necke gaue ſufficient teſtimonie to their aſtoniſhed ſenſes. But the faire Lady being come to the ſcaffold, and then made to kneele downe, and ſo left by her vnkind ſupporters, as it ſeemed that ſhe was about to ſpeake ſomewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poore ſoule, earneſtly liſtned, according to her ſpeach euen minding to frame her minde, her heart neuer till then almoſt wauering to ſaue her ſiſters life) before the vnfortunate Ladie could pronounce three wordes, the executioner cut off the ones ſpeech, and the others attention, with making his ſworde do his cruell office vpon that beautifull necke. Yet the pittileſſe ſworde had ſuch pittie of ſo precious an obiect, that at firſt it did but hit flatlong. But little auailed that, ſince the Ladie falling downe aſtoniſhed withall, the cruell villaine forced the ſword with another blow to diuorce the faire marriage of the head and bodie.

And this was done ſo in an inſtant, that the verie act did ouerrun *Philocleas* ſorrow (ſorrow not being able ſo quickly to thunderbolt her heart thorough her ſenſes, but firſt onely oppreſt her with a ſtorme of amazement) but when her eyes ſawe that they did ſee, as condemning themſelues to haue ſeene it, they became wearie of their owne power of ſeeing: and her ſoule then drinking vp woe with great draughts, ſhe fell downe to deadly traunces: but her waiting iaylors with cruell pittie brought lothed life vnto her; which yet many times tooke his leaue as though

though he would indeed depart: but when he was ſtayed by force, he kept with him deadly Sorrow, which thus exerciſed her mourning ſpeech. *Pamela* my ſiſter, my ſiſter *Pamela*, woe is me for thee, I would I had died for thee. *Pamela* neuer more ſhal I ſee thee: neuer more ſhall I enioy thy ſweet companie, and wiſe counſel. Alas, thou art gone to beautifie heauen, and haſt left me here, who haue nothing good in me, but that I did euer loue thee, and euer will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all vertuous folkes for moſt vnfortunate: let it neuer be mentioned, but among curſes; and curſed be they that did this miſchiefe, and moſt accurſed be mine eyes that beheld it. Sweete *Pamela*; that head is ſtriken off, where only wiſedome might be ſpoken withall; that bodie is deſtroyed, which was the liuing booke of vertue. Deare *Pamela* how haſt thou left me to all wretchedneſſe and miſerie? Yet while thou liuedſt, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellencie honour thee, more then my mother, and loue thee more then my ſelfe? Neuer more ſhall I lie with thee: neuer more ſhall we bathe in the pleaſant riuer together: neuer more ſhall I ſee thee in thy ſhepheard apparell. But thou art gone, and where am I? *Pamela* is dead; and liue I? O my God, And with that ſhe fell againe in a ſowne, ſo as it was a great while before they could bring her to her ſelf againe; but being come to her ſelfe, Alas (ſaid ſhe) vnkind women, ſince you haue giuen me ſo many deathes, torment me not now with life: for Gods ſake let me goe, & excuſe your hands of more blood. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom euer I ſought to follow. Alas *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee. But if they keepe promiſe, I ſhall tread thine owne ſteps after thee. For to what am I borne (miſerable ſoule) but to be moſt vnhappie in my ſelfe, & yet more vnhappie in others? But ô that a thouſand more miſeries had chanced vnto me, ſo thou haddeſt not died: *Pamela*, my ſiſter *Pamela*. And ſo, like lamentable *Philomela* complained ſhe the horrible wrong done to her ſiſter, which if it ſtird not in the wickedly cloſed mindes of her tormentors, a pittie of her ſorrow, yet bred it a wearineſſe of her ſorrow: ſo as only leauing one to preuent any harme ſhe ſhould do her ſelfe, the reſt went away, conſulting againe with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloudie act.

In the ende, that woman that vſed moſt to keepe company with *Zelmane*, tolde *Cecropia*, that ſhe found by many moſt ſenſible prooſes in *Zelmane*, that there was neuer woman ſo loued another, as ſhe loued *Philoclea*: which was the cauſe that ſhe (further then the commandement of *Cecropia*) had cauſed *Zelmanes* curtaines to be alſo drawne: becauſe, hauing the ſame ſpectacle that *Philoclea* had, ſhe might ſtand in the greater feare for her, whom ſhe loued ſo well: and that indeed ſhe had hit the needle in that deuiſe: for neuer ſaw ſhe creature ſo aſtoniſhed as *Zelmane*, exceedingly ſory for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingneſſe in feare for *Philoclea*. Therefore her aduice was, ſhe ſhould cauſe *Zelmane* to come & ſpeake with *Philoclea*. For there being ſuch vehemencie of friendſhip between them, it was moſt likely both to moue *Zelmane* to perſwade, & *Philoclea* to be perſwaded. *Cecropia* liked well of the counſell, & gaue order to the ſame woman to go deale therein with *Zelmane*, & to aſſure her with oth, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* ſhold paſſe the ſame way that *Pamela* had done, without ſhe did yeeld to ſatisfie the extremitie of her ſonnes affectiõ: which the womã did, adding thereunto many (as ſhe thought) good reaſons to make *Zelmane* thinke *Amphialus* a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmane* (who had from time to time vnderſtood the cruell dealing they had vſed to the ſiſters, & now had her owne eyes wounded with the ſight of ones death) was ſo confuſed withall (her courage ſtill rebelling againſt her wit, deſiring ſtil with

force to do impoſſible matters) that as her deſire was ſtopped with power, ſo her conceit was darkned with a miſt of deſire. For blinde Loue; and inuincible valure ſtill would cry out, that it could not be, *Philoclea* ſhould be in ſo miſerable eſtate, and ſhe not relieue her: and ſo while ſhe haled her wit to her courage, ſhe drew it from his owne limits. But now *Philocleas* death (a word able to marſhall all his thoughts in order) being come to ſo ſhort a point either with ſmall delay to be ſuffred, or by the giuing her ſelfe to another to be preuented, ſhe was driuen to thinke and to deſire ſome leaſure of thinking: which the woman granted for that night vnto her. A night that was not halfe ſo blacke, as her minde; not halfe ſo ſilent, as was fit for her muſing thoughts. At laſt, he that would faine haue deſperatly loſt a thouſand liues for her ſake, could not finde in his heart, that ſhe ſhould looſe any life for her owne ſake; and he that deſpiſed his owne death in reſpect of honour, yet could well nye diſpence with honour it ſelfe in reſpect of *Philocleas* death: for once the thought could not enter into his hart, nor the breath iſſue out of his mouth, which could conſent to *Philocleas* death for any bargaine. Then how to preuent the next degree to death (which was her being poſſeſt by another) was the point of his minds labour: and in that he found no other way, but that *Philoclea* ſhould pretend a yeelding vnto *Cecropias* requeſt; and ſo by ſpeaking with *Amphialus*, and making faire (but delaying) promiſes, procure libertie for *Zelmane*; who only wiſht but to come by a ſword, not doubting then to deſtroy them al, and deliuer *Philoclea*: ſo little did both the men, and their forces ſeeme in her eyes, looking down vpon them from the high top of affections tower.

With that minde therefore (but firſt well bound) ſhee was brought to *Philoclea*, hauing already plotted out in her conceit, how ſhe would deale with her: and ſo came ſhe with hart and eyes, which did each ſacrifice either to Loue vpon the altar of Sorow: and there had ſhe the pleaſing diſpleaſing ſight of *Philocleas*: *Philoclea*, whō already the extreame ſence of ſorow had brought to a dulneſſe therin, her face not without tokens that beautie had bene by many miſeries cruelly battered, & yet ſhewed it moſt the perfection of that beautie, which could remaine vnouerthrowne by ſuch enemies. But when *Zelmane* was ſet downe by her, and the women gone away (becauſe ſhe might be the better perſwaded when no body was by, that had heard her ſay ſhe would not be perſwaded) then began firſt the eyes to ſpeake, and the harts to crie out: Sorow a while would needes ſpeake his owne language without vſing their tongues to be his interpreters. At laſt *Zelmane* brake ſilēce, but ſpake with the onely eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited only by ſuch kinde of ſpeeches. Deare Ladie, in extreame neceſſities we muſt not. But alas vnfortunate wretch that I am, that I liue to ſee this day. And I take heauen and earth to witneſſe, that nothing: & with that her breaſt ſwelled ſo with ſpite and griefe, that her breath had not leaſure to turne it ſelfe into words. But the ſweet *Philoclea* that had alreadie dyed in *Pamela*, & of the other ſide had the heauineſſe of her hart ſome[illegible]g quickned in the moſt beloued ſight of *Zelmane*, gheſſed ſomewhat at *Zelmanes* mind; and therfore ſpake vnto her in this ſort: My *Pirocles* (ſaid ſhee) I knowe this exceeding comfort of your preſence, is not brought vnto mee for any good-will that is owed vnto me: but (as I ſuppoſe) to make you perſwade me to ſaue my life with the ranſome of mine honour: although no bodie ſhould be ſo vnfit a pleader in that cauſe as your ſelfe, yet perchance you would haue me liue. Your honour? God forbid (ſaid *Zelmane*) that euer, for any cauſe, I ſhould yeeld to any touch of it. But a while to pretend ſome affection,

till

till time, or my libertie might work ſomething for your ſeruice: this, if my aſtoniſhed ſenſes would giue me leaue, I would faine haue perſwaded you.

To what purpoſe my *Pyrocles*? (ſaid *Philoclea*) of a miſerable time what gaine is there? Hath *Pamelas* example wrought no more in me? is a captiue life ſo much worth? can euer it goe out of theſe lips, that I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? ſhall my tongue be ſo falſe a traitor to my heart, as to ſay I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? And why ſhould I do all this? to liue? O *Pamela*, ſiſter *Pamela*, why ſhould I liue? onely for thy ſake *Pyrocles* I would liue: but to thee I know too well I ſhall not liue; and if not to thee, hath thy loue ſo baſe allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wiſh me to liue? for diſſimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my ſimplicitie is ſuch, that I haue hardly bene able to keep a ſtraight way, what ſhall I do in a crooked? But in this caſe there is no meane of diſſimulation, not for the cunningeſt: preſent anſwer is required, and preſent performance vpon the anſwer. Art thou ſo terrible ô death? No my *Pyrocles*; and for that I do thanke thee, and in my ſoule thanke thee; for I confeſſe the loue of thee is herein my chiefeſt vertue. Trouble me not therefore deare *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my reſolution: ſince I cannot liue with thee, I will die for thee. Only remember me, deare *Pyrocles*, and loue the remembrance of me: and if I may craue ſo much of thee, let me be thy laſt loue, for though I be not worthy of thee (who indeed art the worthieſt creature liuing) yet remember that my loue was a worthy loue. But *Pyrocles* was ſo ouercome with ſorow (which wiſdome and vertue made iuſt in ſo excellent a Ladies caſe, full of ſo excellent kindneſſe) that words were aſhamed to come forth, knowing how weake they were to expreſſe his mind, and her merit: and therfore ſo ſtayed in a deadly ſilence, forſaken of hope, and forſaking comfort: till the appointed guardians came in, to ſee the fruites of *Zelmanes* labour: and then *Zelmane* warned by their preſence, fel againe to perſwade, though ſcarcely her ſelfe could tell what; but in ſumme, deſirous of delayes. But *Philoclea*, ſweetly continuing conſtant, and in the end puniſhing her importunitie with ſilence, *Zelmane* was faine to end. Yet crauing another times conference, ſhe obtained it, and diuerſe others; till at the laſt *Cecropia* found it was to no purpoſe, & therfore determined to follow her owne way. *Zelmane* yet ſtill deſirous to win (by any means) reſpite, euen waſted with ſorow, & vncertaine, whether in worſe caſe in her preſence, or abſence, being able to do nothing for *Philocleas* ſuccour, but by ſubmitting the greateſt courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, & craue ſtay of their ſentence till the vttermoſt was ſeene, what her perſwaſions might do.

*Cecropia* ſeemed much to be moued by her importunitie, ſo as diuers dayes were wonne of painefull life to the excellent *Philoclea*: while *Zelmane* ſuffered ſome hope to cheriſh her mind, eſpecially truſting vpon the helpe of *Muſidorus*, who (ſhe knew) would not be idle in this matter, till one morning a noiſe awaked *Zelmane*, from whoſe ouer-watchfull mind, the tired body had ſtolne a litle ſleepe: & ſtraight with the firſt opening of her eyes, Care taking his wonted place, ſhe ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noyſe guided her) & there might ſhe ſee (the curtaine being left open euer ſince the laſt execution) ſeuen or eight perſons in a cluſter vpon the ſcaffold: who by and by retiring themſelues, nothing was to be ſeene thereupon, but a baſen of gold pitifully enamelled with bloud, and in the midſt of it, the head of the moſt beautifull *Philoclea*. The horribleneſſe of the miſchiefe was ſuch, as *Pyrocles* could not at firſt beleeue his owne ſenſes, but bent his wofull eyes to diſcerne it better: where too well he might ſee it was *Philocleas* ſelfe, hauing no veile, but beautie ouer her face, which ſtill appeared to be aliue;

ſo did thoſe eyes ſhine, euen as they were wont, and they were wont more then any other: and ſometimes as they moued, it might well make the beholder thinke, that death therein had borowed her beautie, and not they any way diſgraced by death, ſo ſweet and piercing a grace they caried with them.

It was not a pitie, it was not an amazement, it was not a ſorow which then laid hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wilde furie of deſperate agony, ſo that he cried out, O tyrant heauen, traitor earth, blind prouidence, no iuſtic, how is this done? how is this ſuffered? hath this world a gouernment? If it haue, let it powre out all his miſchiefs vpon me, and ſee whether it haue power to make me more wretched then I am. Did ſhe excell for this? haue I prayed for this? abhominable hand that did it; deteſtable deuill that commanded it; curſed light that beheld it: & if the light be curſed, what are then mine eyes that haue ſeene it? And haue I ſeene *Philoclea* dead, and do I liue? and haue I liued, not to helpe her, but to talke of her? and ſtand I ſtill talking? And with that (caried with the madneſſe of anguiſh, not hauing a readier way to kill himſelfe) he ran as hard as euer he could with his head againſt the wall, with intention to braine himſelfe: but the haſte to do it made the doing the ſlower. For as he came to giue the blow, his foote tript, ſo as it came not with the full force: yet forcible enough to ſtrike him downe; and withall to depriue him of his ſence, ſo that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his diſcomfort.

And when he came againe to himſelfe, he heard, or he thought he heard a voyce which cried, Reuenge, Reuenge vnto him; whether indeed it were his good Angell, which vſed that voyce to ſtay him from vnnaturall murdering of himſelfe; or that his wandering ſpirits lighted vpon that conceit, and by their weakneſſe ſubiect to apprehenſions) ſuppoſed they heard it. But that indeed, helped with Vertue, and her valiant ſeruant Anger, ſtopped him from preſent deſtroying himſelfe: yeelding in reaſon and manhood, firſt to deſtroy man, woman and child, that were any way of kinne to them that were acceſſarie to this crueltie; then to raze the Caſtle, and to builda ſumptuous monument for her ſiſter, and a moſt ſumptuous for herſelfe, and then himſelfe to die vpon her tombe. This determining in himſelfe to do, and to ſeeke all meanes how (for that purpoſe) to get out of priſon: he was content a while to beare the thirſt of death: & yet went he againe to the window, to kiſſe the beloued head with his eyes, but there ſaw he nothing but the ſcaffold, all couered ouer with ſcarlet, and nothing but ſolitarie ſilence to mourne this miſchiefe. But then, Sorow hauing diſperſt it ſelfe from his heart, into all his noble parts, it proclaimed his authoritie, in cries and teares, & with a more gentle dolefulneſſe could powre out his inward euill.

Alas (ſaid he) and is that head taken away too, ſo ſoone from mine eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they enuie the excellencie of your ſorow? Indeed, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankind, but teares: and woe be to me, if any exceed me in wofulneſſe. I do coniure you all my ſenſes, to accept no obiect but of ſorow, be aſhamed, nay, abhorre to thinke of comfort. Vnhappie eyes you haue ſeene too much, that euer the light ſhould be welcome to you: vnhappie eares, you ſhall neuer heare the muſike of muſike in her voyce: vnhappy hart that haſt liued to feele theſe pangs. Thou haſt done thy worſt, World, and curſed be thou, and curſed art thou, ſince to thine owne ſelfe thou haſt done the worſt thou couldeſt do. Exiled Beautie, let onely now thy beautie be blubbered faces. Widowed Muſike, let now thy tunes be rorings, and lamentations. Orphane Vertue, get thee wings, and flie after her into heauen; here is no dwelling place for thee

thee. Why liued I, alas? Alas why loued I? to die wretched, and to be the example of the heauens hate? And hate and ſpare not, for your worſt blow is ſtriken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, and haſt caried with thee my loue; and haſt left thy loue in me, and I wretched man do liue; I liue, to die continually, till thy reuenge do giue me leaue to die: and then die I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promiſe to it ſelfe. Surely he did not looke vpon thee, that gaue the cruell blow: for no eye could haue abidden to ſee ſuch beautie ouerthrowne by ſuch miſchiefe. Alas, why ſhould they deuide ſuch a head from ſuch a body? no other bodie is worthy of that head; no other head is worthy of that body: O yet, if I had taken my laſt leaue, if I might haue taken a holy kiſſe from that dying mouth. Where art thou Hope, which promiſeſt neuer to leaue a man while he liueth? tel me, what canſt thou hope for? nay tell me, what is there which I would willinglie hope after? Wiſhing power (which is accounted infinite) what now is left to wiſh for? She is gone, and gone with her all my hope, al my wiſhing. Loue, be aſhamed to be called loue: cruel Hate, vnſpeakeable Hate is victorious ouer thee. Who is there now left, that can iuſtifie thy tyrannie, & giue reaſon to thy paſſion? O cruell diuorce of the ſweeteſt mariage that euer was in Nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her all goodneſſe, all ſweetneſſe, all excellencie. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not aſhamed to continue vpon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: ô deadlie word, which containeth in it ſelfe the vttermoſt of all my misfortunes. But happie word when thou ſhalt be ſaid of me, and long it ſhall not be, before it be ſaid.

Then ſtopping his words with ſighes, drowning his ſighes in teares, and drying againe his teares in rage, he would ſit a while in a wandering muſe, which repreſented nothing but vexations vnto him: then throwing himſelfe ſometime vpon the floore, and ſometimes vpon the bed: then vp againe, till walking was weariſome & reſt loathſome: and ſo neither ſuffering food, nor ſleepe to help his afflicted nature, all that day and night he did nothing but weepe *Philoclea*, ſigh *Philoclea*, and crie out *Philoclea*; till as it happened (at that time vpõ his bed) toward the dawning of the day, he heard one ſtirre in his chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angrie voyce asked, Who was there? A poore Gentlewoman (anſwered the partie) that wiſh long life vnto you. And I ſoone death to you (ſaid he) for the horrible curſe you haue giuen me. Certainely (ſaid ſhe) an vnkind anſwer, and farre vnworthie the excellencie of your mind, but not vnſutable to the reſt of your behauiour. For moſt part of this night I haue heard you (being let into your chamber, you neuer perceiuing it, ſo was your mind eſtranged from your ſenſes) and haue heard nothing of *Zelmane*, in *Zelmane*, nothing but weake waylings, fitter for ſome nurſe of a village, then ſo famous a creature as you are. O God (cried out *Pyrocles*) that thou wert a man that vſeſt theſe words vnto me. I tell thee I am ſorie, I tell thee I will be ſorie in deſpite of thee, & all them that would haue me ioyfull. And yet (replied ſhe) perchaunce *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you ſo much bemone. I would we were both dead on that condition, ſaid *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your paſſion (ſaid ſhe) as though you ſhould be nearer to her, you being dead, and ſhee aliue; then ſhee being dead, and you aliue: and if ſhe be dead, was ſhe not borne to die? what then do you crie out for? not for her, who muſt haue died one time or other; but for ſome fewe yeares: ſo as it is time and this world, that ſeeme ſo loucly things, and not *Philoclea* vnto you. O noble ſiſters (cried *Pyrocles*) now you be gone (who were the onely exalters of all womankinde) what is left in that ſex, but babling and buſineſſe? And truely (ſaid ſhe) I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I praie you do (ſaid

*Pyrocles*) for I wish for nothing in my short life but mischiefs & cumbers: and I am content you shall be one of them. In truth (said she) you would thinke your selfe a greatly priuiledged person, if since the strongest building, & lastingest monarchies are subiect to end, only your *Philoclea* (because she is yours) should be exempted. but indeed you bemone your self, who haue lost a friend; you cannot her, who hath in one act both preserued her honour, and left the miseries of this world. O womans philosophie, childish follie (said *Pyrocles*) as though if I do bemone my selfe, I haue not reason to do so, hauing lost more then any monarchie, nay then my life can be worth vnto me. Alas (said she) comfort your selfe, Nature did not forget her skill, when she had made them: you shal find many their superiours, and perchance such, as (when your eyes shall looke abroad) your selfe will like better.

But that speech put all good maners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*; in so much, that leaping out of his bed, he ran to haue striken her: but comming neare her (the morning then winning the field of darknesse) he saw, or he thought he saw, indeed, the verie face of *Philoclea*; the same sweetnesse, the same grace, the same beautie: with which caried into a diuine astonishment, he fell downe at her feet. Most blessed Angell (said he) well hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldest submit thy selfe to mortall sence; for a more Angelicall forme could not haue bin created for thee. Alas, euen by that excellent beautie, so beloued of me, let it be lawfull for me to aske of thee, what is the cause that she, that heauenly creature, whose forme you haue taken, shold by the heauens be destined to so vnripe an end? Why should vniustice so preuaile? Why was she seene to the world so soone to be rauished from vs? Why was she not suffered to liue, to teach the world perfection? Do not deceiue thy selfe (answered she) I am no Angell; I am *Philoclea*, the same *Philoclea*, so truly louing you, so truly beloued of you. If it be so (said he) that you are indeed the soule of *Philoclea*, you haue done well to keepe your owne figure: for no heauen could haue giuen you a better. Then alas why haue you taken the paines to leaue your blissefull seate to come to this place most wretched, to me, who am wretchednesse it selfe, and not rather obtaine for me, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to loue your beauties? You know (I know) that I desire nothing but death, which I onely stay, to be iustly reuenged of your vniust murtherers. Deare *Pyrocles* (said she) I am thy *Philoclea*, & as yet liuing: not murdered, as you supposed, and therefore be comforted. And with that gaue him her hand. But the sweet touch of that hand seemed, to his astrayed powers so heauenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former beleefe: till she with vehement protestations (and desire that it might be so, helping to perswade that it was so) brought him to yeeld; yet doubtfully to yeeld to this height of all comfort, that *Philoclea* liued: which witnessing with teares of ioy, Alas (said he) how shall I beleeue mine eyes any more? or do you yet but appeare thus vnto me, to stay me from some desperate end? For alas I saw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I saw your head (the head indeed, and chiefe part indeed of all Natures works) standing in a dish of gold, too meane a shrine (God wot) for such a relike. How can this be, my onely deare, and you liue? or if this be not so, how can I beleeue mine owne senses? and if I cannot beleeue them, why should I now beleeue these blessed tidings they bring me?

The truth is (said she) my *Pyrocles*, that neither I (as you find) nor yet my deare sister is dead: although the mischieuously suttle *Cecropia* vsed sleights to make either of vs thinke so of other. For, hauing in vaine attempted the farthest of her wicked eloquence

eloquence, to make eyther of vs yeeld to her ſonne, & ſeeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries, and riche preſents, could get any ground of vs, nor yet the violent way ſhe fell into of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could preuayle with vs, at laſt, ſhe made either of vs thinke the other dead, & ſo hoped to haue wreſted our mindes to the forgetting of vertue: & firſt ſhe gaue to mine eyes the miſerable ſpectacle of my ſiſters (as I thought) death: but indeed it was not my ſiſter: it was onely *Arteſia*, ſhe who ſo cunningly brought vs to this miſery. Truly I am ſory for the poore Gentlewoman, though iuſtly ſhe be puniſhed for her double falſhood: but *Arteſia* muffled ſo, as you could not eaſily diſcerne her; and in my ſiſters apparell (which they had taken from her vnder colour of giuing her other) did they execute: And when I (for thy ſake eſpecially deare *Pyrocles*) could by no force, nor feare be won, they aſſayed the like with my ſiſter, by bringing me downe vnder the ſcaffold & (making mee thruſt my heade vp through a hole they had made therein) they did put about my poore neck a diſh of gold, wherout they had beaten the bottom, ſo as hauing ſet bloud in it, you ſawe how I played the part of death) God knowes euen willing to haue done it in earneſt) and ſo had they ſet me, that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, ſo as ſcarcely I could breathe, much leſſe ſpeake: And truely if they had kept me there any whit longer, they had ſtrangled me, in ſteed of beheadding me: but then they tooke me away, and ſeeking to ſee their iſſue of this practiſe they found my noble ſiſter (for the deare loue ſhe vouchſafeth to beare me) ſo grieued withall, that ſhee willed them to do their vttermoſt crueltie vnto her: for ſhe vowed, neither to receiue ſuſtenance of them that had bene the cauſers of my murther: and finding both of vs, euen giuen ouer, not like to liue many houres longer, and my ſiſter *Pamela*, rather worſe then my ſelfe, (the ſtrength of her heart worſe bearing thoſe indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the ſame pittie as folkes keepe foule, when they are not fatte inough for their eating) made vs know her deceipt, and let vs come one to another; with what ioy you can well imagine, who I know feele the like; ſauing that we only thought our ſelues reſerued to miſeries, & therefore fitter for condoling, then congratulating. For my part, I am fully perſwaded, it is but with a little reſpite, to haue a more feeling ſenſe of the torments ſhe prepares for vs. True it is, that one of my guardians would haue me to beleeue, that this proceeds of my gentle couſin *Amphialus*: who hauing heard ſome inkling that we were euill entreated, had called his mother to his bedſide, from whence he neuer roſe ſince his laſt combate, and beſought, and charged her vpon all the loue ſhe bare him, to vſe vs with al kindneſſe: vowing, with al the imprecations he could imagine, that if euer he vnderſtood for his ſake, that I receiued further hurt then the want of my libertie, he would not liue an houre longer. And the good woman ſware to me that he would kill his mother, if he knewe how I had bene dealt with; but that *Cecropia* keepes him from vnderſtanding things how they paſſe, onely hauing heard a whiſpering, and my ſelfe named, he had (of abundance, forſooth, of honourable loue) giuen this charge for vs. Whereupon this enlargement of mine was growne: for my part I know too well their cunning (who leaue no money vnoffered that may buy mine honour) to beleeue any word they ſay, but (my deare *Pyrocles*) euen looke for the worſt, and prepare my ſelfe for the ſame. Yet I muſt confeſſe, I was content to robbe from death, and borrow of my miſerie the ſweet comfort of ſeeing my ſweet ſiſter, and moſt ſweete comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And ſo hauing leaue, I came ſtealing into your chamber: where (O Lord) what a ioy it was vnto me, to heare you ſolemniſe the funeralls of the poore *Philoclea*. That

I my ſelfe might liue to heare my death bewailed ? and by whome ? by my deere *Pyrocles*. That I ſaw death was not ſtrong enough to diuide thy loue from me ? O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well payde for my paines I haue ſuffered: ioyfull is my woe for ſo noble a cauſe; and welcome be all miſeries, ſince to thee I am ſo welcome. Alas how I pittied to heare thy pittie of me; and yet a great while I could not finde in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had euen pleaſure to weepe with thee: and ſo kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they inforced me to lament too, as if indeed I had bene a looker on, to ſee poore *Philoclea* dye. Till at laſt I ſpake with you, to try whether I could remoue thee from ſorrow, till I had almoſt procured my ſelfe a beating. And with that ſhe pretily ſmiled, which mingled with her teares, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or a delightfull ſorrow: but like when a few Aprill drops are ſcattered by a gentle *Zephyrus* among fine coloured flowers. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt (with ſo ſmall diſtance of time) in himſelfe the ouerthrow both of hope and deſpaire, knew not to what key he ſhould tune his minde, either of ioy, or ſorrow. But finding perfite reaſon in neither, ſuffred himſelfe to be caried by the tide of his imagination, and his imaginations to be raiſed euen by the ſway, which hearing or ſeeing, might giue vnto them: he ſaw her aliue, he was glad to ſee her aliue: he ſaw her weepe, he was ſorie to ſee her weepe: he heard her comfortable ſpeeches, nothing more gladſome: he heard her prognoſticating her owne deſtruction, nothing more dolefull. But when he had a little taken breath from the panting motion of ſuch contrarietie in paſſions, he fell to conſider with her of her preſent eſtate, both comforting her, that certainly the worſt of this ſtorme was paſt, ſince alreadie they had done the worſt, which mans wit could imagine: and that if they had determined to haue killed her, now they would haue done it: and alſo earneſtly counſelling her, and enabling his counſels with vehement prayers, that ſhee would ſo farre ſecond the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that ſhee might but procure him libertie; promiſing then as much to her, as the liberalitie of louing courage durſt promiſe to himſelfe.

But who could liuely deſcribe the manner of theſe ſpeeches, ſhould paint out the lightſome colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadowes of ſorrow, finding then betweene hope and feare, a kinde of ſweetneſſe in teares: till *Philoclea* content to receiue a kiſſe, and but a kiſſe of *Pyrocles*, ſealed vp his moning lips, and cloſed them vp in comfort: and her-ſelfe (for the paſſage was left betweene them open) went to her ſiſter: with whome ſhee had ſtayed but a while, fortifying one another (while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamelas* iuſt diſdaine, and *Pamela* ennobled *Philocleas* ſweete humbleneſſe) when *Amphialus* came vnto them: who neuer ſince he had heard *Philoclea* named, could be quiet in himſelfe, although none of them about him (fearing more his mothers violence then his power) would diſcouer what had paſſed: and many meſſages he ſent to know her eſtate, which brought anſwers backe, according as it pleaſed *Cecropia* to indite them, till his heart full of vnfortunate affection, more and more miſgiuing him, hauing impatiently borne the delay of the nights vnfitneſſe, this morning he gat vp, and though full of wounds (which not without danger could ſuffer ſuch exerciſe) he apparelled himſelfe, and with a countenance, that ſhewed ſtrength in nothing but in griefe, he came where the ſiſters were; and weakely kneeling downe, he beſought them to pardon him, if they had not bene vſed in that caſtle according to their worthineſſe, and his dueties; beginning to excuſe ſmall matters, poore Gentleman, not knowing in what ſort they had bene handled.

But

But *Pamelas* high heart (hauing conceiued mortall hate for the iniurie offered to her and her ſiſter) could ſcarcelie abide his ſight, much leſſe heare out his excuſes; but interrupted him with theſe words. Traitor (ſaid ſhe) to thine owne blood, and falſe to the profeſſion of ſo much loue as thou haſt vowed, do not defile our eares with thy excuſes; but purſue on thy crueltie, that thou and thy godly mother haue vſed towards vs: for my part, aſſure thy ſelfe, and ſo do I anſwer for my ſiſter (whoſe mind I know) I do not more deſire mine owne ſafetie then thy deſtruction. Amazed with this ſpeech, he turned his eye, full of humble ſorrowfulneſſe, to *Philoclea*. And is this (moſt excellent Ladie) your doome of me alſo? She, ſweet Ladie, ſate weeping: for as her moſt noble kinſman ſhe had euer fauoured him, and loued his loue, though ſhe could not be in loue with his perſon; and now partly vnkindneſſe of his wrong, partly pitie of his caſe, made her ſweet mind yeeld ſome teares, before ſhe could anſwere; and her anſwere was no other, but that ſhe had the ſame cauſe as her ſiſter had. He replied no further, but deliuering from his heart two or three (vntaught) ſighes, roſe, and with moſt low reuerence, went out of their chamber: and ſtraight by threatning torture, learned of one of the women, in what terrible maner thoſe Princeſſes had bene vſed. But when he heard it, crying out, O God; and then not able to ſay any more (for his ſpeech went backe to rebound woe vpon his heart) he needed no iudge to go vpon him: for no man could euer thinke anie other worthy of greater puniſhment, then he thought himſelfe. Full therefore of the horribleſt deſpaire, which a moſt guiltie conſcience could breed, with wild lookes promiſing ſome terrible iſſue, vnderſtanding his mother was vpon the top of the leads, he caught one of his ſeruants ſwords from him, and none of them daring to ſtay him, he went vp, caried by furie, in ſteed of ſtrength; where ſhe was at that time, muſing how to go thorough with this matter, and reſoluing to make much of her Neeces in ſhew, and ſecretly to impoyſon them; thinking ſince they were not to be wonne, her ſonnes loue would no otherwiſe be mitigated.

But when ſhe ſaw him come in with a ſword drawne, and a looke more terrible then the ſword, ſhe ſtreight was ſtricken with the guiltineſſe of her owne conſcience: yet the well knowne humbleneſſe of her ſonne ſomewhat animated her, till he, comming nearer her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, onely fit to bring forth ſuch a monſter of vnhappineſſe as I am; ſhe fearing he would haue ſtriken her (though indeed he meant it not, but onely intended to kill himſelfe in her preſence) went backe ſo far, til ere ſhe were aware, ſhe ouerthrew her ſelfe from ouer the Leads, to receiue her deaths kiſſe at the ground: and yet was ſhe not ſo happie as preſently to die, but that ſhe had time with helliſh agonie to ſee her ſonnes miſchiefe (whom ſhe loued ſo well) before her end; whē ſhe confeſt (with moſt deſperate, but not repenting mind) the purpoſe ſhe had to impoyſon the Princeſſes, and would then haue had them murdered. But euery body ſeeing, & glad to ſee her end, had left obedience to her tyranny.

And (if it could be) her ruine increaſed woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he ſaw her fall, had his owne rage ſtayed a litle with the ſodainneſſe of her deſtruction. And was I not enough miſerable before (ſaid he) but that before my end I muſt be the death of my mother? who how wicked ſoeuer, yet I would ſhe had receiued her puniſhment by ſome other. O *Amphialus*, wretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt liued to be the death of thy moſt deare companion and friend *Philoxenus*, and of his father, thy moſt carefull foſter-father. Thou haſt liued to kill a Lady with

thine owne hands, and so excellent and vertuous a Lady as the faire *Parthenia* was: thou hast liued to see thy faithful *Ismenus* slaine in succouring thee, and thou not able to defend him: thou hast liued to shew thy selfe such a coward, as that one vnknown knight could ouercome thee in thy Ladies presence: thou hast liued to beare armes against thy rightful Prince, thine own vncle: thou hast liued to be accounted, & iustly accounted a traitor, by the most excellēt persons that this world holdeth: thou hast liued to be the death of her, that gaue thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued for thy sake, and by thy authoritie, to haue *Philoclea* tormented. O heauens, in *Amphialus* castle, where *Amphialus* commaunded; tormented, tormented? Torment of my soule, *Philoclea* tormented; and thou hast had such comfort in thy life, as to liue all this while. Perchance this hand (vsed onely to mischieuous acts) thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or else filthy hand, onely worthy to kil women, thou art affraid to strike a man. Feare not cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traitor; and do it gladly; for thou shalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiously he tare open his doublet, and setting the pommel of the sword to the ground, and the point to his breast, he fell vpon it. But the sword more mercifull then he to himself, with the slipping of the pommel, the point swarued, and razed him but vpon the side: yet with the fall, his other wounds opened so, as he bled in such extremitie, that *Charons* boat might verie well be caried in that floud: which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet & fel, there fell out *Philocleas* kniues, which *Cecropia* at the first had taken from her, & deliuered to her sonne; & he had euer worne them next his heart, as the onely relike he had of his Saint: now seeing them by him (his sword being so, as weakenesse could not well draw it out from his doublet) he tooke the kniues, and pulling one of them out, and manie times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindnesse and vnkindnesse melting in teares: O deare kniues, you are come in a good time, to reuēge the wrong I haue done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side, and wearing you without your mistresse leaue. Alas, be witnesse with me, yet before I die (and well you may, for you haue laine next my heart) that by my consent, your excellent mistresse should haue had as much honour as this poore place could haue brought forth for so high an excellencie; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas, other, farre other hope would my desire often haue giuen me; but other euent it hath pleased her to lay vpon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his teares gushed out, as though they would striue to ouerflow his bloud) I would yet thou knewest how I loue thee. Vnworthie I am, vnhappie I am, false I am; but to thee alas, I am not false. But what a traitor am I, any way to excuse him, whom she cōdemneth? Since there is nothing left me, wherin I may do her seruice, but in punishing him, who hath so offended her. Deare knife, then do your noble mistresses commandement. With that, he stabbed himselfe into diuerse places of his breast and throte, vntill those wounds (with the old, freshly bleeding) brought him to the senceless gate of death. By which time, his seruants hauing (with feare of his fury) abstained a while from comming vnto him, one of them (preferring dutifull affection before fearefull dutie) came in, and there found him swimming in his owne bloud, giuing a pitifull spectacle, where the conqueſt was the conquerours ouerthrow, and selfe-ruine the onely triumph of a battaile, fought betweene him and himselfe. The time full of daunger, the person full of worthinesse, the maner full of horror, did greatly astonish all the beholders: so as by and by, all the towne was full of it, and then of all ages came running vp to see the beloued body; euerie bodie thinking

their

their ſafetie bled in his wounds, and their honor died in his deſtruction.

But when it came, (& quickly it came) to the eares of his proud friend *Anaxius*, (who by that time was growen well of his wound, but neuer had come abroad, diſdaining to abaſe himſelfe to the companie of any other but of *Amphialus*) he was exceedingly vexed, either with kindneſſe, or (if a proud heart be not capable thereof) with diſdaine, that he, who had the honor to be called the friend of *Anaxius*, ſhould come to ſuch an vnexpected ruine. Therefore, then comming abroad, with a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with liddes raiſed, and eyes leuelling from top to toe of them that met him, treading, as though he thought to make the earth ſhake vnder him, with his hand vpon his ſword; ſhort ſpeeches, and diſdainfull anſwers, giuing ſtreight order .o his two brothers, to go take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the ſouldiers, and Citizens in the towne: and withall, to ſweare them to reuenge the death of *Amphialus*, vpon *Baſilius*. He himſelfe went to ſee him, calling for all the ſurgeons and phyſicions there; ſpending ſome time in viewing the body, and threatning them all to be hanged, if they did not heale him. But they (taking view of his wounds, and falling downe at *Anaxius* feete) aſſured him, that they were mortall, and no poſſible meanes to keepe him aboue two daies aliue: and he ſtood partly in doubt, to kill, or ſaue them, betweene his owne furie, and their humbleneſſe. But vowing, with his owne hands to kill the two ſiſters, as cauſers of his friends death: when his brothers came to him, and told him they had done his cõmaundement, in hauing receiued the oath of alleageance, with no great difficultie: the moſt part terrified by their valure, and force of their ſeruants, and many that had bene forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather then come vnder the ſubiection of *Baſilius* againe; and ſuch fewe as durſt gainſay, being cut off by preſent ſlaughter.

But withall (as the chiefe matter of their comming to him) they told *Anaxius*, that the faire Queene *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the towne: humbly deſiring leaue to ſee *Amphialus*, whome ſhe had ſought in many places of the world; & laſtly, being returned into her own countrie, ſhe heard together of the late ſiege, and of his combat with the ſtrange Knight, who had dangerouſly hurt him. Wherupon, full of louing care (which ſhe was content euen to publiſh to the world, how vngratefully ſoeuer he dealt with her) ſhe had gotten leaue of *Baſilius*, to come by his frontiers, to cary away *Amphialus* with her, to the excellenteſt ſurgeon then knowen, whom ſhe had in her countrey, but ſo old, as not able to trauaile: but had giuen her ſoueraigne annointments, to preſerue his body withall, till he might be brought vnto him: and that *Baſilius* had graunted leaue: either naturall kindneſſe preuailing ouer all the offences done, or rather glad to make any paſſage, which might leade him out of his countrie, & from his daughters. This diſcourſe *Lycurgus* vnderſtanding of *Helen*, deliuered to his brother, with her vehement deſire to ſee the bodie, and take her laſt farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though he were fallen out with all womankind (in reſpect of the hate he bare the ſiſters, whome he accounted murtherers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brothers requeſt, graunted her leaue. And ſhe (poore Lady) with grieuous expectation, and languiſhing deſire, caried her faint legs to the place where he lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous plight when ſhe ſaw him, though Sorow had ſet before her mind the pitifulleſt conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the preſent ſight went beyond all former apprehenſions: ſo that beginning to kneele by the bodie, her

ſight ranne from her ſeruice, rather then abide ſuch a ſight; and ſhe fell in a ſowne vpon him, as if ſhe could not chooſe but dye of his wounds. But when her breath (aweary to be cloſed vp in woe) broke the priſon of her faire lips, and brought memorie (with his ſeruant ſenſes) to his naturall office, ſhe yet made the breath conuey theſe dolefull wordes with it. Alas (ſaid ſhe) *Amphialus*, what ſtrange diſaſters be theſe, that hauing ſought thee ſo long, I ſhould be now ſorie to finde thee? that theſe eyes ſhould looke vpon *Amphialus*, and be grieued withall? that I ſhould haue thee in my power without glory, and embrace thee without comfort? How often haue I bleſt the meanes that might bring me neere thee? Now, woe worth the cauſe that brings me ſo neere thee. Often, alas, often haſt thou diſdained my teares: but now, my deare *Amphialus*, receiue them: theſe eyes can ſerue for nothing elſe, but to weepe for thee; ſince thou wouldeſt neuer vouchſafe them thy comfort, yet diſdaine not them thy ſorrow. I would they had bene more deare vnto thee; for then hadſt thou liued. Woe is me that thy noble heart could loue who hated thee, and hate who loued thee. Alas, why ſhould not my faith to thee couer my other defects, who only ſought to make my Crowne thy foot-ſtoole, my ſelfe thy ſeruant? that was all my ambition; and alas thou diſdaindſt it to ſerue them, by whome thy incomparable ſelfe wert diſdained. Yet (ô *Philoclea*) where-ſoeuer you are, pardon me, if I ſpeake in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule, excellent may you be in all other things (and excellent ſure you are ſince he loued you) your want of pittie, where the fault onely was infiniteneſſe of deſert, cannot be excuſed. I would, ô God, I would that you had granted his deſerued ſuite of marrying you, and that I had bene your ſeruing-maide, to haue made my eſtate the foile of your felicitie, ſo he had liued. How many weary ſteps haue I trodden after thee, while my onely complaint was, that thou wert vnkinde? Alas I would now thou wert to be vnkind. Alas why wouldeſt thou not commaund my ſeruice, in perſwading *Philoclea* to loue thee? Who could, or (if euery one could) who would haue recounted thy perfections ſo well as I? who with ſuch kindly paſſions could haue ſtirred pittie for thee as I? who ſhould haue deliuered not only the words, but the teares I had of thee? and ſo ſhouldeſt thou haue exerciſed thy diſdaine in me, and yet vſed my ſeruice for thee.

With that the body mouing ſomwhat, and giuing a grone ful of deaths muſick, ſhe fell vpon his face, and kiſt him, and withall cried out. O miſerable I, that haue onely fauour by miſerie: and then would ſhee haue returned to a freſh careere of complaints, when an aged and wiſe Gentleman came to her, and beſought her, to remember what was fit for her greatneſſe, wiſdome, and honour: and withall, that it was fitter to ſhew her loue, in carying the body to her excellent Surgeon, firſt applying ſuch excellent medicines as ſhe had receiued of him for that purpoſe, rather then onely ſhew her ſelf a woman-louer in fruitleſſe lamentations. She was ſtreight warned with the obedience of an ouerthrowne minde, and therefore leauing ſome ſurgeons of her owne to dreſſe the body, went her ſelfe to *Anaxius*, and humbling her ſelfe to him, as lowe as his owne pride could wiſh, beſought him, that ſince the ſurgeons there had vtterly giuen him ouer, that he would let her carie him away in her litter with her, ſince the worſt he could haue ſhould bee to die, and to die in her armes that loued him aboue all things; and where he ſhould haue ſuch monuments erected ouer him, as were fit for her loue, and his worthines: beſeeching him withall, ſince ſhe was in a countrey of enemies (where ſhee truſted more to *Anaxius* valour, then *Baſilius* promiſe) that he would cõuey them ſafely out of [illegible] territories.

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Her reasons something moued him, but nothing throughly perswaded him, but the last request of his help: which he streight promised, warranting all securitie, as long as that sword had his master aliue. She as happy therein as vnhappinesse could be (hauing receiued as small comfort of her own surgeons as of the others) caused yet the bodie to be easily conueyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roare and crie, as though neuer till then they had lost their Lord. And if the terror of *Anaxius* had not kept them vnder, they would haue mutinied, rather then suffered his bodie to be caried away.

But *Anaxius* him selfe riding before the litter, with the choyce men of that place they were afraid euen to crie, though they were ready to crie for feare; but (because that they might do) euery bodie forced (euen with harming themselues) to do honour to him: some throwing themselues vpon the ground; some tearing their clothes, and casting dust vpon their heads, and some euen wounding themselues, & sprinckling their owne bloud in the aire.

The generall consort of whose mourning, perfourmed so the naturall tunes of sorrow; that euen to them (if any such were) that felt not the losse, yet others griefe taught them grief; hauing before their compassionat sense so passionate a spectacle of a yong man, of great beautie, beautified with great honor, honoured by great valure, made of inestimable value, by the noble vsing of it, to lye there languishing, vnder the arrest of death, & a death, where the maner could be no comfort to the discomfortableness of the matter. But when the bodie was carried through the gate, & the people (sauing such as were appointed) not suffred to go further, thē was such an vniuersall crie, as if they had all had but one life, & all receiued but one blow.

Which so moued *Anaxius* to cōsider the losse of his frīēd, that (his mind apter to reuenge, then tenderness) he presently giuing order to his brother to keepe the prisoners safe, & vnuisited till his returne frō conueying *Helen*, he sent a messenger to the sisters, to tell them this curteous message: that at his returne with his own hāds; he would cut off their heads, & send them for tokens to their father.

This message was brought vnto the sisters, as they sate at that time together with *Zelmane*, conferring how to carrie themselues, hauing heard of the death of *Amphialus*. And as no expectation of death is so painful, as where the resolution is hindred by the intermixing of hopes, so did this new alarum, though not remoue, yet moue somwhat the constancy of their mindes, which were so vnconstantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her minde againe to his old acquaintance: and then, as carefull for her sister (whom most deerely she loued.) Sister (said she) you see how many acts our Tragedie hath: Fortune is not yet awearie of vexing vs: but what? A ship is not counted strong for byding one storme: It is but the same trumpet of death, which now perhaps giues the last sound: and let vs make that profit of our former miseries, that in them we learned to dye willingly. Truely said *Philoclea*, deare sister, I was so beaten with the euils of life, that though I had not vertue enough to despise the sweetnesse of it, yet my weaknesse bredde that strength, to be wearie of the paines of it: onely I must confesse, that little hope, which by these late accidents was awaked in me, was at the first angrie withall. But euen in the darkenesse of that horrour, I see a light of comfort appeare; & how can I tread amisse, that see *Pamela* steppes? I would onely (O that my wish might take place) that my schoole-Mistres might liue, to see mee say my lesson truely. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*? said *Pamela*. No, no (said she) let it come, and put on his worst face: for the worst it is but a bug beare. Ioy is it to me to see you so well

reſolued, and ſince the world will not haue vs, let it loſe vs. Onely (with that ſhee ſtayed a little, and ſighed) onely my *Philoclea*, (then ſhe bowed downe, & whiſpered in her eare) only *Muſidorus*, my ſhepheard, comes betwene me and death, & makes me thinke I ſhould not dye, becauſe I know he would not I ſhould dye. With that *Philoclea* ſighed alſo, ſaying no more, but looking vpon *Zelmane*: who was walking vp and downe the chamber, hauing heard this meſſage from *Anaxius*, and hauing in time paſt heard of his nature, thought him like enough to performe it, which winded her againe into the former maze of perplexitie. Yet debating with her ſelfe of the manner how to preuent it, ſhe continued her muſing humour, little ſaying, or indeede, little finding in her hart to ſay, in a caſe of ſuch extremitie, where peremptorily death was threatned: and ſo ſtayed they; hauing yet that comfort, that they might tarie togither. *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* ſweetely, and *Zelmane* ſadly, and deſperately none of them entertaining ſleep, which they thought ſhould ſhortly begin neuer to awake.

But *Anaxius* came home, hauing ſafely conducted *Helen*, and ſafely hee might well do it: For though many of *Baſilius* Knights would haue attempted ſomething vpon *Anaxius*, by that meanes to deliuer the Ladies; yet *Philanax*, hauing receiued his maſters commaundement, and knowing his word was giuen, would not conſent vnto it. And the black-Knight (who by them was able to carry abroade his woundes) did not knowe thereof; but was bringing force, by force to deliuer his Lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather feare, then faith, and making euen chance an argument of his vertue, returned: and as ſoone as hee was returned, with a felon hart calling his brother vp with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together; with full intention to kill the ſiſters with his owne handes, and ſend their heads for tokens to their father: Though his brothers (who were otherwiſe enclined) diſſwaded him: but his reuerence ſtayed their perſwaſions. But when hee was come into the chamber, with the very wordes of cholerike threatning climing vp his throte, his eyes firſt lighted vpon *Pamela*; who hearing hee was comming, and looking for death, thought ſhe would keepe her owne maieſtie in welcomming it; but the beames thereof ſo ſtrake his eyes, with ſuch a counterbuffe vnto his pride, that if his anger could not ſo quickly loue, nor his pride ſo eaſily honor, yet both were forced to finde a worthineſſe.

Which while it bred a pauſe in him, *Zelmane* (who had readie in her minde both what and how to ſay) ſtept out vnto him, and with a reſolute ſtayednes) void either of anger, kindneſſe, diſdaine, or humbleneſſe) ſpake in this ſort. *Anaxius* (ſaid ſhe) if *Fame* haue not bene ouerpartiall to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee euen before that vertue, & will make it the iudge betweene vs. And now I do affirme, that to the eternall blot of all the faire actes that thou haſt done, thou doeſt weakely, in ſeeking without daunger to reuenge his death, whoſe life with danger thou mightſt perhaps haue preſerued: thou doeſt cowardly, in going about by the death of theſe excellent Ladies, to preuent the iuſt puniſhment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better then their father, or any other could make, might lay vpon thee and doſt moſt baſely, in once preſenting thy ſelfe as an executioner; a vile office vpon men, and in a iuſt cauſe: beyond the degree of any vile worde, in ſo vniuſt a cauſe, and vpon Ladies, and ſuch Ladies. And therefore, as a hangman. I ſay, thou art vnworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the companie of Knights. Neither for what, I ſay, will I alleadge other reaſons of wiſdome, or iuſtice, to proue my ſpeech, becauſe I know thou doſt diſdaine

to

glorieſt) I will make my tryall: & therefore defie thee, by the death of one of vs two to proue or diſproue theſe reproches. Chuſe thee what armes thou likeſt, I only demaund, that theſe Ladies (whom I defend) may in libertie ſee the combat.

When *Zelmane* began her ſpeech, the excellencie of her beautie & grace, made him a litle content to heare. Beſides that, a new leſſon he had read in *Pamela* had already taught him ſome regard. But when ſhe entred into brauery of ſpeech, hee thought at firſt, a mad & rayling humor poſſeſt her; till, finding the ſpeeches hold well together, & at length come to flat challenge of combat, he ſtood leaning back with his body & head, ſometimes with bent browes looking vpō the one ſide of her, ſometimes of the other, beyond maruell maruelling, that he, who had neuer heard ſuch ſpeeches from any knight, ſhould be thus rebuffed by a woman; & that maruel made him heare out her ſpeech: which ended, he turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, & ſaid nothing, but only lifting vp his eyes, ſmiled. But *Zelmane* finding his mind, *Anaxius* (ſaid ſhe) perchance thou diſdaineſt to anſwere me, becauſe (as a woman) thou thinkeſt me not fit to be fought withall. But I tell thee, that I haue bin trayned vp in martiall matters, with ſo good ſucceſſe, that I haue many times ouercome brauer Knights then thy ſelfe: and am well knowne to be equall in feates of armes, to the famous *Pyrocles*: who ſlue thy valiant Vncle, the Giant *Euardes*. The remembrance of his Vncles death ſomething netled him, ſo as he anſwered thus.

Indeede (ſayd he) any woman may be as valiant as that coward, and trayterly boy, who ſlue my Vncle trayterouſly, and after ranne from me in the plaine field. Fiue thouſand ſuch could not haue ouercome *Euardes*, but by falſhood. But I ſought him all ouer *Aſia*, following him ſtill from one of his cony holes to another, till comming into this Countrie, I heard of my friends being beſieged, and ſo came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But whereſoeuer the miſerable boy flie, heauen, nor hell, ſhall keepe his heart from being torne by theſe hands. Thou lyeſt in thy throate (ſayd *Zelmane*) that boye, where euer he went, did ſo noble acts, as thy heart (as proud as it is) dares not thinke of, much leſſe performe. But to pleaſe thee the better with my preſence, I tell thee, no creature can be neerer of kinne to him, then my ſelfe: and ſo well we loue, that he would not be ſorier for his owne death then for mine: I being begotten by his father, of an Amazon Ladie. And therefore, thou canſt not deuiſe to reuenge thy ſelfe more vpon him, then by killing me: which if thou dareſt do, manfullie doo it, otherwiſe, if thou harme theſe incomparable Ladies, or my ſelfe without daring to fight with me, I proteſt before theſe Knights, and before heauen and earth (that will reueale thy ſhame) that thou art the beggarlieſt daſtardly villaine, that diſhonoureth the earth with his ſteps: and if thou letteſt me ouerliue them, ſo will I blaze thee. But al this could not moue *Anaxius*, but that he onely ſaid, Euill ſhould it become the terrour of the world to fight, much worſe to ſcold with thee.

But (ſaid he) for the death of theſe ſame (pointing to the Princeſſes) of my grace I giue them life. And withall, going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, And as for you, Minion (ſaid he) yeeld but gently to my will, and you ſhall not onlie liue, but liue ſo happilie, He would haue ſaid further, when *Pamela*, diſpleaſed both with words, matter and maner, putting him away with her faire hand, Proud beaſt (ſaid ſhe) yet thou playeſt worſe thy Comedie, then thy Tragedie. For my part, aſſure thy ſelfe, ſince my deſtinie is ſuch, that at each moment my life and death ſtand in equall ballance, I had rather haue thee, and thinke thee far fitter to be

my hangman, then my husband. Pride and anger would faine haue cruellie reuenged ſo bitter an anſwer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his ſport, to pull his plumes: ſo that, vnuſed to a way of curteſie, and put out of his byas of pride, he haſtilie went away, grumbling to himſelfe; betweene threatning & wiſhing; leauing his brothers with them: the elder of whom *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoclea*, & *Zoilus* wold needs loue *Zelmane*, or at leaſt, entertaine theſelues with making them beleeue ſo. *Lycurgus* more braggard, & neere his brothers humour, began, with ſetting forth their blood, their deeds, how many they had deſpiſed of moſt excellent women; how much they were bound to them, that would ſecke that of them. In ſumme, in all his ſpeeches, more like the beſtower then the deſirer of felicitie. Whō it was an excellent paſtime (to thoſe that would delight in the play of vertue) to ſee with what a wittie ignorance ſhe would not vnderſtand: & how, acknowledging his perfections, ſhe would make that one of his perfections, not to be iniurious to Ladies. But when he knew not how to replie, then would he fall to touching and toying, ſtill viewing his graces in no glaſſe but ſelf-liking. To which *Philoclea* ſhamefaſtneſſe and humbleneſſe, were as ſtrong reſiſters as choller and diſdaine: for though ſhe yeelded not, he thought ſhe was to be ouercome: and that thought a while ſtayed him from further violence. But *Zelmane* had eye to his behauiour, and ſet it in her memorie vpon the ſcore of reuenge, while ſhe her ſelfe was no leſſe attempted by *Zoilus*; who leſſe full of brags was forwardeſt in offring (indeed) diſhonorable violence.

But when after their fruitleſſe labours they had gone away called by their brother, (who began to be perplexed between new conceiued deſires, and diſdaine to be diſdained) *Zelmane* (who with moſt aſſured quietneſſe of iudgement looked into their preſent eſtate) earneſtly perſwaded the two ſiſters, that to auoide the miſchiefes of proud outrage, they would onely ſo farre ſute their behauiour to their eſtates, as they might winne time; which as it could not bring them to worſe caſe then they were, ſo it might bring forth inexpected reliefe. And why (ſaid *Pamela*) ſhall we anie longer flatter aduerſitie? Why ſhould we delight to make our ſelues any longer balles to iniurious Fortune, ſince our owne parents are content to be tyrants ouer vs, ſince our owne kinne are content trayterouſly to abuſe vs? Certainly in miſhap it may be ſome comfort to vs that we are lighted in theſe fellowes hands, who yet will keepe vs from hauing cauſe of being miſerable by our friends meanes. Nothing grieues me more, then that you, noble Ladie *Zelmane*, (to whō the world might haue made vs able to do honour) ſhould receiue onely hurt by the contagion of our miſerie. As for mee and my ſiſter, vndoubtedly it becomes our birth to thinke of dying nobly, while we haue done or ſuffered nothing, which might make our ſoule aſhamed at the parture from theſe bodies. Hope is the fawning traytor of the mind, while vnder colour of friendſhip, it robs it of his chiefe force of reſolution. Vertuous and faire Ladie (ſaid *Zelmane*) what you ſay is true, and that truth may well make vp a part in the harmonie of your noble thoughts. But yet the time (which ought alwayes to be one) is not tuned for it; while that may bring forth any good, do not barre your ſelf thereof: for then wil be the time to die noblie, when you cannot liue noblie. Then ſo earneſtlie ſhee perſwaded with them both, to referre them-ſelues to their fathers conſent (in obtaining whereof they knew ſome while would be ſpent) and by that meanes to temper the mindes of their proud woers; that in the end *Pamela* yeelded to her becauſe ſhe ſpake reaſon; and *Philoclea* yeelded to her reaſon becauſe ſhe ſpake it.

And

And ſo when they were againe ſolicited in that litle pleaſing petition, *Pamela* forced her ſelfe to make anſwere to *Anaxius*, that if her father gaue his conſent ſhe would make her ſelfe beleeue, that ſuch was the heauenly determination, ſince ſhe had no meanes to auoide it. *Anaxius* (who was the moſt franke promiſer to himſelfe of ſucceſſe) nothing doubted of *Baſilius* conſent, but rather aſſured himſelfe, hee would be his Orator in that matter: and therefore hee choſe out an officious ſeruant (whom he eſteemed verie wiſe, becauſe he neuer found him but iuſt of his opinion) and willed him to be his Embaſſadour to *Baſilius*, and to make him know, that if he meant to haue his daughter both ſafe and happie, and deſired himſelfe to haue ſuch a ſonne in lawe, as would not onely protect him in his quiet courſe, but (if he liſted to accept it) would giue him the monarchie of the world, that then he ſhould receiue *Anaxius*, who neuer before knew what it was to pray any thing. That if he did not, he would make him know, that the power of *Anaxius* was in euerie thing beyond his will, and yet his will not to be reſiſted by any other power. His ſeruant with ſmiling and caſt-vp looke, deſired God to make his memorie able to containe the treaſure of that wiſe ſpeech; and therefore beſought him to repeate it againe, that by the oftener hearing it, his mind might be the better acquainted with the diuineſſe therof, and that being graciouſlie graunted, he then doubted not by carying with him in his conceit, the grace wherewith *Anaxius* ſpake it, to perſwade rockie minds to their owne harme: ſo litle doubted he to win *Baſilius* to that, which he thought would make him thinke the heauens opened, when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* grauely allowed the probabilitie of his coniecture, and therefore ſent him away, promiſing him he ſhould haue the bringing vp of his ſecond ſonne by *Pamela*.

The meſſenger with ſpeed perfourmed his Lords commaundement to *Baſilius*, who by nature quiet, and by ſuperſtition made doubtfull, was loth to take any matter of armes in hand, wherein already he had found ſo ſlowe ſucceſſe; though *Philanax* vehemently vrged him thereunto, making him ſee that his retiring backe did encourage iniuries. But *Baſilius* betwixt the feare of *Anaxius* might, the paſſion of his loue, and iealouſie of his eſtate, was ſo perplexed, that not able to determine, he tooke the common courſe of men, to flie onely then to deuotion, when they want reſolution: therefore detaining the meſſenger with delayes, he deferred the directing of his courſe to the counſell of *Apollo*, which becauſe himſelfe at that time could not well go to require, he entruſted the matter to his beſt truſted *Philanax*: who (as one in whom obedience was a ſufficient reaſon vnto him) went with diligence to *Delphos*, where being entred into the ſecret place of the Temple, & hauing perfourmed the ſacrifices vſuall, the ſpirit that poſſeſt the prophecying woman, with a ſacred furie attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulitie, told him, not in darke wonted ſpeeches, but plainly to be vnderſtood, what he came for, and that he ſhould returne to *Baſilius*, and will him to denie his daughters to *Anaxius* and his brothers, for that they were reſerued for ſuch as were better beloued of the Gods. That he ſhould not doubt, for they ſhould returne vnto him ſafely and ſpeedily. And that he ſhould keepe on his ſolitarie courſe, till both *Philanax* and *Baſilius* fullie agreed in the vnderſtanding of the former prophecie: withal commanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to giue tribute, but not oblatiõ to humane wiſdome.

*Philanax* then finding that reaſon cannot ſhew it ſelfe more reaſonable, then to leaue reaſoning in things aboue reaſon, returnes to his Lord, and like one that

preferred truth before the maintayning of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durſt any more diſſwade him from that which he found by the celeſtiall prouidence directed; but he himſelfe looking to repaire the gouernment as much as in ſo broken an eſtate by ciuill diſſention he might, and fortifying with notable arte, both the Lodges, ſo as they were almoſt made vnapprochable, hee left *Baſilius* to bemone the abſence of his daughters, and to bewaile the impriſonment of *Zelmane*: yet whollie giuen holily to obey the Oracle, he gaue a reſolute negatiue vnto the meſſenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good termes deſiring him to ſhew himſelfe, in reſpect of his birth and profeſſion, ſo princelie a Knight, as without forcing him to ſeeke the way of force, to deliuer in noble ſort thoſe Ladies vnto him, and ſo ſhould the iniurie haue bene in *Amphialus*, and the benefite in him.

The meſſenger went backe with this anſwere, yet hauing euer vſed to ſuger any thing which his Maiſter was to receiue, he told him, that when *Baſilius* firſt vnderſtood his deſires, he did ouer-reach ſo farre all his moſt hopefull expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldneſſe to hearken to ſuch a man, in whō the heauens had ſuch intereſt, without asking the Gods counſell, and therefore had ſent his principall Counceller to *Delphos*, who although he kept the matter neuer ſo ſecret, yet his diligence, inſpired by *Anaxius* priuiledge ouer all worldly things, had found out the ſecrete, which was, that he ſhould not preſume to marie his daughters to one, who already was enrolled among the demie-gods, and yet much leſſe he ſhould dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

*Anaxius*, who till then had made Fortune his creator, and force his God, now began to find another wiſdome to be aboue, that iudged ſo rightlie of him: and where in this time of his ſeruants wayting for *Baſilius* reſolution, he and his brothers had courted their Ladies, as whom they vouchſafed to haue for their wiues, he reſolued now to dallie no longer in delayes, but to make violence his Oratour, ſince he had found perſwaſions had gotten nothing but anſwers. Which intention he opened to his brothers, who hauing all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authoritie, gaue ſpurres to his running; and (vnworthy men) neither feeling vertue in themſelues, nor tendering it in others, they were headlong to make that euill conſort of loue and force, when *Anaxius* had word, that from the Tower there were deſcried ſome companies of armed men, marching towards the towne; wherefore he gaue preſent order to his ſeruants and ſouldiers, to go to the gates and walles, leauing none within but himſelfe and his brothers: his thoughts then ſo full of their entended pray, that *Mars*-his lowdeſt trumpet could ſcarcely haue awaked him.

But while hee was directing what hee would haue done, his youngeſt brother *Zoilus* glad that he had the commiſſion, went in the name of *Anaxius*, to tell the ſiſters, that ſince he had anſwere from their father, that he and his brother *Lycurgus* ſhould haue them in what ſort it pleaſed them, that they would now graunt them no longer time, but preſentlie to determine, whether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled, or perſwaded. *Pamela* made him anſwere, that in a matter whereon the whole ſtate of her life depended, and wherein ſhe had euer anſwered, ſhe would not lead, but follow her parents pleaſure; ſhe thought it reaſon ſhe ſhold, either by letter, or particular meſſenger vnderſtand ſomthing from thē-ſelues & not haue their beleefe bound to the report of their partiall ſeruant, & therfore as to their words, ſhe & her ſiſter had euer a ſimple & true reſolution, ſo againſt

their

their vniuſt force, God they hoped, would either arme their liues, or take away their liues. Well Ladies (ſaid he) I will leaue my brothers, who by and by will come vnto you, to be their owne embaſſadors, for my part, I muſt now do my ſelfe ſeruice. And with that turning vp his muſtachoes, and marching as if he would begin a paſſion, he went toward *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* (hauing had all this while of the meſſengers being with *Baſilius*, much to do to keepe thoſe excellent Ladies from ſeeking by the paſport of death, to eſcape thoſe baſe dangers whereunto they found themſelues ſubiect) ſtill hoping that *Muſidorus* would finde ſome meanes to deliuer them; and therefore had often both by her owne example, and comfortable reaſons, perſwaded them to ouerpaſſe many inſolent indignities of their proud ſuters, who thought it was a ſufficient fauour not to do the vttermoſt iniurie, now come againe to the ſtreight ſhe moſt feared for them, either of death or diſhonor, if heroicall courage would haue let her, ſhe had bene beyond her ſelf amazed: but that yet held vp her wit, to attend the vttermoſt occaſion, which euen then brought his hairie forehead vnto her: for *Zoilus* ſmacking his lips, as for the Prologue of a kiſſe, and ſomething aduancing himſelfe, Darling (ſaid he) let thy heart be full of ioy, and let thy faire eyes be of counſell with it, for this day thou ſhalt haue *Zoilus*, whom many haue longed for; but none ſhall haue him, but *Zelmane*. And oh, how much glory I haue to thinke what a race will be betwene vs. The world, by the heauens, the world will be too little for them: And with that, he would haue put his arme about her necke, but ſhee withdrawing her ſelfe from him, My Lord (ſaid ſhee) much good may your thoughts do you, but that I may not diſſemble with you, my natiuitie being caſt by one that neuer failed in any of his prognoſtications, I haue bene aſſured, that I ſhould neuer be apt to beare children. But ſince you will honor me with ſo hie fauor, I muſt only deſire that I may performe a vow which I made among my countriwomen, the famous *Amazons*, that I wold neuer mary none, but ſuch one as was able to withſtand me in Armes: therefore, before I make mine owne deſire ſeruiceable to yours, you muſt vouchſafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at leaſt, with a blow or two of the ſword, I may not find my ſelfe periured to my ſelfe. But *Zoilus* (but laughing with a hartie lowdneſſe) went by force to embrace her; making no other anſwer, but ſince ſhe had a mind to trie his Knighthood, ſhe ſhould quickly know what a man of armes he was: and ſo, without reuerence to the Ladies, began to ſtruggle with her.

But in *Zelmane* then Diſdaine became wiſdome, and Anger gaue occaſion. For abiding no longer aboad in the matter, ſhe that had not put off, though ſhe had diſguiſed, *Pyrocles*, being farre fuller of ſtrong nimbleneſſe, trip t vp his feeet, ſo that he fell downe at hers. And withall (meaning to purſue what ſhe had begun) puld out his ſword which he ware about him: but before ſhe could ſtrike him withall, he gat vp, and ranne to a faire chamber, where he had left his two brethren, preparing themſelues to come downe to their miſtreſſes. But ſhe followed at his heeles, and euen as he came to throw himſelfe into their armes for ſuccor, ſhe hit him with his owne ſword, ſuch a blow vpon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him aſunder: once, ſhe ſundred his ſoule from his body, ſending it to *Proſerpina*, an angry Goddeſſe againſt rauiſhers. But *Anaxius*, ſeing before his eyes the miſerable end of his brother, fuller of deſpite then wrath, and yet fuller of wrath then ſorow, looking with a wofull eye vpon his brother *Lycurgus*, Brother, ſaid he, chaſtiſe this vile creature, while I go downe, and take order leaſt further miſchiefe ariſe: and ſo went downe to the Ladies, whom he viſited, doubting there had bene ſome further practiſe then yet he

conceiued. But finding them onely ſtrong in pacience, he went and lockt a great Iron gate, by which onely any bodie might mount to that part of the Caſtle, rather to conceale the ſhame of his brother, ſlaine by a woman, then for doubt of any other anoyance, and then went vp to receiue ſome comfort of the execution, he was ſure his brother had done of *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* no ſooner ſaw thoſe brothers, of whom Reaſon aſſured her ſhe was to expect reuenge, but that ſhee lept to a target, as one that well knew the firſt marke of valure to be defence. And then accepting the oportunitie of *Anaxius* going away, ſhe waited not the pleaſure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words (which ſhe euer thought vaine, when reſolution tooke the place of perſwaſion) gaue her owne hart the contentment to be the aſſailer. *Lycurgus*, who was in the diſpoſition of his nature hazardouſe, & by the luckie paſſing through many dangers, growne confident in himſelfe, went toward her, rather as to a ſpoile, then to fight, ſo farre from feare, that his aſſuredneſſe diſdained to hope. But when her ſword made demonſtrations aboue all flatterie of arguments, and that he found ſhe preſt ſo vpon him, as ſhewed that her courage ſprang not from blinde deſpaire, but was garded both with cunning and ſtrength: ſelf-loue then firſt in him diuided it ſelfe from vain-glory, and made him finde that the world of worthineſſe had not his whole globe compriſed in his breſt, but that it was neceſſarie to haue ſtrong reſiſtance againſt ſo ſtrong aſſailing. And ſo betweene them, for a fewe blowes, *Mars* himſelfe might haue bin delighted to looke on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her caſe, ſlowneſſe of victory was litle better then ruine; with the bellowes of hate, blew the fire of courage, and he ſtriking a maine blow at her head, ſhe warded it with the ſhield, but ſo warded, that the ſhield was cut in two peeces, while it protected her, & withall ſhe ran in to him, and thruſting at his breaſt, which he put by with his target, as hee was lifting vp his ſword to ſtrike againe, ſhe let fall the peece of her ſhield, and with her left hand catching his ſword of the inſide of the pommell, with nimble and ſtrong ſleight, ſhee had gotten his ſword out of his hand before his ſence could conuey to his imagination, what was to be doubted. And hauing now two ſwords againſt one ſhield, meaning not fooliſhly to be vngratefull to good fortune, while he was no more amazed with his being vnweapned, then with the ſuddainneſſe thereof, ſhe gaue him ſuch a wound vpon his head, in deſpite of the ſhields ouer-weake reſiſtance, that withall he fell to the ground, aſtoniſhed with the paine, & agaſt with feare. But ſeeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing vp his head to her, with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough excellent Lady, ſaid he, the honor is yours: Whereof you ſhal want the beſt witneſſe, if you kil me. As you haue taken from men the glory of manhood, returne ſo now againe to your own ſex, for mercy. I will redeeme my life of you with no ſmall ſeruices, for I will vndertake to make my brother obey all your cõmandements. Grant life I beſeech you, for your own honor, and for the perſons ſake that you loue beſt. *Zelmane* repreſt awhile her great hart, either diſdaining to be cruel, or pitiful, & therfore not cruel: & now the image of humane condition, began to be an Orator vnto her of cõpaſſion, when ſhe ſaw, as he lifted vp his armes with a ſuppliãts grace, about one of thẽ, vnhappily tied, a garter with a Iewel, which (giuẽ to *Pyrocles* by his aunt of *Theſſalia*, & greatly eſteemed by him) he had preſented to *Philoclea*, & with inward rage promiſing extreame hatred, had ſeene *Lycurgus* with a proud force, & not without ſome hurt vnto her, pull away from *Philoclea*, becauſe at entreatie ſhe would not giue it him. But the ſight of that was like a cyphar, ſignifying all the iniuries which *Philoclea* had of him ſuffred, & that remẽbrãce feeding

vpon

vpon wrath, trod downe all conceits of mercie. And therefore saying no more, but No villaine, die: it is *Philocles* that sends thee this token for thy loue. With that she made her sword drinke the bloud of his heart, though he wresting his body, & with a countenance prepared to excuse, wold faine haue delayed the receiuing of deaths Ambassadours. But neither that stayed *Zelmanes* hand, nor yet *Anaxius* crie vnto her, who hauing made fast the iron gate, euen then came to the top of the staires, when, contrary to all his imaginations, hee saw his brother lie at *Zelmanes* mercie. Therefore crying, promising, and threatning to her to hold her hand: the last grone of his brother was the only answer he could get to his vnrespected eloquence. But then Pitie would faine haue drawne teares, which Furie in their spring dried, and Anger would faine haue spoken, but that Disdaine sealed vp his lippes; but in his heart he blasphemed heauen, that it could haue such a power ouer him; no lesse ashamed of the victorie he should haue of her, then of his brothers ouerthrow: and no more spited, that it was yet vnreuenged, then that the reuenge should be no greater then a womans destruction. Therefore with no speach, but such a groning crie, as often is the language of sorowfull anger, he came running at *Zelmane*, vse of fighting then seruing in stead of patient consideration what to do. Guided wherewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing vpon *Zelmane* in such a well defended maner, that in all the combats that euer she had fought, she had neuer more need of quicke senses, and ready vertue. For being one of the greatest men of stature then liuing; as hee did fullie answere that stature in greatnesse of might, so did he exceed both in greatnesse of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his mind and bodie, to an almost horrible fiercenesse, was able to haue caried feare to any mind, that was not priuie to it selfe of a true and constant worthinesse. But *Pyrocles*, whose soule might well be separated from his bodie, but neuer alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the first he did a litle apprehend the daungerousnesse of his aduersarie, whom once before he had something tried, and now perfectly sawe, as the verie picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehension quicklie stayed in him, rather strengthening then weakning his vertue by that wrestling; like wine, growing the stronger by being moued. So that they both, prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour solitarinesse there with such a combat, as might haue demaunded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the trumpet, and satisfaction did whet as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenesse; rage, against resolution; furie, against vertue; confidence, against courage; pride, against nobleneſse: loue in both, breeding mutuall hatred, and desire of reuenging the iniurie of his brothers slaughter, to *Anaxius*, being like *Philocleas* captiuitie to *Pyrocles*. Who had seene the one, would haue thought nothing could haue resisted; who had marked the other, wold haue maruelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrarie tides, either of which are able to carie worlds of ships, and men vpon them, with such swiftnesse, as nothing seemes able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watrie forces, & strugling together, it is long to say whether stream gets the victorie: So betweene these if *Pallas* had bene there, she could scarcelie haue told, whether she had nursed better in the feates of armes. The Irish greyhound against the English mastiffe: the sword-fish, against the whale; the Rhinoceros against the Elephant, might be models, and but models of this combat. *Anaxius* was better armed defensiuelie: for (beside a strong caske brauely couered,

wherewith he couered his head) he had a huge ſhield, ſuch perchance, as *Achilles* ſhewed to the pale walles of Troy, wherewithall that great body was couered. But *Pyrocles*, vtterly vnarmed for defence, to offend had the aduãtage: for, in either hand he had a ſword, and with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diuerſly furniſhed, ſo did they differ in the maner of fighting. For *Anaxius* moſt by warding, and *Pyrocles* oftneſt by auoyding, reſiſted the aduerſaries aſſault. Both haſtie to end, yet both often ſtaying for aduantage. Time, diſtance, and motion, cuſtome made them ſo perfect in, that as if they had bene fellow Counſellers, and not enemies, each knew the others mind, and knew how to preuent it. So as their ſtrength fayled them ſooner then their skill, and yet their breath failed thē ſooner then their ſtrength. And breathleſſe indeed they grew, before either could complaine of any loſſe of bloud.

So that conſenting by the mediation of neceſſitie, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawne a litle one frō the other, *Anaxius* ſtood leaning vpon his ſword, with his grim eye ſo ſetled vpon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the looke of an earneſt thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, and according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller of gay brauerie in the midſt, then in the beginning of danger; What is it (ſaid ſhe) *Anaxius*, that thou ſo deepely muſeſt on? Doth thy brothers example make thee thinke of thy fault paſt, or of thy comming puniſhmēt? I thinke (ſaid he) what ſpitefull God it ſhould be, who enuying my glorie, hath brought me to ſuch a wayward caſe, that neither thy death can be a reuenge, nor thy ouerthrow a victorie. Thou doeſt well indeed (ſaid *Zelmane*) to impute thy caſe to the heauenly prouidence, which will haue thy pride find it ſelfe (euen in that whereof thou art moſt proud) puniſhed by the weake ſexe which thou moſt contemneſt.

But then, hauing ſufficiently reſted themſelues, they renewed againe their combat, far more terrible then before: like nimble vaulters, who at the firſt & ſecond leape do but ſtirre, and (as it were) awake the fiery and aerie parts, which after in the other leapes they do with more excellencie exerciſe. For in this pauſing, each had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, and the aduantages, which by that, and by the quality of their weapons they might worke themſelues; and ſo againe repeated the leſſon they had ſaid before, more perfectly, by the vſing of it. *Anaxius* oftner vſed blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therin, and the large protection of his ſhield animating him vnto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliuer ſtrength, watching his time when to giue fit thruſts; as, with the quicke obeying of his body, to his eyes quicke commandement, he ſhunned anie harme *Anaxius* could do to him: ſo wold he ſoon haue made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not found him a man of wonderful, & almoſt matchleſſe excellencie in matters of armes. *Pyrocles* vſed diuerſe faynings to bring *Anaxius* on into ſome inconuenience: but *Anaxius* keeping a ſound maner of fighting, neuer offered but ſeeing faire cauſe, and then followed it with well gouerned violence. Thus ſpent they a great time, ſtriuing to do, and with ſtriuing to do, wearying themſelues more thē with the verie doing, *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* ſo neare vnto him, that with litle motion he might reach her, knitting all his ſtrength together, at that time mainlie foyned at her face. But *Zelmane* ſtronglie putting it by with her right hand ſword, comming in with her left foote and hand, would haue giuen a ſharpe viſitation to his right ſide, but that he was faine to leape away. Whereat aſhamed, (as hauing neuer done ſo much before in his life.)

How

*How this combate ended, how the Ladies by the cõming of the discouered forces were deliuered, and restored to* Basilius, *and how* Dorus *againe returned to his old maister* Dametas *is altogether vnknowne. What afterward chaunced, out of the Authors owne writings and conceits hath bene supplied, as followeth.*

AFter that *Basilius* (according to the oracles promise) had receiued home his daughters, and setled himselfe againe in his solitarie course and accustomed companie, there passed not many daies ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* hauing waited a time of *Zelmanes* walking alone towards her little Arbor, tooke leaue of his maister *Dametas* husbandrie to follow her. Neere whereunto ouertaking her, and sitting downe together among the sweet flowers whereof that place was verie plentifull, vnder the pleasant shade of a broad-leaued Sycamor, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which the open harted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both ioyes & sorows, for indeed there is no sweeter tast of friendship, then the coupling of soules in this mutualitie either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed minde findes it selfe not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorie for his miserie: & the ioyful spēds not his ioy, either alone, or there where it may be enuied: but may freely send it to such a well grounded obiect, from whence he shall be sure to receiue a sweete reflection of the same ioy, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere good wil, see a liuely picture of his own gladnesse. But after much discourse on either part, *Dorus* (his heart scarce seruing him to come to the point, whereunto his then comming had bene wholy directed, as loth in the kindest sort to discouer to his friend his owne vnkindnesse) at length, one worde emboldening another made knowne to *Zelmane*, how *Pamela* vpon his vehement oath to offer no force vnto her, till he had inuested her in the Duchie of *Thessalia*, had condiscended to his stealing her away to the next sea port. That besides the strange humors shee saw her father more and more falling into, and vnreasonable restraint of her libertie, whereof shee knew no cause but light grounded iealousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence shee had in his vertue, the chiefest reason had wonne her to this, was the late danger shee stoode in of loosing him, the like whereof (not vnlike to fall if this course were continued) she chose rather to dye then againe to vndergoe. That now they waited for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three lothsome companions, in whom follie ingendred suspicion. And therefore now, said *Dorus*, my deere Cosin, to whome nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, here haue I discouered the verie foundation whereupon my life is built: be you the Iudge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of loue is not vnknowne to you: And I know my case shall neuer want pittie in your consideration. How all the ioyes of my heart do leaue mee, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternall trueth is witnesse vnto mee, I know I should not so sensibly feele the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restlesse desire hath such authoritie in my selfe aboue my selfe, that I am become a slaue vnto it, I haue no more freedome in mine owne determinations. My thoughts are now all bent how to carrie away my burdenous blisse. Yet, most beloued Cosin, rather then you should thinke I doe herein violate that holie band of true friendship, wherein I vnworthie am knit vnto you, commaund mee stay. Perchaunce the force of your commaundement may worke such impression into my

heart, that no reaſon of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the foule word of abãdoning *Pyrocles*, might euer be obiected to the faithful *Muſidorus*. But if you can ſpare my preſence, whoſe preſence no way ſerues you, and by the diuiſion of theſe two Lodges is not oft with you: nay if you can thinke my abſence may, as it ſhall, ſtand you in ſtead, by bringing ſuch an armye hither, as ſhall make *Baſilius*, willing or vnwilling, to know his owne happe, in graunting you *Philocles*: then I will cheerefullie goe about this my moſt deſired enterpriſe, and ſhall thinke the better halfe of it alreadie atchieued, being begun in the fortunate houre of my friends contentment. Theſe words, as they were not knit together with ſuch a conſtant courſe of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to vſe: ſo was his voice interrupted with ſighes, & his countenance with enterchanging colour diſmayed. So much his own heart did finde him faultie to vnbend any way the continuall vſe of their deare friendſhip. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly harkened to the other tydings of her friends happie ſucceſſe, when this laſt determination of *Dorus* ſtrake her attentiue eares, ſhe ſtayed a great while oppreſſed with a dead amazemẽt. There came ſtreight before her minde, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune. Her tedious longings, her cauſes to deſpaire, the comberſome folly of *Baſilius*, the enraged iealouſie of *Gynecia*, her ſelfe a Prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kind; lothſomly loued, and dangerouſly louing; And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himſelfe, to make the loſſe the greater by the vnkindneſſe. But within a while ſhe reſolutely paſſed ouer all inward obiections, and preferring her friends profit to her own deſire, with a quiet but hartie looke, ſhe thus anſwered him. If I bare thee this Loue vertuous *Muſidorus*, for mine owne ſake, and that our friendſhip grew becauſe I for my part, might reioyce to enioy ſuch a friend, I ſhould now ſo thoroughly feele mine owne loſſe, that I ſhould call the heauens and earth to witneſſe, how cruelly ye rob me of my greateſt comfort, meaſuring the breach of friendſhip by mine owne paſſion. But becauſe indeede I loue thee for thy ſelfe, and in my iudgement iudge of thy worthineſſe to be loued, I am content to build my pleaſure vpon thy comfort: And then will I deeme my hap in friendſhip great, when I ſhall ſee thee, whom I loue happie. Let me be onely ſure, thou loueſt me ſtill, the onely price of true affection: go therefore on, worthie *Muſidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and ſeruice of fortune. Let thy loue be loued, thy deſires proſperous, thy eſcape ſafe, and thy iorney eaſie. Let euery thing yeeld his help to thy deſert, for my part abſence ſhall not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions ſhall barre me from gladding in thy good, nor a poſſeſſed hart ſhall keepe thee from the place it hath for euer allotted vnto thee. *Dorus* would faine haue replied againe, to haue made a liberall confeſſion that *Zelmane* had of her ſide the aduantage of well performing friendſhip: but partly his owne griefe of parting from one he loued ſo dearely, partly the kinde care in what ſtate he ſhould leaue *Zelmane*, bred ſuch a conflict in his minde, that many times he wiſhed, he had either neuer attempted, or neuer reuealed this ſecrete enterpriſe. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the vttermoſt of it, and eſtabliſhed her minde vpon an aſſured determination, My only friend ſaid ſhe, ſince to ſo good towardneſſe, your courteous deſtinies haue conducted you, let not a ceremoniall conſideration of our mutuall loue, be a barre vnto it. I ioy in your preſence, but I ioy more in your good, that friendſhip brings foorth the fruits of emitie, which preferres his owne tenderneſſe, before his friends domage. For my part, my greateſt griefe herein ſhalbe, I can be no further ſeruiceable vnto you.

O *Zelmane* ſaid *Dorus* with his eyes euen couered with water, I did not think ſo ſoone to haue diſplayed my determination vnto you, but to haue made my way firſt in your louing iudgemẽt. But alas as your ſweet diſpoſition drew me ſo far: ſo doth it now ſtrengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation giuen, who can conquere me in Loue, and Loue in wiſdome. As for mee, then ſhall goodneſſe turne to euill, and vngratefulnes be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* ſhall not poſſeſſe a principall ſeat in my ſoule, when the name of *Pyrocles* ſhall not be held of me in deuout reuerence.

They would neuer haue come to the cruell inſtant of parting, nor to the il-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmane* ſeene a farre off the old *Baſilius*, who hauing performed a ſacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his miſtreſſe happy returne, had ſince bene euery where to ſeeke her. And now being come within compaſſe of diſcerning her, he began to frame the louelieſt countenance he could, ſtroking vp his legges, ſetting his beard in due order, and ſtanding bolt vpright. Alas ſaid *Zelmane*, behold an euill fore-token of your ſorrowfull departure. Yonder ſee I one of my furies, which doth daylie vexe me, farewell, farewell my *Muſidorus*, the Gods make fortune to waite on thy vertues, and make mee wade through this lake of wretchedneſſe. *Dorus* burſt out into a floud of teares, wringing her faſt by the hand. No, no, ſaid he, I go blindfold, whither the courſe of my ill happe carries me: for now too late my hart giues me this our ſeparating can neuer be proſperous. But if I liue, attẽd me here ſhortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the grieuous renting of their long Combination, (hauing firſt reſolued with thẽſelues, that whatſoeuer fell vnto them, they ſhould neuer vpon no occaſion vtter their names for the cõſeruing the honour of their Royal parẽtage, but keepe the names of *Daiphantus* & *Palladius*, as before had been agreed between thẽ) they tooke diuerſe waies: *Dorus* to the lodg-ward, wher his heauy eyes might be ſomthing refreſhed; *Zelmane* towards *Baſilius*: ſaying to her ſelfe with a skornefull ſmiling: Yet hath not my friendly fortune depriued me of a pleaſant companion. But he hauing with much ſearch come to her preſence, *Doubt* & *Deſire* bred a great quarel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt: & true feeling of Loue made doubts dangerous, but the working of his deſire had ere long wonne the field. And therefore with the moſt ſubmiſſiue maner his behauiour could yeeld: O Goddeſſe, ſaid hee towardes whom I haue the greateſt feeling of Religion, be not diſpleaſed at ſome ſhew of deuotion I haue made to *Apollo*: ſince he (if he know any thing) knowes that my heart beares farre more awful reuerẽce to your ſelf then to his, or any other the like *Deity*. You wil euer be deceiued in me, anſwered *Zelmane*: I wil make my ſelfe no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blaſphemies to him be duties to me. With that *Baſilius* tooke out of his boſome certaine verſes he had written, and kneeling downe, preſented them to her. They contained this:

PHæbus *farewell, a ſweeter Saint I ſerue,*
*The high conceits thy heau'nly wiſdomes breed,*
*My thoughts forget: my thoughts which neuer ſwerue*
*From her, in whome is ſowne their freedomes ſeede,*
*And in whoſe eyes my dayly doome I reede.*

Phæbus *farewell, a ſweeteer Saint I ſerue,*
*Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is aboue:*

*She heau'n on earth with beauties doth preſerue.*
*Thy beames I like, but her cleare rayes I loue:*
*Thy force I feare, her force I ſtill do proue.*

Phœbus *yeeld vp thy title in my mind:*
*She doth poſſeſſe, thy Image is defaſte,*
*But if thy rage ſome braue reuenge will find,*
*On her, who hath in me thy temple raſte,*
*Employ thy might, that she my fires may taſte.*
*And how much more her worth ſurmounteth thee,*
*Make her as much more baſe by louing me.*

This is my Hymne to you, ſaid he, not left me by my aūceſtors, but begun in my ſelfe. The temple wherin it is daylie ſung, is my ſoule: & the ſacrifice I offer to you withall, is all whatſoeuer I am. *Zelmane*, who euer thought ſhe found in his ſpeeches the ill taſte of a medicine, & the operation of a poyſon, would haue ſuffred a diſdainful looke to haue bene the onely witneſſe of her good acceptation; but that *Baſilius* began a freſh to lay before her many pitifull praiers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was onely the vnfortunateneſſe of that place that hindred the proſperous courſe of his deſires. And therfore ſince the hateful influence which made him embrace this ſolitary life, was now paſt ouer him (as he doubted not the iudgement of *Philanax* would agree with his) and his late miſhaps had taught him how perillous it was to cōmit a Princes ſtate to a place ſo weakely guarded: he was now inclined to returne to his pallace in *Mantinea*, and there he hoped he ſhold be better able to ſhew how much he deſired to make all he had hers: with many other ſuch honny words which my pen growes almoſt weary to ſet downe: This indeede neerely pierced *Zelmane*. For the good beginning ſhe had there obtained of *Philoclea* made her deſire to continue the ſame trade, till vnto the more perfecting of her deſires: & to come to any publike place ſhe did deadly feare, leſt her mask by many eyes might the ſooner be diſcouered, and ſo her hopes ſtopped, and the ſtate of her ioyes endaungered. Therefore awhile ſhe reſted, muſing at the dayly chaunging labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her ſelf determined it was her only beſt to keep him there: & with fauors to make him loue the place, where the fauours were receiued, as diſgraces had made him apt to chaunge the ſoyle.

Therefore caſting a kind of corner looke vpon him, It is truly ſaide, (ſaid ſhe) that age cooleth the bloud. How ſoone goodman you are terrified before you receiue any hurt? Do you not knowe that daintineſſe is kindly vnto vs? And that hard obtaining, is the excuſe of womans graunting? Yet ſpeake I not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to grant. But becauſe I would not haue you imagin, I am to be wonne by courtly vanities, or eſteeme a man the more, becauſe he hath handſome men to waite of him; when he is affraid to liue without them. You might haue ſeene *Baſilius* humbly ſwell, and with a lowly looke, ſtand vpon his tiptoes; ſuch diuerſitie her words deliuered vnto him. O *Hercules* aunſwered he; *Baſilius* afraid? Or his bloud cold, that boyles in ſuch a fornace? Care I who is with mee, while I enioy your preſence? Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaſeth you to bleſſe or curſe it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defie whatſoeuer there is or can be againſt me. No, no, your loue is forcible, and my age is not without vigour. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his ſtomacke, to receiue a ſurfet of too much fauour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any

ſodaine

ſodaine remouing, with a certaine gracious bowing downe of her head toward him, ſhe turned away, ſaying, ſhe would leaue him at this time to ſee how temperately he could vſe ſo bountifull a meaſure of her kindneſſe. *Baſilius* that thought euerie drop a floud that bred anie refreſhment, durſt not further preſſe her, but with an ancient modeſtie left her to the ſweet repaſt of her owne fancies. *Zelmane* aſſoone as he was departed, went toward *Pamelas* lodge in hope to haue ſeene her friend *Dorus*, to haue pleaſed her ſelfe with another painefull farewell, and further to haue taken ſome aduiſe with him touching her owne eſtate, wherof before ſorow had not ſuffered her to thinke. But being come euen neere the Lodge, ſhe ſaw the mouth of a caue, made as it ſhould ſeeme by Nature in deſpite of Arte: ſo fitlie did the rich-growing marble ſerue to beautifie the valt of the firſt entrie. Vnderfoot the ground ſeemed minerall, yeelding ſuch a gliſtering ſhew of gold in it, as they ſay the riuer *Tagus* caries in his ſandy bed. The caue framed out into many goodly ſpacious roomes ſuch as the ſelf-liking men, haue with long and learned delicacie found out the moſt eaſefull. There ran through it a litle ſweet riuer, which had left the face of the earth to drowne her ſelf for a ſmall way in this darke, but pleaſant manſion. The verie firſt ſhew of the place entiſed the melancholie mind of *Zelmane* to yeeld her ſelfe ouer there to the floud of her owne thoughts. And therfore ſitting downe in the firſt entrie of the Caues mouth, with a ſong ſhe had lately made, ſhe gaue a dolefull way to her bitter affects, ſhe ſung to this effect:

*Since that the ſtormie rage of paſſions darke*
*(Of paſſions darke, made darke by beauties light)*
*With rebell force, hath cloſde in dungeon darke*
*My mind, ere now led foorth by reaſons light:*

*Since all the things which giue mine eyes their light,*
*Do foſter ſtill the fruits of fancies darke:*
*So that the vvindowes of my inward light*
*Do ſerue, to make my inward powers darke:*

*Since, as I ſay, both mind and ſences darke*
*Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light:*
*VVhile that the light may ſhew the horrors darke,*
*But cannot make reſolued darkneſſe light:*
*I like this place, where at the leaſt the darke*
*May keepe my thoughts from thought of wonted light.*

Inſteed of an inſtrument, her ſong was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the cloſing of her weary eyes, and euen ſometime cut off with the ſwelling of her ſighes, which did not ſuffer the voyce to haue his free and natiue paſſage. But as ſhe was a while muſing vpon her ſong, raiſing vp her ſpirits, which were ſomething falne into the weakneſſe of lamentation, conſidering ſolitarie complaints do no good to him whoſe helpe ſtands without himſelf, ſhe might a farre off, firſt heare a whiſpering ſound, which ſeemed to come from the inmoſt part of the caue, & being kept together with the cloſe hollowneſſe of the place, had as in a truncke the more liberall acceſſe to her eares, and by and by ſhe might perceiue the ſame voice deliuer it ſelfe into muſicall tunes, & with a baſe Lyra giue forth this ſong:

*HArke plaintfull ghoſts, infernall furies harke*
*Vnto my woes the hateſull heauens do ſend,*
*The heauens conſpir'd, to make my vitall ſparke*
*A wretched wracke, a glaſſe of Ruines end.*

*Seeing, Alas, ſo mightie powers bend*
*Their ireſull shot againſt ſo weake a marke,*
*Come caue, become my graue, come death, and lend*
*Receipt to me, within thy boſome darke.*

*For what is life to dayly dying mind,*
*VVhere drawing breath, I ſucke the ayre of woe:*
*VVhere too much ſight makes all the body blind,*
*And higheſt thoughts downeward moſt headlong throw?*
*Thus then my ſorme, and thus my ſtate I find,*
*Death wrapt in fleſh, to liuing graue aſſign'd.*

And pawſing but a litle, with monefull melodie it continued this octaue:

*Like thoſe ſicke folkes, in whom ſtrange humours flowe,*
*Can taſte no ſweets, the ſower only pleaſe:*
*So to my mind, while paſſions dayly grow,*
*VVhoſe fierie chaines, vpon his freedome ſeaze,*
*Ioyes ſtrangers ſeeme, I cannot bide their show,*
*Nor brooke ought elſe but well acquainted woe.*
*Bitter griefe taſtes me beſt, paine is my eaſe,*
*Sicke to the death, ſtill louing my diſeaſe.*

O *Venus*, ſaid *Zelmane*, who is this ſo well acquainted with me, that can make ſo liuely a portracture of my miſeries? It is ſurely the ſpirit appointed to haue care of me, which doth now in this dark place beare part with the cõplaints of his vnhappie charge. For if it be ſo, that the heauẽs haue at all times a meaſure of their wrathfull harmes, ſurely ſo many haue come to my bliſſeſſe lot, that the reſt of the world hath too ſmall a portiõ, to make with cauſe ſo waileful a lamẽtation. But (ſaid ſhe) whatſoeuer thou be, I will ſeeke thee out, for thy muſike well aſſures me we are at leaſt hand fellow prentiſes to one vngracious maſter. So raiſe ſhe & went guiding herſelf by the ſtill playning voice, till ſhe ſaw vpon a ſtone a little waxe light ſet, and vnder it a peece of paper with theſe verſes verie lately (as it ſhould ſeeme) written in it:

*HOw is my Sunne, whoſe beames are ſhining bright*
*Become the cauſe of my darke ougly night?*
*Or how do I captiu'd in this darke plight,*
*Bewaile the caſe, and in the cauſe delight?*

*My mangled mind huge horrors ſtill do fright,*
*VVith ſenſe poſſeſt, and claim'd by reaſons right:*
*Betwixt which two in me I haue this fight,*
*VVhere who ſo winnes, I put my ſelfe to flight.*

*Come clowdy feares cloſe vp my daſeled ſight,*
*Sorowes ſucke vp the marow of my might,*
*Due ſighes blowe out all ſparks of ioyfull light,*
*Tyre on deſpaire vpon my tired ſprite.*
*An end, an end, my dull'd pen cannot write,*
*Nor maz'd head thinke, nor faltring tongue recite.*

And hard vnderneath the Sonnet, were theſe words written:

*This Caue is darke, but it had neuer light.*
*This vvaxe doth waſt it ſelfe, yet painleſſe dies.*
*Theſe words are full of woes, yet feele they none.*

*I darkned am, who once had cleareſt ſight.*
*I waſte my heart, which ſtill new torment tries.*
*I plaine with cauſe, my woes are all mine owne.*

*No Caue, no waſting waxe, no words of griefe,*
*Can hold, ſhew, tell my paines without reliefe.*

She did not long ſtay to reade the words, for not farre off from the ſtone ſhe might diſcerne in a darke corner, a Ladie lying with her face ſo proſtrate vpon the ground, as ſhe could neither know, nor be knowne. But (as the generall nature of man is deſirous of knowledge, and ſorow eſpecially glad to find fellowes,) ſhe went as ſoftly as ſhe could conuey her foot, neare vnto her, where ſhe heard theſe words come with vehement ſobbings from her. O darkneſſe (ſaid ſhe) which doeſt light-ſomlie (me thinkes) make me ſee the picture of my inward darkneſſe: ſince I haue choſen thee to be the ſecrete witneſſe of my ſorowes, let me receiue a ſafe receipt in thee; and eſteeme them not tedious, but if it be poſſible, let the vttering them be ſome diſcharge to my ouerloden breaſt. Alas ſorow, now thou haſt the full ſacke of my conquered ſpirits, reſt thy ſelfe a while, and ſet not ſtill new fire to thy owne ſpoyles: O accurſed reaſon, how many eyes thou haſt to ſee thy euils, and how dim, nay blind thou art in preuenting them? Forlorne creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, ſince wickedneſſe doth preuaile, but the footſteps of my ouer-trodden vertue lie ſtill as bitter accuſations vnto me. I am deuided in my ſelf, how can I ſtand? I am ouerthrowne in my ſelfe, who ſhall raiſe me? Vice is but a nurſe of new agonies, and the vertue I am diuorced from, makes the hatefull compariſon the more manifeſt. No, no, vertue, either I neuer had but a ſhadow of thee, or thou thy ſelfe art but a ſhadow. For how is my ſoule abandoned? How are all my powers layd waſte? My deſire is pained, becauſe it cannot hope, and if hope came, his beſt ſhould be but miſchiefe. O ſtrange mixture of humane mindes; onely ſo much good left, as to make vs languiſh in our owne euils. Ye infernall furies, (for it is too late for me, to awake my dead vertue, or to place my comfort in the angry Gods) ye infernall furies I ſay, ayde one that dedicates her ſelfe vnto you, let my rage be ſatisfied, ſince the effect of it is fit for your ſeruice. Neither be afraid to make me too happie, ſince nothing can come to appeaſe the ſmart of my guilty conſcience. I deſire but to aſſwage the ſweltring of my helliſh longing, deiected *Gynecia*. *Zelmane* no ſooner hard the name of *Gynecia*, but that with a cold ſweat all ouer



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her, as if she had bene ready to tread vpon a deadly stinging Adder, she would haue withdrawne her selfe, but her owne passion made her yeeld more vnquiet motions, then she had done in comming. So that she was perceiued, and *Gynecia* sodainlie risen vp, for indeed it was *Gynecia*, gotten into this Caue, (the same Caue, wherein *Dametas* had safelie kept *Pamela* in the late vprore) to passe her pangs, with change of places. And as her mind ran stil vpon *Zelmane*, her piercing louers eye had soone found it was she. And seeing in her a countenance to flie away, she fell downe at her feete, and catching fast hold of her: Alas (said she) whither, or from whom doest thou flie away? The sauagest beasts are wonne with seruice, and there is no flint but may be mollified: How is *Gynecia* so vnworthie in thine eyes? or whome cannot abundance of loue make worthie? O thinke not that cruelty, or vngratefulnesse, can flowe from a good mind! O weigh, Alas! weigh with thy selfe the new effects of this mightie passion, that I vnfit for my state, vncomely for my sexe, must become a supplyant at thy feete! By the happie woman that bare thee, by all the ioyes of thy heart, and succesſe of thy desire, I beseech thee turne thy selfe to some consideration of me, and rather shew pitie in now helping mee, then in too late repenting my death, which hourely threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continuall mishaps, thus to haue met with this Ladie, with a full wearie countenance; Without doubt Madame, said she, where the desire is such, as may be obtained, and the partie well deseruing as your selfe, it must be a great excuse that may well colour a deniall; but when the first motion caries with it a direct impossibilitie, then must the only answer be, comfort without help, & sorow to both parties; to you not obtaining, to me not able to graunt. O said *Gynecia*, how good leisure you haue to frame these scornefull answers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be despised? Am I so vile a worme in your sight? no, no, trust to it hard-hearted Tigre, I will not be the only Actor of this Tragedie: since I must fall, I will presse downe some others with my ruines: since I must burne, my spitefull neighbours shall feele of my fire. Doest thou not perceiue that my diligent eyes haue pierced through the clowdie maske of thy disguisement? Haue I not told thee, ô foole (if I were not much more foole) that I know thou wouldest abuse vs with thy outward shew? Wilt thou still attend the rage of loue in a womans hart? the gyrle thy well chosen mistresse, perchance shall defend thee, when *Basilius* shall know how thou hast sotted his mind with falsehood, and falsely sought the dishonour of his house. Beleeue it, beleeue it vnkind creature, I will end my miseries with a notable example of reuenge, & that accursed cradle of mine shall feele the smart of my wound, theu of thy tyranny, and lastly (I confesse) my selfe of mine owne work. *Zelmane* that had long before doubted her selfe to be discouered by her, and now plainlie finding it, was as the prouerbe saith, like them that hold the wolfe by the eares, bitten while they hold, and slaine if they loose. If she held her off in these wonted termes, she saw rage would make her loue worke the effectes of hate; to grant vnto her, her heart was so bound vpon *Philoclea*, it had bene worse thē a thousand deaths. Yet found she it was necessarie for her to come to a resolution, for *Gynecias* sore could bide no leasure, & once discouered, besides the danger of *Philoclea*, her desires shold be for euer vtterly stopped. She remēbred withall the words of *Basilius*, how apt he was to leaue this life, & returne to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Lastly she considered *Dorus* enterprise might bring some strange alteration of this their well liked fellowship. So that encompassed with these instant difficulties, she bent her spirits to thinke of a remedie, which might at once both saue her from them, and serue her to the accomplishmēt

of

of her only purſuite. Laſtly, ſhe determined thus, that there was no way but to yeeld to the violence of their deſires, ſince ſtriuing did the more chaſe them. And that following their owne current, at length of it ſelfe it would bring her to the other ſide of her burning deſires.

Now in the meane while the diuided *Dorus*, long diuided betweene loue and friendſhip, and now for his loue diuided frō his friend, though indeed without preiudice of friendſhips loyaltie, which doth neuer barre the mind from his free ſatisfaction: yet ſtill a cruell iudge ouer himſelf, thought he was ſome wayes faultie, and applied his minde how to amend it, with a ſpeedie and behouefull returne. But then was his firſt ſtudie, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamelas* conſent, confirmed and concluded vnder the name of *Mopſa* in her owne preſence, *Dorus* taking this way, that whatſoeuer he would haue of *Pamela* he would aske her, whether in ſuch a caſe it were not beſt for *Mopſa* ſo to behaue her ſelfe, in that ſort making *Mopſas* enuie, an inſtrument of that ſhe did enuie. So hauing paſſed ouer his firſt and moſt feared difficultie, he buſied his ſpirites how to come to the harueſt of his deſires, whereof he had ſo faire a ſhew. And thereunto (hauing gotten leaue for ſome dayes of his maiſter *Dametas*, who now accompted him as his ſonne in lawe,) he romed round about the deſart, to finde ſome vnknowne way, that might bring him to the next Sea port, as much as might be out of all courſe of other paſſengers: which all very well ſucceeding him, & he hauing hired a Barke for his liues traffick, and prouided horſes to carrie her thither, returned homeward, now come to the laſt point of his care, how to go beyond the loathſome watchfulneſſe of theſe three vncomely companions, and therein did wiſely conſider, how they were to be taken with whom he had to deale, remembring that in the particularities of euery bodies mind & fortune, there are particular aduantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametas*, he found moſt eaſily ſtirred with couetouſnes. The curſt miſchieuous heart of *Miſo*, moſt apt to be tickled with iealouſie, as whoſe rotten braine could thinke well of no body. But yong miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, who could open her eyes vpon nothing, that did not all to bewonder her, he thought curioſitie the fittеſt baite for her. And firſt for *Dametas*, *Dorus* hauing employed a whole dayes worke, about a ten mile off from the Lodge (quite contrarie way to that he meant to take with *Pamela*) in digging and opening the ground, vnder an ancient oke that ſtood there, in ſuch ſort as he might longeſt hold *Dametas* greedy hopes, in ſome ſhew of comfort, he came to his maiſter, with a countenance mixt betweene chearfulneſſe and haſte, & taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of ſecrecie to reueale vnto him: Maiſter (ſaid he) I did neuer thinke that the Gods had appointed my mind freely brought vp, to haue ſo lōging a deſire to ſerue you, but that they minded thereby to bring ſome extraordinarie fruit to one ſo beloued of them, as your honeſtie makes me think you are. This bindes me euen in conſcience, to diſcloſe that which I perſwade my ſelfe is alotted vnto you, that your fortune may be of equall ballance with your deſerts. He ſaid no further, becauſe he wold let *Dametas* play vpon the bit a while, who not vnderſtanding what his words intended, yet well finding they caried no euill newes, was ſo much the more deſirous to know the matter, as he had free ſcope to imagine what meaſure of good hap himſelfe would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he had neuer done before, and aſſuring him he ſhold haue *Mopſa*, though ſhe had bin all made of cloth of gold, he beſought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that he found it a thing his heart was not able to beare. Maiſter, anſwered *Dorus*, you haue ſo ſatisfied me, with promiſing me

the vttermoſt of my deſired bliſſe, that if my dutie bound me not, I were in it ſufficiently rewarded. To you therfore ſhall my good hap be conuerted, and the fruite of all my labor dedicated. Therwith he told him, how vnder an anciẽt oke, (the place he made him eaſily vnderſtand, by ſufficient marks he gaue vnto him) he had found digging but a litle depth, ſcatteringly lying a great number of rich Medailles, and that piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great ſtone, which by the hollow ſound it yeelded, ſeemed to be the couer of ſome greater vault, & vpon it a boxe of Cypreſſe, with the name of the valiant *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it: & that within the boxe, he found certaine verſes, which ſignified that ſome depth againe vnder that all his treaſures lay hidden, what time for the diſcord fell out in *Arcadia*, he liued baniſhed. Therewith he gaue *Dametas* certaine Medailles of gold he had long kept about him, and asked him becauſe it was a thing much to be kept ſecret, and a matter one man in twentie howers might eaſily performe, whether he would haue him go & ſeeke the bottom of it, which he had refrained to do till he knew his mind, promiſing he would faithfully bring him what he found, or elſe that he himſelfe would do it, and be the firſt beholder of that comfortable ſpectacle. No man need doubt which part *Dametas* would chooſe, whoſe fancie had already deuoured all this great riches, and euen now began to grudge at a partner, before he ſaw his owne ſhare. Therfore taking a ſtrong iade, loden with ſpades and mattockes, which he meant to bring backe otherwiſe laden, he went in all ſpeed thitherward, taking leaue of no body, only deſiring *Dorus* he would looke well to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, promiſing him mountaines of his owne labour, which neuertheleſſe he litle meant to performe, like a foole, not cõſidering, that no man is to be moued with part, that neglects the whole. Thus away went *Dametas*, hauing alreadie made an image in his fancie, what pallaces he would build, how ſumptuouſlie he would fare, & among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keep his money: his ten mile ſeemed twiſe ſo manie leagues, and yet contrarie to the nature of it, though it ſeemed long, it was not wearieſome. Many times he curſed his horſes want of cõſideration, that in ſo important a matter wold make no greater ſpeed: many times he wiſhed himſelfe the backe of an aſſe, to helpe to carie away the new fought riches (an vnfortunate wiſher, for if he had aſwell wiſhed the head, it had bene graunted him.) At length being come to the tree, which he hoped ſhould beare ſo golden Acornes, downe went all his inſtruments, and forthwith to the renting vp of the hurtleſſe earth, where by and by he was caught with the lime of a few promiſed Medailles, which was ſo perfect a pawne vnto him of his further expectation, that he deemed a great number of howers well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great ſtones was made as cumberſome as might be, till at length with ſweatie browes he came to the great ſtone. A ſtone, God knowes, full vnlike to the couer of a Monument, but yet there was the Cipreſſe box with *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it, and theſe verſes written in it.

*A Baniſht man, long bard from his deſire*
*By inward lets, of them his ſtate poſſeſt,*
*Hid here his hopes, by which he might aſpire*
*To haue his harmes with wiſedomes helpe redreſt.*

*Seeke then and ſee, what man eſteemeth beſt,*
*All is but this, this is our labours hire:*

*Of*

*Of thi is we liue, in this we finde our reſt,*
*Who hold this faſt no greater wealth require.*
*Looke further then, ſo ſhalt thou finde at leaſt,*
*A bait moſt fit, for hungrie minded gueſt.*

He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with freſh courage went about to lift vp that ſtone. But in the meane time: ere *Dametas* was halfe a mile gone to the treaſure ward, *Dorus* came to *Miſo*, whom he found ſitting in the chimneis end, babling to her ſelfe, and ſhewing by all her geſtures, that ſhee was loathſomly wearie of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one, good, neither in minde nor bodie, where-out ſhee might nouriſh a quiet thought, hauing long ſince hated each thing elſe, began now to hate her ſelfe. Before this ſweete humourd Dame, *Dorus* ſet himſelfe, and framed towards her ſuch a ſmiling countenance, as might ſeeme to be mixt betweene a tickled mirth, and a forced pittie. *Miſo*, to whome cheerefulneſſe in others, was euer a ſauce of enuie in her ſelfe, tooke quickly marke of his behauiour, and with a looke full of foreworne ſpite: Now the Diuell, ſaid ſhee, take theſe villaines, that can neuer leaue grenning, becauſe I am not ſo faire as miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, to ſee how this skipiacke lookes at me. *Dorus* that had the occaſion he deſired, Truely miſtreſſe aunſwered he, my ſmiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and in deede I muſt needes a little accord my countenance with others ſport. And therewithall tooke her in his armes, and rocking her to and fro, In faith miſtreſſe, ſaid he, it is high time for you, to bid vs good night for euer, ſince others can poſſeſſe your place in your owne time. *Miſo* that was neuer voide of malice enough to ſuſpect the vtermoſt euill, to ſatisfie a further ſhrewdneſſe, tooke on a preſent mildneſſe, & gentlie deſired him, to tell her what he meant: for, ſaid ſhee, I am like enough to be knauiſhly dealt with, by that churle my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter againe, as if he had meant no ſuch thing, till by much refuſing her intreatie, and vehemently ſtirring vp her deſire to know, he had ſtrengthened a credit in her to that he ſhould ſay. And then with a formall countenance, as if the conſcience of the caſe had touched himſelfe: Miſtreſſe, ſaid he, I am much perplexed in mine owne determination, for my thoughts do euer will me to do honeſtly, but my iudgement failes me what is honeſt: betwixt the generall rule, that entruſted ſecrecies are holilie to be obſerued, and the particular exception, that the diſhoneſt ſecrecies are to be reuealed: eſpecially there, where by reuealing they may either be preuented, or at leaſt amended. Yet in this ballance, your iudgement wayes me downe, becauſe I haue confidence in it, that you will vſe what you know moderately, and rather take ſuch faults as an aduantage to your owne good deſert, then by your bitter vſing it, be contented to be reuenged on others with your own harmes. So it is miſtreſſe, ſaid he, that yeſterday driuing my ſheepe vp to the ſtately hill, which lifts his head ouer the faire Citie of *Mantinea*, I hapned vpon the ſide of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier againſt the Sunnes rage, to perceiue a yong maid, truly of the fineſt ſtamp of beautie, & that which made her beautie the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it. For her apparell was but ſuch as Shepheards daughters are wont to weare: and as for her haire, it hoong downe at the free libertie of his goodly length, but that ſometimes falling before the cleare ſtarres of her ſight, ſhee was forced to put it behind her eares, and ſo open againe the treaſure of her perfections, which that for a while

had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepheard, ſo wrapped vp in that wel-liked place, that I could diſcerne no peece of his face, but as mine eyes were attent in that her Angelike voice ſtrake mine eares with this ſong:

*My true loue hath my hart, and I haue his,*
*By iuſt exchange, one for the other giu'ne.*
*I hold his deare, and myne he cannot miſſe:*
*There neuer was a better bargaine driu'ne.*

*His hart in me, keepes me and him in one,*
*My hart in him, his thoughts and ſenſes guides:*
*He loues my hart, for once it was his owne:*
*I cherish his, becauſe in me it bides.*

*His hart his wound receiued from my ſight:*
*My hart was wounded, with his wounded hart,*
*For as from me, on him his hurt did light,*
*So ſtill me thought in me his hurt did ſmart:*
*Both equall hurt, in this change ſought our bliſſe:*
*My true loue hath my hart and I haue his.*

But as if the Shepheard that lay before her, had bene organes, which were only to be blowne by her breath, ſhe had no ſooner ended with the ioyning her ſweete lips together, but that he recorded to her muſike this rurall poeſie:

*O VVords which fall like ſommer deaw on me,*
*O breath more ſweete, then is the growing beane,*
*O tongue in which, all honyed liquors bee,*
*O voice that doth, the Thrush in ſhrilneſſe ſtaine,*
*Do you ſay ſtill, this is her promiſe due,*
*That she is myne, as I to her am true.*

*Gay haire, more gay then ſtraw when haruеſt lyes,*
*Lips red and plum, as cherries ruddy ſide,*
*Eyes faire and great, like faire great oxes eyes,*
*O breaſt in which two white sheepe ſwell in pride:*
*Ioyne you with mee, to ſeale this promiſe due,*
*That she be mine, as I to her am true.*

*But thou white skinne, as white as cruddes well preſt,*
*So ſmooth as ſleekeſtone-like, it ſmoothes each part,*
*And thou deare flesh, as ſoft as wooll new dreſt,*
*And yet as hard, as brawne made hard by art:*
*Firſt fower but ſay, next fowre their ſaying ſeale,*
*But you muſt pay, the gage of promiſt weale.*

And with the concluſion of his ſong, he embraced her about the knees, O ſweete *Charita* ſaid he, when ſhall I enioy the reſt of my toyling thoughts? And when ſhall your

your bliſſfull promiſe now due, be verified with iuſt performance? with that I drew neerer to them, and ſaw (for now he had lifted vp his face to glaſſe himſelfe in her faire eyes) that it was my maiſter *Dametas*, but here *Miſo* interrupted his tale, with rayling at *Dametas*, with all thoſe exquiſite termes, which I was neuer good skold inough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had bin much offended with her impacience, would proceed no further till ſhe had vowed more ſtilneſſe. For ſaid he, if the firſt drumme thus chaſe you, what will you be when it comes to the blowes? Then he told her, how after many familiar entertainments betwixt them, *Dametas*, laying before her, his great credit with the Duke, and withall giuing her very faire preſents, with promiſe of much more, had in the end, concluded together to meete as that night at *Mantinea*, in the *Oudemian* ſtreete, at *Charitas* vncles houſe, about tenne of the clocke. After which bargaine *Dametas* had ſpied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great brauery told him all his good happe, willing him in any caſe to returne to the old witch *Miſo* (for ſo in deede miſtreſſe of liueliueſſe, and not of ill will he termed you) and to make ſome honeſt excuſe of his abſence, for ſayde he, kiſſing *Charita*, if thou didſt know what a life I lead with that driuell, it would make thee euen of pittie, receiue me into thy onely comfort. Now Miſtreſſe ſayde he, exerciſe your diſcretion, which if I were well aſſured of, I would wiſh you to goe your ſelfe to *Mantinea*, and (lying ſecret in ſome one of your goſſyps houſes, till the time appoynted come) ſo may yon finde them together, and vſing mercie, reforme my Maiſter from his euill wayes. There had nothing more enraged *Miſo*, then the prayſes *Dorus* gaue to *Charitas* beautie, which made her iealouſie ſwell the more, with the poyſon of enuy. And that being increaſed with the preſents ſhe heard *Dametas* had giuen her (which all ſeemed torne out of her bowells) her hollow eyes, yeelded ſuch wretched lookes, as one might well thinke *Pluto* at that time, might haue had her ſoule very good cheape. But when the fire of ſpite had fully caught hold of all her inward partes, then whoſoeuer would haue ſeene the picture of *Alecto*, or with what manner of countenance *Medea* kild her owne children, needed but take *Miſo* for the full ſatisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before ſcarce go, but ſupported by crutches, now flew about the houſe borne vp with the wings of Anger, there was no one ſort of mortall reuenge, that had euer come to her eares, but preſented it ſelfe nowe to her gentle mind. At length with few words, for her words, were choakt vp with the riſing of her reuengefull heart, ſhe ran downe, and with her owne hands ſadled a mare of hers, a mare that 7 yeare before had not bin acquainted with a ſadle, and ſo to *Mantinea* ſhe went, caſting with her ſelf, how ſhe might couple ſhame with the puniſhmēt of her accurſed husband: but the perſon is not worthy in whoſe paſſion I ſhould too long ſtand. Therefore now muſt I tell you that Miſtreſſe *Mopſa* (who was the laſt party *Dorus* was to practiſe his cunning withal) was at the parting of her parents, attending vpō the Princeſſe *Pamela*, whom becauſe ſhe found to be placed in her fathers houſe, ſhe knew it was for ſuſpicion the Duke had of her. This made *Mopſa* with a right baſe nature (which ioyes to ſee anie hard hap happen to them, they deeme happie) grow proud ouer her, and vſe great oſtentation of her own diligēce, in prying curiouſly into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing ſooner ouerthrowes a weak hart, then opiniō of authority, like too ſtrōg a liquor for ſo feeble a glaſſe, which ioined it ſelf to the humor of enuying *Pamelas* beauty, ſo far, that oft ſhe would ſay to her ſelf, if ſhe had bin borne a Princeſſe as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then ſhould haue bene as well ſeene as *Pamelas*, with this manner

of woman, and placed in theſe termes, had *Dorus* to play his laſt part, which hee would quickly haue diſpatched in tying her vp in ſuch a maner, that ſhe ſhould litle haue hindred his enterpriſe. But that the vertuous *Pamela* (whē ſhe ſaw him ſo minded,) by countenance abſolutelie forbad it, reſolutely determining, ſhe would not leaue behinde her any token of wrong ſince the wrong done to her ſelfe was the beſt excuſe of her eſcape. So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the maner hee firſt thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* ſitting muſing at the ſtrange attempt ſhee had condiſcended vnto, and *Mopſa* hard by her, (looking in a glaſſe with very partiall eyes (*Dorus* put him ſelfe between them, and caſting vp his face to the top of the houſe, ſhrugging all ouer his bodie, and ſtamping ſomtimes vpon the ground, gaue *Mopſa* occaſion (who was as buſie as a Bee to know any thing) to aske her louer *Dorus* what ayled him, that made him vſe ſo ſtrange a behauiour, he, as if his ſpirits had beene rauiſhed with ſome ſupernaturall contemplation, ſtood ſtill mute, ſomtimes rubbing his forhead, ſometimes ſtarting in himſelfe, that he ſet *Mopſa* in ſuch an itche of inquirie, that ſhee would haue offred her maydenhead, rather then be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet aunſwering to the purpoſe, ſtill keeping his amazement. O *Hercules*, ſaide he, reſolue me in this doubt. A tree to graunt ones wishes? Is this the cauſe of the Kinges ſolitarie life? Which parte ſhall I take? Happie in either, vnhappie becauſe I cannot know which were my beſt happ. Theſe doubtful ſelfe ſpeches, made *Mopſa* yet in a further longing of knowing the matter, ſo that the pretie pigge, laying her ſweete burthen about his neck, my *Dorus*, ſaid ſhe, tell mee theſe wordes, or els I know not what will befall mee, honny *Dorus* tell them me. *Dorus* hauing ſtretched her mind vpon a right laſte, extreamly loued *Mopſa*, ſaid he, the matters be ſo great, as my harte failes me in the telling them, but ſince you hold the greateſt ſeat in it, it is reaſon your deſire ſhould adde life vnto it. Therewith he told her a farre fet tale how that many millions of yeres before *Iupiter* fallen out with *Apollo* had throwne him out of heauen, taking from him the priuiledge of a God. So that poore *Apollo* was faine to leade a verie miſerable life, vnacquainted to worke and neuer vſed to begge, that in this order hauing in time learned to be *Admetus* heardman, he had vpon occaſion of fetching a certaine breede of beaſtes out of *Arcadia*, come to that verie deſart, where wearied with trauaile, and reſting himſelfe in the boughes of a pleaſant Aſhe tree, ſtoode little off from the lodge, he had with pittifull complaints gotten his father *Iupiters* pardon, and ſo from that tree was receiued againe to his golden ſpheare. But hauing that right nature of a God, neuer to be vngratefull, to *Admetus* he had graunted a double life, and becauſe that tree was the chappel of his proſperous prayers, he had giuen it this qualitie, that whatſoeuer of ſuch eſtate, and in ſuch maner as he then was, ſate downe in that tree, they ſhould obtaine whatſoeuer they wiſhed. This *Baſilius* hauing vnderſtoode by the oracle, was the onely cauſe which had made him trie, whether framing himſelfe to the ſtate of an heardman, he might haue the priuiledge of wiſhing onely graunted to that degree, but that hauing often in vaine attempted it, becauſe in deede he was not ſuch, he had now opened the ſecret to *Dametas*, making him ſweare he ſhould wiſh according to his direction. But becauſe ſaid *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extreame griefe muffled round about his face, with a skarlet cloake, *Admetus* had giuen him, and becauſe they that muſt wiſh muſt be muffled in like ſorte, and with like ſtuffe, my maſter *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to prouide him a ſkarlet cloake, and to morrow doth appoint to returne with it, my Miſtreſſe I cannot tell how, hauing gotten ſome inckling of it, is trudged to *Mantinea*, to get her

ſelfe

selfe a cloake before him: becauſe ſhe would haue the firſt wiſh. My maſter at his parting, of great truſt told me this ſecret, commaunding me to ſee no bodie ſhould clime that tree. But now my *Mopſa*, ſaid he, I haue here the like cloak of mine own, and am not ſo verie a foole as though I keepe his cõmandement in others to barre my ſelfe, I reſt onely extremely perplexed, becauſe hauing nothing in the world I wiſh for, but the enioying you & your fauour, I think it a much pleaſanter conqueſt to come to it by your own conſent, then to haue it by ſuch a charming force as this is. Now therefore chooſe ſince haue you I will, in what ſort I ſhall haue you. But neuer child was ſo deſirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopſa* was to be in the tree, & therefore without ſqueamiſhneſſe, promiſing all he would, ſhe coniured him by all her precious Loues, that ſhe might haue the firſt poſſeſſion of the wiſhing tree, aſſuring him that for the enioying her he ſhould neuer neede to clime farre. *Dorus* to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her, but helping her vp to the top of the tree, frõ whence likewiſe ſhe could ill come down without help, he muffled her round about the face, ſo truely that ſhe her ſelfe could not vndo it. And ſo he told her the manner was, ſhe ſhould hold her mind in continuall deuotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noiſe, till at the fartheſt within twelue houres ſpace, ſhe ſhould heare a voice call her by name three times, & that till the third time ſhee muſt in no wiſe anſwere; & then you ſhal not need to doubt your comming downe, for at that time ſaid he, be ſure to wiſh wiſely, & in what ſhape ſoeuer he come vnto you, ſpeake boldly vnto him, and your wiſh ſhall haue as certaine effect, as I haue a deſire to enioy your ſweet Loues: in this plight did he leaue *Mopſa*, reſolued in her hart, to be the greateſt Lady of the world, & neuer after to feede of worſe then furmentie. Thus *Dorus* hauing deliuered his hands of his three tormentors, tooke ſpedily the benefit of his deuiſe, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* vpon a faire horſe he had prouided for her, he thruſt himſelfe forthwith into the wildeſt part of the deſart, where he had left markes to guide him frõ place to place to the next ſea port, diſguiſing her verie fitly with ſcarfs although he reſted aſſured, he ſhould meet that way with no bodie, till he came to his barke, into which he ment to enter by night. But *Pamela* who al this while, tranſported with deſire & troubled with feare had neuer free ſcope of iudgement to looke with perfect conſideratiõ into her own enterpriſe, but euen by the lawes of loue, had bequeathed the care of her ſelf vpon him to whõ ſhe had geuẽ her ſelf. Now that the pang of deſire with euident hope was quieted, & moſt part of the feare paſſed, reaſon began to renew his ſhining in her hart, & make her ſee her ſelf in her ſelf; & weigh with what wings ſhe flew out of her natiue country; & vpõ what ground ſhe built ſo ſtrange a determinatiõ. But loue fortified with her louers preſence kept ſtill his own in her hart. So that as they ridde together with her hand vpon her faithful ſeruants ſhoulder, ſodainly caſting her baſhful eyes to the ground, and yet bending her ſelf towards him, ) like the clyent that commits the cauſe of al his worth to a wel truſted aduocate,) from a milde ſpirit ſaid vnto him theſe ſweetely deliuered wordes: Prince *Muſidorus*, ( for ſo my aſſured hope is I may iuſtlie call you, ſince with no other my heart would euer haue yeelded to goe; And if ſo I doe not rightlie tearme you, all other wordes are as bootleſſe, as my deede miſerable, and I as vnfortunate, as you wicked) my Prince *Muſidorus* I ſaye now that the vehement ſhewes of your faithfull Loue towardes mee, haue brought my minde to aunſwere it, in ſo due a proportion, that contrarie to all generall rules of reaſon, I haue layde in [illegible], my eſtate, my life, my honour: it is your part to double your former care, and make me ſee your vertue no leſſe in preſeruing

then in obtaining: and your faith to be a faith asmuch in freedome, as bondage. Tender now your owne workemanshippe; and so gouerne your loue towards me, as I may still remaine worthie to be loued. Your promise you remember, which here by the eternall giuers of vertue, I coniure you to obserue, let me be your owne as I am, but by no vniust conquest; let not our ioyes which ought euer to last, be stayned in our own consciences, let no shadow of repentance steale into the sweet consideration of our mutuall happinesse. I haue yeelded to bee your wife, stay then till the time that I may rightly bee so; let no other defiled name burden my heart. What should I more saye? If I haue chosen well, all doubt is past, since your action onely must determine, whether I haue done vertuously or shamefully in following you. *Musidorus* that had more aboundaunce of ioye in his hart, then *Vlisses* had what time with his owne industrie he stale the fatall *Palladium*, imagined to bee the only relike of *Troies* safetie, taking *Pamelas* hand, & many times kissing it, What I am, said he, the Gods I hope will shortly make your owne eyes Iudges; and of my mind towards you, the meane time shalbe my pledge vnto you, your contentment is dearer to me then mine owne, & therfore doubt not of his mind, whose thoughts are so thralled vnto you, as you are to bend or slack them as it shall seeme best vnto you. You do wrong to your selfe, to make any doubt that a base estate could euer vndertake so high an enterprise; or a spotted minde bee able to behold your vertues. Thus much onely I must confesse, I can neuer doe, to make the world see you haue chosen worthily, since all the world is not worthy of you. In such delightfull discourses, kept they on their iourney, mayntaining their hearts in that right harmonie of affection, which doth enterchangeably deliuer each to other the secret workings of their soules, till with the vnused trauaile, the Princesse being weary, they lighted downe in a faire thicke wood, which did entise them with the pleasantnes of it to take their rest there. It was all of Pine trees, whose brode heads, meeting together, yeelded a perfit shade to the ground, where their bodies gaue a spacious and pleasant roome to walke in, they were set in so perfect an order, that euery way the eye being full, yet no way was stopped. And euen in the middest of them, were there many sweete springs, which did loose themselues vpon the face of the earth. Here *Musidorus* drew out such prouision of fruits, & other cates, as he had brought for that dayes repast, and layd it downe vpon the faire Carpet of the greene grasse. But *Pamela* had much more pleasure to walke vnder those trees, making in their barkes prettie knottes, which tyed together the names of *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, sometimes entermixedly changing them, to *Pammedorus* and *Musimela*, with twentie other flowers of her trauailing fancies, which had bound them selues to a greater restraint, then they could without much paine well endure, and to one tree more beholding to her then the rest, she entrusted the treasure of her thoughts in these verses:

*DO not disdaine, ô streight vp-raised Pine,*
*That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I graue:*
*Since that my thoughts, as streight as streightnesse thine*
*No smaller wound, alas! far deeper haue.*

*Deeper engrau'd, which salue nor time can saue,*
*Giu'n to my heart, by my fore wounded eyne:*
*Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou craue*
*My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine*

Yet

*Yet ſtill faire tree, lift vp thy ſtately line,*
*Liue long, and long witneſſe my choſen ſmart,*
*VVhich barde deſires, (barde by my ſelfe) impart.*

*And in this growing barke growe verſes myne.*
*My heart my word, my word hath giu'n my hart.*
*The giuer giu'n from gift ſhall neuer part.*

Vpon a roote of the tree, that the earth had left ſomething barer then the reſt, ſhe wrate this couplet:

*SVVeete roote ſay thou, the roote of my deſire*
*VVas vertue cladde in conſtant loues attire.*

*Muſidorus*, ſeing her fancies drawne vp to ſuch pleaſaunt contemplations, accompanied her in them, and made the trees aſwell beare the badges of his paſſions; as this ſong engraued in them did teſtifie:

*YOu goodly pines, which ſtill with braue aſſent,*
*In natures pride your heads to heau'nward heaue,*
*Though you beſides ſuch graces earth hath lent,*
*Of ſome late grace a greater grace receiue,*

*By her who was (O bleſſed you) content*
*VVith her faire hand, your tender barkes to cleaue,*
*And ſo by you (O bleſſed you) hath ſent,*
*Such piercing words as no thoughts els conceaue:*

*Yet yeeld your graunt, a baſer hand may leaue*
*His thoughts in you, where ſo ſweete thoughts were ſpent,*
*For how would you the miſtreſſe thoughts bereaue*
*Of waiting thoughts all to her ſeruice ment?*

*Nay higher thoughts (though thralled thoughts) I call*
*My thoughts then hers, who firſt your ryne did rent.*
*Then hers, to whom my thoughts a lonely thrall*
*Ryſing from lowe, are to the higheſt bent;*
*VVhere hers, whom worth makes higheſt ouer all*
*Comming from her, cannot but downward fall.*

While *Pamela* ſitting her downe vnder one of them, and making a poſie of the fayre vndergrowing flowers, filled *Muſidorus* eares with the heauenly ſound of her muſicke, which before he had neuer heard, ſo that it ſeemed vnto him a new aſſault giuen to the caſtle of his heart, already conquered: which to ſignifie, and with all replie to her ſweete notes, hee ſang in a kinde of ſtill, but rauiſhing tune a fewe verſes, her ſong was this, and his replie followes:

Pamela. *Like diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue*
*To decke the earth with his well coloured weede,*
*Though each of them, his priuate forme preserue,*
*Yet ioyning formes one sight of beautie breede.*

*Right so my thoughts, whereon my hart I feede:*
*Right so my inward parts, and outward glasse,*
*Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,*
*Yet all well knit to one faire end do passe:*
*That he to whome these sundrie gifts I binde,*
*All what I am, still one, his owne, do finde.*

Musidorus *All what you are still one, his owne to finde,*
*You that are borne to be the worldes eye,*
*What were it els, but to make each thing blinde?*
*And to the sunne with waxen wings to flie?*

*No no, such force with my small force to trye*
*Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.*
*Call me but yours, my title is most hye:*
*Hold me most yours, then my long suite is signde.*

*You none can claime but you your selfe aright,*
*For you do passe your selfe, in vertues might.*
*So both are yours: I, bound with gaged hart:*
*You onely yours, too farre beyond desart.*

In this vertuous wãtonnesse, suffring their minds to descend to ech tender enioying their vnited thoughts, *Pamela* hauing tasted of the fruits, & growing extreame sleepie, hauing bin long kept frõ it, with the perplexitie of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was inuited by him to sleepe with these softly vttered verses:

*Lock vp, faire liddes, the treasure of my hart:*
*Preserue those beames, this ages onely light:*
*To her sweete sence, sweete sleepe some ease impart,*
*Her sence too weake to beare her spirits might.*

*And while ô sleepe thou closest vp her sight,*
*(Her sight where loue did forge his fairest dart)*
*O harbour all her parts in easefull plight:*
*Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.*

*But yet ô dreame, if thou wilt not depart*
*In this rare subiect from thy common right:*
*But wilt thy selfe in such a seate delight,*

*Then take my shape, and play a louers part:*
*Kisse her from me, and say vnto her spirit,*
*Till her eyes shine, I line in darkest night.*

The

The ſweete *Pamela* was brought into a ſweete ſleepe with this ſong which gaue *Muſidorus* oportunitie at leaſure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her faire forehead was a field where all his fancies fought; and euery haire of her head ſeemed a ſtrong chaine that tied him. Her fairer liddes then hiding her fairer eyes, ſeemed vnto him ſweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themſelues, but containing in them farre richer Iewels. Her cheekes with their colour moſt delicately mixed would haue entertained his eyes ſomewhile, but that the roſes of her lippes (whoſe ſeparating was wont to be accompanied with moſt wiſe ſpeeches) now by force drew his ſight to marke how pretily they lay one ouer the other, vniting their deuided beauties: and thorough them the eye of his fancy deliuered to his memorie the lying (as in ambuſh) vnder her lippes of thoſe armed rankes, all armed in moſt pure white, & keeping the moſt preciſe order of militarie diſcipline. And leſt this beautie might ſeeme the picture of ſome excellent artificer, foorth there ſtale a ſoft breath, carrying good teſtimonie of her inward ſweetneſſe: and ſo ſtealingly it came out, as it ſeemed loath to leaue his contentfull manſion, but that it hoped to be drawne in againe to that well cloſed paradiſe, which did ſo tyrannize ouer *Muſidorus* affects, that he was compelled to put his face as lowe to hers, as he could, ſucking the breath with ſuch ioy, that he did determine in himſelfe, there had bene no life to a *Camæleons*, if he might be ſuffered to enioy that food. But long he was not ſuffered being within a while interrupted by the comming of a companie of clowniſh villaines, armed with diuers ſorts of weapons, and for the reſt both in face and apparell ſo forewaſted, that they ſeemed to beare a great conformitie with the ſauages; who miſerable in themſelues, taught to encreaſe their miſchiefes in other bodies harmes, came with ſuch cries as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Muſidorus* turne vnto them full of a moſt violent rage, with the looke of a ſhee *Tigre*, when her whelpes are ſtolne away.

But *Zelmane* whome I left in the Caue hardly beſtead, hauing both great wittes and ſtirring paſſions to deale with, makes me lend her my penne awhile to ſee with what dexteritie ſhe could put by her dangers. For hauing in one inſtant both to reſiſt rage and go beyond wiſedome, being to deale with a Ladie that had her wits awake in euery thing, but in helping her owne hurt, ſhe ſaw now no other remedie in her caſe, but to qualifie her rage with hope, & to ſatisfie her wit with plainneſſe. Yet leſt too abrupt falling into it, ſhould yeeld too great aduantage vnto her, ſhe thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of inſinuation. Your wiſe, but very darke ſpeeches, moſt excellent Lady, are wouen vp in ſo intricate a maner, as I know not how to proportiõ mine anſwer vnto them: ſo are your prayers mixt with threates, and ſo is the ſhew of your loue hidden with the name of reuenge, the naturall effect of mortal hatred. You ſeeme diſpleaſed with the opinion you haue of my diſguiſing, and yet if be not diſguiſed, you muſt needes be much more diſpleaſed. Hope then (the onely ſuccour of perplexed mindes) being quite cut off, you deſire my affection, and yet you your ſelfe thinke my affection alreadie beſtowed. You pretend crueltie, before you haue the ſubiection, and are iealous of keeping that, which as yet you haue not gotten. And that which is ſtrangeſt in your iealouſie, is both the vniuſtice of it, in being loath that ſhould come to your daughter, which you deeme good, and the vaynneſſe, ſince you two are in ſo diuers reſpects, that there is no neceſſitie one of you ſhould fall to be a barre to the other. For neither (if I be ſuch as you fancie) can I marrie you, which muſt needes be the onely end I can aſpire to in her: neither neede the marrying of her keepe me from a gratefull

consideration how much you honor me in the loue you vouchsafe to beare me. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearefull agonies shee still liued in, made any small repriuall sweete, did quickly finde her words falling to a better way of comfort, & therefore with a mind readie to shew nothing could make it rebellious against *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyrāny, she thus said: Alas too much beloued *Zelmane*, the thoghts are but outflowings of the mind, & the tongue is but a seruant of the thoughts, therefore maruaile not that my words suffer contrarieties, since my minde doth houerely suffer in it selfe whole armies of mortall aduersaries. But, alas, if I had the vse of mine own reason, then should I not neede, for want of it, to finde my selfe in this desperate mischiefe, but because my reason is vanished, so haue I likewise no power to correct my vnreasonableneſſe. Do you therfore accept the protection of my minde, which hath no other resting place, and driue it not, by being vnregarded to put it selfe into vnknowne extremities. I desire but to haue my affection answered, and to haue a right reflection of my loue in you. That graunted, assure your selfe mine owne loue will easily teach mee to seeke your contentment: and make me thinke my daughter a very meane price to keepe still in mine eyes the foode of my sprits. But take heede that contempt driue me not into despaire, the most violent cause of that miserable effect. *Zelmane* that already sawe some fruit of her last determined fancie (so farre as came to a mollifying of *Gynecias* rage) seeing no other way to satisfie suspicion, which was held open with the continuall prickes of loue, resolued now with plainneſſe to winne trust, which trust shee might after deceiue with a greater subtletie. Therefore looking vpon her with a more relenting grace, then euer she had done before, pretending a great bashfulneſſe before she could come to confeſſe such a fault, she thus sayd vnto her: Most worthy Lady, I did neuer thinke, till now, that pitie of another could make me betray my selfe, nor that the sound of words could ouerthrow any wise bodies determination. But your words (I thinke) haue charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compassion makes me open my hart to you, & leaue vnharboured mine own thoughts. For proofe of it, I will discloſe my greatest secret, which well you might suspect, but neuer know, & so haue your wandring hope in a more painful wilderneſſe, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect resolution. I will, I say, vnwrap my hidden estate, & after make you iudge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will say further to you, I am borne a Prince. And to make vp your minde in a through vnderstanding of me since I came to this place, I may not deny I haue had some sprinkling of I know not what good liking to my Lady *Philoclea*. For how could I euer imagine, the heauens would haue rayned down so much of your fauour vpon me? & of that side there was a shew of possible hope, the most comfortable Counsellor of loue. The cause of this my changed attyre, was a iourney two yeares agoe I made among the *Amazons*, where hauing sought to trye my vnfortunate valure, I met not one in all the Countrey but was too hard for me, till in the end in the presence of their Queene *Marpesia*, I hoping to preuayle against her, challenged an old woman of foureſcore yeares, to fight on horsebacke to the vttermost with me. Who hauing ouerthrowne me, for the sauing of my life, made me sweare I should go like an vnarmed *Amazon*, till the comming of my beard did, with the discharge of my oath, deliuer me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not cōming to a full concluſion, because she would see what it wrought in *Gynecias* mind, hauing in her speech sought to winne a beliefe of her, &, if it might be, by disgrace of her self to diminish *Gynecias* affectiō.

For

For the first it had much preuailed. But *Gynecia* whose end of louing her, was not her fighting, neither could her loue too deepely grounded receiue diminishment; and besides shee had seene her selfe, sufficient proofes of *Zelmanes* admirable prowesse. Therefore sleightly passing ouer that point of her fained dishonor, but taking good hold of the confessing her manly sexe, with the shamefast looke of that suitor, who hauing alreadie obtained much, is yet forced by want to demaund more, put foorth her sorrowfull suite in these words: The gods, said shee, reward thee for thy vertuous pittie of my ouerladen soule, who yet hath receyued some breath of comfort, by finding thy confession to maintaine some possibilitie of my languishing hope. But alas! as they who seeke to enrich themselues by minerall industrie, the first labour is to finde the myne, which to their cheerefull comfort being found, if after any vnlooked for stop, or casuall impediment keepe them from getting the desired vre, they are so much the more greeued, as the late conceiued hope addes torment to their former want. So, falles it out with mee happie or hapleſſe woman (as it pleaseth you to ordayne) who am now either to receyue some gue rdon of my most wofull labours, or to returne into a more wretched darknesse, hauing had some glimmering of my blisfull Sunne, O *Zelmane*, tread not vpon a soule that lyes vnder your foote: let not the abasing of my selfe make me more base in your eyes, but iudge of me according to that I am, and haue bene, and let my errors be made excusable by the immortall name of loue. With that, vnder a fained rage, tearing her clothes, she discouered some partes of her faire body, which if *Zelmanes* hart had not bene so fully possest as there was no place left for any new guest, no doubt it would haue yeelded to that gallant assault. But *Zelmane* so much the more arming her determination, as she sawe such force threatened, yet still remembring shee must wade betwixt constancie and curtesy, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twise kissing her, Deare Ladie, sayd she, he were a great enemy to himselfe, that would refuse such an offer, in the purchase of which a mans life were blessedly bestowed. Nay, how can I euer yeeld due recompence, for so excessiue a fauour? but hauing nothing to giue you but my selfe, take that: I must confesse a small, but a very free gift what other affection soeuer I haue had, shall giue place to as great perfection, working besides vppon the bond of gratefulnesse. The gods forbid I should be so fooliſh, as not to see, or so wicked as not to remember, how much my small deserts are ouerballanced by your vnspeakable goodnesse. Nay happy may I well accompt my mis-hap among the *Amazons*, since that dishonor hath bene so true a path to my greatest honor, and the chaunging of my outward rayment, hath clothed my minde in such inward contentation. Take therefore noble Lady as much comfort to your hart, as the full commandement of me can yeeld you: wipe your faire eyes, and keepe them for nobler seruices. And now I wil presume thus much to say vnto you, that you make of your selfe for my sake, that my ioyes of my new obtained riches may be accomplished in you. But let vs leaue this place, least you be too long missed, and henceforward quiet your mind from any further care, for I will now (to my too much ioy) take the charge vpon me, within fewe dayes to worke your satisfaction, and my felicitie. Thus much she sayde, and withall led *Gynecia* out of the Caue, for well she sawe the boyling minde of *Gynecia* did easily apprehend the fitnesse of that lonely place. But indeede this direct promise of a short space, ioyned with the cumbersome familiar of womankind, I meane modestie, stayed so *Gynecias* minde, that she tooke thus much at that present for good payment: remaining with a painefull ioy, and a wearysome kinde of

comfort,not vnlike to the condemned priſoner, whoſe mind ſtill running vpon the violent arriuall of his cruell death,heares that his pardon is promiſed, but not yet ſigned. In this ſort they both iſſued out of that obſcure manſion: *Gynecia* alreadie halfe perſwaded in her ſelfe(ô weakneſſe of humane conceit)that *Zelmanes* affectiõ was turned towards her. For ſuch alas! we are all, in ſuch a mould are we caſt, that with the too much loue we beare our ſelues, being firſt our own flatterers,wee are eaſily hooked with our own flattery,we are eaſily perſwaded of others loue.

But *Zelmane* who had now to play her prize, ſeeing no way things could long remaine in that ſtate,& now finding her promiſe had tyed her tryall to a ſmall compaſſe of time,began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her inuention, how ſhe might atchieue her liues enterpriſe: for well ſhee knew deceit cannot otherwiſe be maintained but by deceit: and how to deceiue ſuch heedfull eyes, and how to ſatisfie,and yet not ſatisfie ſuch hopefull deſires, it was no ſmall skill. But both their thoughts were called from themſelues,with the ſight of *Baſilius*, who then lying down by his daughter *Philoclea*, vpon the faire,though naturall,bed of greene-graſſe,ſeeing the ſunne what ſpeede he made, to leaue our Weſt to do his office in the other *Hemiſphere*, his inward Muſes made him in his beſt muſicke, ſing this Madrigall.

*WHy doeſt thou runne away*
*O Titan faire the giuer of the day?*
*Is it to carrie newes*
*To VVeſterne wights, what ſtarres in Eaſt appeare?*
*Or doeſt thou thinke that here*
*Is left a Sunne, whoſe beames thy place may vſe?*
*Yet ſtay and well peruſe,*
*VVhat be her gifts, that make her equall thee,*
*Bend all thy light to ſee*
*In earthly clothes encloſde a heauenly ſparke.*
*Thy running courſe cannot ſuch beauties marke:*
*No, no, thy motions be*
*Haſtened from vs with barre of shadow darke,*
*Becauſe that thou the author of our ſight*
*Diſdainſt we ſee thee ſtaind with others light.*

And hauing ended,Deere *Philoclea*,ſaid he, ſing ſomething that may diuert my thoughts from the continuall taske of their ruinous harbour: She obedient to him, and not vnwilling to disburden her ſecret paſſion, made her ſweete voice be heard in theſe words:

*O Stealing time the ſubiect of delaie,*
*(Delay,the racke of vnrefram'd deſire)*
*VVhat ſtrange deſſein haſt thou my hopes to ſtaie,*
*My hopes which do but to mine owne aſpire?*

*Mine owne? ô word on whoſe ſweet ſound doth prey*
*My greedy ſoule, with gripe of inward fire:*
*Thy title great, I iuſtly challenge may,*
*Since in ſuch phraſe his faith he did attire.*

*O time, become the chariot of my ioyes:*
*As thou draweſt on, ſo let my bliſſe draw neere.*
*Each moment loſt, part of my hap deſtroyes.*

*Thou art the father of occaſion deare:*
*Ioine with thy ſonne, to eaſe my long annoyes.*
*In ſpeedie helpe, thanke-worthie friends appeare.*

*Philoclea* brake off her ſong, aſſoone as her mother with *Zelmane* came neere vnto them riſing vp with a kindly baſhfulneſſe, being not ignorant of the ſpite her mother bare her, and ſtriken with the ſight of that perſon, whoſe loue made all thoſe troubles ſeeme faire flowers of her deareſt garland, nay rather all thoſe troubles made the loue increaſe. For as the arriuall of enemies makes a towne ſo fortifie it ſelf, as euer after it remaines ſtronger, ſo that a man may ſay, enemies were no ſmal cauſe to the townes ſtrength: So to a mind once fixed in a well pleaſed determination, who hopes by annoyance to ouerthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all his beſt grounds, and ſo perchance of a chanceable purpoſe, make an vnchangeable reſolution. But no more did *Philoclea* ſee the wonted ſignes of *Zelmanes* affection towards her; ſhe thought ſhe ſaw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careleſſe looke vpon her, which was wont to be dazeled with her beautie; and the framing of her curteſies rather ceremonious then affectionate, and that which worſt liked her, was, that it proceeded with ſuch quiet ſetledneſſe, as it rather threatned a full purpoſe, then any ſodaine paſſion. She found her behauiour bent altogether to her mother, and preſumed in her ſelfe, ſhe diſcerned the well acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another ſubiect. She ſaw her mothers worthineſſe, and too well knew her affection. Theſe ioyning their diuerſe working powers together in her mind, but yet a prentiſe in the painefull myſterie of paſſions, brought *Philoclea* into a new trauerſe of her thoughts, and made her keepe her carefull looke the more attentiue vpon *Zelmanes* behauiour, who indeed (though with much paine, and condemning her ſelfe to commit a ſacrilege againſt the ſweet Saint that liued in her inmoſt temple) yet ſtrengthening her ſelfe in it, being the ſureſt way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baites, did ſo quite ouer-rule all wonted ſhewes of loue to *Philoclea*, and conuert them to *Gynecia*, that the part ſhe played did worke in both a full and liuely perſwaſion: to *Gynecia* ſuch exceſſiue cõfort, as the being preferred to a riuall doth deliuer to ſwelling deſire: But to the delicate *Philoclea*, whoſe calme thoughts were vnable to nouriſh any ſtrong debate, it gaue ſo ſtinging a hurt, that fainting vnder the force of her inward torment, ſhee withdrew her ſelfe to the Lodge, and there wearie of ſupporting her owne burthen, caſt her ſelfe vpon her bed, ſuffering her ſorow to melt it ſelfe into abundance of teares; at length cloſing her eyes, as if each thing ſhe ſaw was a picture of her miſhap, and turning vpon her heart ſide, which with vehement panting, did ſummon her to conſider her fortune, ſhe thus bemoned her ſelfe.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy paynes? Is this the reward of thy giuen-away libertie? Hath too much yeelding bred crueltie? Or can too great acquaintance make mee helde for a ſtraunger? Hath the chooſing of a companion made mee left alone? Or doth graunting deſire cauſe the deſire to bee neglected? Alas, deſpiſed *Philoclea*, why diddeſt thou not holde thy thoughtes

in their ſimple courſe and content thy ſelf with the loue of thine owne vertue, which would neuer haue betrayed thee? Ah ſillie foole, didſt thou looke for truth in him, that with his owne mouth confeſt his falſhood? for plaine proceeding in him, that ſtill goes diſguiſed? They ſay the falſeſt men will yet beare outward ſhewes of a pure mind. But he that euen outwardly beares the badge of trecherie, what helles of wickedneſſe muſt needs in the depth be contained? But ô wicked mouth of mine how dareſt thou thus blaſpheme the ornament of the earth, the veſſell of all vertue? O wretch that I am that wil anger the Gods in diſpraiſing their moſt excellēt work! O no, no, there was no fault but in me, that could euer thinke ſo high eyes would looke ſo low, or ſo great perfections would ſtaine themſelues with my vnworthineſſe. Alas, why could I not ſee? I was too weake a band to tie ſo heauenlie a heart: I was not fit to limit the infinite courſe of his wonderfull deſtinies. Was it euer like that vpon onelie *Philoclea* his thoughts ſhould reſt? Ah ſillie ſoule that couldeſt pleaſe thy ſelfe with ſo impoſſible an imagination! An vniuerſall happineſſe is to flowe from him. How was I ſo inueigled to hope, I might be the marke of ſuch a mind? He did thee no wrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no wrong, it was thy weakneſſe to fancie the beames of the ſunne ſhould giue light to no eyes but to thine! And yet ô Prince *Pyrocles*, for whom I may well begin to hate my ſelfe, but can neuer leaue to loue thee, what triumph canſt thou make of this conqueſt? What ſpoyles wilt thou carie away of this my vndeſerued ouerthrow? could thy force find out no fitter field then the feeble mind of a poore mayd, who at the firſt ſight did wiſh thee all happineſſe? Shall it be ſaid the mirror of mankind hath bene employed to deſtroy a hurtleſſe Gentlewoman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let me yet call thee before the iudgement of thine owne vertue, let mee be accepted for a plaintiffe in a cauſe which cōcerns my life: what need hadſt thou to arme thy face with the inchāting maske of thy painted paſſions? what need hadſt thou to fortifie thy excellencies with ſo exquiſite a cunning, in making our owne arts betray vs? what needeſt thou deſcend ſo far from thy incōparable worthineſſe, as to take on the habite of weake womankind? Was all this to winne the vndefended Caſtle of a friend, which being wonne, thou wouldeſt after raze? Could ſo ſmall a cauſe allure thee? or did not ſo vniuſt a cauſe ſtop thee? O me, what ſay I more, this is my caſe, my Loue hates me, vertue deales wickedlie with me, and he does me wrong, whoſe doing I can neuer account wrong. With that the ſweete Lady turning her ſelfe vpon her wearie bed, ſhe happely ſaw a lute, vpon the bellie of which *Gynecia* had written this ſong, what time *Baſilius* imputed her iealous motions to proceed of the doubt ſhe had of his vntimely loues. Vnder vvhich vaile ſhe contented to couer her neuer ceaſing anguiſh, had made the Lute a monument of her mind, which *Philoclea* had neuer much marked, til novv the feare of a competitor more ſtirred her, then before the care of a mother. The verſes vvere theſe:

*MY Lute within thy ſelfe thy tunes encloſe,*
*Thy miſtreſſe ſong is now a ſorow's crie,*
*Her hand benumb'd vvith fortunes daylie blowes,*
*Her mind amaz'd can neither helpe apply.*
*VVeare theſe my words as mourning weeds of woes,*
*Blacke inke becomes the ſtate wherein I die.*
*And though my mones be not in muſike bound,*
*Of written griefes, yet be the ſilent ground.*

*The world doth yeeld ſuch ill conſorted showes,*
*VVith circled courſe, which no wiſe ſtay can trie,*
*That childish ſtuffe which knowes not friends from fo.*
*(Better deſpiſde) bewonder gaſing eye.*
*Thus noble gold, downe to the bottome goes,*
*VVhen worthleſſe corke, aloft doth floting lie.*
*Thus in thy ſelfe, leaſt ſtrings are lowdeſt found,*
*And loweſt ſtops do yeeld the higheſt ſound.*

*Philoclea* read them, and throwing downe the Lute, Is this the legacie you haue bequeathed me, ô kinde mother of mine, ſaid ſhe? did you beſtow the light vpon me for this? or did you beare me to be the Author of my buriall? A trim purchaſe you haue made of your owne ſhame; robbed your daughter to ruine your ſelfe? The birds vnreaſonable, yet vſe ſo much reaſon, as to make neaſts for their tender youngones; my cruell mother turnes me out of mine owne harbour; alas, plaint boores not, for my caſe can receiue no help, for who ſhould geue mee helpe? ſhall I flie to my parents? they are my murtherers: ſhall I go to him, who alreadie being wonne and loſt, muſt needs haue killed all pitie? Alas, I can bring no new interceſſions, he knowes already what I am is his. Shall I come home againe to my ſelfe? O me contemned wretch; I haue giuen away my ſelfe. With that the poore ſoule beat her breaſt, as if that had bene guilty of her faults, neither thinking of reuenge, nor ſtudying for remedy, but (ſweet creature) gaue griefe a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few dayes after, not needing to faine her ſelf ſicke, feeling euen in her ſoule the pangs of extreme paine. But litle did *Gynecia* recke that, neither when ſhe ſaw her go away from them, neither when ſhe after found that ſickneſſe made her hide her faire face: ſo much had fancie preuayled againſt nature. But ô you that haue euer knowne, how tender to euery motion loue makes the louers heart, how he meaſures all his ioyes vpon her contentment: & doth with reſpectful eye hang all his behauiour vpon her eyes: iudge I pray you now of *Zelmanes* troubled thoughts, when ſhe ſaw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of ſorow, carie away her ſweet preſence, and eaſily found (ſo happie a coniecture vnhappie affection hath) that her demeanour was guilty of that treſpaſſe. There was neuer fooliſh ſoft-hearted mother, that forced to beat her child, did weepe firſt for his paines, and doing that ſhe was loth to do, did repent before ſhe began, did find halfe that motion in her weake mind, as *Zelmane* did, now that ſhe was forced by reaſon to giue an outward blow to her paſſions, and for the lending of a ſmall time, to ſeeke the vſurie of all her deſires. The vnkindneſſe ſhe conceiued, *Philoclea* might conceiue, did wound her ſoule, each teare ſhe doubted ſhe ſpent, drowned all her comfort. Her ſickeneſſe was a death vnto her. Often would ſhe ſpeake to the image of *Philoclea* which liued and ruled in the higheſt of her inward part, and vſe vehement othes and proteſtations vnto her; that nothing ſhould euer falſifie the free choſen vow ſhe had made. Often would ſhe deſire her that ſhe would looke wel to *Pyrocles* hart, for as for her ſhe had no more intereſt in it to beſtow it any way: Alas would ſhe ſay, onlie *Philoclea* haſt thou not ſo much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new Conquerour can preuaile againſt thy conqueſts? Was euer any dazeled with the Moone, that had vſed his eyes to the beames of the Sunne? Is he caried away with a greedie deſire of Acornes, that hath had his ſenſes rauiſhed with a garden of moſt delightfull fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be thou but as merciſull a princeſſe to-

my mind, as thou art a true poſſeſſour, and I ſhall haue as much cauſe of gladneſſe as thou haſt no cauſe of miſdoubting. O no, no, when a mans owne hart is the gage of his debt, when a mans owne thoughts are willing witneſſes to his promiſe; laſtly, when a man is the Iayler ouer himſelfe; there is litle doubt of breaking credite, and leſſe doubt of ſuch an eſcape. In this combate of *Zelmanes* doubtfull imaginations, in the end reaſon well backed with the vehement deſire to bring her matters ſoone to the deſired hauen, did ouer-rule the boyling of her inward kindneſſe, though as I ſay with ſuch a manifeſt ſtrife, that both *Baſilius* and *Gynecias* well waiting eyes, had marked her muſes had labored in deeper ſubiect then ordinarie, which ſhe likewiſe perceiuing they had perceiued, awaking her ſelfe out of thoſe thoughts, and principallie caring how to ſatisfie *Gynecia* (whoſe iudgement and paſſion ſhe ſtood moſt in regard of) bowing her head to her attentiue eare, Madame (ſaid ſhe) with practiſe of my thoughts, I haue found out a way by which your contentment ſhal draw on my happineſſe. *Gynecia* deliuering in her face as thankefull a ioyfulneſſe as her heart could hold, ſaid, it was then time to retire themſelues to their reſt, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late ſitting vp for Eclogues, their bodies had dearelie purchaſed that nights quiet. So went they home to their Lodge, *Zelmane* framing of both ſides bountifull meaſures of louing countenances to eithers ioy, and neithers iealouſie; to the eſpeciall comfort of *Baſilius*, whoſe weaker bowels were ſtraight full with the leaſt liquor of hope. So that ſtill holding her by the hand, and ſometimes tickling it, he went by her with the moſt gay conceits that euer had entred his braines, growing now ſo hearted in his reſolution, that he litle reſpected *Gynecias* preſence. But with a luſtier note then wonted, clearing his voice, & chearing his ſpirits, looking ſtill vpon *Zelmane* (whom now the Moone did beautifie with her ſhining almoſt at the full) as if her eyes had bene his ſong-Booke, hee did the meſſage of his mind in ſinging theſe verſes:

*VVHen two Sunnes do appeare,*
*Some ſay it doth betoken wonders neare,*
*As Princes loſſe or change:*
*Two gleaming Sunnes of ſplendour like I ſee,*
*And ſeeing feele in me*
*Of Princes heart quite loſt the ruine ſtrange.*

*But now each where doth range*
*VVith vglie cloke the darke enuious night:*
*VVho full of guiltie ſpite,*
*Such liuing beames ſhould her blacke ſeat aſſaile,*
*Too weake for them our weaker ſight doth vaile.*

*No ſayes faire Moone, my light*
*Shall barre that vvrong, and though it not preuaile*
*Like to my brothers rayes, yet thoſe I ſend*
*Hurt not the face, vvhich nothing can amend.*

And by that time being come to the Lodge, and viſited the ſweet *Philoclea*, with much leſſe then naturall care of the Parents, and much leſſe thē wonted kindneſſe of *Zelmane*, each party full fraught with diuerſly working fancies, made their pillowes weake

weak props of their ouer-loden heads. Yet of all other were *Zelmanes* braines moſt turmoyled, troubled with loue both actiue and paſſiue; and laſtlie, and eſpecially with care, how to vſe her ſhort limited time to the beſt purpoſe, by ſome wiſe and happie diuerting her two louers vnwelcome deſires. *Zelmane* hauing had the night her only counſeller in the buſie enterpriſe ſhe was to vndertake, & hauing all that time muſed, and yet not fullie reſolued, how ſhe might ioyne preuayling with preuenting, was offended with the dayes bold entrie into her chamber, as if he had now by cuſtome growne an aſſured bringer of euill newes. Which ſhe taking a Citterne to her, did lay to *Auroras* charge with theſe well ſung verſes:

AVrora *now thou shewſt thy blushing light,*
*(VVhich oft to hope layes out a guilefull baite,*
*That truſts in time, to find the way aright*
*To eaſe thoſe paines, which on deſire do vvaite.*

*Blush on for shame: that ſtill with thee do light*
*On penſiue ſoules (in ſteed of reſtfull baite)*
*Care vpon care (in ſteed of doing right)*
*To ouer-preſſed breaſts, more grieuous waight.*

*As oh! my ſelfe, whoſe woes are neuer light,*
*(Tide to the ſtake of doubt) ſtrange paſſions baite,*
*VVhile thy knowne courſe, obſeruing natures right,*
*Stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite.*
*For miſchiefes great, day after day doth show:*
*Make me ſtill feare, thy faire appearing show.*

Alas ſaid ſhe, am not I runne into a ſtrange gulfe, that am faine for loue to hurt her I loue? And becauſe I deteſt the others, to pleaſe them I deteſt? O only *Philoclea*, whoſe beautie is matched with nothing, but with the vnſpeakeable beautie of thy faireſt mind, if thou didſt ſee vpon what a racke my tormented ſoule is ſet, litle would you thinke I had any ſcope now to leape to any new chaunge; with that with haſtie hands ſhe got her ſelfe vp turning her ſight to euerie thing, as if chaunge of obiect might help her inuention. So went ſhe againe to the Caue, where forthwith it came into her head, that ſhould be the fitteſt place to perfourme her exploit, of which ſhe had now a kind of confuſed conceit, although ſhe had not ſet downe in her fancie, the meeting with each particularity that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the firſt but ſhew a rude proportion of the thing he imitates, which after with more curious hand he drawes to the repreſenting each lineamēt: ſo had her thoughts beating about it continuallie, receiued into them a ground-plot of her deuiſe, although ſhe had not in each part ſhapte it according to a full determination. But in this ſort hauing early viſited the mornings beautie, in thoſe pleaſant deſarts, ſhe came to the King and Queene and told them, that for the performance of certaine her countrie deuotions, which onely were to bee exerciſed in ſolitarineſſe, ſhe did deſire their leaue ſhe might for a few dayes lodge her ſelf in the caue, the freſh ſweetneſſe of which did greatlie delight her, in that hote countrie; and that for that ſmal ſpace, they wold not otherwiſe trouble themſelues in viſiting her, but at ſuch times as ſhe would come to waite vpon them, which ſhould be euerie

day at certaine houres, neither ſhould it be long, ſhe would deſire this priuiledged abſence of them. They whoſe minds had already taken out that leſſon, perfectly to yeeld a willing obedience to all her deſires, with conſenting countenance made her ſoone ſee her pleaſure was a law vnto them. Both indeed inwardlie glad of it, *Baſilius* hoping that herdeuiding her ſelfe from them, might yet giue him ſome freer occaſion of comming in ſecret vnto her, whoſe fauourable face had lately ſtrengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other moſt ioyous, holding her ſelfe aſſured that this was but a prologue to the play ſhe had promiſed her. Thus both flattering themſelues with diuerſlie grounded hopes, they rang a bell which ſerued to call certaine poore women which euer lay in cabins not farre off, to do the houſhold ſeruices of both Lodges, and neuer came to either but being called for: and commanded them to carie forthwith *Zelmanes* bed and furniture of her chamber into the pleaſant caue; and to decke it vp as finelie as it was poſſible for them, that their ſoules reſt might reſt her bodie to her beſt pleaſing maner: that was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmane* already in poſſeſſion of her new choſen lodging, where ſhe like one of *Veſtaes* nunnes, entertaind her ſelfe for a few dayes in all ſhew of ſtraightneſſe, yet once a day comming to do her dutie to the King and Queene, in whom the ſeldomneſſe of the ſight encreaſed the more vnquiet longing, though ſomewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort then wonted. Eſpeciallie to *Gynecia*, who ſeeing her whollie neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promiſed her ſelfe a full poſſeſſion of *Zelmanes* heart, ſtill expecting the fruit of the happie and hoped for inuention. But both ſhee and *Baſilius* kept ſuch a continuall watch about the precinctes of the Caue, that either of them was a bar to the other from hauing any ſecret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the meane time the ſweete *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, deſpiſed of her mother, and in apparance left of *Zelmane* had yeelded vp her ſoule to be a pray to ſorow and vnkindneſſe, not with raging conceit of reuenge as had paſſed through the ſtout and wiſe heart of her mother, but with a kindlie meekneſſe taking vpon her the weight of her owne woes, and ſuffering them to haue ſo full a courſe as it did exceedinglie weaken the eſtate of her bodie: aſwell for which cauſe, as for that ſhe could not ſee *Zelmane*, without expreſſing (more then ſhe would) how far now her loue was impriſoned in extremitie of ſorow, ſhe bound her ſelfe firſt to the limits of her owne chamber, and after, (griefe breeding ſickneſſe) of her bed. But *Zelmane* hauing now a full libertie to caſt about euerie way, how to bring her conceiued attempt to a deſired ſucceſſe, was oft ſo perplexed with the manifold difficultie of it, that ſometimes ſhe would reſolue by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents, ſometimes to go away her ſelfe with *Muſidorus* and bring both their forces, ſo to win her. But laſtlie, euen the ſame day that *Muſidorus* by feeding the humour of his three lothſome gardiens, had ſtolne away the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whether it were that loue meant to match them euerie way, or that her friends example had holpen her inuention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbare to practiſe her deuiſe till ſhee found her friend had paſſed through his.) The ſame day, I ſay, ſhe reſolued on a way to rid out of the the Lodge her two cumberſome louers, & in the night to carie away *Philoclea*: wherunto ſhe was aſſured her owne loue no leſſe then her ſiſters, would eaſilie winne her conſent. Hoping that although their abrupt parting had not ſuffered her to demand of *Muſidorus* which way he meant to direct his iourney) yet either they ſhold by ſome good fortune, find him: or if that courſe fayled, yet they might well recouer ſome towne of the *Helots*, neare the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newlie againe vp in armes

armes against the Nobilitie, she knew would be as glad of her presence, as she of their protection. Therefore hauing taken order for all things requisite for their going, & first put on a sleight vnder-sute of mans apparell, which before for such purposes she had prouided, she curiously trimmed her selfe to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her last triall, she might come vnto it in her braueſt armour. And so putting on that kinde of milde countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle answer, according to her late receiued maner, she left the pleasant darkenesse of her melancholie caue, to go take her dinner of the king and Queene, and giue vnto them both a pleasant food of seeing the owner of their desires. But euen as the *Persians* were anciently wont to leaue no rising Sun vnsaluted, but as his faire beames appeared clearer vnto them, would they more hartelie reioyce, laying vpon them a great foretoken of their following fortune: So was there no time that *Zelmane* encountred their eyes with her beloued presence, but that it bred a kind of burning deuotion in them, yet so much the more gladding their greedy soules, as her countenance were cleared with more fauour vnto them, which now being determinately framed to the greateſt descent of kindneſſe, it took such hold of her infortunate louers, that like children about a tender father, from a long voyage returned, with louelie childishneſſe hang about him, and yet with simple feare measure by his countenance, how farre he accepts their boldneſſe: so were these now throwne into so seruiceable an affection, that the turning of *Zelmanes* eye was a strong sterne enough to all their motions, wending no way, but as the inchanting force of it guided them. But hauing made a light repast of the pleasant fruits of that countrie, enterlarding their food with such maner of generall discourses, as louers are wont to couer their passions in, when respect of a third person keepes them from plaine particulars, at the earneſt entreatie of *Basilius*, *Zelmane*, first saluting the Muses with a base Viall hung hard by her, sent this ambassade in versified muſike to both her ill-requited louers.

*Beautie hath force to catch the humane sight:*
*Sight doth bewitch the fancie euill awaked.*
*Fancie we feele, includes all passions might,*
*Passion rebeld, oft reasons strength hath shaked.*

*No wonder then, though sight my sight did taint,*
*And though thereby my fancie was infected,*
*Though (yoked so) my mind with sickneſſe faint,*
*Had reasons weight for passions ease reiected.*

*But now the fit is past: and time hath giu'n*
*Leasure to weigh what due deſert requireth.*
*All thoughts so sprung, are from their dwelling driu'n,*
*And wisdom to his wonted seate aspireth.*
*Crying in me: eye-hopes deceitfull proue:*
*Things rightlie priz'd, loue is the band of loue.*

And after her song with an affected modeſtie, she threw downe her eye, as if the conscience of a secret graunt her inward mind made, had sodainly cast a bashfull vayle ouer her. Which *Basilius* finding, and thinking now was the time to vrge

his painfull petition, beſeeching his wife with more carefull eye to accompanie his ſicklie daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her, who was content to graunt him any ſcope, that ſhe might after haue the like freedome, with a geſture gouerned by the force of his paſſiõs, making his knees his beſt ſupporters he thus ſaid vnto her.

If either, ſaid he, ô Lady of my life, my deadly pangues could beare delay, or that this were the firſt time the ſame were manifeſted vnto you, I would now but maintaine ſtill the remembrance of my misfortune, without vrging any further reward, then time and pitie might procure for me. But (alas) ſince my martyrdome is no leſſe painefull, then manifeſt, and that I no more feele the miſerable danger, then you know the aſſured truth thereof: why ſhould my tongue denie his ſeruice to my heart? Why ſhould I feare the breath of my words who dayly feele the flame of your works? Embrace in your ſweet conſideration I beſeech you, the miſerie of my caſe, acknowledge your ſelfe to be the cauſe, and thinke it is reaſon for you to redreſſe the effects. Alas, let not certaine imaginatiue rules, whoſe truth ſtands but vpon opinion, keepe ſo wiſe a mind from gratefulneſſe & mercie, whoſe neuer fayling lawes nature hath plãted in vs. I plainly lay my death vnto you, the death of him that loues you, the death of him whoſe life you may ſaue, ſay your abſolute determination, for hope it ſelf is a paine, while it is ouermaſtered with feare, & if you do reſolue to be cruell, yet is the ſpeedieſt condemnation, as in euils, moſt welcome. *Zelmane* who had fullie ſet to her ſelfe the traine ſhe ſhould keepe, yet knowing that who ſooneſt means to yeeld doth well to make the braueſt parlie, keeping countenance aloft. Noble Prince (ſaid ſhe) your words are too well couched to come out of a reſtleſſe mind, and thanked be the Gods, your face threatens no daunger of death. Theſe are but thoſe ſwelling ſpeeches, which giue the vttermoſt name to euery trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enamelled with the goodly outſide of loue. Truly loue were verie vnlouely, if it were half ſo deadly, as your louers (ſtill liuing) tearme it: I thinke well it may haue a certaine childiſh vehemẽcie, which for the time to one deſire will engage all the ſoule, ſo long as it laſteth. But with what impatience, you your ſelfe ſhew, who confeſſe the hope of it a paine, & think your own deſire ſo vnworthy, as you wold faine be rid of it, & ſo with ouermuch loue ſue hard for a haſtie refuſall. A refuſall! (cried out *Baſilius*, amazed with all, but pierced with the laſt.) Now aſſure your ſelfe, whenſoeuer you vſe that word definitiuely, it will be the vndoubted doome of my approching death. And thẽ ſhal your owne experience know in me, how ſoone the ſpirits dried vp with anguiſh, leaue the performance of their miniſterie, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas what a crueltie is this, not only to torment, but to thinke the torment ſleight? The terribleſt tyrants would ſay by no man they killed, he dyed not; nor by no man they puniſhed, that he eſcaped free; for of all other, there is leaſt hope of mercy where there is no acknowledging of the paine: & with like cruelty are my words breathed out from a flamie heart, accounted as meſſengers of a quiet mind. If I ſpeake nothing, I choake my ſelfe, & am in no way of reliefe: if ſimplie, neglected: if confuſedly not vnderſtood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any liuely expreſſing of that they truly feele, that is a token, forſooth, the thoughts are at too much leaſure. Thus is ſilence deſperate, follie puniſhed, and wit ſuſpected. But indeed it is vaine to ſay any more, for words can bind no beliefe. Lady, I ſay, determine of me, I muſt confeſſe I cannot beare this battell in my mind, & therfore let me ſoone know what I may account of my ſelf, for it is a hell of dolours, when the mind ſtill in doubt for want of reſolution, can make no reſiſtance.

Indeed (answered *Zelmane*) if I should graunt to your request, I should shew an example in my selfe that I esteeme the holy band of chastitie to be but an imaginatiue rule, as you termed it: & not the truest obseruance of nature, the most noble commandement that mankind can haue ouer themselues, as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling assureth. But first shal *Zelmanes* graue become her mariage bed, before my soule shall consent to his owne shame, before I will leaue a marke in my selfe of an vnredeemeable trespasse. And yet must I confesse that if euer my heart were stirred, it hath bene with the manifest and manifold shewes of the miserie you liue in for me. For in trueth so it is, nature giues not to vs her degenerate children, any more generall precept, then one to helpe the other, one to feele a true compassion of the others mishap. But yet if I were neuer so contented to speake with you (for further neuer ó *Basilius* neuer looke for at my hands) I know not how you can auoid your wiues iealous attendance, but that her suspition shall bring my honour into question. *Basilius* whose small sailes the least wind did fill, was forthwith as far gone into a large promising himselfe his desire, as before he was striken down with a threatned deniall. And therfore bending his browes as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done; What (said he) shall my wife become my mistresse? Thinke you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will mew the Gentlewoman till she haue cast all her feathers, if she rouse her selfe against me. And with that he walked vp & downe, nodding his head, as though they mistooke him much that thought he was not his wiues maister. But *Zelmane* now seeing it was time to conclude; Of your wisdome & manhood (said she) I doubt not, but that sufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, & impossibly bar the freedome of thought, which be the things that must be only witnesses of honor, or iudges of dishonor. But that you may see I do not set light your affection, if too night after your wife be assuredly asleep, wherof by your loue I coniure you to haue a most precise care, you will steale handsomly to the caue vnto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you will take of free cõference with me, euer remembring you seeke no more, for so shall you but deceiue your self, and for euer loose me. *Basilius* that was old enough to know that womẽ are not wont to appoint secret night meetings for the purchasing of land, holding him selfe alreadie an vndoubted possessor of his desires, kissing her hand, & lifting vp his eyes to heauen, as if the greatnesse of the benefite did go beyond all measure of thanks, said no more, least stirring of more words, might bring forth some perhaps contrarie matter. In which trance of ioy, *Zelmane* went frõ him, saying she would leaue him to the remembrance of their appointment, & for her she would go visite the Lady *Philoclea*, into whose chamber being come, keeping still her late taken on grauity, & asking her how she did, rather in the way of dutiful honor, then any speciall affectiõ, with extreame inward anguish to thẽ both, she turned frõ her, & taking the Queene *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the same chamber, determining in her selfe, not to vtter to so excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the vttermost point of her pretẽded deuise, but to keepe the clause of it for the last instant, whẽ the shortnesse of the time should not giue her spirits leasure to looke into all those doubts, that easily enter to an open inuention. But with smiling eyes, and with a deliuered ouer grace, saying as much loue to her, as she did counterfeit litle loue to *Philoclea*, she began with more credible then eloquent speech to tell her, that with much consideration of a matter so nearely importing her own fancie, and *Gynecias* honor, she had now concluded that the night following should be the fittest time for the ioyning toge-

ther their ſeuerall deſires, what time ſleepe ſhould perfectly do his office vpon the King her husband, and that the one ſhould come to the other into the caue. Which place, as it was the firſt receit of their promiſed loue, ſo it might haue the firſt honour of the due performance. That the cauſe why thoſe few dayes paſt, ſhe had not ſought the like, was, leaſt the new change of her lodging, might make the Duke more apt to marke any ſodaine euent: which now the vſe of it would take out of his mind. And therefore now moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) there reſteth nothing but that quicklie after ſupper, you traine vp the king to viſite his daughter *Philoclea*, & then faining your ſelfe not well at eaſe, by your going to bed, draw him not long to be after you. In the meane time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no leſſe deuotion, but as I hope with better fortune, then *Thisbe* did the too much louing and too much loued *Pyramus*. The bloud that quickely came into *Gynecias* faire face, was the only anſwer ſhe made, but that one might eaſily ſee, contentment and conſent were both to the full in her; which ſhe did teſtifie with the wringing *Zelmane* faſt by the hand, cloſing her eyes, and letting her head fall, as if ſhe would giue her to know, ſhe was not ignorant of her fault, although ſhe were tranſported with the violence of her euil. But in this triple agreement did the day ſeeme tedious of all ſides, till his neuer erring courſe, had giuen place to the nights ſucceſſion: And the ſupper by each hand haſted, was with no leſſe ſpeed ended, when *Gynecia* preſenting a heauie ſleepineſſe in her countenance, brought vp both *Baſilius* and *Zelmane* to ſee *Philoclea*, ſtill keeping her bed, and farre more ſicke in mind then bodie, and more grieued then comforted with any ſuch viſitation. Thence *Zelmane* wiſhing eaſefull reſt to *Philoclea*, did ſeeme to take that nights leaue of this princelie crue, when *Gynecia* likewiſe ſeeming ſomewhat diſeaſed, deſired *Baſilius* to ſtay a while with his daughter, while ſhe recommended her ſickneſſe to her beds comfort, indeed deſirous to determine againe of the manner of her ſtealing away; to no leſſe comfort to *Baſilius*, who the ſooner ſhe was aſleepe, the ſooner hoped to come by his long purſued praye. Thus both were bent to deceiue each other, and to take the aduantage of either others diſaduantage. But *Gynecia* hauing taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to ſpeake a litle with her of their ſweet determination: *Zelmane* vpon a ſodaine (as though ſhe had neuer thought of it before.) Now the Gods forbid (ſaid ſhe) ſo great a Ladie as you are ſhould come to me: or that I ſhould leaue it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill gouerning of your paſſion, or your husbands ſodaine waking, any daunger might happen vnto you. No if there be any ſuperioritie in the points of true loue, it ſhall be yours: if there be anie daunger, ſince my ſelfe am the authour of this deuiſe, it is reaſon it ſhould be mine. Therefore do you but leaue with me the keyes of the gate, and vpon your ſelfe take my vpper garment, that if any of *Dametas* houſe ſee you, they may thinke you to be my ſelf, and I will preſently lie downe in your place, ſo muffled for your ſuppoſed ſickneſſe, as the King ſhall nothing know me. And then as ſoone as he is aſleepe, will I (as it much better becomes me) waite vpon you. But if the vttermoſt of miſchiefes ſhould happen, I can aſſure you the kings life ſhall ſooner pay for it, then your honour. And with the ending of her wordes, ſhe threw off her mantell, not giuing *Gynecia* any ſpace to take the full image of this new chaunge into her fancie. But ſeeing no readie obiection againſt it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to ſtand long diſputing; beſides remembring the giuer was to order the maner of his gift, yeelded quicklie to this conceit, indeed not among

among the ſmalleſt cauſes, tickled thereunto by a certaine wanton deſire, that her husbands deceit might be the more notable. In this ſort did *Zelmane* nimbly diſaraying her ſelfe, poſſeſſe *Gynecias* place, hiding her head in ſuch a cloſe maner, as grieuous and ouerwatched ſickneſſe is wont to inuite to it ſelfe the ſolace of ſleepe. And of the other ſide the Queene putting on *Zelmanes* outmoſt apparell, went firſt into her cloſet, there quicklie to beautifie her ſelfe with the beſt and ſweeteſt night deckings. But there caſting an haſty eye ouer her precious things, which euer ſince *Zelmanes* comming, her head otherwiſe occupied had left vnſeene, ſhe hapned to ſee a bottle of gold, vpon which downe along were graued theſe verſes:

*Let him drinke this, whom long in armes to fold*
*Thou doeſt deſire, and with free power to hold.*

She remembred the bottle, for it had bene kept of long time by the kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare vertue, and giuen to her by her mother, when ſhe being verie young maried to her husband of much greater age, her mother perſwaded it was of propertie to force loue with loue effects, had made a precious preſent of it to this her beloued child, though it had bene receiued rather by tradition to haue ſuch a qualitie, then by any approued experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common diſpoſition, not only (though eſpecially) of wiues, but of all other kinds of people, not to eſteeme much ones owne, but to thinke the labour loſt, employed about it) had neuer cared to giue to her husband, but ſuffered his affection to run according to his owne ſcope. But now that loue of her particular choiſe had awaked her ſpirits, and perchaunce the verie vnlawfulneſſe of it had a litle blowne the coale; among her other ornaments with glad mind ſhe tooke moſt part of this liquor, putting it into a faire cup, all ſet with diamonds: for what dares not loue vndertake, armed with the night, and prouoked with luſt? And thus downe ſhe went to the Caue-ward, guided onely by the Moones faire ſhining, ſuffering no other thought to haue any familiarity with her braines, but that which did preſent vnto her a picture of her aproching cõtentmẽt. She that had long diſdained this ſolitary life her husband had entred into, now wiſhed it much more ſolitarie, ſo ſhe might only obtaine the priuate preſence of *Zelmane*. She that before wold not haue gone ſo farre, eſpeciallie by night, and to ſo darke a place, now tooke a pride in the ſame courage, and framed in her mind a pleaſure out of the paine it ſelfe. Thus with thicke doubled paces ſhe went to the Caue, receiuing to her ſelf, for her firſt contentment, the only lying where *Zelmane* had done; whoſe pillow ſhe kiſt a thouſand times, for hauing born the print of that beloued head. And ſo keeping with panting heart her trauelling fancies ſo attentiue, that the wind could ſtirre nothing, but that ſhe ſtirred her ſelfe, as if it had bene the pace of the longed for *Zelmane*, ſhe kept her ſide of the bed; defending onely and cheriſhing the other ſide with her arme, till after a while waiting, counting with her ſelfe how many ſteppes were betwixt the Lodge and the Caue, and oft accuſing *Zelmane* of more curious ſtay then needed, ſhe was viſited with an vnexpected gueſt.

For *Baſilius*, after his wife was departed to her fained repoſe, as long as hee remayned with his daughter, to giue his wife time of vnreadying her ſelfe, it was eaſily ſeene it was a verie thorny abode he made there: and the diſcourſes with which he entertained his daughter, not vnlike to thoſe of earneſt players, when, in the middeſt of their game, trifling queſtions be put vnto them, his eyes ſtill looking

about, and himselfe still changing places, begin to speake of a thing, and breake it off before it were halfe done. To any speech *Philoclea* ministred vnto him, with a sodaine starting and casting vp his head, make an answer farre out of all Grammer: a certaine deepe musing, and by and by out of it: vncertaine motions, vnstayed graces. Hauing borne out the limit of a reasonable time with as much paine as might be, he came darkeling into his chamber, forcing himselfe to tread as softly as hee could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought euery thing creaked vnder him: and his mind being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not seruing his turne in that darke place, each Coffer or Cupbord he met, one saluted his shinnes, another his elbowes: sometimes readie in reuenge to strike them againe with his face. Till at length, fearing his wife were not fullie asleepe, he came lifting vp the cloathes as gently as (I thinke) poore *Pan* did, when, in steed of *Ioles* bed he came into the rough embracings of *Hercules*; and laying himselfe downe, as tenderly as a new Bride, rested awhile with a verie open eare, to marke each breath of his supposed wife. And sometimes he himselfe would yeeld a long fetched sigh, as though that had bene a musike to drawe on another to sleep, till within a verie litle while, with the other parties well counterfeit sleepe (who was as willing to be rid of him, as he was to be gone thence (assuring himselfe hee left all safe there, in the same order stale out againe, and putting on his night gowne, with much groping and scrambling, he gat himselfe out of the litle house, and then did the Moone-light serue to guide his feet. Thus with a great deale of paine, did *Basilius* go to her whom he fled, and with much cunning left the person for whom he had employed all his cunning. But when *Basilius* was once gotten (as he thought) int a cleare coast, what ioy he then made, how each thing seemed vile in his sight, in comparison of his fortune, how farre already he deemed himselfe in the chiefe tower of his desires, it were tedious to tell: once his heart could not choose but yeeld this song, as a fairing of his contentment.

*GEt hence foule Griefe, the canker of the mind:*
*Farewell Complaint, the misers only pleasure,*
*Away vaine Cares, by which few men do find*
*Their sought-for treasure.*

*Ye helpelesse Sighes, blow out your breath to nought,*
*Teares, drowne your selues, for woe (your cause) is wasted,*
*Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruit of thought*
*My mind hath tasted.*

*But thou, sure Hope, tickle my leaping heart.*
*Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadnesse:*
*Fore-felt Desire, begin to sauour parts*
*Of comming gladnesse.*

*Let voyce of Sighes into cleare musike run,*
*Eyes, let your Teares with gazing now be mended,*
*In steed of Thought, true pleasure be begun,*
*And neuer ended.*

Thus

Thus imagining as then with him ſelfe, his ioyes ſo held him vp, that he neuer touched ground. And like a right old beaten ſouldiour, that knewe well enough the greateſt Captaynes do neuer vſe long Orations, when it comes to the very point of execution, as ſoone as he was gotten into the Caue, and to the ioyfull (though ſilent) expectation of *Gynecia*, come cloſe to the bed, neuer recking his promiſe to looke for nothing but conference, he lept into that ſide reſerued for a more welcome gueſt. And laying his louingſt hold vpon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmane*, ſaid he, embrace in your fauor this humble ſeruant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leaue his maiſter to come vnto you. In what caſe poore *Gynecia* was, when ſhe knew the voice, and felt the bodie of her husband, faire ladies, it is better to knowe by imagination then experience. For ſtreight was her minde aſſaulted, partly with the being depriued of her vnquenched deſire, but principallie with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, beſides the renewed ſting of iealoſie, what in the meane time might befal her daughter. But of the other ſide, her loue with a fixed perſwaſion ſhe had, taught her to ſeeke all reaſon of hopes. And therein thought beſt before diſcouering of her ſelfe, to marke the behauiour of her husband; who, both in deedes and wordes ſtil vſing her, as taking her to be *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might be *Baſilius* owne enterpriſe, which *Zelmane* had not ſtayed, leaſt ſhe ſhould diſcouer the matter which might be perfourmed at another time. Which hope accompanyed with *Baſilius* maner of dealing, (he being at that time fuller of liuelier fancies, then many years before he had bene) beſides the remembrance of her daughters ſickneſſe, and late ſtrange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all comming together into her mind, which was loath to condemne it ſelf of an vtter ouerthrow, made her frame her ſelfe, not truly with a ſugred ioy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband thinke he had found a verie gentle and ſupple-minded *Zelmane*; which he good man making full reckening of, did melt in as much gladneſſe as ſhee was oppreſſed with diuers vngratefull burthens.

But *Pyrocles* who had at this preſent no more to play the part of *Zelmane*, hauing ſo naturally meaſured the maner of his breathing, that *Baſilius* made no doubt of his ſound ſleeping, and laine a preatie while with a quiet vnquietneſſe to performe his entended enterpriſe, as ſoone as by the debate betwixt *Baſilius* ſhinnes and the vnregarding formes, he perceiued that he had fully left the Lodge: after him went he with ſtealing ſteps, hauing his ſword vnder his arme (ſtill doubting leſt ſome miſchaunce might turne *Baſilius* backe againe) downe to the gate of the Lodge. Which not content to locke faſt, he barred and fortified with as many deuiſes, as his wit and haſte would ſuffer him, that ſo he might haue full time both for making readie *Philoclea*, and conueying her to her horſe, before any might come in to finde them miſſing. For further ends of thoſe ends, and what might enſue of this action, his loue and courage well matched neuer looked after, holding for an aſſured ground, that whoſoeuer in great things will thinke to preuent all obiections, muſt lye ſtill, and do nothing. This determination thus wayed, the firſt part thus perfourmed, vp to *Philocleas* chamber dore went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himſelfe with the exceſſiue fore-feeling of his (as he aſſured himſelfe) neere comming contentment. What euer paines he had taken, what daungers he had runne into, and eſpecially thoſe ſawcie pages of loue, doubts, griefes, languiſhing hopes, and threatning deſpaires, came all now to his minde, in one ranke to beautifie his expected bliſfulneſſe, and to ſerue for a moſt fit ſawce, whoſe ſoureneſſe

might giue a kinde of life to the delightfull cheare his imagination fed vpon. All the great eſtate of his father, all his owne glorie, ſeemed vnto him but a trifling pompe, whoſe good ſtands in other mens conceit, in cõpariſon of the true comfort he found in the depth of his mind, and the knowledge of any miſerie that might enſue this ioyous aduenture, was recked of but as a ſlight purchaſe of poſſeſſing the top of happineſſe: for ſo farre were his thoughts paſt through al perils, that already he conceiued himſelfe ſafely arriued with his Lady at the ſtately pallace of *Pella*, among the exceeding ioyes of his father, & infinite congratulations of his friends, giuing order for the royall entertayning of *Philoclea*, and for ſumptuous ſhewes & triumphes againſt their mariage. In the thought wherof as he found extremitie of ioy, ſo well found he that extremitie is not without a certaine ioyfull paine, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by ſo forcible a holding all the ſenſes to one obiect, that it confounds their mutuall working, not without a charming kind of rauiſhing them, from the free vſe of their owne function. Thus grieued onely with too much gladneſſe, being come to the doore, which ſhould be the entrie to his happineſſe, he was met with the latter end of a ſong, which *Philoclea* like a ſolitarie Nightingale, bewailing her guiltleſſe puniſhment, & helpleſſe misfortune, had newly deliuered ouer, meaning none ſhould be iudge of her paſſion, but her owne conſcience. The ſong hauing bene accorded to a ſweetly playd on Lute, contained theſe verſes, which ſhe had lately with ſome art curiouſly written, to enwrap her ſecret and reſolute woes.

*VErtue, beautie, and ſpeach, did ſtrike, wound, charme,*
*My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:*
*Firſt, ſecond, laſt, did binde, enforce, and arme,*
*His workes, ſhowes, ſuites, with wit, grace, and vow's might.*

*Thus honor, liking, truſt, much, farre, and deepe,*
*Held, pearſt, poſſeſt, my iudgment, ſenſe, and will,*
*Till wrong, contempt, deceipt, did growe, ſteale, creepe,*
*Bandes, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.*

*Then griefe, vnkindneſſe, proofe, tooke, kindled, tought,*
*VVell grounded, noble, due, ſpite, rage, diſdaine,*
*But ah, alas! (In vayne) my mind, ſight, thought,*
*Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, ſhunne, refraine,*
*For no thing, time, nor place, can looſe, quench, eaſe,*
*Mine owne, embraced, ſought, knot, fire, diſeaſe.*

The force of loue to thoſe poore folke that feele it, is many wayes verie ſtrange, but no way ſtranger, then that it doth ſo enchaine the louers iudgement vpon her that holdes the raines of his mind, that whatſoeuer ſhe doth is euer in his eyes beſt.

And

And that beſt, being by the continuall motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing againe becommeth beſt. So that nature in each kinde ſuffring but one ſuperlatiue, the louer only admits no poſitiue. If ſhe ſit ſtill, that is beſt, for ſo is the conſpiracie of her ſeuerall graces held beſt together to make one perfect figure of beauty. If ſhe walke, no doubt that is beſt, for beſides the making happie the more places by her ſteps, the very ſturring addes a pleſing life to her natiue perfectiõs. If ſhe be ſilent, that without compariſon is beſt, ſince by that means the vntroubled eye, moſt freely may deuour the ſweetneſſe of his obiect. But if ſhe ſpeake, he will take it vpon his death that is beſt, the quinteſſence of each word, being diſtilled downe into his affected ſoule: Example of this was well to be ſeene in the giuen-ouer *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and ſomtime ſighes, not ſuch as ſorrowe reſtrayning the inward parts doth make them glad to deliuer, but ſuch as the impacience of delay, with the vnſuretie of neuer ſo ſure hope, is wont to breath out nowe being at the doore, of the one ſide, hearing her voice, which he thought if the Philoſophers ſaid true of the heauenly ſeuen ſphered harmony, was by her not only repreſented, but farre ſurmounted, and of the other hauing his eyes ouerfilled with her beautie, (for the king at his parting had left the chamber open, and ſhe at that time lay, as the heate of that countrie did well ſuffer, vpon the top of her bed, hauing her beauties eclipſed with nothing but with a faire ſmocke, wrought all in flames of aſh-colour ſilke & gold, lying ſo vpon her right ſide, that the left thigh downe to the foot, yeelded his delightfull proportion to the full view, which was ſeene by the help of a rich lampe, which thorow the curtaines a litle drawne caſt forth a light vpon her, as the Moone doth when it ſhines into a thinne wood;) *Pyrocles* I ſay was ſtopped with the violence of ſo many darts, caſt by *Cupid* altogether vpon him, that quite forgetting him ſelfe, and thinking therein alreadie he was in the beſt degree of felicitie, he would haue loſt much of his time, and with too much loue omitted the enterpriſe vndertaken for his loue, had not *Philocleas* pitifull accuſing of him forced him to bring his ſpirits againe, to a new bias, for ſhe laying her hand vnder her faire cheek, vpon which there did priuily tickle the ſweet drops of her delightfull though ſorrowfull teares, made theſe words waite vpon her moanefull ſong. And hath that cruell *Pyrocles* ſaid ſhe, deſerued thus much of me, that I ſhould for his ſake lift vp my voice in my beſt tunes, and to him continually, with powring out my plaint, make a diſdained oblation? Shall my ſoule ſtill do this honour to his vnmercifull tyrannie, by my lamenting his loſſe, to ſhew his worthineſſe and my weakneſſe? He heares thee not ſimple *Philocles*, he heares thee not, and if he did, ſome harts grow the harder, the more they find their aduantage. Alas what a miſerable conſtitution of minde haue I! I diſdaine my fortune, & yet reuerence him that diſdaines me. I accuſe his vngratefulneſſe, and haue his vertue in admiration. O yee deafe heauens, I would either his iniurie could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his iniury. With that giuing a pitifull but ſweet ſhriche, ſhee tooke againe the lute, and began to ſing this Sonnet, which might ſerue as an explaning to the other:

*THe loue which is imprinted in my ſoule*
*With beauties ſeale, and vertue faire diſguiſde,*
*With inward cries puts vp a bitter role*
*Of huge complaints, that now it is deſpiſde.*

*Thus thus the more I loue, the wrong the more*
*Monſtrous appeares, long trueth receiued late,*
*VVrong ſturres remorſed griefe, griefs deadly ſore*
*Vnkindneſſe breedes, vnkindneſſe foſtreth hath.*

*But ah the more I hate, the more I thinke*
*VVhome I doe hate, the more I thinke on him,*
*The more his matchleſſe giftes do deepely ſinck*
*In to my breſt, and loues renewed ſwimme,*
*VVhat medcine then, can ſuch diſeaſe remoue,*
*VVhere loue drawes hate, and hate engendreth loue?*

But *Pyrocles* that had heard his name accuſed, & cõdemned by the mouth, which of all the world, and more then all the world, he moſt loued: had then cauſe enough to call his minde to his home, & with the moſt haſte he could (for true loue feares the accident of an inſtant) to match the excuſing of his fault, with declaration of his arrand thither. And therefore blowne vp & downe with as many contrary paſſions, as *Æolus* ſent out windes vpon the Troian reliques, guided vpõ the ſea by the valiant *Æneas*, he went into her chamber with ſuch a pace as reuerent feare doth teach, where kneeling downe, & hauing prepared a long diſcourſe for her, his eyes were ſo filled with her ſight, that as if they would haue robbed all their fellowes of their ſeruices, both his hart fainted, and his toung fayled in ſuch ſort, that he could not bring forth one word, but referred her vnderſtanding to his eyes language. But ſhe in extremitie amazed to ſee him there, at ſo vndue a ſeaſon, & aſhamed that her beautifull body made ſo naked a proſpect, drawing in her delicate limmes into the weake guard of the bed, and preſenting in her face to him ſuch a kinde of pittifull anger, as might ſhew, this was only a fault, therfore becauſe ſhe had a former grudge vnto him, turning away her face frõ him ſhe thus ſaid vnto him: O *Zelmane* or *Pyrocles*, (for whether name I vſe it much skils not, ſince by the one I was firſt deceiued & by the other now betrayed) what ſtrange motion is the guide of thy cruel minde hither? Doſt thou not thinke the day torments thou haſt giuen me ſufficient, but that thou doeſt enuie me the nights quiet? Wilt thou giue my ſorrowes no truce, but by making me ſee before mine eyes how much I haue loſt, offer me due cauſe of confirming my plaint? Or is thy hart ſo full of rancour, that thou doſt deſire to feed thine eyes with the wretched ſpectacle of thine ouerthrowne enemie, & ſo to ſatiſfie the full meaſure of thy vndeſerued rage, with the receiuing into thy ſight the vnreleuable ruines of my deſolate life? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles* for thine own vertues ſake, let miſeries be no muſique vnto thee, & be content to take to thy ſelfe ſome colour of excuſe, that thou didſt not know to what extremitie thy inconſtancie, or rather falſhood hath brought me. *Pyrocles* to whom euery ſillable ſhe pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his hart, equally diſtraught betwixt amaſement & ſorow, abaſhed to ſee ſuch a ſtop of his deſires, grieued with her paine, but tormented to find himſelfe the author of it, with quaking lips, & pale cheere, alas diuine Lady ſaid he, your diſpleaſure is ſo contrary to my deſert, & your words ſo farre beyond all expectatiõs, that I haue leaſt abilitie now I haue moſt need, to ſpeake in the cauſe vpõ which my life dependeth. For my troth is ſo vndoubtedly conſtant vnto you, my hart is ſo aſſured a witneſſe to it ſelfe, of his vnſpotted faith, that hauing no one thing in me, whereout any ſuch ſacriledge might ariſe, I haue likewiſe nothing in ſo direct a thing

thing to say for my selfe, but sincere & vehement protestations, for in truth, there may most words be spent, where there is some probabilitie, to breed of both sides cõiectural allegatiõs. But so perfect a thing as my loue is of you, as it suffers no questiõ, so it seemes to receiue iniury by additiõ of any words vnto it. If my soule could haue bene polluted with trechery, it would likewise haue prouided for it selfe, due furniture of colourable answers, but as it should vpõ the naked conscience of his vntouched duty, so I must confesse it is altogether vnarmed against so vniust a violẽce as you lay vpon me: alas! let not the paines I haue taken to serue you, be now accẽũted iniurious vnto you, let not the dangerous cunning I haue vsed to please you be deemed a treason against you, since I haue deceiued them whom you feare for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake; what can I without you further do? Or to what more forwardnesse can any counsel bring our desired happinesse? I haue prouided whatsoeuer is needful for our going, I haue rid them both out of the lodge, so that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but onely the almightie powers, whom I inuoke as triers of mine innocencie, & witnesses of my wel meaning. And if euer my thoughts did receiue so much as a fainting in their affections: if they haue not continually with more & more ardour, frõ time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest fauour; if euer in that possession they receiued either spot, or falshood: then let their most horrible plagues fall vpon me, let mine eyes be depriued of the light which did abase the heauenly beames that strake thẽ, let my falsified toung serue to no vse but to bemone mine own wretchednes, let my hart impoisoned with detestable treason, be the seate of infernall sorrow, let my soule with the endlesse anguish of his conscience become his owne tormentor. O false mankind cried out the sweet *Philoclea*. How can an impostumed hart but yeld forth euil matter by his mouth? Are oathes there to be beleeued, where vowes are brokẽ? No no, who doth wound the eternal iustice of the Gods, cares little for abusing their names: & who in doing wickedly doth not feare due recõpẽcing plagues doth little feare that inuoking of plagues, will make them come euer a whit the sooner. But alas what aileth this new conuersatiõ, haue you yet another sleight to play, or do you think to deceiue me in *Pyrocles* forme, as you haue done in *Zelmanes*? Or rather now you haue betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you, into which you can transforme your self to inueigle my simplicitie? Enioy, enioy the conquest you haue already wonne: & assure your selfe you are come to the fartheſt point of your cunning. For my part vnkind *Pyrocles*, my onely defence shalbe beleefe of nothing, my comfort my faithfull innocencie, & the punishment I desire of you shalbe your own conscience. *Philoclea* hard perseuering in this vniust condẽnation of him, did so ouerthrowe all the might of *Pyrocles* minde (who saw that time would not serue to proue by deeds, & that the better words he vsed, the more they were suspected of deceitfull cunning.) That voide of all counsell, and depriued of all comfort, finding best deserts punished, and neareſt hopes preuented, he did abandon the succour of himselfe, and suffered griefe so to close his hart, that his breath fayling him with a deathfull shutting of his eyes, he fell downe at her bedside, hauing had time to say no more, but oh whom doest thou kill *Philoclea*? She that litle looked for such an extreame euent of her doings, start out of her bed, like *Venus* rising from her mother the sea, not so much stricken downe with amazement, and griefe of her fault, as lifted vp with the force of loue and desire to helpe, she laide her faire body ouer his breast, & throwing no other water in his face, but the streame of her teares, nor giuing him other blowes but the kissing of her welformed mouth, her onely

cries were theſe lamentations: O vnfortunate ſuſpicion, ſaid ſhe, the verie meane to looſe that we moſt ſuſpect to looſe. O vnkind kindneſſe of mine, which returnes an imagined wr[illegible] with an effectuall iniury. O ſoole to make quarell my ſupplicatiō, or to vſe hate as the mediator of loue, childiſh *Philoclea*, haſt thou thrown away the Iewell wherein all thy pride conſiſted? Haſt thou with too much haſt ouerrun thy ſelfe? Then would ſhe renew her kiſſes: And yet not finding the life returne, redouble her plaints in this manner: O diuine ſoule, ſaid ſhe, whoſe vertue can poſſeſſe no leſſe then the higheſt place in heauen, if for mine eternall plague, thou haſt vtterly left this moſt ſweet manſion, before I follow thee with *Thisbes* puniſhment for my raſh vnwarineſſe, heare this proteſtation of mine: That as the wrong I haue done thee proceeded of a moſt ſincere, but vnreſiſtable affection: ſo led with this pitifull example, it ſhall end in the mortall hate of my ſelfe, and (if it may be) I will make my ſoule a tombe of thy memorie. At that word with anguiſh of minde and weakneſſe of bodie encreaſed one by the other, & both augmented by this fearefull accident, ſhe had falne downe in a ſound, but that *Pyrocles* then firſt ſeuering his eye liddes, and quickly apprehending her danger, to him more then death, beyond all powers ſtriuing to recouer the commandement of all his powers, ſtayed her frō falling: and then lifting the ſweet burthen of her body in his armes, laid her againe in her bed. So that ſhe, but then the Phyſition, was now become the patient: and he, to whom her weakneſſe had bene ſeruiceable, was now enforced to do ſeruice to her weakneſſe, which performed by him with that hartie care, which the moſt carefull loue on the beſt loued ſubiect in greateſt extremitie could employ, preuailed ſo farre, that ere long ſhe was able (though in ſtrength exceedingly deiected) to cal home her wandering ſenſes, to yeeld attention to that her beloued *Pyrocles* had to deliuer. But he lying downe on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with ſo kind an accuſing her of vnkindneſſe, as in accuſing her he condemned himſelf, began frō point to point to diſcouer vnto her all that had paſſed betweene his loathed louers & him. How he had entertained, & by entertaining deceiued, both *Baſilius* & *Gynecia*: & that with ſuch a kind of deceipt, as either might ſee the cauſe in the other, but neither eſpie the effect in themſelues. That all his fauors to them had tended onely to make them ſtrangers to this his actiō: & al his ſtrangeneſſe to her to the final obtaining of her long promiſed, & now to be performed fauor. Which deuiſe ſeeing it had ſo well ſucceeded to the remouing all other hinderances, that onely her reſolution remained for the taking their happie iourny, he coniured her by all the loue ſhe had euer borne him, ſhe would make no longer delay to partake with him what ſoeuer honors the noble kingdom of *Macedon*, & al other *Euarchus* dominiōs might yeeld him, ſpecially ſince in this enterpriſe he had now waded ſo far, as he could not poſſibly retire himſelf back, without being ouerwhelmed with danger & diſhonor. He needed not haue vſed further perſwaſiō: for that only coniuratiō had ſo forcibly bound al her ſpirits, that could her body haue ſeconded her mind, or her mind haue ſtrēgthened her body, without reſpect of any worldly thing, but only feare to be againe vnkind to *Pyrocles*, ſhe had cōdiſcended to go with him. But raiſing her ſelfe a litle in her bed, & finding her own vnabilitie in any ſort to endure the aire: My *Pyrocles* ſaid ſhe (with teareful eyes & a pitiful coūtenāce, ſuch as wel witneſſed ſhe had no will to deny any thing ſhe had power to performe) if you can conuey me hence in ſuch plight as you ſee me; I am moſt willing to make my extreameſt danger a teſtimonie, that I eſteeme no danger in regard of your vertuous ſatisfaction. But ſhe fainted ſo faſt, that ſhe was not able to vtter the reſt of her conceiued ſpeech: which

alſo

alſo turned *Pyrocles* thoughts from expecting further anſwere, to the neceſſary care of reuiuing her, in whoſe fainting himſelf was more then ouerthrown. And that hauing effected with all the ſweet meanes his wits could deuiſe, though his higheſt hopes were by this vnexpected downfall ſunke deeper then any degree of diſpaire: yet leſt the appearance of his inward griefe might occaſion her further diſcomfort, hauing racked his face to a more comfortable ſemblance, he ſought ſome ſhewe of reaſon, to ſhew ſhe had no reaſon, either for him, or for her ſelfe ſo to be afflicted. Which in the ſweete minded *Philoclea*, whoſe conſideration was limited by his words, & whoſe conceit pierced no deeper then his outward countenance, wrought within awhile ſuch quietneſſe of mind, & that quietneſſe againe ſuch repoſe of bodie, that ſleep by his harbingers weakneſſe, wearineſſe, & watchfulneſſe, had quickly take vp his lodging in al her ſenſes. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leaſure to ſit in iudgement on himſelfe, and to heare his reaſon accuſe his raſhneſſe, who, without forecaſt of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpoſe, or being made acquainted with her preſent eſtate, had falne headlong into that attempt, the ſucceſſe whereof he had long ſince ſet downe to himſelfe as the meaſure of all his other fortunes. But calling to minde how weakely they do that rather finde fault with what cannot be amended, then ſeeke to amend wherein they haue bene faultie: he ſoone turned him from remembring what might haue bene done, to conſidering what was now to be done, & when that conſideration failed what was now to be expected. Wherin hauing runne ouer all the thoughts, his reaſon called to the ſtricteſt accounts, could bring before him, at length he lighted on this: That as lõg as *Gynecia* bewraied not the matter (which he thought ſhe wold not doe, aſwell for her owne honour and ſafetie, as for the hope ſhe might ſtill haue of him, which is loth to die in a louers heart) all the reſt might turne to a pretie meryment, and enflame his louer *Baſilius*, againe to caſt about for the miſſed fauour. And as naturally the heart ſtuffed vp with wofulneſſe, is glad greedilie to ſucke the thinneſt aire of comfort: ſo did he at firſt, embrace this conceit as offering great hope, if not aſſurance of well doing, till looking more nearely into it, and not able to anſwer the doubts and difficulties he ſaw therin more and more ariſing, the night being alſo far ſpent, his thoughts euen wearie of his owne burthens, fell to a ſtraying kind of vncertaintie: and his mind ſtanding only vpon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to giue a ſleeping reſpite to his vitall ſpirits, which he, according to the qualitie of ſorow, receiued with greater greedineſſe then euer in his life before: according to the nature of ſorow, I ſay, which is paſt cares remedie. For care ſtirring the braines, and making thin the ſpirits, breaketh reſt: but thoſe griefs wherein one is determined there is no preuenting, do breed a dul heauineſſe which eaſily clothes it ſelfe in ſleepe. So as laid downe ſo neare the beautie of the world *Philoclea*, that their necks were ſubiect each to others chaſte embracements, it ſeemed loue had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death how gladly, if death came, their ſoules would go together.

## The third Eclogues.

*Thyrſis* not with many painted words nor falſified promiſes, had won the conſent of his beloued *Kala*, but with a true and ſimple making her know he loued her not, forcing himſelfe beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giuing her ſuch pretie preſents, as neither could wearie him with the giuing, nor ſhame her

for the taking. Thus the firſt Strawberies he could find, were euer in a cleane waſht diſh ſent to *Kala*, thus poeſies of the ſpring flowers were wrapt vp in a litle greene ſilk and dedicated to *Kalas* breaſts, thus ſomtimes his ſweeteſt Creame, ſomtimes the beſt Cakebread his mother made, were reſerued for *Kalas* taſte. Neither would hee ſtick to kil a lamb when ſhe would be content to come ouer the way vnto him. But then lo, how the houſe was ſwept & rather no fire thē any ſmoke left to trouble her. Then loue ſongs were not daintie, when ſhe would heare them, and as much manerlie ſilence when ſhe would not: in going to Church great worſhip to *Kala*. So that all the pariſh ſaid, neuer a maide they knew ſo well wayted on: and when daūcing was about the Maypole, no body taken out but ſhe, and he after a leape or two to ſhewe her his owne actiuitie, would frame all the reſt of his dauncing, onely to grace her. As for her fathers ſheepe, he had no leſſe care of them then his owne: ſo that ſhe might play her as ſhe would, warrāted with honeſt *Thyrſis* carefulneſſe. But if he ſpied *Kala* fauourd any one of the flocke more then his fellowes, then that was cheriſhed: ſhearing him ſo (when ſhorne he muſt be) as might moſt become him: but while the wooll was on, wrapping within it ſome verſes, wherein *Thyrſis* had a ſpecial gift, & making the innocent beaſt his vnweeting meſſenger. Thus conſtantly continuing, though he were none of the fayreſt, at length he wanne *Kalas* heart, the honeſteſt wench in all thoſe quarters. And ſo with conſent of both parents (without which neither *Thyrſis* would ask, nor *Kala* grant) their marying day was appointed, which becauſe it fell out in this time, I thinke it ſhall not be impertinent, to remember a little our ſhepheards, while the other greater perſons, are either ſleeping or otherwiſe troubled. *Thyrſis* mariage time once known, there needed no inuiting of the neighbours in that valley, for ſo well was *Thyrſis* beloued, that they were all ready to doe him credit, neither yet came they like Harpies to deuoure him: but one brought a fat pigge, the other a tender kidd, the third a great gooſe: as for cheeſe, milke, & butter, were the goſſips preſents. Thither came of ſtrange ſhepheards only the melancholy *Philiſides*, for the vertuous *Coridon* had long ſince left off all ioyfull ſolemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Klaius*, they had loſt their miſtreſſe, which put them into ſuch extreme ſorrowes as they could ſcarcely abide the light of the day, much leſſe the eyes of men. But of the *Arcadian* borne ſhepheards, thither came good old *Geron*, young *Hiſtor*, though vnwilling, and vpright *Dicus*, merie *Pas* and iolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas* they durſt not preſume (his pride was ſuch) to inuite him: and *Dorus* they found might not be ſpared. And thereunder a bower was made of bowes (for *Thyrſis* houſe was not able to receiue thē) euery one placed according to his age. The women (for ſuch was the maner of the countrey) kept together to make good cheare among themſelues, from which otherwiſe a certaine painful modeſtie reſtraines them, and there might the ſadder matrons giue good counſell to *Kala*: who poore ſoule wept for feare of that ſhe deſired. But among the ſhepheards was all honeſt libertie, no feare of dangerous tel-tales, who hunt greater prayes, nor indeede mindes in them to giue tel-tales any occaſion; but one queſtioning with another of the manuring his ground, and gouerning his flock, the higheſt point they reached to was, to talke of the holineſſe of mariage, to which purpoſe aſſoone as their ſober dinner was ended, *Dicus* in ſteede of thanks, ſang this ſong with a cleare voice and cheerfull countenance.

*LEt mother earth now decke her ſelfe in flowers,*
*To ſee her of-ſpring ſeeke a good increaſe,*

*where*

*VVhere iuſteſt loue doth vanquish* Cupids *powers,*
*And war of thoughts is ſwallow'd vp in peace,*
*VVhich neuer may decreaſe,*
*But like the turtles feire,*
*Liue one in two, a well vnited paire,*
*VVhich that no chance may ſtaine,*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*O heau'n awake shew forth thy ſtately face,*
*Let not theſe ſlumbring clowds thy beauties hide,*
*But with thy cheereſull preſence helpe to grace*
*The honeſt Bridegrome, and the bashfull Bride,*
*VVhoſe loues may euer bide,*
*Like to the Elme and Vine,*
*VVith mutuall embracements them to twyne:*
*In which delightfull paine,*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintain.*

*Yee Muſes all which chaſte affects allow,*
*And haue to* Thyrſis *shewd your ſecret skill,*
*To this chaſte loue your ſacred fauours bow,*
*And ſo to him and her your giftes diſtill,*
*That they all vice may kill:*
*And like to lillies pure,*
*May pleaſe all eyes, and ſpotleſſe may endure.*
*VVhere that all bliſſe may raigne,*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,*
*Since* Thyrſis *muſike oft doth yeeld your praiſe,*
*Graunt to the thing which we for* Thyrſis *craue.*
*Let one time (but long firſt) cloſe vp their daies,*
*One graue their bodies ſeaze:*
*And like two riuers ſweete,*
*VVhen they though diuers do together meete:*
*One ſtreame both ſtreames containe,*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Pan, *father* Pan, *the god of ſilly sheep,*
*VVhoſe care is cauſe that they in number grow,*
*Haue much more care of them that them do keep,*
*Since from theſe good the others good doth flow,*
*And make their iſſue show*
*In number like the heard*
*Of yonglings, which thy ſelfe with loue haſt reard.*
*Or like the drops of raine.*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*Vertue (if not a God) yet Gods chiefe part,*
*Be thou the knot of this their open vow,*
*That ſtill he be her head, ſhe be his hart,*
*He leane to her, ſhe vnto him do bow:*
*Each other ſtill allow:*
*Like Oke and Miſtletoe.*
*Her ſtrength from him, his praiſe from her do growe.*
*In which moſt louely traine,*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*But thou foule* Cupid *fyre to lawleſſe luſt,*
*Be thou farre hence with thy empoiſon'd dart,*
*VVhich though of glittring golde, ſhall heere take ruſt,*
*VVhere ſimple loue, which chaſtneſſe doth impart,*
*Auoides thy hurtfull arte.*
*Not needing charming skill,*
*Such mindes with ſweet affections for to fill,*
*VVhich being pure and plaine,*
*O* Himen *long their copled ioyes maintaine.*

*All churliſh wordes, ſhrewd anſwers, crabbed lookes,*
*All priuateneſſe, ſelfe-ſeeking, inward ſpite,*
*All waiwardneſſe, which nothing kindly brookes.*
*All ſtrife for toyes, and clayming maſters right.*
*Be hence aye put to flight,*
*All ſtyrring husbands hate*
*Gainſt neighbors good for womanish debate*
*Be fled as things moſt vaine,*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*All peacock pride, and fruits of peacocks pride,*
*Longing to be with loſſe of ſubſtance gay,*
*VVith retchleſneſſe what may thy houſe betide,*
*So that you may on hyer ſlippers ſtay,*
*For euer hence away:*
*Yet let not ſlatterie,*
*The ſinke of filth, be counted huſwifery:*
*But keeping wholeſome meane,*
*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*But aboue all, away vile iealouſie,*
*The euill of euils iuſt cauſe to be vniuſt,*
*(How can he loue ſuſpecting treacherie?*
*How can she loue where loue cannot win truſt?)*
*Goe ſnake hide thee in duſt,*
*Ne dare once shew thy face,*
*VVhere open harts do hold ſo conſtant place,*
*That they thy ſting reſtraine,*

*O* Himen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*The earth is deckt with flowers, the heau'ns diſplaid,*
*Muſes grant gifts, Nymphes long and ioyned life,*
Pan *ſtore of babes, vertue their thoughts well ſtaid,*
Cupids *luſt gone, and gone is bitter ſtrife,*
*Happie man, happy wife.*
*No pride ſhall them oppreſſe,*
*Nor yet ſhall yeeld to lothſome ſluttiſhneſſe,*
*And iealouſie is ſlaine:*
*For* Himen *will their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Truly *Dicus*, ſayd *Nico*, although thou didſt not graunt me the price the laſt day, when vndoubtedly I wan it, yet muſt I needs ſay, thou for thy part haſt ſung well and thriftilie. *Pas* ſtraight deſired all the companie they would beare witneſſe, that *Nico* had once in his life ſpoken wiſely; for, ſayd he, I will tell it his father, who will be a glad man when he heares ſuch newes. Very true, ſayd *Nico*, but indeed ſo would not thine in like caſe, for hee would looke thou ſhouldeſt liue but one houre longer, that a diſcreete word wandred out of thy mouth. And I pray thee (ſayd *Pas*) gentle *Nico*, tell me what miſchaunce it was that brought thee to taſte ſo fine a meate? Mary goodman blockehead ſayd *Nico*, becauſe hee ſpeakes againſt iealouſie, the filthie traytor to true affection, and yet diſguiſing it ſelfe in the rayment of loue. Sentences, Sentences, cried *Pas*. Alas how ripe witted theſe young folkes be now adayes! But well counſelled ſhall that husband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to be iealous. And ſo ſhall hee, anſwered *Nico*, for I haue ſeene a freſh example, though it be not very fit to be knowne. Come, come, ſaid *Pas*, bee not ſo ſqueamiſh, I know thou longeſt more to tell it, then we to heare it. But for all his wordes *Nico* would not beſtowe his voice till he was generally entreated of all the reſt. And then with a merry mariage looke he ſang this following diſcourſe, for with a better grace he could ſing then tell.

*A Neighbour mine not long ago there was,*
*(But nameleſſe he, for blameleſſe he ſhall be)*
*That maried had a tricke and bonny laſſe*
*As in a ſommer day a man might ſee:*
*But he himſelfe a foule vnhandſome groome,*
*And farre vnfit to hold ſo good a roome.*

*Now whet her mou'd with ſelfe vnworthineſſe,*
*Or with her beautie fit to make a pray,*
*Fell iealouſie did ſo his braine oppreſſe,*
*That if he abſent were but halfe a day,*
*He geſt the worſt (you wot what is the worſt)*
*And in himſelfe new doubting cauſes nurſt.*

*While thus he fear'd the ſilly innocent,*
*Who yet was good, becauſe ſhe knew none ill,*

*Vnto his houſe a iollie ſhepheard went,*
*To whome our prince did beare a great good will,*
*Becauſe in wreſtling and in paſtorall*
*He farre did paſſe the reſt of shepheards all.*

*And therefore he a courtier was benamed,*
*And as a courtier was with cheere receiued,*
*(For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,*
*If he to them his dutie miſconceiued)*
*And for this Courtier ſhould well like his table,*
*The goodman bad his wife be ſeruiceable.*

*And ſo ſhe was, and all with good intent,*
*But fewe dayes paſt while ſhe good maner vſde,*
*But that her husband thought her ſeruice bent*
*To ſuch an end as he might be abuſde.*
*Yet like a coward fearing ſtrangers pride,*
*He made the ſimple wench his wrath abide.*

*With chumpish lookes, hard words, and ſecret nips,*
*Grumbling at her when ſhe his kindneſſe ſought,*
*Asking her how ſhe taſted Courtiers lips,*
*He forſt her thinke that which ſhe neuer thought.*
*In fine he made her geſſe, there was ſome ſweet,*
*In that which he ſo fear'd that ſhe ſhould meet.*

*When once this entred was, in womans hart,*
*And that it had enflam'd a new deſire,*
*There reſted then, to play a womans part,*
*Fuell to ſeeke and not to quench the fire:*
*But (for his iealous eye ſhe well did finde)*
*She ſtudied cunning how the ſame to blinde.*

*And thus ſhe did. One day to him ſhe came,*
*And (though againſt his will) on him ſhe leand,*
*And out gan cry, ah well away for ſhame,*
*If you helpe not our wedlocke will be ſtaind,*
*The goodman ſtarting, askt what did her moue?*
*She ſigh'd and ſaide, the bad gueſt ſought her loue.*

*He little looking that ſhe ſhould complaine*
*Of that, whereto he feard ſhe was enclinde,*
*Buſſing her oft, and in his hart full faine,*
*He did demaund what remedy to finde,*
*How they might get that gueſt, from them to wend,*
*And yet the prince (that lou'd him) not offend.*

*Husband, quoth ſhe, go to him by and by,*

*And*

*And tell him you do find I do him loue:*
*And therefore pray him that of curteſie*
*He will abſent himſelfe, leaſt he ſhould moue*
*A young girles heart, to that were ſhame for both,*
*VVhereto you know, his honeſt heart were loath.*

*Thus ſhall you ſhew that him you do not doubt,*
*And as for me (ſweet husband) I muſt beare.*
*Glad was the man when he had heard her out,*
*And did the ſame, although vvith mickle feare.*
*For feare he did, leaſt he the young man might*
*In choller put, vvith vvhom he vvould not fight.*

*The Courtlie Shepheard much agaſt at this,*
*Not ſeeing earſt ſuch token in the vvife,*
*Though full of ſcorne, vvould not his dutie miſſe,*
*Knowing that euill becomes a houshold ſtrife,*
*Did go his vvay, but ſoiourn'd neare thereby,*
*That yet the ground hereof he might eſpie.*

*The vvife thus hauing ſetled husbands braine,*
*VVho vvould haue ſworne his ſpouſe* Diana *vvas,*
*VVatched vvhen she a further point might gaine,*
*VVhich litle time did fitly bring to paſſe.*
*For to the Court her man was call'd by name.*
*VVhither he needs muſt go for feare of blame.*

*Three dayes before that he muſt ſure depart,*
*She vvritten had (but in a hand diſguiſde)*
*A letter ſuch, vvhich might from either part*
*Seeme to proceed, ſo vvell it vvas deuiſde.*
*She ſeald it firſt, then she the ſealing brake,*
*And to her iealous husband did it take.*

*VVith vweeping eyes (her eyes she taught to vweepe)*
*She tolde him that the Courtier had it ſent:*
*Alas (quoth she) thus vvomens shame doth creepe.*
*The goodman read on both ſides the content,*
*It title had,* Vnto my onely Loue:
*Subſcription vvas,* Yours moſt, if you will proue.

*The piſtle ſelfe ſuch kind of vvords it had,*
*My ſweeteſt ioy, the comfort of my ſprite,*
*So may thy flockes increaſe thy deare heart glad,*
*So may each thing, euen as thou wiſheſt light,*
*As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed*
*This mourning incke, in vvhich my heart doth bleed.*

*Long haue I lou'd (alas thou worthy art)*
*Long haue I lou'd, (alas loue craueth loue)*
*Long haue I lou'd thy ſelfe, alas my heart*
*Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth mone,*
*And thinke not that thy anſwer anſwer is,*
*But that it is my doome of bale or bliſſe.*

*The iealous wretch muſt now to Court be gone:*
*Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him ſent:*
*Now is the time we may be here alone,*
*And giue a long deſire a ſweet content.*
*Thus ſhall you both reward a louer true,*
*And eke reuenge his vvrong ſuſpecting you.*

*And this vvas all, and this the husband read*
*VVith chafe enough, till she him pacified:*
*Deſiring, that no griefe in him he bread,*
*Now that he had her words ſo trulie tried:*
*But that he vvould, to him the letter show,*
*That vvith his fault he might her goodneſſe know.*

*That ſtraight vvas done vvith many a boyſtrous threat,*
*That to the King he vvould his ſinne declare,*
*But now the Courtier gan to ſmell the feat,*
*And vvith ſome vvords vvhich shewed litle care,*
*He ſtaid vntill the goodman vvas departed,*
*Then gaue he him the blow vvhich never ſmarted.*

*Thus may you ſee, the iealous wretch was made*
*The Pandar of the thing he moſt did feare,*
*Take heede therefore, how you enſue that trade,*
*Leaſt the ſame markes of iealouſie you beare.*
*For ſure, no iealouſie can that preuent,*
*VVhereto two parties once be full content.*

Behold, ſaid *Pas*, a whole dicker of wit: he hath pickt out ſuch a tale with intention to keepe a husband from iealouſie, which were enough to make a ſanctified husband iealous, to ſee ſubtilties ſo much in the feminine gender. But, ſaid he, I will ſtrike *Nico* dead, with the wiſe words ſhall flow out of my gorge. And without further entreatie thus ſang.

*WHo doth deſire that chaſte his wife should be,*
*Firſt be he true, for truth doth truth deſerue:*
*Then ſuch be he, as she his worth may ſee,*
*And one man ſtill e redit with her preſerue.*

*Not toying kinde, nor cauſeleſſie vnkinde,*
*Not ſtirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,*

*Not*

*Not ſpying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,*
*Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines too light.*

*As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence,*
*(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)*
*Allow good companie, but keepe from thence*
*All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.*
*This done, thou haſt no more, but leaue the reſt*
*To vertue, fortune, time and womans breſt.*

Well cõcluded, ſaid *Nico*, whẽ he hath done all, he leaues the matter to his wiues diſcretion. Now whenſouer thou marieſt, let her diſcretion decke thy head with *Acteons* ornament, *Pas* was ſo angrie with his wiſh, being indeed towards mariage, that they might perchance haue fallen to buffets, but that *Dicus* deſired *Philiſides* (who as a ſtranger ſate among them, reuoluing in his mind all the tempeſts of euill fortunes he had paſſed) that he would do ſo much grace to the company, as to ſing one of his countrie ſongs. *Philiſides* knowing it no good maners to be ſqueamiſh of his comming, hauing put himſelf in their company, without further ſtudy began to vtter that, wherewith his thoughts were then (as alwaies) moſt buſied: and to ſhew what a ſtranger he was to himſelfe, ſpake of himſelfe as of a third perſon, in this ſort:

*THe lad* Philiſides
*Lay by a riuers ſide,*
*In flowrie field a gladder eye to pleaſe:*
*His pipe was at his foot,*
*His lambes were him beſides,*
*A widow turtle neare on bared roote*
*Sate wayling without boot.*
*Each thing both ſweet and ſad*
*Did draw his boyling braine*
*To thinke, and thinke with paine*
*Of* Miras *beames eclipſt by abſence bad.*
*And thus, with eyes made dimme*
*With teares, he ſaid, or ſorow ſaid for him:*
*O earth, once anſwer giue,*
*So may thy ſtately grace*
*By North, or South ſtill rich adorned liue,*
*So* Mira *long may be*
*On thy then bleſſed face,*
*Whoſe foot doth ſet a heau'n on curſed thee,*
*I aske, now anſwer me.*
*If th'author of thy bliſſe*
Phœbus, *that shepheard high*
*Do turne from thee his eye,*
*Doth not thy ſelfe, when he long abſent is,*
*Like rogue, all ragged go,*
*And pine away with daylie waſting woe?*
*Tell me you wanton brooke,*

*So may your ſliding race*
*Shun loathed-louing bankes with cunning crooke?*
*So in you euer new*
Mira *may looke her face,*
*And make you faire vvith shadow of her hue:*
*So vvhen to pay your due*
*To mother ſea you come,*
*She chide you not for ſtay,*
*Nor beat you for your play,*
*Tell me if your diuerted ſprings become*
*Abſented quite from you,*
*Are you not dried? Can you your ſelues renew?*
*Tell me you flowers faire*
*Cowſlop and Columbine,*
*So may your Make this wholſome ſpring time aire*
*VVith you embraced lie,*
*And lately thence vntwine:*
*But with dew drops engender children hie:*
*So may you neuer die,*
*But pull'd by* Miras *hand,*
*Dreſſe boſome hers, or head,*
*Or ſcatter on her bed.*
*Tell me, if husband ſpring time leaue your land,*
*VVhen he from you is ſent,*
*VVither not you, languisht with diſcontent?*
*Tell me, my ſilly pipe,*
*So may thee ſtill betide*
*A cleanly cloth thy moiſtneſſe for to vvipe:*
*So may the cheries red*
*Of* Miras *lips deuide*
*Their ſugred ſelues to kiſſe thy happie head,*
*So may her eares be led,*
*Her eares where Muſike liues,*
*To heare and not deſpiſe*
*Thy liribliring cries,*
*Tell, if that breath, which thee thy ſounding gines,*
*Be abſent farre from thee,*
*Abſent alone canſt thou then piping be?*
*Tell me my lambe of gold,*
*So maiſt thou long abide*
*The day well fed, the night in faithfull folde:*
*So grow thy vvooll of note,*
*In time that richlie dy'd*
*It may be part of* Miras *peticote,*
*Tell me, if vvolues the throte*
*Haue caught of thy deare damme,*
*Or she from thee be ſtayd,*
*Or thou from her be ſtrayd,*

*Canſt*

*Canſt thou, poore lambe, become anothers lamme?*
*Or rather till thou die*
*Still for thy Dam with bea-waymenting crie?*
*Tell me ô Turtle true,*
*So may no fortune breed*
*To make thee nor thy better-loued rue:*
*So may thy bleſsings ſwarme*
*That* Mira *may thee feede*
*VVith hand & mouth; with lap & breaſt keep warme,*
*Tell me if greedy arme,*
*Do fondly take away*
*VVith traitour lime the one,*
*The other left alone:*
*Tell me poore wretch, parted from wretched pray*
*Diſdaine not you the greene,*
*VVayling till death shun you not to be ſeene?*
*Earth, brooke, flowr's, pipe, lambe, Doue*
*Say all, & I with them,*
*Abſence is death, or worſe, to them that loue.*
*So I vnlucky lad*
*VVhom hills from her do hemme,*
*VVhat fits me now but teares, & ſighings ſad?*
*O fortune too too bad,*
*I rather would my sheepe*
*Thad'ſt killed with a ſtroke,*
*Burnt* Caban *loſt my cloke,*
*Then want one hower thoſe eyes which my ioyes keepe.*
*Oh! what doth wailing winne?*
*Speech without end were better not beginne.*
*My ſong climbe thou the wind,*
*VVhich holland ſweet now gently ſendeth in,*
*That on his wings the leauell thou maiſt find*
*To hit, but Kiſsing hit*
*Her ear's the weights of wit.*
*If thou know not for whom thy Maiſter dies,*
*Theſe markes shall make thee wiſe:*
*She is the heardeſſe faire that shines in darke,*
*And giues her kids no food, but willow's barke.*
*This ſaid, at length he ended*
*His oft ſigh-broken dittie,*
*Then raiſe, but raiſe no legs: which faintneſſe bended,*
*VVith skinne in ſorow died,*
*VVith face the plot of pitie,*
*With thoughts which thoughts their own tormẽtoys tried.*
*He raſe, & ſtreight eſpied*
*His Ramme, who to recouer*
*The Ewe another loued,*
*With him proud battell proued.*

*He enuied ſuch a death in ſight of louer,*
*And alwayes weſtward eying,*
*More enuyed* Phœbus *for his weſterne flying.*

The whole companie would gladlie haue taken this occaſion of requeſting *Philiſides* in plainer ſort to diſcouer vnto them his eſtate. Which he willing to preuent (as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals then the time of a mariage) began to ſing this ſong he had learned before he had euer ſubiected his thoughts to acknowledge no Maiſter, but a Miſtreſſe.

AS *I my little flocke on* Iſter *banke*
(*A litle flocke; but well my pipe the couth*)
*Did piping leade, the Sunne alreadie ſanke*
*Beyond our world, and ere I got my booth,*
*Each thing with mantle blacke the night doth ſcoth;*
*Sauing the glow worme, which would curteous be*
*Of that ſmall light oft watching ſhepheards ſee.*

*The welkin had full niggardly encloſed*
*In coffer of dimme clowds his ſiluer groates,*
*Icleped ſtarres; each thing to reſt diſpoſed,*
*The caues were full, the mountaines void of goates:*
*The birds eyes cloſd cloſed their chirping notes.*
*As for the Nightingale wood-muſikes King,*
*It Auguſt was, he daind not then to ſing.*

*Amid my sheepe, though I ſaw nought to feare,*
*Yet (for I nothing ſaw) I feared ſore;*
*Then found I which thing is a charge to beare,*
*As for my sheepe I dradded mickle more*
*Then euer for my ſelfe ſince I was bore.*
*I ſate me downe: for ſee to go ne could,*
*And ſang vnto my sheepe leaſt ſtray they should.*

*The ſong I ſang old* Lanquet *had me taught,*
Lanquet, *the shepheard beſt ſwift* Iſter *knew,*
*For clearkly reed, and hating vvhat is naught,*
*For faithful heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true:*
*With his ſweet skill my skilleſſe youth he drew,*
*To haue a feeling taſte of him that ſits*
*Beyond the heauen, far more beyond your wits.*

*He ſaid, the Muſike beſt thilke powers pleaſd*
*VVas iumpe concord betweene our wit and will:*
*VVhere higheſt notes to godlineſſe are raiſd,*
*And loweſt ſinke not downe to iote of ill:*
*VVith old true tales he wont mine eares to fill,*
*How shepheards did of yore, how now they thriue,*

*Spoiling*

Spoiling their ſlock, or while twixt them they ſtriue.
He liked me, but pitied luſtfull youth:
His good ſtrong ſtaffe my ſlippry yeares vpbore:
He ſtill hop'd well becauſe he loued truth;
Till forſte to part, with heart and eyes euen ſore,
To worthy Coriden he gaue me ore,
But thus in okes true ſhade recounted he,
Which now in nights deepe ſhade sheep heard of me.

Such maner time there was (what time I n'ot)
When all this Earth, this damme or mould of ours
Was onely won'd with ſuch as beaſts begot:
Vnknowne as then were they that builded towers:
The cattell wild, or tame, in natures bowers
Might freely rome, or reſt, as ſeemed them:
Man was not man their dwellings into hem.

The beaſtes had ſure ſome beaſtly policie:
For nothing can endure where order n'is.
For once the Lion by the Lambe did lie.
The feareſull Hinde the Leopard did kiſſe.
Hurtles was Tygers pawe and Serpents hiſſe.
This thinke I well, the beaſt with courage clad,
Like Senators a harmleſſe empire had.

At which whether the others did repine,
(For enuie harbreth moſt in feebleſt hearts)
Or that they all to changing did incline,
(As euen in beaſts their dammes leaue changing parts)
The multitude to Ioue a ſuite imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring, and howling for to haue a King.

A King, in language theirs they ſaid they would:
(For then their language was a perfect ſpeech)
The birdes likewiſe with chirps, and puing could
Cackling, and chattering, that of Ioue beſeech.
Onely the owle ſtill warnd them not to ſeech
So haſtily that which they would repent:
But ſaw they would, and he to deſerts went.

Ioue wiſely ſaid (for wiſdome wiſely ſayes)
O beaſts, take heed what you of me deſire.
Rulers will thinke all things made them to pleaſe,
And ſoone forget the ſwinke due to their hire,
But ſince you will, part of my heau'nly fire
I will you lende; the reſt your ſelues muſt giue,
That it both ſeene and felt may with you line.

*Full glad they were and tooke the naked ſprite,*
*VVhich ſtraight the Earth ycloathed in his clay:*
*The Lion, hart; the Ounce gaue actiue might;*
*The Horſe, good shape; the Sparrow, luſt to play;*
*Nightingale, voice, entiſing ſongs to ſay.*
*Elephant gaue a perfect memorie:*
*And Parot, ready tongue, that to applie.*

*The Foxe gaue craft; the Dog gaue flatterie;*
*Aſſe, patience; the Mole, a working thought;*
*Eagle, high looke; VVolfe ſecret crueltie:*
*Monkie, ſweet breath; the Cow, her faire eyes brought;*
*The Ermion, whiteſt skinne, ſpotted with nought;*
*The sheepe, mild-ſeeming face; climing, the Beare;*
*The Stagge did giue the harme-eſchewing feare.*

*The Hare, her ſieights; the Cat, his melancholy;*
*Ante, induſtrie; and Connie, skill to build;*
*Cranes, order; Storkes, to be appearing holie;*
*Camæleon, eaſe to change; Ducke, eaſe to yeeld;*
*Crocodile, teares, which might be falſely ſpild:*
*Ape great thing gaue, though he did mowing ſtand,*
*The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand.*

*Each other beaſt likewiſe his preſent brings:*
*And (but they dradtheir Prince they ought should want)*
*They all conſented were to giue him wings;*
*And ay more awe towards him for to plant,*
*To their owne worke this priuiledge they grant,*
*That from thenceforth to all eternitie,*
*No beaſt should freely ſpeake, but onely he.*

*Thus Man was made; thus Man their Lord became:*
*VVho at the firſt, wanting, or hiding pride,*
*He did to beaſts beſt vſe his cunning frame;*
*VVith water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide.*
*And fellow-like let his dominion ſlide;*
*Not in his ſayings ſaying I, but we:*
*As if he meant his Lordship common be.*

*But when his ſeate ſo rooted he had found,*
*That they now skilld not, how from him to wend;*
*Then gan in guiltleſſe earth full many a wound,*
*Iron to ſeeke, which gainſt it ſelfe should bend,*
*To teare the bowels, that good corne should ſend.*
*But yet the common Damme none did bemone;*
*Becauſe (though hurt) they neuer hard her grone.*

*Then*

Then gan the factions in the beasts to breed;
VVhere helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,
(As Tygers, Leopards, Beares, and Lions seed)
Disdaind with this, in deserts sought their restes;
VVhere famine ruine taught their hungrie chests,
That craftily he forst them to do ill,
VVhich being done he afterwards would kill.

For muthers done, which neuer erst was seene,
By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,
He chose themselues his guarders for to been,
Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,
As horse and dogge, not great, but gentle blood:
Blith were the commons cattell of the field,
Tho when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,
Then quickly did the meaner cattell find,
The great beames gone, the house on shoulders light:
For by and by the horse faire bitts did bind:
The dogge was in a coller taught his kind.
As for the gentle birds like case might rewe
VVhen falcon they, and gossehauke saw in mew,

VVorst fell to smallest birds, and meanest heard,
VVhome now his owne, full like his owne he vsed.
Yet first but woull, or feathers off he teard:
And when they were well vs'de to be abused,
For hungrie teeth their flesh with teeth he bruse:
At length for glutton taste he did them kill:
At last for sport their sillie liues did spill.

But yet o man, rage not beyond thy neede:
Deeme it no glorie to swell in tyrannie.
Thou art of blood; ioy not to see things bleede:
Thou fearest death; thinke they are loth to die.
A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie.
And you poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,
Or know your strengths, and then you shall do well.

Thus did I sing, and pipe eight sullen houres
To sheepe, whom loue, not knowledge, made to heare,
Now fancies fits, now fortunes balefull stowers:
But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare:
For to my dimmed eyes began t'appeare
The night growne old, her blacke head waxen gray,
Sure shepheards signe, that morne should soone fetch day.

ACcording to the nature of diuerſe eares, diuerſe iudgements ſtreight followed: ſome praiſing his voice, others his words fit to frame a paſtorall ſtile, others the ſtrangeneſſe of the tale, and ſcanning what he ſhould meane by it. But old *Geron* (who had borne him a grudge euer ſince in one of their Eclogues he had taken him vp ouer-bitterly) tooke hold of this occaſion to make his reuenge, & ſaid, He neuer ſaw thing worſe proportioned, then to bring in a tale of he knew not what beaſtes at ſuch a ſport-meeting, when rather ſome ſong of loue, or matter for ioyful melody was to be brought forth. But ſaid he, This is the right conceipt of young men, who thinke, then they ſpeake wiſelieſt, when they cannot vnderſtand themſelues. But little did the melancholike ſhepheard regard either his diſpraiſes, or the others praiſes, who had ſet the foundation of his honour there, where he was moſt deſpiſed. And therefore he returning againe to the traine of his deſolate penſiueneſſe, *Geron* inuited *Hiſtor* to anſwere him in Eclogue-wiſe; who indeed hauing bene long in loue with the faire *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* ouergone; was growne into a deteſtation of mariage. But thus it was.

Geron. Hiſtor.

Geron. *IN faith, good* Hiſtor, *long is your delay,*
*From holy mariage ſweete and ſureſt meane:*
*Our foolish luſt in honeſt rules to ſtay,*
*I pray thee do to* Lalus *ſample leane:*
*Thou ſeeſt, how friſke, and iolly now he is,*
*That laſt day ſeem'd, he could not chew a beane.*
*Beleeue me man, there is no greater bliſſe,*
*Then is the quiet ioy of louing wife;*
*VVhich who ſo wants, halfe of himſelfe doth miſſe.*
*Friend without change, playfellow without ſtriſe,*
*Foode without fulneſſe, counſaile without pride,*
*Is this ſweet doubling of our ſingle life.*

Hiſtor. *No doubt to whom ſo good chance did betide,*
*As for to finde a paſture ſtrawed with gold,*
*He were a foole, if there he did not bide.*
*VVho would not haue a* Phœnix *if he could?*
*The humming VVaſpe, if it had not a ſting,*
*Before all flies the vvaſpe accept I would.*
*But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring,*
Phœnix *but one, of Crowes we millions haue.*
*The VVaſpe ſeemes gay, but is a combrous thing.*
*If many* Kalaes *our* Arcadia *gaue,*
Lalus *example I would ſoone enſue,*
*And thinke, I did my ſelfe from ſorrow ſaue.*
*But of ſuch wiues we finde a ſlender crew;*
*Shrewdneſſe ſo ſtirres, pride ſo puffes vp the heart,*
*They ſeldome ponder what to them is due.*
*VVith meager lookes, as if they ſtill did ſmart;*
*Puiling, and whimpring, or elſe ſcolding flat,*
*Make home more paine then following of the cart.*
*Either dull ſilence, or eternall chat;*
*Still contrarie to what her husband ſayes;*

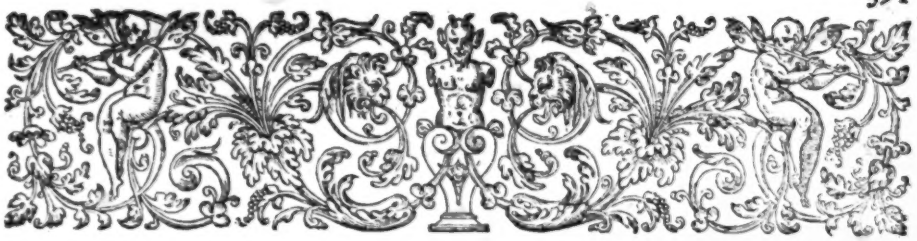
If he do praiſe the dog, ſhe likes the cat.
Auſtere ſhe is, when he would honeſt playes;
And gameſome then, when he thinkes on his sheepe;
Shee bids him goe, and yet from iorney ſtayes,
She warre doth euer with his kinsfolke keepe,
And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature are,
Enuying shallow toyes with malice deepe,
And if forſooth there come ſome new found ware,
The little coine his ſweating browes haue got,
Muſt goe for that, if for her lowres he care:
Or els; Nay faith, mine is the luckleſt lot,
That euer fell to honeſt woman yet:
No wife but I hath ſuch a man, God wot,
Such is their ſpeech, who be of ſober wit;
But, who do let their tongues shew well their rage,
Lord, what bywords they ſpeake, what ſpite they ſpit?
The houſe is made a very lothſome cage,
Wherein the birde doth neuer ſing but cry,
With ſuch a will as nothing can aſſwage.
Deerely the ſeruants do their wages buy,
Reuil'd for ech ſmall fault, ſometimes for none:
They better liue that in a gaile do lie.
Let other fowler ſpots away be blowne;
For I ſeeke not their ſhame, but ſtill me thinkes,
A better life it is to lie alone.

Geron. Who for ech fickle feare from vertue ſhrinks,
Shall in his life embrace no worthy thing:
No mortall man the cuppe of ſuretie drinks.
The heau'ns do not good haps in handfuls bring,
But let vs pike our good from out much bad:
That ſtill our little world may know his king.
But certainly ſo long we may be glad,
While that we doo what nature doth require,
And for th'euent we neuer ought be ſad.
Man oft is plagu'd with aire, is burnt with fire,
In water drownd, in earth his buriall is;
And ſhall we not therefore their vſe deſire?
Nature aboue all things requireth this,
That we our kind doo labour to maintaine;
Which drawne-out line doth hold all humane bliſſe
Thy father iuſtly may of thee complaine,
If thou do not repay his deedes for thee,
In granting vnto him a grandſires gaine.
Thy common-welth may rightly grieued be,
Which muſt by this immortall be preſerued,
If thus thou murther thy poſteritie,
His very being he hath not deſerued,

*VVho for a ſelfe-conceipt will that forbeare,*
*VVhereby that being aye muſt be conſerued.*
*And God forbid, women ſuch cattell were,*
*As you paint them: but well in you I finde,*
*No man doth ſpeake aright, who ſpeakes in feare.*
*VVho onely ſees the ill is worſe then blind.*
*Theſe fiftie winters maried haue I beene;*
*And yet finde no ſuch faultes in womankind.*
*I haue a wife worthie to be a Queene,*
*So well she can command, and yet obay;*
*In ruling of a houſe ſo well shee's ſeene.*
*And yet in all this time betwixt vs tway,*
*VVe beare our double yoke with ſuch conſent,*
*That neuer paſt foule word, I dare well ſay,*
*But theſe be your loue-toyes, which ſtill are ſpent*
*In lawleſſe games, and loue not as you ſhould,*
*But with much ſtudie learne late to repent.*
*How well laſt day before our Prince you could*
*Blinde* Cupids *workes with wonder teſtifie?*
*Yet now the roote of him abaſe you would.*
*Goe to, goe to, and* Cupid *now applie,*
*To that where thou thy* Cupid *maiſt auowe,*
*And thou ſhalt finde, in women vertues lie.*
*Sweet ſupple mindes which ſoone to wiſdome bow*
*VVhere they by wiſdomes rule directed are,*
*And are not forſt fond thraldome to allow.*
*As we to get are fram'd, ſo they to ſpare:*
*VVe made for paine, our paines they made to cherish:*
*VVe care abroade, and they of home haue care.*
*O* Hiſtor, *ſeeke within thy ſelfe to florish:*
*Thy houſe by thee muſt liue, or els be gone:*
*And then who ſhall the name of* Hiſtor *nourish?*
*Riches of children paſſe a Princes throne,*
*Which touch the fathers hart with ſecret ioy,*
*When without ſhame he ſaith, theſe be mine owne.*
*Marrie therefore; for mariage will deſtroy*
*Thoſe paſſions which to youthfull head doo clime,*
*Mothers and Nurſes of all vaine annoy.*

He ſpake theſe words with ſuch affection, as a curious eye might eaſily haue perceiued he liked *Thyrſis* fortune better then he loued his perſon. But then indeed did all ariſe, and went to the women, where ſpending all the day, and good part of the night in dauncing, carolling and waſſalling, laſtly, they left *Thyrſis*, where he long deſired to be left, and with many vnfained thanks returned euerie man to his home. But ſome of thē hauing to croſſe the way of the two Lodges, might ſee a Lady making dolefull lamentations ouer a bodie which ſeemed dead vnto them. But me thinks *Dametas* cries vnto me, if I come not the ſooner to cōfort him, he will leaue of his golden worke, that hath already coſt him ſo much labour and longing.

The end of the third Booke.



# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THE almighty wiſdome euermore delighting to ſhew the world, that by vnlikelieſt meanes greateſt matters may come to concluſion: that humane reaſon may be the more humbled, and more willingly giue place to diuine prouidence: as at the firſt it brought in *Dametas* to play a part in this royall pageant, ſo hauing cõtinued him ſtil an actor, now that all things were grown ripe for an end, made his folly the inſtrument of reuealing that, which farre greater cunning had ſought to conceale. For ſo it fell out that *Dametas* hauing ſpent the whole day in breaking vp the cumberſome worke of the Paſtor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no paine ſo much, as that his hungrie hopes receiued anie ſtay, hauing with the price of much ſweat and wearineſſe gotten vp the huge ſtone, which he thought ſhould haue ſuch a golden lining, the good man in the great bed that ſtone had made, found nothing but theſe two verſes, written vpon a broad peece of velume:

*Who hath his hire, hath well his labour plaſt:*
*Earth thou didſt ſeeke, and ſtore of earth thou haſt.*

What an inward diſcountenance it was to maiſter *Dametas*, to find his hope of wealth turned to poore verſes, for which he neuer cared much, nothing can deſcribe but either the feeling in ones ſelfe the ſtate of ſuch a mind *Dametas* had, or at leaſt the bethinking what was *Midas* fancie, when after the great pride he conceiued to be made Iudge betweene Gods, he was rewarded with the ornament of an Aſſes eares. Yet the deepe apprehenſion he had receiued of ſuch riches, could not ſo ſodainlie looſe the colour that had ſo throughly died his thicke braine, but that he turned & toſſed the poore bowels of the innocent earth, till the comming on of the night, and the tediouſneſſe of his fruitleſſe labour made him content rather to exerciſe his diſcontentation at home then there. But forced he was (his horſe being otherwiſe burthened with digging inſtruments) to returne as he came, moſt part of the way on foot: with ſuch grudging lamentations as a nobler mind would (but more noblie) make for the loſſe of his miſtreſſe. For ſo far had he fed his fooliſh ſoule with the expectatiõ of that which he reputed felicitie, that he no leſſe accounted himſelfe miſerable, then if he had fallen from ſuch an eſtate his fancie had

embraced. So then home againe went *Dametas*, punished in conceite, as in conceite he had erred, till he found himselfe there from a fancied losse falne to essential miserie. For entring into his house three houres within night, in steede of the lightsome countenaunce of *Pamela*, which gaue such an inwarde decking to that Lodge, as proudest pallaces might haue cause to enuie it; and of the gratefull conuersation of *Dorus*, whose wittie behauiour made that lonelinesse to seeme full of good company: in steede of the loud scolding of *Miso*, and the busie rumbling vp and downe of *Mopsa*, which though they were so short, as quite contrarie to the others praiseworthinesse, yet were they farre before them in filling of a house: he found nothing but a solitarie darknesse: which as naturally it breedes a kinde of irksome gastfulnesse, so it was to him a most present terrour, remébring the charge he had left behind, which he well knew imported no lesse then his life vnto him. Therfore lighting a candle, there was no place a mouse could haue dwelled in, but that he with quaking diligence sought into. But when he saw he could see nothing of that he most cared for, then became he the right paterne of a wretch dejected with feare: for crying & howling, knocking his head to the wall he began to make pitiful cõplaints, where no body could heare him: & (with too much dread he shold not recouer her) leaue all cõsideratiõ how to recouer her. But at length looking like a she goat, when she casts her kid, for verie sorow he tooke in his own behalf, out of the Lodge he wẽt running as hard as he could, hauing now receiued the verie forme of hanging into his consideration. Thus running as a man would gladly haue run frõ himself, it was his foolish fortune to espie, by the glimmering light the moone did then yeeld him, one standing aloft amõg the boughs of a faire Ash. He that would haue asked coũsel at that time of a dog, cast vp his face, as if his tooth had bin drawing: and with much bending his sight, perceiued it was mistresse *Mopsa*, fitly seated there for wit & dignitie. There (I will not say with ioy, for how could he taste of ioy, whose imagination was fallen frõ a pallace to a gallowes?) But yet with some refreshing of comfort, in hope he should learne better tidings: of her he began to crie out; O *Mopsa*, my beloued chicken, here am I thine owne father *Dametas*, neuer in such a towardnesse of hanging, if thou canst not helpe mee. But neuer a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopsa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poore *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conspired against him: and therfore with a silly choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopsa*, said he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curse light ouerthwart thee, if thou do not straight answer me. But neither blessing nor cursing could preuaile. *Mopsa*, who was now great with child with the expectation of her May-game hopes, and did long to be deliuered with the third time being named. Which by and by followed. For *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, stamping & whining, seeing neither of these take place, began to throw stones at her, and withall to coniure her by the name of hellish *Mopsa*. But when he had named her the third time, no chime can more soundly follow the striking of a clocke, then she, verily thinking it was the God, that vsed her fathers voyce, throwing her armes abroad, and not considering she was muffled vpon so high a tree, came fluttring downe like a hooded hawke; like enough to haue broken her necke, but that the tree full of boughes tossed her frõ one bough to another, and lastly well bruised brought her to receiue an vnfriendly salutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as soone as she was downe, came running to her, and finding her so close wrapt, pulled off the scarlet cloake: in good time for her, for with the soreneſse of the fall, if she had not had breath giuen her, she had deliuered a foolish

soule

ſoule to *Pluto*. But then *Dametas* began a freſh to deſire his daughter not to forget the paines he had taken for her in her childhood (which he was ſure ſhe could not remember) and to tell him where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, ſaid *Mopſa*, if euer thou didſt beare loue to *Phaetons* mother, let me haue a king to my husband. Alas, what ſpeakeſt thou of *Phaeton*, ſaid *Dametas*? If by thy circumſpect meanes I find not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morow. It is no matter though he be hanged, anſwered *Mopſa*: do but thou make *Dorus* a king, and let him be my huſband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much pricke me toward him. Ah *Mopſa*, cried out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? Doſt thou not know thy father? How haſt thou forgotten thy ſelfe? I do not aske wit of thee, mine owne God, (ſayd ſhe) but I ſee thou wouldeſt haue me remember my father, and indeed forget my ſelfe. No, no, a good husband. Thou ſhalt haue thy fill of husbands (ſaid *Dametas*) and do but anſwer me my queſtion. O I thanke thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) with all my heart hartilie; but let them be all kings. *Dametas* ſeeing no other way preuayle, fell downe on his knees, *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, (ſaid he) do not thus cruelly torment me: I am alreadie wretched enough, alas either helpe me, or tell me thou canſt not. She that would not be behind *Apollo* in curteſie, kneeled downe on the other ſide, I will neuer leaue tormenting thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) vntill thou haſt ſatisfied my longing, but I will proclaime thee a promiſe-breaker, that euen *Iupiter* ſhall heare it. Now by the foſtering thou haſt receiued in this place ſaue my life (ſaid *Dametas*.) Now by the faire Aſh (anſwered *Mopſa*) where thou didſt receiue ſo great a good turne, graunt poſt haſte to my burning fancie. O where is *Pamela*, ſaid *Dametas*? O a luſtie huſband, ſaid *Mopſa*. *Dametas* that now verilie aſſured himſelfe, his daughter was mad, began vtterly to deſpaire of his life, and therefore amazedlie catching her in his armes, to ſee whether he could bring her to her ſelfe, he might feele the waight of a great cudgell light vpon his ſhoulders, and for the firſt greeting he knew his wife *Miſos* voice, by the calling him ribalde villaine, and asking him whether ſhe could not ſerue his turne as well as *Charita*? For *Miſo* hauing according to *Dorus* counſell, gone to *Mantinea*, and there harboured her ſelfe in an old acquaintance houſe of hers, as ſoone as ten of the clocke was ſtriken (where ſhe had remayned cloſely all that while, I thinke with ſuch an amiable cheare, as when iealous *Iuno* ſate croſſe-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husbands loue) with opē mouth ſhe went to the Magiſtrate appointed ouer ſuch matters, and there with the moſt ſcolding inuectiue, her rage rather then eloquence could bring forth, ſhe required his ayde to take *Dametas*, who had left his dutie to the king and his daughter, to commit adulterie in the houſe of *Charitas* vncle, in the Oudemian ſtreete. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any ſuch ſtreet knowne. Yet ſuch was the generall miſlike all men had of *Dametas* vnworthy aduancement, that euerie man was glad to make himſelfe a miniſter of that, which might redound to his ſhame, and therefore with *Panike* cries & laughters, there was no ſuſpected place in all the citie but was ſearched for vnder the title of *Dametas*; *Miſo* euer formoſt encouraging them with all the ſhamefull blaſings of his demeanour, encreaſing the ſport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking, till at length hauing alreadie done both him and her ſelfe as much infamous ſhame, as ſuch a tongue in ſuch an action might performe, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mare again ſhe went, hauing neither ſuſpitiō nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leauing behind her a ſufficient comedie of her tragicall fancies) away homeward ſhe came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chaunce rather then to his

innocencie. For her heart being apt to receiue and nouriſh a bitter thought, it had ſo ſwallowed vp a determinate condemnation, that in the verie anatomie of her ſpirits one ſhould haue found nothing but diuelliſh diſdaine, and hateſull iealouſie. In this ſort grunting out her miſchieuous ſpite, ſhe came by the tree, euen as *Dametas* was making that ill-vnderſtood interceſſion to his fooliſh *Mopſa*. As ſoone as ſhe hard her husbands voyce, ſhe verily thought ſhe had her play: and therfore ſtealing from her mare as ſoftlie as ſhe could, ſhe came creeping and halting behind him, euen as he thinking his daughters litle wits had quite left her great nowle; began to take her in his armes; thinking perchance her feeling ſence might call her mindparts vnto her. But *Miſo* who ſaw nothing but thorough the colour of reuengefull anger, eſtabliſhed vpon the fore-iudgement of his treſpaſſe, vndoubtedlie reſoluing that *Mopſa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of, mumping out her hoarſe chaſe, ſhe gaue him the woodden ſalutation you heard of. *Dametas* that was not ſo ſenſible in any thing as in blowes, turned vp his blubbered face like a great lowt new whipt: Alas thou woman, ſaid he, what hath thy poore husband deſerued to haue his owne ill lucke loaden with thy diſpleaſure? *Pamela* is loſt, *Pamela* is loſt. *Miſo* ſtill holding on the courſe of her former fancie, what telleſt thou me naughtie varlet of *Pamela*, doeſt thou thinke that doth anſwer me, for abuſing the lawes of mariage? Haue I brought thee children, haue I bene a true wife vnto thee, to be deſpiſed in mine old age? And euer among ſhe would ſauce her ſpeeches with ſuch Baſtonados, that poore *Dametas* began now to thinke, that either a generall madding was falne, or elſe that all this was but a viſion. But as for viſions the ſmart of the cudgell put out of his fancie: and therefore againe turning to his wife, not knowing in the world what ſhe meant, *Miſo* (ſaid he) hereafter thou maiſt examine me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will firſt examine this drab, ſaid ſhe, and withall let fall her ſtaffe as hard as ſhe could vpon *Mopſa*, ſtill taking her for *Charita*. But *Mopſa* that was already angrie, thinking that ſhe had hindred her from *Apollo*, leapt vp and caught her by the throate, like to haue ſtrangled her, but that *Dametas* from a condemned man was faine to become a iudge and part this fray, ſuch a picture of a rude diſcord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting the oportunitie of their falling out to hold himſelfe in ſuretie, who was indeed the verieſt coward of the three, he renued his earneſt demaund of them. But it was a ſport to ſee, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept ſtill ſuch dominion in them, that *Miſo* though now ſhe found and felt it was her daughter *Mopſa*, yet did *Charita* continually paſſe through her thoughts, which ſhe vttered with ſuch crabbed queſtions to *Dametas*, that he not poſſiblie conceiuing any part of her doubt, remained aſtoniſhed, and the aſtoniſhment encreaſed her doubt. And as for *Mopſa*, as firſt ſhe did aſſuredly take him to be *Apollo*, and thought her mothers comming did mar the bargaine: ſo now much talking to & fro had deliuered ſo much light into the myſty mould of her capacity, as to know him to be her father. Yet remained there ſuch footſteps of the foretaken opinion, that ſhe thought verilie her father and mother were haſted thither to get the firſt wiſh. And therefore to whatſoeuer they asked of her, ſhe would neuer anſwer, but embraceing the tree, as if ſhe feared it had bene running away, nay, ſayes ſhe, I will haue the firſt wiſh, for I was here firſt: which they vnderſtood no more, then *Dametas* did what *Miſo* meant by *Charita*: till at length with much vrging them, being indeed better able to perſwade both, then to meet hand to hand with either, he preuailed ſo much with them, as to bring them into the Lodge to ſee what loſſe

their

their negligence had ſuffered. Then indeed the neare neigbourhood they bare to themſelues, made them leaue other toyes, & looke into what dangerous plight they were all falne, aſſoone as the king ſhold know his daughters eſcape. And as for the womē they began afreſh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas* who did feare that among his other euils, the thunderbolt of that ſtorme would fall vpon his ſhoulders, ſlipt away from them, but with ſo maigre a cheare as might much ſooner engender laughter then pitie. O true *Arcadia*, would he ſay (tearing his haire and beard, and ſometime for too much wo, making vnweldie ſomerſaults) how dareſt thou beare vpon thee ſuch a ſelonious traitor as I am? And you falſe-hearted trees, why would you make no noiſe, to make her vngracious departure knowne? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often whē I brought thee in fine poſies of all coloured flowers, wouldeſt thou clap me on the cheeke, and ſay thou wouldſt be one day euen with me? Was this thy meaning to bring me to an euen paire of gallowes? Ah ill taught *Dorus*, that cameſt hither to learne good maners of me? Did I euer teach thee to make thy maiſter ſweat out his hart for nothing, & in the meane time to run away with thy miſtreſſe? O my dun cow, I did thinke ſome euill was towards me euer ſince the laſt day thou didſt run away from me, and held vp thy taile ſo pitifully: did not I ſee an Eagle kill a Cuckoe, which was a plaine foretoken vnto me *Pamela* ſhould be my deſtruction? O wife *Miſo* (if I durſt ſay it to thy face) why didſt thou ſuſpect thy husband, that loueth a peece of cheeſe better then a woman? And thou litle *Mopſa*, that ſhalt inherite the ſhame of thy fathers death, was it time for thee to clime trees, which ſhould ſo ſhortly be my beſt burial? ô that I coud liue without death, or die before I were aware! ô hart, why haſt thou no hands at commandement to diſpatch thee? O hands why want you a heart to kill this villanie. In this ſort did he inuey againſt euery thing, ſometimes thinking to run away, while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his ſheepcote, thought that worſe then any death: ſometime for dread of hanging he meant to hang himſelfe: finding as indeed it is, that feare is far more painefull to cowardiſe, then death to a true courage. But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, & any thing was let enough thereto, he being a true louer of himſelf without any riuall. But laſtlie, guided by a farre greater conſtellation then his owne, he remembred to ſearch the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her ſelf. So thither with trembling hammes he caried himſelfe, but employing his double key which the king for ſpeciall credit had vnworthily beſtowed vpō him, he found all the gates ſo barred, that his key could not preuaile, ſauing onlie one trapt doore which went downe into a vault by the celler, which as it was vnknowne of *Pyrocles*, ſo had he left it vnregarded. But *Dametas* that euer knew the Butterie better then any other place, got in that way, and paſing ſoftlie to *Philocleas* chamber, where he thought moſt likely to find *Pamela*, the doore being left open he entred in, and by the light of the lampe he might diſcerne one on the bed by her: which he although he tooke to be *Pamela*, yet thinking no ſuretie enough in a matter touching his necke, hee went hard to the bed ſide of theſe vnfortunate louers, who at that time being not much before the breake of day (whether it were they were ſo diuinely ſurpriſed, to bring this whole matter to the deſtined concluſion, or that the vnreſiſtable force of their ſorowes had ouerthrowne the wakefull vſe of their ſenſes) were as then poſſeſſed with a mutuall ſleepe, yet not forgetting with vnie embracements, to giue any eye a perfect modell of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lampe in his hand but neither with ſuch a face nor mind vpon theſe excellent creatures, as *Pſyche* did

vpon her vnknowne louer, and giuing euery way freedome to his fearfull eyes, did not onely perceiue it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the Ladie he ſought: but that this ſame *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others had euer taken her for, wherein the change of her apparell chiefly confirmed his opinion; ſatisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the ſleeping Lyon, he went downe againe, taking with him *Pyrocles* ſword (wherewith vpon his ſleight vnderſute *Pyrocles* came only apparelled thither) being ſure to leaue no weapon in the chamber, and ſo making the doore as faſt as he could on the out ſide, hoping with the reuealing of this (as he thought greater fault) to make his owne the leſſe, or at leaſt that this iniurie would ſo fill the kings head, that he ſhould not haue leyſure to chaſtiſe his negligence (like a foole not cõſidering that the more rage breeds the crueller puniſhment) he went firſt into the kings chamber, and not finding him there, he ran downe crying with open mouth, the king was betrayed, and that *Zelmane* did abuſe his daughter. The noiſe he made, being a man of no few words, ioyned to the yelping ſound of *Miſo*, and his vnpleaſant inheritrix brought together ſome number of the ſhepheards, to whom he without any regard of reſeruing it for the Kings knowledge, ſpattered out the bottome of his ſtomacke, ſwearing by him he neuer knew that *Zelmane*, whõ they had taken all that while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himſelfe was, whereof he had ſeene ſufficient ſignes and tokens; and that he was as cloſe as a Butterflie with the Ladie *Philoclea*. The poore men iealous of their Princes honour, were ready with weapons to haue entred the Lodge; ſtanding yet in ſome pauſe, whether it were not beſt, firſt to heare ſome newes from the king himſelfe, when by the ſodaine comming of other ſhepheards, which with aſtoniſhed lookes ran from the one crie to the other, their griefes were ſurcharged with the euill tidings of the kings death. Turning therefore all their minds and eyes that way, they ranne to the Caue where they ſaid he lay dead, the Sunne beginning now to ſend ſome promiſe of comming light, making haſte, I thinke to be ſpectator of the following tragedies. For *Baſilius* hauing paſt ouer the night more happie in contemplation then action, hauing had his ſpirits ſublimed with the ſweet imagination of embracing the moſt deſired *Zelmane*, doubting leaſt the Caues darkneſſe might deceiue him in the dayes approch, thought it now ſeaſon to returne to his wedlocke bed, remembring the promiſe he had made to *Zelmane*, to obſerue due orders towards *Gynecia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a will of words, ſealed with manie kiſſes, a full gift of all his loue and life to his miſconceiued bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the caue, there to apparell himſelfe; in which doing the motion of his ioy could not be bridled from vttering ſuch like words: Bleſſed be thou, ô night, ſaid he, that haſt with thy ſweete wings ſhrowded me in the vale of bliſſe, it is thou that art the firſt gotten child of time, the day hath bin but an vſurper vpon thy delightful inheritance, thou inuiteſt all liuing things to comfortable reſt, thou art the ſtop of ſtrife, and the neceſſarie truce of approching battels. And therewith he ſang theſe verſes, to confirme his former praiſes.

*O Night, the eaſe of care, the pledge of pleaſure,*
*Deſires beſt meane, harneſt of hearts affected,*
*The ſeate of peace, the throne which is erected,*
*Of humane life to be the quiet meaſure.*

*Be victor ſtill of* Phœbus *golden treaſure:*
*VVho hath our ſight with too much ſight infected,*
*VVhoſe light is cauſe we haue our liues neglected,*
*Turning all natures courſe to ſelfe diſpleaſure.*

*Theſe ſtately ſtarres in their now ſhining faces,*
*VVith ſinleſſe ſleepe, and ſilence wiſdomes mother,*
*VVitneſſe his wrong which by thy helpe is eaſed:*

*Thou art therefore of theſe our deſart places*
*The ſure refuge, by thee and by no other*
*My ſoule is bliſt, ſence ioyde, and fortune rayſed.*

And yet farther would his ioyes needs breake forth. O *Baſilius* (ſaid hé) the reſt of thy time, hath bene but a dreame vnto thee: it is now onely thou beginneſt to liue, now only thou haſt entred into the way of bliſſefulneſſe. Should fancie of mariage keepe me from this paradiſe? or opinion of I know not what promiſe bind me frō paying the right duties to nature & affection? O who would haue thought there could haue bene ſuch difference betwixt women? Be iealous no more ô *Gynecia*, but yeeld to the preheminence of more excellent gifts, ſupport thy ſelf with ſuch marble pillers as ſhe doth, decke thy breaſt with thoſe Alablaſter bowles that *Zelmane* doth: then accompanied with ſuch a title, perhaps thou maiſt recouer the poſſeſſion of my otherwiſe inclined loue. But alas *Gynecia*, thou canſt not ſhew ſuch euidence, therefore thy plea is vaine. *Gynecia* heard all this he ſaid, who had caſt about her *Zelmanes* garmēt, wherin ſhe came thither, & had followed *Baſilius* to the Caues entrie, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadlie accuſation of her owne guiltineſſe, and the ſpitefull doubt ſhe had *Zelmane* had abuſed her. But becauſe of the one ſide (finding the king did thinke her to be *Zelmane*, ſhe had libertie to imagine it might rather be the kings owne vnbridled enterpriſe, which had barred *Zelmane*, then *Zelmanes* cunning deceiuing of her, and that of the other if ſhe ſhould headily ſeeke a violent reuenge, her owne honour might be as much intereſſed, as *Zelmane* endaungered: ſhe fell to this determination. Firſt with fine handling of the King to ſettle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as ſhe ſhould learne how things had paſſed, to take into her ſelfe new deuiſed counſell, but this being her firſt action, hauing giuen vnlooked for attendance to the King, ſhe heard with what partiality he did preferre her to her ſelf, ſhe ſaw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reaſon but beguile ſence, ſhe found opiniō Miſtreſſe of the Louers iudgement, which ſeruing as a good leſſon to her good conceit, ſhe went out to *Baſilius*, ſetting her ſelfe in a graue behauiour and ſtatelie ſilence before him: vntil he (who at the firſt thinking her by ſo much ſhadow as he could ſee to be *Zelmane*, was beginning his louing ceremonies) did now being helped by the peping light, wherwith the morning did ouercome the nights darkneſſe, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himſelf with ſtarting backe from her, ſhe thus with a modeſt bitterneſſe ſpake vnto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words diſcipher your mind, and well be thoſe words confirmed with this geſture. Verie lothſome muſt that woman be, from whom a man hath cauſe to go backe; and litle better liked is that wife, before whom the husband preferres them he neuer knew. Alas hath my faithfull obſeruing my part of dutie made you thinke your ſelfe euer a whit the

more exempted? Hath that which ſhould claime gratefulneſſe, bene a cauſe of contempt? Is the being the mother of *Pamela* become an odious name vnto you? If my life hitherto led haue not auoided ſuſpition, if my violated truth to you be deſeruing of any puniſhment, I refuſe not to be chaſtiſed with the moſt cruell torment of your diſpleaſure, I refuſe not miſerie, purchaſed by mine owne merite. Hard I muſt needs ſay (although till now I neuer thought I ſhould haue had cauſe to ſay) is the deſtinie of womankind, the triall of whoſe vertue muſt ſtand vpon the louing of them that employ all their induſtrie not to be beloued. If *Zelmanes* young yeares had not had ſo much grauity hidden vnder a youthfull face, as your gray haires haue bene but the vizar of vnfitting youthfulneſſe, your vicious minde had brought ſome fruits of repentance, & *Gynecia* might then haue bene with much more right ſo baſely deſpiſed.

*Baſilius* that was more aſhamed to ſee himſelfe ſo ouertaken, then *Vulcan* was, when with much cunning hee proued himſelfe a Cuckold, began to make certaine extrauagant excuſes: but the matter in it ſelfe hardly brooking any purgation, with the ſodainneſſe of the time, which barred any good conioyned inuention, made him ſometimes alleage one thing, to which by and by he would bring in a contrary, one time with flat denial, another time with mitigating the fault; now braue, then humble, vſe ſuch a ſtammering defenſiue, that *Gynecia*, the violēce of whoſe ſore indeed ran another way, was content thus to faſten vp the laſt ſtitch of her anger. Well, well my Lord, ſaid ſhe, it ſhall well become you ſo to gouerne your ſelfe, as you may be fit rather to direct me, then to be iudged of me; and rather to be a wiſe maiſter of me, then an vnskilfull pleader before me. Remember the wrong you haue done is not onlie to me, but to your children, whom you had of me: to your countrey, when they ſhall find they are commaunded by him, that cannot commaund his owne vndecent appetites: laſtlie, to your ſelfe, ſince with theſe paines you do but build vp a houſe of ſhame to dwell in: if from thoſe moueable goods of nature (wherewith, in my firſt youth my royall parents beſtowed me vppon you) bearing you children, and increaſe of yeares haue withdrawne me; conſider I pray you, that as you are cauſe of the one, ſo in the other, time hath not left to worke his neuer failing effects in you. Trulie, trulie (ſir) verie vntimelie are theſe fires in you: it is time for vs both to let reaſon inioy his due ſoueraigntie. Let vs not plant anew thoſe weeds, which by natures courſe are content to fade.

*Baſilius* that would rather then his life the matter had bene ended, the beſt rhetorike he had, was flat demanding pardon of her, ſwearing it was the verie force of *Apollos* deſtinie which had caried him thus from his owne bias; but that now like as farre trauellers were taught to loue their owne countrie, he had ſuch a leſſon without booke, of affection vnto her, as he would repay the debt of this error with the intereſt of a great deale more true honour then euer before he had done her. Neither am I to giue pardon to you, my Lord (ſaid ſhe) nor you to beare honour to me. I haue taken this boldneſſe for the vnfained loue I owe vnto you, to deliuer my ſorow vnto you; much more for the care I haue of your well doing, then for any other ſelfe fancie. For well I know that by your good eſtate my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I ſeparate my ſelfe from your fortune. For my part therefore I claime nothing but that which may be ſafeſt for your ſelfe; my life, will, honor, and whatſoeuer elſe, ſhall be but a ſhadow of that bodie. How much *Baſilius* owne ſhame had found him culpable, and had alreadie euen in ſoule

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reade his owne condemnation, ſo much did this vnexpected mildneſſe of *Gynecia* captiue his heart vnto her, which otherwiſe perchaunce would haue growne to a deſperate careleſneſſe. Therefore embracing her, and confeſſing that her vertue ſhined in his vice, he did euen with a true reſolued minde vowe vnto her, that as long as he vnworthie of her did liue, ſhee ſhould be the furtheſt and onely limit of his affection. He thanked the deſtinies, that had wrought her honour out of his ſhame, and that had made his own ſtriuing to go amiſſe, to be the beſt meane euer after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled to *Baſilius* great contentation, who began ſomething to marke himſelfe in his owne doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the cup of golde, wherein *Gynecia* had put the lickourment for *Zelmane*, and hauing failed of that gueſt, was now carrying it home againe. But he whom perchaunce ſorrow, perchaunce ſome long diſaccuſtomed paines, had made extremely thirſtie, tooke it out of her hands, although ſhe directly told him, both of whom ſhee had it, what the effect of it was, and the little proofe ſhee had ſeene thereof; hiding nothing from him, but that ſhe meant to miniſter it to another pacient. But the Duke, whoſe belly had no eares, and much drouth kept from the deſiring a taſter, finding it not vnpleaſant to his pallate, dranke it almoſt off, leauing verie little to couer the cuppes bottome. But within awhile that from his ſtomacke the drinke had deliuered to his principall veines his noyſome vapors, firſt with a painfull ſtretching, and forced yawning, then with a darke yellowneſſe dying his skinne, and a cold deadly ſweat principally about his temples, his bodie by naturall courſe longing to deliuer his heauie burthen to his earthly damme, wanting force in his knees, which vtterly abandoned him, with heauie fall gaue ſome proofe whether the operation of that vnknowne potion tended. For with pang-like grones, and gaſtly turning of his eyes, immediatly all his limmes ſtiffened, and his eyes fixed, he hauing had time to declare his caſe onely in theſe wordes. O *Gynecia* I dye. Haue care: of what or how much further he would haue ſpoken, no man can tell. For *Gynecia* hauing well perceiued the changing of his colour, and thoſe other euill ſignes, yet had not looked for ſuch a ſodaine ouerthrow, but rather had bethought her ſelfe what was beſt for him, when ſhe ſodainly ſaw the matter come to that periode, comming to him, and neither with any cryes getting a word of him, nor with any other poſſible meanes, able to bring any liuing action from him, the height of all ouglie ſorrowes did ſo horribly appeare before her amazed minde, that at the firſt, it did not onely diſtract all power of ſpeech from her, but almoſt wit to conſider, remaining as it were quicke buried in a graue of miſeries. Her painfull memorie had ſtreight filled her with the true ſhapes of all the fore-paſt miſchiefes, her reaſon began to crye out againſt the filthie rebellion of ſinfull ſenſe, and to teare it ſelfe with anguiſh, for hauing made ſo weake a reſiſtance, her conſcience a terrible witneſſe of the inward wickedneſſe, ſtill nouriſhing this debatefull fire; her complaint now not hauing an end to be directed vnto ſomething to disburden ſorrow, but a neceſſarie downfall of inward wretchedneſſe. She ſaw the rigour of the lawes was like to lay a ſhamefull death vpon her, which being for that action vndeſerued, made it the more inſupportable, and yet in depth of her ſoule moſt deſerued, made it more miſerable. At length, letting her tongue go as her dolorous thoughts guided it, ſhe thus with lamentable demeanour ſpake.

O bottomleſſe pit of ſorrow, in which I cannot containe my ſelfe, hauing the firebrands of all furies within me, ſtill falling, and yet by the infiniteneſſe of it

neuer falne. Neither can I ridde my ſelfe, being fettred with the euerlaſting conſideration of it. For whither ſhould I recommend the protection of my diſhonored fall? to the earth? it hath no life, and waites to be encreaſed by the reliques of my ſhamed carcaſſe: to men? who are alwayes cruell in their neighbours faults, and make others ouerthrow become the badge of their ill masked vertue? to the heauens? ô vnſpeakable torment of conſcience, which dare not looke vnto them. No ſinne can enter there, oh there is no receipt for polluted mindes. Whither then wilt thou leade this captiue of thine, ô ſnakie deſpaire? Alas, alas, was this the free-holding power that accurſed poyſon hath graunted vnto me, that to be held the ſurer it ſhould depriue life? was this the folding in mine armes promiſed, that I ſhould folde nothing but a dead bodie? O mother of mine, what a deathfull ſucke haue you geuen me? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother reuenged vpon me my vnmotherly hating of thee. O *Zelmane*, to whom yet (leaſt any miſerie ſhould faile me) remaine ſome ſparkes of my deteſtable loue, if thou haſt (as now alas! now my minde aſſures me thou haſt) deceiued me, there is a faire ſtage prepared for thee, to ſee the tragicall end of thy hated louer. With that word there flowed out two riuers of teares out of her faire eyes, which before were drie, the remembrance of her other miſchiefes being dryed vp in a furious fire of ſelfe deteſtation, loue onely according to the temper of it melting it ſelfe into thoſe brinie tokens of paſſion. Then turning her eyes againe vpon the bodie, ſhee remembred a dreame ſhee had had ſome nights before, wherein thinking herſelfe called by *Zelmane*, paſſing a troubleſome paſſage, ſhee found a dead bodie which told her there ſhould be her onely reſt. This no ſooner caught hold of her remembrance, then that ſhee determining with her ſelfe, it was a direct viſion of her fore-appointed end, tooke a certaine reſolution to embrace death, aſſoone as it ſhould be offred vnto her, and no way to ſeeke the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kiſſing the cold face of *Baſilius*; And euen ſo will I reſt ſaid ſhee, and ioyne this faultie ſoule of mine to thee, if ſo much the angrie gods will graunt mee.

As ſhee was in this plight, the Sunne now climing ouer our Horizon, the firſt Shepheards came by, who ſeeing the King in that caſe, and hearing the noiſe *Dametas* made of the Lady *Philoclea*, ranne with the doleſull tydings of *Baſilius* death vnto him, who preſently with all his companie came to the Caues entrie where the Kings body lay. *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope he had of his priuate eſcape, then ſorie for the publike loſſe his Countrie receiued for a Prince not to be miſliked. But in *Gynecia*, nature preuailed aboue iudgement; and the ſhame ſhe conceiued to bee taken in that order, ouercame for that inſtant the former reſolution, ſo that aſſoone as ſhe ſaw the formoſt of the paſtorall troupe, the wretched Princeſſe ranne to haue hid her face in the next woods, but with ſuch a minde, that ſhe knew not almoſt her ſelfe what ſhe could wiſh to bee the ground of her ſafetie. *Dametas* that ſaw her runne away in *Zelmanes* vpper rayment, and iudging her to be ſo, thought certainly all the ſpirites in hell were come to play a Tragedie in theſe woods, ſuch ſtrange change he ſawe euery way. The King dead at the Caues mouth; the Queene (as he thought) abſent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*; his wife and *Mopſa* in diuers franzies. But of all other things *Zelmane* conquered his capacitie, ſodainly from a woman growne to a man; and from a lockt chamber gotten before him into the fields, which he gaue the reſt quickly to vnderſtand; for in ſteede of doing any thing as the exigent required, he began

began to make circles, and all thoſe fantaſticall defences that he had euer heard were fortifications againſt Diuels. But the other Shepheards who had both better wittes, and more faith, forthwith deuided themſelues, ſome of them running after *Gynecia*, and eſteeming her running away, a great condemnation of her owne guiltineſſe, others going to their Prince, to ſee what ſeruice was left for them either in recouerie of his life, or honoring his death. They that went after the Queene, had ſoone ouertaken her, in whom now the firſt feares were ſtayed, and the reſolution to die had repoſſeſſed his place in her minde. But when they ſaw it was the Queene, to whom beſides the obedient duetie they ow'de to her ſtate, they had alwayes caried a ſingular loue, for her courteous liberalities, and other wiſe and vertuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration. They were all ſodainly ſtopped, beginning to aske pardon for their following her in that ſort, and deſiring her to be their good Ladie, as ſhe had euer bene. But the Queene who now thirſted to be ridde of her ſelfe, whom ſhe hated aboue all things with ſuch an aſſured countenaunce as they haue, who alreadie haue diſpenſed with ſhame, and digeſted the ſorowes of death, ſhe thus ſaid vnto them. Continue, continue, my friends: your doing is better then your excuſing, the one argues aſſured faith, the other wāt of aſſurance. If you loued your Prince, when he was able and willing to doo you much good, which you could not then requite to him; doo you now publiſh your gratefulnes, when it ſhal be ſeene to the world, there are no hopes left to leade you vnto it. Remēber, remēber you haue loſt *Baſilius*, a Prince to defend you, a Father to care for you, a cōpanion in your ioyes, a friend in your wants. And if you loued him, ſhew you hate the author of his loſſe. It is I, faithfull *Arcadians*, that haue ſpoyled the Countrie of their protector. I, none but I, was the miniſter of his vnnaturall end. Cary therefore my blood in your hands, to teſtifie your owne innocencie, neither ſpare for my titles ſake, but conſider it was he that ſo entituled me. And if you thinke of any benefits by my meanes, thinke with it that I was but the inſtrument and he the ſpring. What ſtay ye Shepheards whoſe great Shepheard is gone? you needе not feare a woman, reuerence your Lords murtherer, nor haue pittie of her, who hath not pittie of her ſelfe. With this ſhe preſented her faire neck; ſome by name, others by ſignes, deſired them to do iuſtice to the world, duty to their good king, honour to themſelues, and fauour to her. The poore men looked one vpon the other, vnuſed to be arbiters in Princes matters, and being now falne into a great perplexitie, betwixt a Prince dead and a Princeſſe aliue. But once for them ſhe might haue gone whither ſhe would, thinking it a ſacriledge to touch her perſon, when ſhe finding ſhe was not a ſufficient oratour to perſwade her own death by their hands, well, ſaid ſhe, it is but ſo much more time of miſerie, for my part I wil not giue my life ſo much pleaſure from hēce forward as to yeeld to his deſire of his own choiſe of death; ſince all the reſt is taken away, yet let me excel in miſerie. Leade me therefore whither you will; only happy, becauſe I can not be more wretched. But neither ſo much wold the honeſt Shepheards do, but rather with many teares bemoned this encreaſe of their former loſſe, till ſhe was faine to leade thē, with a very ſtrange ſpectacle, either that a Princeſſe ſhould be in the hands of ſhepheards, or a priſoner ſhould direct her gardiens: laſtly, before either witnes or accuſer, a Lady condemne her ſelfe to death. But in ſuch monefull march they went towards the other Shepheards, who in the meane time had left nothing vnaſſayed to reuiue the King, but all was bootleſſe; and their ſorrows encreaſed the more they had ſuffred any hopes vainly to ariſe. Among other trials they made to

know at leaſt the cauſe of his end, hauing eſpied the vnhappie cup, they gaue the little liquor that was left to a dogge of *Dametas*, in which within a ſhort time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did ſo much to recouer him, that for verie loue of his life he daſht out his braines. But now all together and hauing *Gynecia* among them, who to make her ſelfe the more odious, did continually record to their mindes the exceſſe of their loſſe, they yeelded themſelues ouer to all thoſe formes of lamentation that dolefull images do imprint in the honeſt, but ouer-tender hearts; eſpecially when they thinke the rebound of the euil falles to their owne ſmart. Therefore after the auncient Greeke manner, ſome of them remembring the nobilitie of his birth, continued by being like his Aunceſtors: others his ſhape, which though not excellent, yet fauour and pittie drew all things now to the higheſt point; others his peaceable gouernement, the thing which moſt pleaſeth men reſolued to liue of their owne; others his liberalitie, which though it cannot light vpon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may be they, make it a moſt amiable vertue. Some calling in queſtion the greatneſſe of his power, which encreaſed the compaſſion to ſee the preſent change, (hauing a dolefull memorie how he had tempered it with ſuch familiar curteſie amõg them, that they did more feele the fruites, then ſee the pompes of his greatneſſe) all with one conſent giuing him the ſacred titles of good, iuſt, mercifull, the father of the people, the life of his Countrie, they ranne about his bodie, tearing their beardes and garments; ſome ſending their cryes to heauen, other inuenting praticular howling muſicke; manie vowing to kill themſelues at the day of his funerals, generally giuing a true teſtimonie, that men are louing creatures when iniuries put them not from their naturall courſe: and how eaſily a thing it is for a Prince by ſucceſſion, deepely to ſinke into the ſoules of his ſubiects, a more liuely monument then *Mauſolus* Tombe. But as with ſuch hartie lamentation, they diſperſed among thoſe woods their reſounding ſhrikes, the Sunne the perfecteſt marke of time, hauing now gotten vp two houres iourney in his daily changing Circle, their voice helped with the onely aunſwering Echo, came to the eares of the faithfull and worthie Gentleman *Philanax*: who at that time was comming to viſite the King, accompanied with diuers of the worthie *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had viſited the places adioyning for the more aſſurance of *Baſilius* ſolitarineſſe, a thing after the late mutinie he had vſually done, and ſince the Princeſſes returne more diligently continued, which hauing now likewiſe perfourmed, thinking it as well his duetie to ſee the King as of good purpoſe, being ſo neare, to receiue his further direction: accompanied as aboue ſaide he was this morning comming vnto him, when theſe vnpleaſant voices gaue his minde an vncertaine preſage of his neere approching ſorrowe. For by and by he ſaw the bodie of his dearely eſteemed Prince, and heard *Gynecias* lamenting: not ſuch as the turtle-like loue is wont to make for the euer ouer-ſoone loſſe of her onely loued make, but with curſings of her life, deteſting her owne wickedneſſe, ſeeming onely therefore not to deſire death, becauſe ſhee would not ſhew a loue of any thing. The Shepheards, eſpecially *Dametas*, knowing him to be the ſecond perſon in authoritie, gaue foorthwith relation vnto him, what they knew and had proued of this dolorous ſpectacle, beſides the other accidents of his children. But he principally touched with his maiſters loſſe, lighting from his horſe with a heauie cheare, came and kneeled downe by him, where finding he could do no more then the Shepheards had for his recouerie, the conſtancie of his minde, ſurpriſed before he might call together

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his beſt rules, could not refraine ſuch like words. Ah deare maiſter, ſaid hee, what change it hath pleaſed the Almighty Iuſtice to worke in this place! How ſoone (not to your loſſe, who hauing liued long to nature, & to time longer by your well deſerued glorie, but longeſt of all in the eternall manſion you now poſſeſſe.) But how ſoone I ſay to our ruine, haue you left the fraile barke of your eſtate? O that the words I in moſt faithfull dutie deliuered vnto you, when you firſt entred this ſolitarie courſe, might haue wrought as much perſwaſion in you, as they ſprang from truth in me perchaunce your ſeruant, *Philanax* ſhould not now haue cauſe in your loſſe, to bewaile his owne ouerthrow. And therewith taking himſelfe; and indeed euill fitteth it me (ſaid he) to let go my heart to womanniſh complaints, ſince my Prince being vndoubtedly well, it rather ſhewes loue of my ſelfe, which makes me bewaile mine owne loſſe. No, the true loue muſt bee proued in the honour of your memorie, and that muſt be ſhewed with ſeeking iuſt reuenge vpon your vniuſt and vnnaturall enemies, and farre more honorable it will be for your Tombe, to haue the blood of your murtherers ſprinkled vpon it, then the teares of your friends. And if your ſoule looke downe vpon this miſerable earth, I doubt not it had much rather your death were accompanied with well deſerued puniſhment of the cauſers of it, then with the heaping on it more ſorowes with the end of them, to whom you vouchſafed your affection, let them lament that haue wouen the web of lamentation; let their owne deathes make them crie out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carying manfull ſorow and vindicatiue reſolution in his face, he roſe vp, ſo looking on the poore guiltleſſe Princeſſe tranſported with an vniuſt iuſtice, that his eyes were ſufficient Heraulds for him, to denounce a mortall hatred. She (whom furies of loue, firebrands of her conſcience, ſhame of the world, with the miſerable loſſe of her husband, towards whom now the diſdaine of her ſelfe bred more loue; with the remembrance of her viſion, wherewith ſhe reſolued aſſuredly the Gods had appointed that ſhameful end to be her reſting place, had ſet her mind to no other way but to death) vſed ſuch like ſpeeches to *Philanax*, as ſhee had before to the ſhepheards; willing him not to looke vpon her as a woman, but a monſter; not as a Princeſſe, but a traitor to his Prince; not as *Baſilius* wife, but as *Baſilius* murtherer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the iuſt demonſtration of his friendſhip, if he now forgot his Prince, he ſhould ſhew he had neuer loued but his fortune: like thoſe vermine that ſucke of the liuing bloud, and leaue the bodie aſſoone as it is dead, poore Princeſſe needleſly ſeeking to kindle him, who did moſt deadlie deteſt her, which he vttered in this bitter anſwere. Madame (ſaid he) you do well to hate your ſelfe, for you cannot hate a worſe creature; and though we feele enough your helliſh diſpoſition, yet we need not doubt you are of counſell to your ſelf of much worſe then we know. But now feare not, you ſhall not long be cumbred with being guided by ſo euill a ſoule, therefore prepare your ſelfe that if it be poſſible you may deliuer vp your ſpirit ſo much purer, as you more waſh your wickedneſſe with repentance. Then hauing preſently giuen order for the bringing from *Mantinea*, a great number of tents, for the rece it of the principall *Arcadians*: the maner of that countrie being, that where the Prince died, there ſhould be orders taken for the countries gouernment, & in the place any murther was committed, the iudgement ſhold be giuen there, before the bodie was buried, both concurring in this matter, and alreadie great part of the Nobility being ariued, he deliuered the Princeſſe to a Gentlemā of great truſt, and as for *Dametas* taking from him the keyes of both the Lodges,

calling him the moth of his Princes eſtate,& onely ſpot of his iudgement, he cauſed him with his wife and daughter, to be fettered vp in as manie chaines and clogs, as they could beare, and euerie third houre to be cruellie whipt, till the determinate iudgement ſhold be giuē of all theſe matters. That done, hauing ſent already at his comming, to all the quarters of the countrie to ſeeke *Pamela*, although with ſmall hope of ouertaking them, he himſelfe went well accompanied to the Lodge where the two vnfortunate Louers were attending a cruell concluſion of their long, painfull, and late moſt painfull affection. *Dametas* clowniſh eyes, hauing bene the only diſcouerers of *Pyrocles* ſtratagem, had no ſooner taken a full view of thē (which in ſome ſights would rather haue bred any thing, then an accuſing mind) and locked the doore vpon theſe two young folkes, now made priſoners for loue, as before they had bene priſoners to loue; but that immediatly vpon his going downe (whether with noiſe *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreme griefe had procured his ſleepe, ſo extreame care had meaſured his ſleep, giuing his ſences a very early *ſaliue* to come to thēſelues) *Pyrocles* awaked; and being vp, the firſt euill hanſell he had of the ill caſe wherein he was, was the ſeeing himſelfe depriued of his ſword, from which he had neuer ſeparated himſelfe in any occaſion, and euen that night firſt by the kings bed, and then there had laid it, as hee thought ſafe: putting great part of the truſt of his well doing in his owne courage ſo armed. For indeed the confidence in ones ſelfe is the chiefe nurſe of magnanimitie, which confidence notwithſtanding doth not leaue the care of neceſſarie furnitures for it: and therefore of all the Grecians *Homer* doth euer make *Achilles* the beſt armed. But that, as I ſay, was the firſt ill token: but by and by he perceiued he was a priſoner before anie arreſt, for the dore which he had left open, was made ſo faſt of the outſide, that for all the force he could employ vnto it, he could not vndo *Dametas* doing; then went he to the windowes, to ſee if that way there were any eſcape for him and his deare Ladie, but as vaine he found all his employment there, not hauing might to breake out but only one barre; wherein notwithſtanding he ſtrained his ſinewes to the vttermoſt. And that he rather tooke out to vſe for other ſeruice, then for any poſſibilitie he had to eſcape; for euen then it was that *Dametas* hauing gathered together the firſt comming ſhepheards, did blabber out what he had found in the Lady *Philoclea*s chamber. *Pyrocles* markingly hearkened to all that *Dametas* ſaid, whoſe voice and mind acquaintance had taught him ſufficiently to know. But when he aſſuredly perceiued that his being with the Ladie *Philoclea* was fullie diſcouered; & by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Dametas* her honour therein touched in the higheſt degree; remēbring withall the cruelty of the *Arcadian* lawes, which without exception did condemne all to death, who were found (as *Dametas* reported of them) in act of mariage without ſolemnitie of mariage; aſſuring himſelfe beſides the law, the king and the Queene would vſe ſo much more hate againſt their daughter, as they had found themſelues ſotted by him in the purſute of their loue. Laſtly, ſeeing they were not only in the way of death, but fitly incaged for death, looking with a hartie griefe vpon the honour of loue, the fellowleſſe *Philoclea* (whoſe innocent ſoule now enioying his owne goodneſſe did little know the danger of his euer faire then ſleeping harbor) his excellent wit ſtrengthened with vertue, but guided by loue, had ſoone deſcribed to himſelfe a perfect viſion of their preſent condition, wherin hauing preſently caſt a reſolute reckening of his owne part of the miſerie, not only the chiefe but ſole burthen of his anguiſh cōſiſted in the vnworthy caſe, which was like to fall vpō the beſt deſeruing *Philoclea*.

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He ſaw the misfortune not the miſmeaning of his work, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world (as he thought) did begin to receiue honour; he ſaw the weake iudgement of man, would condemne that as death-deſeruing vice in her, which had in troth neuer broken the bonds of a true liuing vertue, & how often his eye turned to his attractiue adamant, ſo often did an vnſpeakeable horrour ſtrike his noble heart to conſider ſo vnripe yeares, ſo faultleſſe a beautie, the manſion of ſo pure goodneſſe, ſhould haue her youth ſo vntimely cut off, her naturall perfections vnnaturally cõſumed, her vertue rewarded with ſhame; ſometimes he would accuſe himſelf of negligence, that had not more curiouſly looked to all the houſe entries, & yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in, and to call backe what might haue bin to a man of wiſdõ & courage, caries but a vain ſhadow of diſcourſe; ſomtimes he could not chuſe but with a diſſolution of his inward might lamentably conſider with what face he might looke vpon his (till then) ioy *Philoclea*, when the next light waking ſhold deliuer vnto her, ſhold perchãce be the laſt of her hurtleſſe life. And that the firſt time ſhe ſhould bend her excellent eyes vpon him, ſhe ſhould ſee the accurſed author of her dreadful end; & euen this conſideration more thẽ any other, did ſo ſet it ſelfe in his well diſpoſed mind, that diſperſing his thoughts to all the wayes that might be of her ſafety, finding a very ſmall diſcourſe in ſo narrow limits of time & place, at lẽgth in many difficulties he ſaw none beare any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then he thought it wold fal out, that when they found his bodie dead, hauing no accuſer but *Dametas*, as by his ſpeech he found there was not, it might iuſtly appeare that either *Philoclea* in defending her honour, or elſe he himſelf in deſpaire of atchieuing, had left his carcaſſe proof of his intent, but witnes of her clearneſſe, hauing a ſmall while ſtayed vpõ the greatneſſe of his reſolution & looked to the furtheſt of it: Be it ſo (ſaid the valiãt *Pyrocles*:) neuer life for better cauſe, nor to better end was beſtowed, for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leaue vndone, who is to die ſo iuſtly as my ſelf? and if I muſt die, who can be ſo fit executioners as mine owne hands? which as they were acceſſaries to the doing, ſo in killing me they ſhall ſuffer their owne puniſhment. But then aroſe there a new impediment, for *Dametas* hauing caried away any thing, which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himſelfe, he could find no fit inſtrument which might giue him a finall diſpatch, at length making the more haſte, leaſt his Lady ſhould awake, taking the yron barre, (which being ſharper ſomething at the one end then the other, he hoped ioyn'd to his willing ſtrength, might breake off the feeble threed of mortallitie: truly (ſaid he) fortune thou haſt well perſeuered mine enemy, that will graunt me no fortune, to be vnfortunate, nor let me haue an eaſy paſſage now I am to trouble thee no more. But, ſaid he, ô bar bleſſed in that thou haſt done ſeruice to the chamber of the paragon of life, ſince thou couldeſt not help me to make a perfecter eſcape, yet ſerue my turne I pray thee, that I may eſcape frõ my ſelfe, therwithall yet once looking to fetch the laſt repaſt of his eyes, and new againe tranſported with the pitifull caſe he left her in, kneeling downe he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world (ſaid he) to thee do I ſacrifice this bloud of mine, and ſuffer (Lord) the errours of my youth, to paſſe away therin, and let not the ſoule by thee made, and euer bending vnto thee, be now reiected of thee, neither be offended that I do abandon this body, to the gouernment of which thou hadſt placed me, without thy leaue, ſince how can I know but that thy vnſearchable mind is, I ſhould ſo do, ſince thou haſt taken from me all meanes longer to abide in it? And ſince the difference ſtands but in a ſhort time of dying, thou that haſt

framed my ſoule inclined to do good, how can I in this ſmall ſpace of mine, benefite ſo much all the humane kind, as in preſeruing thy perfecteſt workmāſhip, their chiefeſt honour? O iuſtice it ſelfe, howſoeuer thou determineſt of me, let this excellent innocencie not be oppreſſed! Let my life pay her loſſe, ô Lord giue me ſome ſigne that I may die with this comfort. (And pawſing a litle as if he had hoped for ſome token) and whenſoeuer to the eternall darkneſſe of the earth ſhe doth follow me, let our ſpirits poſſeſſe one place, and let them be more happie in that vniting. With that word ſtriking the barre vpon his heart ſide with all the force he had, and falling withall vpon to giue it the thorôwer paſſage, the barre in troth was too blunt to do the effect, although it pierced his skinne, and bruiſed his ribs verie ſore, ſo that his breath was almoſt paſt him. But the noiſe of his fall draue away ſleepe from the quiet ſences of the deare *Philoclea*, whoſe ſweet ſoule had an early ſalutation of a deadly ſpectacle vnto her, with ſo much more aſtoniſhment, as the falling aſleepe but a little before ſhe had retired her ſelfe from the vttermoſt point of wofulneſſe, & ſaw now againe before her eyes the moſt cruell enterpriſe that humane nature can vndertake, without diſcerning any cauſe therof. But the liuely print of her affection had ſoone taught her not to ſtay long vpon deliberation in ſo vrgent a neceſſitie, therefore getting with ſpeed her weake, though well accorded limmes out of her ſweetned bed, as when luels are haſtilie pulled out of ſome rich coffer, ſhee ſpared not the nakednes of her tender feet, but I thinke borne as faſt with deſire as feare caried *Daphne*, ſhe came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his ſpirits ſomthing troubled with the fall; ſhe put by the barre that lay cloſe to him, and ſtraining him in her moſt beloued embracement, My cōfort, my ioy, my life (ſaid ſhe) what haſte haue you to kill your *Philoclea* with the moſt cruell tormēt that euer Lady ſuffered? Do you not yet perſwade your ſelfe that any hurt of yours is a death vnto me? And that your death ſhould be my hell? Alas, if any ſodaine miſlike of mee (for other cauſe I ſee none) haue cauſed you to loath your ſelfe, if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terribleſt rage in you, rather let me ſuffer the bitterneſſe of it, for ſo ſhall the deſeruer be puniſhed, mankind preſerued from ſuch a ruine, and I for my part ſhall haue that comfort, that I die by the nobleſt hand that euer drew ſword. *Pyrocles* grieued with his fortune, that he had not in one inſtant cut off all ſuch deliberation, thinking his life only reſerued to be bound to be the vnhappie newes-teller: Alas (ſaid he) my only ſtarre, why do you this wrong to God, your ſelfe, and me, to ſpeake of faults in you; no, no, moſt faultleſſe, moſt perfect Ladie, it is your excellencie that makes me haſten my deſired end, it is the right I owe to the generall nature (that though againſt priuate nature) makes mee ſeeke the preſeruation of all that ſhe hath done in this age, let me, let me die. There is no way to ſaue your life (moſt worthy to be cōſerued) then that my death be your clearing, then did he with far more paine and backward loathneſſe, then the ſo neare killing himſelfe was (but yet driuen with neceſſitie to make her yeeld, to that he thought was her ſafety) make her a ſhort, but pithie diſcourſe, what he had heard by *Damœtas* ſpeeches, cōfirming the reſt with a plaine demōſtration of their impriſonment. And thē ſought he new means of ſtopping his breath; but that by *Philocleas* labor, aboue her force, he was ſtayed to heare her. In whom a man might perceiue what ſmal difference in the working there is, betwixt a ſimple voidneſſe of euill, & a iudiciall habite of vertue. For ſhe, not with an vnſhaked magnanimity, wherwith *Pyrocles* wayed and deſpiſed death, but with an innocent guiltleſneſſe, not knowing why ſhe ſhold feare to deliuer her vnſtained ſoule to God, helped with the true louing of *Pyrocles*, which made

made her thinke no life without him, did almoſt bring her minde to as quiet attending al accidents, as the vnmaſtred vertue of *Pyrocles*. Yet hauing with a prety paleneſſe (which did leaue milken lines vpon her roſie cheekes) paid a litle duty to humane feare, taking the Prince by the hand, and kiſſing the wound he had giuen himſelfe; O the only life of my life, and (if it fall out ſo) the comfort of my death, ſaid ſhe, farre, farre from you, be the doing me ſuch wrong, as to thinke I will receiue my life as a purchaſe of your death, but well may you make my death ſo much more miſerable, as it ſhall any thing be delaied after my onely felicitie. Doe you thinke I can accompt of the moment of death, like the vnſpeakeable afflictions my ſoule ſhould ſuffer, ſo oft as I call *Pyrocles* to my minde, which ſhould be as oft as I breathed? Should theſe eyes guide my ſteps, that had ſeene your murder? ſhould theſe hands ſeed me that had not hindred ſuch a miſchiefe? Should this heart remaine within me, at euery pant to count the cõtinuall clock of my miſeries? O no, if die we muſt, let vs thanke death, he hath not deuided ſo true an vnion! And truly my *Pyrocles*, I haue heard my father, and other wiſe men ſay, that the killing ones ſelfe is but a falſe colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a feare of a further euil, either of torment or ſhame. For if it were a not reſpecting the hatme, that would likewiſe make him not reſpect what might be done vnto him: and hope, being of all other, the moſt contrary thing to feare: this being an vtter baniſhment of hope, it ſeemes to receiue his ground in feare. Whatſoeuer (would they ſay) comes out of diſpaire, cannot beare the title of valure, which ſhould be lifted vp to ſuch a height, that holding al things vnder it ſelfe, it ſhould be able to maintaine his greatneſſe euen in the midſt of miſeries. Laſtly they would ſaie, God had appointed vs Captaines of theſe our bodily forts, which without treaſon to that Maieſty, were neuer to be deliuered ouer till they were redemaunded. *Pyrocles*, who had that for a lawe vnto him, not to leaue *Philoclea* in any thing vnſatisfied, although he ſtil remained in his former purpoſe, and knew that time would grow ſhort for it, yet hearing no noiſe (the ſhepheardes being as then run to *Baſilius*) with ſetled and humbled countenance, as a man that ſhould haue ſpoken of a thing that did not cõcerne himſelfe, bearing euẽ in his eyes ſufficient ſhewes, that it was nothing but *Philoclea's* danger, which did any thing burthen his heart, farre ſtronger then fortune, hauing with vehement embracings of her, got yet ſome fruit of his delayed end, he thus aunſwered the wiſe innocencie of *Philoclea*. Lady moſt worthie not only of life, but to be the very life of all things the more notable demonſtrations you make of the loue, ſo farre beyond my deſert, with which it pleaſeth you to ouercome fortune, in making me happie; the more am I euen in courſe of humanitie (to leaue that loues force, which I neither can nor will leaue) bound to ſeeke requitals witneſſe, that I am not vngrateful to do which the infiniteneſſe of your goodneſſe being ſuch as it cãnot reach vnto it, yet doing al I can, & paying my life, which is all I haue, though it be farre (without meſure) ſhort of your deſert, yet ſhal I not dye in debt, to mine own dutie. And truly the more excellent arguments you made, to keepe me from this paſſage, imagined far more terrible then it is; the more plainly it makes me ſee what reaſon I haue, to preuent the loſſe not only of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth ſhould receiue, if ſuch a tree (which euen in his firſt ſpring, doth not onely beare moſt beautifull bloſſoms, but moſt rare fruits) ſhould be ſo vntimely cut off. Therfore, ô moſt truely beloued Lady, to whom I deſire for both our goods, that theſe may be my laſt words, geue me your conſent euen out of that wiſedome which muſt needs ſee, that (beſides your vnmatched betterneſſe, which perchaunce you will not ſee) it is fitter one

die then both. And ſince you haue ſufficiently ſhewed you loue me, let me claime by that loue, you wil be content rather to let me die contentedly, then wretchedly: rather with a cleare & ioyful conſcience, then with deſperate condemnation in my ſelfe, that I accurſed villaine, ſhould be the meane of baniſhing from the ſight of men the true example of vertue. And becauſe there is nothing left me to be imagined, which I ſo much deſire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may euer haue an allowed place in your wiſe iudgement, I am content to draw ſo much breath longer, as by anſwering the ſweete obiections you alledged, may bequeath (as I thinke) a right conceite vnto you, that this my doing is out of iudgement, and not ſprong of paſſion. Your father you ſay, was wont to ſay, that this like action doth more proceed of feare of further euil or ſhame, then of a true courage: Truly firſt, they put a very geſſing caſe, ſpeaking of them who can euer after come to tel, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortall truth to witneſſe, that no feare of torment can apall me: who know it is but diuerſe manners of apparelling death: & haue long learned, to ſet bodily paine but in the ſecond forme of my being. And as for ſhame, how can I be aſhamed of that, for which my wel meaning conſcience wil anſwere for me to God, and your vnreſiſtable beautie to the world? But to take that argument in his owne force, and graunt it done for auoiding of further paine or diſhonor, (for as for the name of feare, it is but an odious title of a paſſion, giuen to that which true iudgement performeth) graunt, I ſay, it is, to ſhunne a worſe caſe, & truly I do not ſee, but that true fortitude, loking into al humaine things with a perſiſting reſolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleaſing things, nor aſtoniſhment of the vnpleaſant, doth not yet depriue it ſelfe of the diſcerning the difference of euil, but rather is the only vertue, which with an aſſured tranquilitie ſhunnes the greater by the valiant entring into the leſſe. Thus for his countries ſaftie he wil ſpend his life, for the ſauing of a lim, he wil not niggardly ſpare his goods; for the ſauing of all his bodie, he wil not ſpare the cutting of a limme, where indeed the weake harted man wil rather die, then ſee the face of a ſurgeon: who might with as good reaſon ſay, that the conſtant man abides the painfull ſurgery, for feare of a further euill: but he is content to waite for death it ſelfe, but neither is true; for neither hath the one any feare, but a well chooſing iudgement; nor the other hath any contentment, but onely feare; and not hauing a heart actiuely to performe a matter of paine, is forced paſſiuely to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole hart; to ſuffer falleth eaſilieſt in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in ſhame; wherein ſince valure is a vertue, and vertue is euer limited, we muſt not runne ſo infinitely, as to thinke the valiant man is willingly to ſuffer any thing, ſince the verie ſuffering of ſome things is a certaine proofe of want of courage. And if any thing vnwillingly among the chiefeſt may ſhame go: for if honour be to be held deere, his contrarie is to be abhorred, and that not for feare, but of a true election. For which is the leſſe inconuenient, either the loſſe of ſome yeares more or leſſe (for once we know our liues be not immortall) or the ſubmitting our ſelues to each vnworthie miſerie, which the fooliſh world may lay vpō vs? As for their reaſon, that feare is contrarie to hope, neither do I defend feare, nor much yeeld to the authoritie of hope; to either of which great inclyning ſhewes but a feeble reaſon, which muſt be guided by his ſeruants; and who builds not vpon hope, ſhall feare no earthquake of deſpaire. Their laſt alleaging of the heauenly powers, as it beares the greateſt name, ſo it is the onely thing, that at all bred any combate in my minde. And yet I do not ſee, but that if God hath made vs

maiſters

maiſters of any thing, it is of our owne liues; out of which without doing wrong to any bodie, we are to iſſue at our owne pleaſure. And the ſame argument would aſmuch preuaile to ſay we ſhould for no neceſſitie lay away from vs, any of our ioynts, ſince they being made of him, without his warrant we ſhould not depart from them; or if that may be, for a greater cauſe we may paſſe to a greater degree. And if we be Lieutenants of God, in this little Caſtle, do you not thinke we muſt take warning of him to giue ouer our charge when he leaues vs vnprouided of good meanes to tarrie in it? No certainly do I not, anſwered the ſorowfull *Philoclea*, ſince it is not for vs to appoint that mightie Maieſtie, what time he will help vs: the vttermoſt inſtant is ſcope enough for him, to reuoke euery thing to ones owne deſire. And therefore to preiudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodneſſe in him, who is nothing but goodneſſe. But when in deede he doth either by ſickneſſe, or outward force lay death vpon vs, then are we to take knowledge that ſuch is his pleaſure, and to know that all is well that he doth. That we ſhould be maiſters of our ſelues, we can ſhew at all no title, nor claime; ſince neither we made our ſelues, nor bought our ſelues, we can ſtand vpon no other right but his gift, which he muſt limite as it pleaſeth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the loſſe of any other limme and that, ſince the one bends to the preſeruing all, the other to the deſtruction of all; the one takes not away the minde from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all poſſibilitie of his working. And truely my moſt deare *Pyrocles*, I muſt needes proteſt vnto you, that I cannot thinke your defence euen in rules of vertue ſufficient. Sufficient and excellent it were, if the queſtion were of two outward things, wherein a man might by natures freedome determine, whether he would preferre ſhame to paine; preſent ſmaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this (beſides the compariſon of the matters valures) there is added of the one part a direct euill doing, which maketh the ballance of that ſide too much vnequall: ſince a vertuous man without any reſpect, whether the griefe be leſſe or more, is neuer to do that which he can not aſſure himſelfe is allowable before the euerliuing rightfulneſſe; but rather is to thinke honours or ſhames, which ſtand in other mens true or falſe iudgements, paines or not paines, which yet neuer approach our ſoules, to be nothing in regard of an vnſpotted conſcience. And theſe reaſons do I remember, I haue heard good men bring in, that ſince it hath not his ground in an aſſured vertue, it proceedes rather of ſome other diſguiſed paſſion. *Pyrocles* was not ſo much perſwaded as delighted, by her well conceiued and ſweetely pronounced ſpeeches; but when ſhe had cloaſed her pittifull diſcourſe, and as it were ſealed vp her delightfull lippes, with the moiſtneſſe of her teares, which followed ſtill one another like a precious rope of pearle, now thinking it hye time. Be it as you ſay (ſaide he moſt vertuous beautie) in all the reſt, but neuer can God himſelfe perſwade me, that *Pyrocles* life is not well loſt, for to preſerue the moſt admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be if it be poſſible written on my Tombe, and I will not enuye *Codrus* honour. With that he would againe haue vſed the barre, meaning if that failed, to leaue his braines vpon the wall. When *Philoclea* now brought to that ſhe moſt feared, kneeled downe vnto him, and embracing ſo his legges, that without hurting her, (which for nothing he would haue done) he could not ridde himſelfe from her, ſhee did with all the coniuring words, which the authoritie of loue may lay, beſeech him, he would not now ſo cruelly abandon her, he would not leaue her comfortleſſe in that miſerie, to which he had brought her. That then

in deede ſhe would euen in her ſoule accuſe him, to haue moſt fouly betrayed her; that then ſhe ſhould haue cauſe to curſe the time that euer the name of *Pyrocles* came to her eares, which otherwiſe no death could make her do. Will you leaue me, ſaid ſhe, not onely diſhonoured as ſuppoſed vnchaſte with you, but as a murderer of you? Will you giue mine eyes ſuch a picture of hell, before my neere approaching death, as to ſee the murdred Bodie of him I loue more then all the liues that nature can giue? With that ſhe ſware by the hyeſt cauſe of all deuotions, that if he did perſeuere in that cruell reſolution, ſhe would (though vntruly) not onely confeſſe to her father, that with her cõſent this acte had bene committed, but if that would not ſerue (after ſhe had puld out her owne eyes, made accurſed by ſuch a ſight) ſhe would giue her ſelfe ſo terrible a death, as ſhe might thinke the paine of it would counteruaile the neuer dying paine of her mind. Now therefore kill your ſelfe, to crowne this vertuous action with infamy: kill your ſelfe to make me (whom you ſay you loue) as long as I after liue, change my louing admiration of you, to a deteſtable abhorring your name. And ſo indeed you ſhall haue the ende you ſhoote at, for in ſteede of one death, you ſhall giue me a thouſand, and yet in the meane time, depriue me of the helpe God may ſend me. *Pyrocles* euen ouerwayed with her ſo wiſely vttered affection, finding her determination ſo fixed, that his ende ſhould but depriue them both of a preſent contentment, and not auoide a comming euill (as a man that ranne not vnto it, by a ſodaine qualme of paſſion, but by a true vſe of reaſon, preferring her life to his owne) nowe that wiſdome did manifeſt vnto him, that waye would not preuaile, he retired himſelfe, with as much tranquilitie from it, as before he had gone vnto it. Like a man, that had ſet the keeping or leauing of the bodie, as a thing without himſelfe, and ſo had thereof a freed and vntroubled conſideration. Therefore throwing away the barre from him, and taking her vp from the place, where he thought the conſummating of all beauties, verie vnworthily lay, ſuffering all his ſences to deuoure vp their chiefeſt foode, which he aſſured himſelfe they ſhould ſhortly after for euer be depriued of: well, ſaid he, moſt deere Ladie, whoſe contentment I preferre before mine owne, and iudgement eſteeme more then mine owne, I yeeld vnto your pleaſure. The gods ſend you haue not wonne your owne loſſe. For my part they are my witneſſes, that I thinke I do more at your commaundement, in delaying my death, then another would in beſtowing his life. But now, ſaid he, as thus farre I haue yeelded vnto you, ſo graunt me in recompence thus much againe, that I may finde your loue in graunting, as you haue found your authoritie in obtaining. My humble ſuite is, you will ſay I came in by force into your Chamber, for ſo am I reſolued now to affirme, and that will be the beſt for vs both; but in no caſe name my name, that whatſoeuer come of me, my houſe be not diſhonored. *Philoclea* fearing leaſt refuſall would turne him backe againe, to his violent refuge, gaue him a certaine countenance, that might ſhew ſhe did yeeld to his requeſt, the latter part whereof indeed ſhe meant for his ſake to performe. Neither could they ſpend more words together, for *Philanax*, with twentie of the nobleſt perſonages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the Lodge, *Philanax* making the reſt ſtay below, for the reuerence he bare to womanhood, as ſtillie as he could came to the dore, and opening it, drew the eyes of theſe two doleſull louers vpon him. *Philoclea* cloſing againe for modeſtie ſake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* tooke hold of his barre, minding at leaſt to dye, before the excellent *Philoclea* ſhould receiue any outrage. But *Philanax* reſted awhile

awhile vpon himselfe, striken with admiration at the goodly shape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had neuer seene, and withall remembring besides others the notable act he had done (when with his courage and eloquence, he had saued *Basilius*, perchaunce the whole state from vtter ruine) he felt a kind of relenting minde towards him. But when that same thought came waited on with the remembrance of his maisters death, which he by al probabilities, thought he had bin of Counsell vnto with the Queene, compassion turned to hatefull passion, and left in *Philanax* a strange medley, betwixt pitie and reuenge, betwixt lyking and abhorring. O Lord, said he to himselfe, what wonders doth nature in our time, to set wickednesse so beautifully garnished? and that which is strangest, out of one spring to make wonderfull effectes both of vertue and vice to issue? *Pyrocles* seeing him in such a muse, neither knowing the man, nor the cause of his comming, but assuring himselfe, it was for no good, yet thought best to begin with him in this sort. Gentleman said he, what is the cause of your comming to my Lady *Philoclea*s chamber? is it to defend her from such violence, as I might goe about to offer vnto her? if it be so, truly your comming is vaine, for her owne vertue hath bene a sufficient resistaunce, there needes no strength to be added to so inuiolate chastitie, the excellencie of her mind makes her bodie impregnable. Which for mine own part I had soone yeelded to confesse, with going out of this place (where I found but little comfort being so disdainfully receiued) had I not bene, I know not by whom presently vpon my cõming hither, so locked into this chamber, that I could neuer escape hence: where I was fettred in the most guilty shame, that euer man was, seeing what a paradice of vnspotted goodnesse, my filthy thoughts sought to defile. If for that therfore you come, already I assure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any punishmẽt whatsoeuer, for hauing vndertaken so vnexcusable presumption. Truly I bear such an accuser about me of mine own cõsciẽce, that I willingly submit my self vnto it. Only this much let me demand of you, that you wil be a witnes vnto the king what you heare me say, & oppose your selfe, that neither his sodaine fury, nor any other occasion may offer any hurt to this Lady; in whom you see nature hath accomplished so much, that I am faine to lay mine owne faultinesse, as a foile of her purest excellency. I can say no more, but looke vpon her beauty, remember her bloud, consider her yeares, and iudge rightly of her vertues, and I doubt not a gentlemans mind, will then be a sufficient instructer vnto you, in this I may tearme it miserable chaunce, happened vnto her by my vnbridled audacitie. *Philanax* was content to heare him out, not for any fauour he owed him, but to see whether he would reueale any thing of the originall cause, and purpose of the kings death. But finding it so far from that, that he named *Basilius* vnto him, as supposing him aliue, thinking it rather cunning then ignorance: Yong man, said he, whom I haue cause to hate, before I haue meane to know, you vse but a point of skill, by confessing the manifest smaller fault, to be beleeued hereafter in the deniall of the greater. But for that matter, all passeth to one end, & hereafter we shal haue leasure by torments to seeke the truth, if the loue of truth it selfe will not bring you vnto it. As for my Lady *Philoclea*, if it so fal out as you say, it shal be the more fit for her years, & comely for the great house she is come of, that an ill gouerned beautie hath not cancelled the rules of vertue. But howsoeuer it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian*, what reuerent duty we owe vnto any of that progeny. But, said he, come you with me without resistance, for the one cannot auaile, and the other may procure pitie. Pitie? said *Pyrocles*, with a bitter smiling, disdained with so curriish an answere: no, no,

*Arcadian*, I can quickly haue pitie of my ſelfe, and I would thinke my life moſt miſerable, which ſhould be a gift of thine. Only I demaund this innocent Ladies ſecuritie, which vntill thou haſt confirmed vnto me by an oath, aſſure thy ſelf, the firſt that layes hands vpon her ſhall leaue his life, for a teſtimony of his ſacriledge. *Philanax* with an inward ſcorne thinking it moſt manifeſt they were both, he at leaſt, of counſel with the kings death, Wel, ſaid he, you ſpeake much to me of the king: I do here ſweare vnto you, by the loue I haue euer borne him, ſhe ſhall haue no worſe, howſoeuer it fal out, then her owne parents. And vpō that word of yours I yeeld ſaid the poore *Pyrocles*, deceiued by him that ment not to deceiue him, Then did *Philanax* deliuer him into the hands of a noble man in the cōpany, euery one deſirous to haue him in his charge, ſo much did his goodly preſēce (wherin true valure ſhined) breed a delightfull admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himſelfe ſtayed with *Philocles*, to ſee whether of her he might learne ſome diſcloſing of this former concluſion. But ſhe ſweet Lady whome firſt a kindly ſhamfaſtneſſe had ſeparated from *Pyrocles*, (hauing bene left in a more open view then her modeſty would well beare) then the attending her fathers cōming, & ſtudying how to behaue her ſelf towards him for both their ſafeties, had called her ſpirits all within her: now that vpon a ſodaine *Pyrocles* was deliuered out of the chamber from her, at the firſt ſhe was ſo ſurprized with the extreame ſtroke of the wofull ſight, that like thoſe that in their dreames are taken with ſome vgly viſion, they would faine cry for help, but haue no force, ſo remained ſhe a while quite depriued not only of ſpeech, but almoſt of any other liuely actiō. But whē indeed *Pyrocles* was quite drawn frō her eyes, & that her vitall ſtrēgth begā to return vnto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but according to the nature of loue) fearing the worſt, wringing her hands, & letting abundance of teares be the firſt part of her eloquēce, bending her amber-crowned head ouer her bed ſide to the hard-harted *Philanax*: O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, ſaid ſhe, I know how much authoritie you haue with my father: there is no man whoſe wiſdō he ſo much eſteemes, nor whoſe faith ſo much he repoſeth vpon. Remember how oft you haue promiſed your ſeruice vnto me, how oft you haue giuen me occaſion to beleeue that there was no Lady in whoſe fauor you more deſired to remaine: and if the remembrance be not vnpleaſant to your mind, or the rehearſall vnfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deſerue it. Now my chaunce is turned, let not your truth turne. I preſent my ſelfe vnto you, the moſt humble and miſerable ſuppliant liuing, neither ſhall my deſire be great: I ſeeke for no more life then I ſhal be found worthy of. If my bloud may waſh away the diſhonor of *Arcadia*, ſpare it not, although through me it hath indeed neuer bene diſhonored. My only ſute is, you wil be a meane for me, that while I am ſuffered to enioy this life, I may not be ſeparated from him, to whom the Gods haue ioyned me, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly then you do of me. If you rightly iudge of what hath paſt, wherein the Gods (that ſhould haue bene of our mariage) are witneſſes of our innocencies: then procure, we may liue together. But if my father will not ſo conceiue of vs, as the fault (if any were) was vnited, ſo let the puniſhment be vnited alſo. There was no man that euer loued either his Prince, or any thing pertaining to him with a truer zeale then *Philanax* did. This made him euen to the depth of his heart receiue a moſt vehemēt griefe, to ſee his maſter made as it were more miſerable after death. And for himſelfe, calling to mind in what ſort his life had bin preſerued by *Philocles*, what time takē by *Amphialus* he was like to ſuffer a cruel death, there was nothing could haue kept him from falling to all tender

pitie,

pitie, but the perfect perſwaſion he had, that all this was ioyned to the packe of his maiſters death, which the miſconceiued ſpeech of mariage made him the more beleeue. Therefore firſt muttering to himſelfe ſuch like words: The violence the gentleman ſpake of, is now turned to mariage: he alledged *Mars*, but ſhe ſpeakes of *Venus*. O vnfortunate maiſter. This hath bene that faire diuell *Gynecia*: ſent away one of her daughters, proſtituted the other, empoyſoned thee, to ouerthrow the diademe of *Arcadia*. But at length thus vnto her ſelfe he ſaid: If your father, Madame, were now to ſpeake vnto, truly there ſhould no body be found a more readie aduocate for you, then my ſelfe. For I would ſuffer this fault, though very great to be blotted out of my minde, by your former led life, your benefit towards my ſelfe, and being daughter to ſuch a father. But ſince among your ſelues you haue taken him away, in whom was the only power to haue mercie, you muſt now be clothed in your owne working: and looke for none other, then that which dead pitileſſe lawes may allot vnto you. For my part, I loued you for your vertue, but now where is that? I loued you in reſpect of a priuate benefit, what is that in compariſon of the publike loſſe? I loued you for your father, vnhappy folks you haue robbed the world of him. Theſe words of her father were ſo little vnderſtood by the onely well vnderſtanding *Philoclea*, that ſhe deſired him to tell her, what he meant to ſpeake in ſuch darke ſort vnto her of her lord and father, whoſe diſpleaſure was more dreadful vnto her, then her puniſhment: that ſhee was free in her owne conſcience, ſhee had neuer deſerued euill of him, no not in this laſt fact: wherein if it pleaſed him to proceed with patience, he ſhould finde her choiſe had not bene vnfortunate. He that ſaw her words writtē in the plaine table of her faire face, thought it impoſſible there ſhould therein be contained deceit: and therfore ſo much the more abaſhed: Why, ſaid he, Madame, would you haue me thinke, you are not of conſpiracy with the Princeſſe *Pamelas* flight, and your fathers death? with that word the ſweet Lady gaue a pitifull cry, hauing ſtreight in her face & breaſt abundance of witneſſes, that her hart was far from any ſuch abhominable conſent. Ah of all ſides vtterly ruined *Philoclea*, ſaid ſhee, now in deed I may well ſuffer all conceit of hope to dye in me. Deare father, where was I, that might not do you my laſt ſeruice before ſoone after miſerably following you? *Philanax* perceiued the demonſtration ſo liuely & true in her, that he eaſily acquited her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moued to ioyne with her in moſt hartie lamentation. But remembring him, that the burthen of the ſtate, and puniſhment of his maſters murderers, lay all vpon him: Well, ſayd he, Madame, I can do nothing, without all the ſtates of *Arcadia*: what they will determine of you, I knowe not, for my part your ſpeeches would much preuaile with me, but that I find not how to excuſe your giuing ouer your body to him, that for the laſt proofe of his treaſon, lent his garments to diſguiſe your miſerable mother, in the moſt vile fact ſhe hath cōmitted. Hard ſure it will be to ſeparate your cauſes, with whom you haue ſo neerely ioyned your ſelfe. Neither do I deſire it, ſaid the ſweetly weeping *Philoclea*: whatſoeuer you determine of him, do that likewiſe to me; for I knowe, from the fountaine of vertue nothing but vertue could euer proceed; onely as you find him faultleſſe, let him find you fauorable, and build not my diſhonor vpō ſurmiſes. *Philanax* feeling his hart more & more mollifying vnto her, renewed the image of his dead maiſter in his fancy, & vſing that for the ſpurres of his reuēgefull choller, went ſuddēly, without any more ſpeech, from the deſolate Lady, to whom nowe fortune ſeemed to threaten vnripe death, and vndeſerued ſhame among her leaſt euils. But *Philanax* leauing good guard vpon the Lodge,

went himselfe to see the order of his other prisoners, whom euen then as he issued, he found increased by this vnhoped meanes.

The noble *Pamela* hauing deliuered ouer the burthen of her fearfull cares to the naturall ease of a well refreshing sleepe, reposed both mind & bodie vpon the trusted support of her princely shepheard, when with the braying cries of a rascall cõpany she was robbed of her quiet, so that at one instãt she opened her eyes, & the enraged *Musidorus* rose from her, enraged betwixt the doubt he had what these men would go about, and the spite he conceiued against their ill-pleasing presẽce. But the clownes, hauing with their hideous noyse brought them both to their feet, had soone knowledge what guests they had found, for in deed these were the skummy remnant of those rebels, whose naughtie minds could not trust so much to the goodnesse of their Prince, as to lay their hangworthie necks vpon the constancy of his promised pardon. Therefore when the rest (who as sheepe had but followed their fellowes) so sheepishly had submitted themselues, these only committed their safetie to the thickest part of those desert woods, who as they were in the constitution of their mindes little better then beasts, so were they apt to degenerate to a beastly kind of life, hauing now framed their gluttonish stomacks to haue for food the wilde benefites of nature, the vttermost end they had, being but to draw out (as much as they could) the line of a tedious life. In this sort vagabonding in those vntroden places, they were guided by the euerlasting Iustice, vsing themselues to be punishers of their faults, and making their owne actions the beginning of their chastizements, (vnhappily both for him and themselues) to light on *Musidorus*. Whom as soone as they saw turned towards them, they full well remembred it was he, that accompanied with *Basilius*, had come to the succour of *Zelmane*: and had left among some of them bloudie tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times seene her. Thus first sturred vp with a rusticall reuenge against him, and then desire of spoyle, to help their miserable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirme their owne pardon, to bring the Princesse backe vnto her father (whom they were sure he would neuer haue sent so farre so sleightly accompanied) without any other denouncing of warre, set altogether vpon the worthie *Musidorus*. Who being before hand asmuch enflamed against them, gaue them so braue a welcome, that the smart of some made the rest stand further off, crying and prating against him, but like bad curres, rather barking then cloasing; he in the meane time placing his trembling Lady to one of the Pyne trees, and so setting himselfe before her, as might shewe the cause of his courage grew in himselfe, but the effect was onely employed in her defence. The villaines that now had a second proofe, how ill wards they had for such a sword, turned al the course of their violẽce into throwing darts and stones, in deede the only way to ouermaister the valour of *Musidorus*. Who finding them some alreadie touch, some fall so neere his chiefest life *Pamela*, that in the end some one or other might hap to do an vnsuccourable mischiefe, setting all his hope in dispaire, ran out from his Lady among them. Who streight like so many swine, when a hardie mastife sets vpon them, dispersed themselues. But the first he ouertooke, as he ran away, carying his head as farre before him, as those maner of runnings are wont to doe, with one blowe strake it so cleane off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the body falling vpon it, it made a shew as though the fellow had had great haste to gather vp his head againe. Another the speed he made to runne for the best game, bare him ful butt against a tree, so that tumbling backe with a brused face, and a dreadfull expectation, *Musidorus*

was

was ſtraight vpon him: & parting with his ſword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roring lamẽtation that his morter-treading was marred for euer. A third finding his feet too ſlowe, aſwell as his hands too weake, ſodainly turned backe, beginning to open his lippes for mercie. But before he had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Muſidorus* blade was come betweene his iawes into his throat, and ſo the poore man reſted there for euer with a verie euill mouth full of an anſwer. *Muſidorus* in this furious chaſe would haue followed ſome other of theſe hatefull wretches, but that he heard his Lady crie for helpe, whom three of this villanous crue, had (whiles *Muſidorus* followed their fellowes) compaſſing about ſome trees, ſodainely come vpon and ſurpriſed, threatning to kill her if ſhe cried, and meaning to conuey her out of ſight, while the Prince was making his bloud-thirſtie chaſe. But ſhe that was reſolued, no worſe thing could fall vnto her, then the being depriued of him, on whom ſhe had eſtabliſhed all her comfort, with a pitifull cry fetched his eyes vnto her: who then thinking ſo many weapons thruſt into his eyes, as with his eyes he ſawe bent againſt her, made all hartie ſpeed to her ſuccour. But one of them wiſer then his companions, ſet his dagger to her Alablaſter throat, ſwearing if he threw not away his ſword, he would preſently kill her. There was neuer poore ſcholler, that hauing in ſteed of his booke ſome playing toy about him, did more ſodainely caſt it from him, at the child-feared preſence of a cruell Schoolmaiſter, then the valiant *Muſidorus* diſcharged himſelfe of his onely defence, when he ſaw it ſtood vpõ the inſtant point of his Ladies life. And holding vp his noble hands to ſo vnworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that haue done you the wrõg, ſhe is your Princeſſe (ſaid he) ſhe neuer had will to hurt you, and you ſee ſhe hath no power. Vſe your choller vpõ me that haue better deſerued it, do not your ſelues the wrong to do her any hurt, which in no time or place will euer be forgiuen you. They that yet truſted not to his curteſie, bad him ſtand further off from his ſword, which he obediently did. So farre was loue aboue all other thoughts in him. Then did they call together the reſt of their fellowes, who though they were few, yet according to their number poſſeſſed many places. And then began theſe ſauage Senators to make a conſultation; what they ſhold do: ſome wiſhing to ſpoile them of their iewels and let them go on their iourney (for that if they caried them backe, they were ſure they ſhould haue leaſt part of their pray) others preferring their old homes to any thing, deſired to bring them to *Baſilius* as pledges of their ſurety: and there wanted not which cried the ſafeſt way was to kill thẽ both; to ſuch an vnworthy thraldome were theſe great and excellẽt perſonages brought. But the moſt part reſiſted to the killing of the Princeſſe, fore-ſeeing their liues would neuer be ſafe after ſuch a fact committed: and began to wiſh rather the ſpoile then death of *Muſidorus*: when the villaine that had his leg cut off, came ſcrawling towards them, & being helped to them by one of the companie, began with a groning voice, and a disfigured face, to demaund the reuenge of his bloud, which ſince he had ſpent with them in their defence, it were no reaſon he ſhould be ſuffered by them to die diſcontented. The only contentment he required was that by their helpe with his owne hands he might put his murtherer to ſome cruell death, he would faine haue cried more againſt *Muſidorus*, but that the much loſſe of bloud helped on with this vehemencie, choked vp the ſpirits of his life, leauing him to make betwixt his body and ſoule an ill fauoured partition. But they ſeeing their fellow in that ſort die before their faces, did ſwell in new mortall rages: All reſolued to kill him, but now onely conſidering what maner of terrible death they ſhould inuent for him. Thus

was a while the agreement of his ſlaying, broken by diſagreement of the maner of it; and extremitie of cruelty grew for a time to be the ſtop of cruelty. At lēgth they were reſolued, euery one to haue a peece of him, & to become all aſwell hangmen, as iudges: when *Pamela* tearing her haire, and falling downe among them, ſometimes with all the ſort of humble prayers, mixt with promiſes of great good turnes (which they knew her ſtate was able to performe) ſometimes threatning them, that if they kild him and not her, ſhe would not only reuenge it vpon them, but vpon all their wiues and children: bidding them conſider that though they might think ſhe was come away in her fathers diſpleaſure, yet they might be ſure he would euer ſhew himſelfe a father, that the Gods would neuer if ſhe liued, put her in ſo baſe eſtate, but that ſhe ſhould haue abilitie to plague ſuch as they were, returning afreſh to prayers & promiſes, and mixing the ſame againe with threatnings, brought thē who were now growne colder in their fellowes cauſe, who was paſt aggrauating the matter, with his cries) to determine with themſelues there was no way, but eyther to kill them both or ſaue them both. As for the killing, alreadie they hauing anſwered themſelues that that was a way to make them Citizens of the woods for euer; they did in fine conclude they would returne them backe againe to the king, which they did not doubt, would be cauſe of a great reward, beſides their ſafetie from their fore-deſerued puniſhment. Thus hauing either by fortune, or the force of thoſe two louers inward working vertue, ſetled their cruell hearts to this gentler courſe, they tooke the two horſes, and hauing ſet vpon thē their princely priſoners, they returned towards the lodge. The villaines hauing decked all their heads with lawrell branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, ſinging and ſhowting, ran by them, in hope to haue brought them the ſame day againe to the king. But the time was ſo farre ſpent, that they were forced to take vp that nights lodging in the middeſt of the woods. Where while the clownes continued their watch about thē, now that the night, according to his darke nature, did ad a kind of deſolation to the penſiue hearts of theſe two afflicted louers, *Muſidorus* taking the tender hand of *Pamela*, and bedeawing it with his tears, in this ſort gaue an iſſue to the ſwelling of his hearts griefe. Moſt excellent Lady ſaid he; in what caſe thinke you am I with my ſelfe, how vnmercifull iudgemēts do I lay vpon my ſoule, now that I know not what God hath ſo reuerſed my wel meaning enterpriſe, as in ſteed of doing you that honour which I hoped (& not without reaſon hoped) *Theſſalia* ſhold haue yeelded vnto you, am now like to become a wretched inſtrument of your diſcōfort? Alas how contrarie an end haue all the inclinations of my mind taken! my faith falles out a treaſon vnto you, and the true honour I beare you, is the field wherein your diſhonour is like to be ſowne! But I inuoke that vniuerſall and onlie wiſdome (which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his iudgement fixed vpon the euent) to beare teſtimonie with me that my deſire though in extreameſt vehemencie, yet did not ſo ouercharge my remēbrance, but that as far as mans wit might be extēded, I ſought to preuent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the euil fortunes of euill fortune haue croſſed my beſt framed intēt, I am moſt miſerable in that, that I cannot only not giue you help, but which is worſt of all, am barred from giuing you counſell. For how ſhould I open my mouth to counſell you in that, wherein by my counſell you are moſt vndeſeruedly fallen? The faire & wiſe *Pamela*, although full of cares of the vnhappie turning of this matter, yet ſeeing the griefe of *Muſidorus* onlie ſtirred for her, did ſo tread downe all other motions with the true force of vertue, that ſhe thus anſwered him, hauing firſt kiſſed him, which before ſhe had

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loue ſo commanding her, which doubted how long they ſhould enioy one another; or of a liuely ſparke of nobleneſſe, to deſcend in moſt fauour to one, when he is loweſt in affliction. My deare, and euer deare *Muſidorus* (ſaid ſhe) a greater wrong do you to your ſelf, that wil torment you thus with griefe for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himſelfe, then to do wiſely; chance is onely to trouble them that ſtand vpon chance. But greater is the wrong (at leaſt if any thing that comes from you may beare the name of wrong) you do vnto me, to thinke me either ſo childiſh, as not to perceiue your faithfull faultleſneſſe; or perceiuing it, ſo baſely diſpoſed, as to let my heart be ouerthrowne, ſtanding vpon it ſelf in ſo vnſpotted a pureneſſe. Hold for certain, moſt worthy *Muſidorus*, it is your ſelf I loue, which can no more be diminiſhed by theſe ſhowers of euill hap, then flowers are marred with the timely raines of Aprill. For how can I want comfort that haue the true and liuing comfort of my vnblemiſhed vertue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Muſidorus* in whom indeed honour is, doth honor me? Nothing bred from my ſelf can diſcomfort me: and fooles opinions I will not recken as diſhonour. *Muſidorus* looking vp to the ſtarres, O mind of minds (ſaid he) the liuing power of all things, which doeſt with al theſe eyes behold our euer varying actiõs, accept into thy fauorable eares this praier of mine: If I may any lõger hold out this dwelling on the earth which is called a life, grant me ability to deſerue at this Ladies hands the grace ſhe hath ſhewed vnto me, grant me wiſdome to know her wiſdome, and goodneſſe ſo to encreaſe my loue of her goodneſſe, that all mine owne choſen deſires, be to my ſelfe but ſecond to her determinations. Whatſoeuer I be, let it be to her ſeruice, let me herein be ſatisfied, that for ſuch infinite fauours of vertue, I haue ſome way wrought her ſatisfaction. But if my laſt time approcheth, and that I am no longer to be amongſt mortall creatures, make yet my death ſerue her to ſome purpoſe, that hereafter ſhe may not haue cauſe to repent her ſelf that ſhe beſtowed ſo excellent a mind vpon *Muſidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuſe but accord the cõceit of their fortune to theſe paſſionate prayers, in ſo much that her conſtant eyes yeelded ſome teares, which wiping from her faire face with *Muſidorus* hand, ſpeaking ſoftlie vnto him, as if ſhe had feared more any body ſhould be witneſſe of her weakneſſe, then of any thing elſe ſhe had ſayd, You ſee, ſaid ſhe, my Prince and onely Lord, what you worke in me by your too much grieuing for me. I pray you thinke I haue no ioy but in you, and if you fill that with ſorow, what do you leaue for me? What is prepared for vs we know not; but that with ſorow we cannot preuent it, we know. Now let vs turne frõ theſe things, & think you how you will haue me behaue my ſelf towards you in this matter. *Muſidorus* finding the authoritie of her ſpeech confirmed with direct neceſſitie, the firſt care came to his mind was of his deare friend and couſin *Pyrocles*: with whom long before he had concluded what names they ſhould beare, if vpon any occaſion they were forced to giue themſelues out for great men, and yet not make thẽſelues fully known. Now fearing leaſt if the Princeſſe ſhould name him for *Muſidorus*, the fame of their two being together, would diſcouer *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not thinke moſt excellent Princeſſe, ſaid he, to haue made anie further requeſt vnto you, for hauing bene alreadie to you ſo vnfortunate a ſuiter, I know not what modeſtie can beare anie further demand. But the eſtate of one yong man, whom (next to you, far aboue my ſelfe) I loue more then all the world, one worthie of all wel being for the notable conſtitution of his mind, and moſt vnworthy to receiue hurt by me, whom he doth in all faith & conſtancy loue, the pitie of him onely goes beyond all reſolutiõ

to the contrarie. Then did he to the Princeſſe great admiration tell her the whole ſtorie as farre as he knew of it, and that when they made the grieuous diſiunction of their long companie, they had concluded, *Muſidorus* ſhold entitle himſelf *Paladius* Prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* ſhould be *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now (ſaid *Muſidorus*) he keeping a womans habit is to vſe no other name then *Zelmane*, but I that find it beſt, of the one ſide for your honor, you went away with a Prince and not with a ſhepheard: of the other ſide accounting my death leſſe euill then the betraying of that ſweet friend of mine, will take this meane betwixt both, and vſing the name of *Paladius*, if the reſpect of a Prince will ſtop your fathers furie, that will ſerue as well as *Muſidorus*, vntill *Pyrocles* fortune being ſome way eſtabliſhed, I may freely giue good proof that the noble coũtry of *Theſſalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your fathers opinion to mewards (nature I hope working in your excellencies will make him deale well by you) for my part the image of death is nothing fearfull vnto me: and this good I ſhall haue reaped by it, that I ſhal leaue my moſt eſteemed friend in no danger to be diſcloſed by me. And beſides (ſince I muſt confeſſe, I am not without a remorſe of her caſe) my vertuous mother ſhall not know her ſonnes violent death hid vnder the fame will go of *Paladius*. But as long as her yeares now of good number, be counted among the liuing, ſhe may ioy her ſelf with ſome poſſibility of my returne. *Pamela* promiſing him vpon no occaſion euer to name him, fell into extremitie of weeping, as if her eyes had bene content to ſpend all their ſeeing moiſtneſſe, now that there was ſpeech of the loſſe of that, which they held as their chiefeſt light. So that *Muſidorus* was forced to repaire her good counſels with ſweet conſolations, which continued betwixt them vntill it was about midnight, that ſleepe hauing ſtolne into their heauie ſences and now abſolutely commanding in their vitall powers, left them delicately wound one in anothers armes quietly to waite for the comming of the morning: which as ſoone as ſhe appeared to play her part, laden (as you haue heard) with ſo many well occaſioned lamentations. Their lobbiſh guard (who all night had kept thẽſelues awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how faire a death their fellow had died, who at his laſt gaſpe ſued to be a hangman) awaked them, and ſet them vpon their horſes, to whom the very ſhining force of excellent vertue, though in a verie harriſh ſubiect, had wrought a kind of reuerence in them; *Muſidorus* as he rid among them (of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*) thinking it want of a wel ſquared iudgemẽt, to leaue any meane vnaſſayed of ſauing their liues, to this purpoſe ſpake to his vnſeemely gardians, vſing a plaine kind of phraſe to make his ſpeech the more credible. My maiſters (ſaid he) there is no man that is wiſe, but hath in whatſoeuer he doth ſome purpoſe wherto he directs his doings, which ſo long he followes, till he ſee that either that purpoſe is not worth the paines, or that another doing caries with it a better purpoſe. That you are wiſe in what you take in hand, I haue to my coſt learned: that makes me deſire you to tell me what is your end in carying the Princeſſe & me backe to her father. Pardon ſaid one, reward cried another. Well (ſaid he) take both; although I know you are ſo wiſe to remember, that hardly they both will go together, being of ſo contrary a making, for the ground of pardon is an euill, neither any man pardons but remembers an euill done, the cauſe of reward is the opinion of ſome good act, and who ſo rewardeth, that holds the chiefe place of his fancie. Now one man of one compa-
nie, to haue the ſame conſideration both of good and euill, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the mind of rewarding, is verie hard,

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if not impoſſible. For either euen in iuſtice will he puniſh the fault as well as reward the deſert, or elſe in mercie ballance the one by the other: ſo that the not chaſtiſing ſhall be a ſufficient ſatisfying. Thus then you may ſee that in your owne purpoſe, reſts great vncertainty. But I will graunt that by this your deed you ſhall obtaine your double purpoſe. Yet conſider I pray you whether by another meane, that may not better be obtained, and then I doubt not your wiſdomes will teach you to take hold of the better. I am ſure you know, any bodie were better haue no need of a pardon then enioy a pardon; for as it caries with it the ſuretie of a preſerued life, ſo beares it a continuall note of a deſerued death. This therefore (beſides the daunger you may run into, my Lady *Pamela* being the vndoubted inheritrix of this ſtate, if ſhe ſhall hereafter ſeeke to reuēnge your wrong done her) ſhall be continually caſt in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honeſter ſort will diſdaine your companie, and your children ſhall be the more baſely reputed of, and you your ſelues in euery ſleight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, apteſt to be ouerthrowne. Now if you wil (I doubt not you wil, for you are wiſe) turne your courſe, & gard my Lady *Pamela* thitherward, whither ſhe was going: firſt you need not doubt to aduenture your fortunes where ſhe goes, and there ſhall you be aſſured in a countrey as good and rich as this, of the ſame maners and language, to be ſo far from the conceit of a pardon, as we both ſhall be forced to acknowledge we haue receiued by your meanes what ſoeuer we hold deare in this life. And ſo for reward iudge you whether it be not more likelie, you ſhall there receiue it where you haue done no euill, but ſingular & vndeſerued goodneſſe; or here where this ſeruice of yours ſhal be diminiſhed by your dutie, and blemiſhed by your former fault. Yes I proteſt and ſweare vnto you, by the faire eyes of that Lady, there ſhall no Gentlemen in all that country be preferred: you ſhall haue riches, eaſe, pleaſure, and that which is beſt to ſuch worthy mindes, you ſhall not be forced to crie mercie for a good fact. You only of all the *Arcadians*, ſhall haue the praiſe in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not baſely be brought vnder a halter for ſeeking the libertie of *Arcadia*. Theſe words in their mindes, who did nothing for any loue of goodneſſe, but only as their ſenſes preſented greater ſhewes of profite, began to make them wauer, and ſome to clap their hands and ſcratch their heads, and ſweare it was the beſt way. Others that would ſeeme wiſer then the reſt to capitulate what tenemēts they ſhold haue, what ſubſidies they ſhold pay: others to talk of their wiues, in doubt whether it were beſt to ſend for them, or to take new where they went: moſt (like fooles) not readily thinking what was next to be done, but imagining what cheare they would make when they came there, one or two of the leaſt diſcourſes beginning to turne their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plaine neare to the Lodges, vnhappily they eſpied a troupe of horſemen. But then their falſe hearts had quickly for the preſent feare, forſaken their laſt hopes, and therefore keeping on the way toward the Lodge, with ſongs of cries and ioy, the horſmen, who were ſome of them *Philanax* had ſent out to the ſearch of *Pamela*, came galloping vnto them; maruelling who they were that in ſuch a generall mourning, durſt ſing ioyfull tunes, and in ſo publike a ruine weare the lawrell tokens of victorie. And that which ſeemed ſtraungeſt, they might ſee two among them vnarmed like priſoners, but riding like Captaines. But when they came nearer, they perceiued the one was a Ladie, and the Lady *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they ſo litle hoped to meete withall, taking theſe clownes (who firſt reſiſted thē, for the deſire they had to be the deliuerers of

the two excellent prisoners, learning that they were of those rebels, which had made the daungerous vprore, as well vnder colour to punish that, as this their last withstanding them, but indeed their principall cause being, because they themselues would haue the onely praise of their owne quest, they suffered not one of thē to liue. Marie three of the stubbornest of them they left their bodies hanging vpon the trees, because their doing might carie the likelier forme of iudgement. Such an vnlooked for end did the life of iustice worke, for the naughty minded wretches, by subiects to be executed, that would haue executed Princes: and to suffer that without law, which by law they had deserued. And thus these yong folkes twise prisoners, before any due arrest, deliuered of their iaylours, but not of their iayle, had rather change then respite of miserie, these souldiers that tooke them with verie few words of entertainment, hasting to carie them to their Lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, euen as he going out of the Ladie *Philoclea's* chamber, had ouertaken *Pyrocles*, whom before he had deliuered to the custodie of a Nobleman of that countrie. When *Pyrocles* led towards his prison, saw his friend *Musidorus*, with the noble Ladie *Pamela* in that inexpected sort returned, his griefe, (if any griefe were in a mind, which had placed euerie thing according to his naturall worth) was verie much augmented, for besides some small hope he had, if *Musidorus* had once bene cleare of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authoritie to haue brought his onely gladsome desires to a good issue: the hard estate of his friend did no lesse, may rather more vexe him then his owne. For so indeed it is euer found, where valure and friendship are perfectly coupled in one heart, the reason being, that the resolute man, hauing once disgested in his iudgement the worst extremity of his own case, and hauing either quite expelled or at least repelled all passion, which ordinarilie followes an ouerthrowne fortune, not knowing his friends mindes so well as his owne, nor with what patience he brookes his case, (which is as it were the materiall cause of making a man happie or vnhappie) doubts whether his friend accompts not himselfe more miserable, and so indeed bee more lamentable. But assoone as *Musidorus* was brought by the souldiers neere vnto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether euer after hee should be suffered to see his friend, and determining there could be no aduantage by dissembling a not knowing of him, leapt sodainlie from their hands that held him, and passing with a strength strengthened with a true affection, through them that encompassed *Musidorus*, he embraced him as fast as he could in his armes. And kissing his cheekes; O my *Paladius* (said he) let not our vertue now abandon vs; let vs proue our minds are no slaues to fortune, but in aduersitie can triumph ouer aduersity. Deare *Daiphantus* answered *Musidorus* (seeing by his apparell his being a man was reuealed) I thanke you for this best care of my best part: but feare not, I haue kept too long companie with you to want now a thorow determination of these things; I well know there is nothing euill but within vs, the rest is either naturall or accidentall. *Philanax* finding them of so neare acquaintance, began presently to examine them apart: but such resolution he met within them, that by no such meanes he could learne further then it pleased them to deliuer. So that he thought best to put them both in one place, with espiall of their words and behauiour, that way to sift out the more of these forepassed mischiefs. And for that purpose gaue them both vnto the Nobleman, who before had the custodie of *Pyrocles*, by name *Sympathus*, leauing a trustie seruant of his owne to giue diligent watch to what might passe betwixt them. No man that hath euer passed thorow the schoole of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting griefe it was to

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the noble *Pamela*, to haue the companie of him taken from her, to whose vertuous companie she had bound her life. But weighing with her selfe, it was fit for her honour, till her doing were clearely manifested, that they should remaine separate, kept downe the rising tokens of griefe; shewing passion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied *Musidorus* euen vnto the tent, whither he and *Pyrocles* were led. Then with a countenance more princely then she was wont, according to the wont of highest hearts (like the palme tree striuing most vpward, when he is most burthened) she commaunded *Philanax*, to bring her to her father and mother, that she might render them account of her doings. *Philanax* shewing a sullen kind of reuerence vnto her, as a man that honoured her as his Maisters heire, but much misliked her for her (in his conceit) dishonourable proceedings, told her what was past, rather to answer her, then that he thought she was ignorant of it. But her good spirit did presently suffer a true compassionate affliction of those hard aduentures: which with crossing her armes, looking a great while on the ground, with those eyes which let fall many teares, she well declared. But in the end remembring how necessarie it was for her, not to lose her selfe in such an extremitie, she strengthened her well created heart, and stoutly demaunded *Philanax*, what authoritie then they had to lay hands of her person, who being the vndoubted heire, was then the lawfull Princesse of that kingdome. *Philanax* answered, her Grace knew the ancient lawes of *Arcadia* bare, she was to haue no sway of gouernement till she came to one and twentie yeares of age, or were maried. And maried I am, replyed the wise Princesse, therefore I demaund your due alleageance. The gods forbid (said *Philanax*, *Arcadia* should be a dowrie of such mariages. Besides, he told her, all the States of her country were euil satisfied touching her fathers death; which likewise according to the statutes of *Arcadia*, was euen that day to be iudged of, before the body were remoued to receiue his Princely funerals. After that past, she should haue such obedience, as by the lawes was due vnto her, desiring God she would shew her selfe better in publike gouernement, then she had done in priuate. She would haue spoken to the Gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing least thereby some commotion might arise, or at least a hinderance of executing his maisters murderers, which he longed after more then any thing, hasted her vp to the Lodge, where her sister was, and there with a chosen companie of Souldiers to garde the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* protesting they layd violent hands of her, and that they entred into rebellious attemptes against her. But high time it was for *Philanax* so to do: for alreadie was all the whole multitude falne into confused and daungerous diuisions.

There was a notable example, how great dissipations, Monarchall gouernement is subiect vnto. For now their Prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Publike matters had euer bene priuatelie gouerned, so that they had no liuely taste what was good for themselues. But euerie thing was either vehemently desirefull, or extreamely terrible. Neighbours inuasions, ciuill dissention, crueltie of the comming Prince, and whatsoeuer in common sence caries a dreadfull shew, was in all mens heads, but in few how to preuent: harkening on euery rumour, suspecting euerie thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making strange and impossible tales of the kings death, while they thought themselues in danger, wishing nothing

but ſafety, aſſoone as perſwaſion of ſafety tooke them, deſiring further benefites, as amendment of forepaſſed faultes (which faultes notwithſtanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of) all agreeing in the vniuerſall names of liking or miſliking, but of what in eſpeciall points, infinitely diſagreeing. Altogether like a falling ſteeple, the parts whereof, as windowes, ſtones, and pinnacles were well, but the whole maſſe ruinous. And this was the generall caſe of all, wherin notwithſtanding was an extreame medley of diuerſified thoughts; the great men looking to make themſelues ſtrong by factions, the Gentlemen ſome bending to them, ſome ſtãding vpon thẽſelues, ſome deſirous to ouerthrow thoſe few which they thought were ouer them, the ſouldiers deſirous of trouble, as the nurſe of ſpoyle, and not much vnlike to them, though in another way, were all the needie ſort, the rich fearfull, the wiſe carefull. This compoſition of conceites, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would haue bene more daungerous, but that it had ſo manie parts, that no body well knew againſt whom chiefly to oppoſe themſelues. For ſome there were that cried to haue the ſtate altered, and gouerned no more by a Prince; marie in the alteration, many would haue the *Lacedæmonian* gouernment of a few choſen Senatours; others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voyce held the chiefe authority. But theſe were rather the diſcourſing ſort of men, then the actiue, being a matter more in imagination then practiſe. But they that went neareſt to the preſent caſe, (as in a countrie that knew no gouernement without a Prince) were they that ſtroue whom they ſhould make. Whereof a great number there were that would haue the Princeſſe *Pamela* preſently to enioy it: ſome diſdaining that ſhe had as it were abandoned her owne countrie, enclining more to *Philoclea*: and there wanted not of them, which wiſhed *Gynecia* were deliuered, and made Regent till *Pamela* were worthily maried. But great multitudes there were, which hauing bene acquainted with the iuſt gouernment of *Philanax*, meant to eſtabliſh him as Lieutenant of the ſtate: and theſe were the moſt popular ſort, who iudged by the commodities they felt. But the principall men in honour and might, who had long before enuied his greatneſſe with *Baſilius*, did much more ſpurne againſt any ſuch preferment of him. For yet before their enuy had ſome kind of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatneſſe as a fault to the Princes iudgement, who ſhewed in *Dametas* he might eaſilie be deceiued in mens value. But now if the Princes choice, by ſo many mouthes ſhould be confirmed, what could they obiect to ſo rightly eſteemed an excellencie? They therefore were diſpoſed, ſooner to yeeld to any thing, then to his raiſing: and were content (for to croſſe *Philanax*) to ſtop thoſe actions, which otherwiſe they could not but thinke good. *Philanax* himſelfe, as much hindred by thoſe, that did immoderately honour him, (which brought both more enuie, and ſuſpition vpon him) as by them that did manifeſtly reſiſt him (but ſtanding onely vpon a conſtant deſire of iuſtice, and a cleare conſcience) went forward ſtoutly in the action of his maiſters reuenge, which he thought himſelfe particularly bound to. For the reſt, as the ordering of the gouernment, he accounted himſelfe but as one, wherein notwithſtanding he would employ all his loyall endeuour.

But among the Noblemen, he that moſt openly ſet himſelfe againſt him, was named *Timautus*, a man of midle age, but of extreame ambition, as one that had placed his vttermoſt good in greatneſſe, thinking ſmall difference by what meanes he came by it. Of commendable wit, if he had not made it a ſeruant to vnbrideled deſires. Cunning to creepe into mens fauours, which he prized onely as they were

were ſeruiceable vnto him. Hée had bene brought vp in ſome ſouldierie, which he knew how to ſet out with more then deſerued oſtentation. Seruile (though enuious) to his betters: and no leſſe tyrannically minded to them he had aduantage of. Counted reuengefull, but indeed meaſuring both reuenge and reward, as the partie might either helpe or hurt him. Rather ſhameleſſe then bold, and yet more bold in practiſes, then in perſonall aduentures. In ſumme, a man that could be as euill as he liſted, and liſted as much as any aduancement might thereby be gotten. As for vertue, he counted it but a ſchoole name. He euen at the firſt aſſembling together, finding the great ſtroke *Philanax* caried among the people, thought it his readieſt way of ambition, to ioyne with him: which though his pride did hardly brooke, yet the other vice carying with it a more apparant obiect, preuailed ouer the weaker, ſo that with thoſe liberall proteſtations of friēdſhip, which men that care not for their word are wont to beſtow, he offered vnto him the choiſe in mariage of either the ſiſters, ſo he would likewiſe help him to the other, and make ſuch a partition of the *Arcadian* eſtate. Wiſhing him, that ſince he loued his maiſter, becauſe he was his maiſter, which ſhewed the loue began in himſelfe, he ſhould rather now occaſion was preſented, ſeeke his owne good ſubſtantially, then affect the ſmoke of a glory, by ſhewing an vntimely fidelitie to him that could not reward it; and haue all the fruit he ſhould get in mens opinions, which would be as diuerſe, as many; few agreeing to yeeld him due praiſe of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he eſteemed good (to which he was neither caried by the vaine tickling of vncertaine fame, nor from which he would be tranſported by enioying any thing, wherto the ignorāt world giues the excellent name of goods) with great miſlike of his offer, he made him ſo peremptorie an anſwer, not without threatning, if he found him foſter any ſuch fancie, that *Timautus* went with an inward ſpite from him, whom before he had neuer loued; and meaſuring all mens marches by his owne pace, rather thought it ſome further fetch of *Philanax* (as that he would haue all to himſelfe alone) then was any way taken with the louely beautie of his vertue; whoſe image he had ſo quite defaced in his owne ſoule, that he had left himſelfe no eyes to behold it, but ſtaid waiting fit oportunitie to execute his deſires both for himſelfe and againſt *Philanax*, which by the bringing backe of *Pamela*, the people being deuided into manie motions (which both with murmuring noyſes, and putting themſelues in ſeuerall troupes, they well ſhewed) he thought apt time was laid before him, the waters being (as the prouerbe ſaith) troubled, and ſo the better for his fiſhing. Therefore going amongſt the chiefeſt Lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of conuocation of them, he inueighed againſt his proceedings, drawing euerie thing to the moſt malicious interpretation, that malice it ſelfe could inſtruct him to do. He ſaid, it was ſeaſon for them to looke to ſuch a weed, that elſe would ouergrow them all. It was not now time to conſult of the dead, but of the liuing: ſince ſuch a ſlie Wolfe was entred among them, that could make iuſtice the cloake of tyrannie, and loue of his late maiſter the deſtruction of his now being children. Do you not ſee (ſayd hee) how farre his corruption hath ſtretched, that hee hath ſuch a number of raſcalles voyces to declare him Lieuteuant, readie to make him Prince, but that he inſtructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? As for vs, becauſe we are too rich to be bought, he thinks vs the fitter to be killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? is ſhe become a ſtepmother to all the reſt, and hath giuen all her bleſſings to *Philanax*? Or if there be men amongſt vs, let vs ſhew wee

disdaine to be seruants to a seruant. Let vs make him know, we are farre worthier not to be slaues, then he to be a maister. Thinke you he hath made such haste in these matters, to giue them ouer to another mans hand? Thinke you, he durst become the Iaylor of his Princesse, but either meaning to be her maister, or her murtherer? And al this for the deare good wil (forsooth) he beares to the kings memorie, whose authoritie as he abused in his life, so he would now perseuer to abuse his name after his death. O notable affection, for the loue of the father to kill the wife, and disinherite the children! O single-minded modestie to aspire to no lesse then to the Princely Diademe! No, no, he hath vired all this while, but to come the sooner to his affected end. But let vs remember what we be, in qualitie his equals, in number farre before him; let vs deliuer the Queene and our naturall Princesses, and leaue them no longer vnder his authoritie; whose proceedings would rather shew that he himselfe had bene the mutherer of the King, then a fit Gardien of his posterity. These words pierced much into the minds, alreadie inclined that way; insomuch that most part of the Nobilitie confirmed *Timautus* speech, and were readie to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a constant, but reuerent behauiour, desired them they would not exercise priuate grudges in so common a necessitie. He acknowledged himselfe a man, and a faultie man, to the clearing or satisfying of which, hee would at all times submit himselfe, since his end was to bring all things to an vpright iudgement, it should euill fit him to flie the iudgement. But said he, my Lords, let not *Tymautus* rayling speech (who whatsoeuer he findes euill in his owne soule, can with ease lay it vpon another) make me loose your good fauour. Consider that all well doing stands so in the middle betwixt his two contrary euils, that it is a readie matter to cast a slaunderous shade vpon the most approued vertues. Who hath an euill tongue, can call seueritie, crueltie, and faithfull diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuse my selfe, nor to accuse him: for both those, hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of vs, whose purging or punishing may so much import to *Arcadia*. Now I request you, for your owne honours sake, and require you by the dutie you owe to this estate, that you do presently (according to the lawes) take in hand the chastisement of our maisters murtherers, and laying order for the gouernement: by whom soeuer it be done, so it be done, and iustly done, I am satisfied. My labour hath bene to frame things so, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heauens to witnesse, the care of my heart stands to repay that, wherin both I, and most of you were tyed to that Prince; with whom all my loue of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was speaking his last words, there came one running to him with open mouth, & fearful eyes, telling him, that there were a great nũber of the people, which were bent to take the yong men out of *Simpathus* hands, & as it should seeme by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaime them Princes. Nay, said *Philanax*, (speaking aloud, and looking with a iust anger vpon the other Noblemen) it is now season to heare *Timautus* idle slaunders, while strangers become our Lords, and *Basilius* murtherers sit in his throne. But whosoeuer is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by those that had euer loued him, & some of the Noblemen. Some other remayning with *Timautus*, who in the meane time was conspiring by strong hand to deliuer *Gynecia*, of whom the weakest guard was had. But *Philanax* where he went, found them all in an vprore, which thus was falne out. The greatest multitude of

people,

people, that were come to the death of *Basilius*, were the *Matineans*, as being the neareſt Citie to the lodges. Among theſe, the chiefe man both in authoritie and loue was *Kalander*, he that not long before had bene hoſt to the two Princes, whō though he knew not ſo much as by name, yet beſides the obligation he ſtood bound to them in, for preſeruing thé liues of his ſonne & nephew, their noble behauiour had bred ſuch loue in his heart towards them, as both with teares he parted from them, when they left him (vnder promiſe to returne) and did keepe their iewels and apparell as the relikes of two demy-gods. Among others, he had entred the priſon, and ſeene them, which forthwith ſo inueſted his ſoule, both with ſorow & deſire to helpe them (whom he tendred as his children) that calling his neighbors the *Mantineans* vnto him, he told them all the prayſes of thoſe two young men, ſwearing, he thought the Gods had prouided for them better, then they thēſelues could haue imagined. He willed them to cōſider, that when all was done, *Basilius* children muſt enioy the ſtate; who ſince they had choſen, and choſen ſo, as all the world could not mend their choiſe, why ſhould they reſiſt Gods doing, & their Princeſſes pleaſure? This was the only way to purchaſe quietneſſe without bloud, where otherwiſe they ſhould at one inſtant crowne *Pamela* with a Crowne of gold, & a diſhonored title: which whether euer ſhe wold forget, he thought it fit for thē to weigh: ſuch (ſaid he) heroicall greatneſſe ſhines in their eyes, ſuch an extraordinarie maieſty in all their actions, as ſurely either fortune by parētage, or nature in creation, hath made them Princes. And yet a ſtate alreadie we haue, we need but a man, who ſince he is preſented vnto you by the heauenly prouidence, embraced by your vndoubted Princeſſe, worthie for their youth, of compaſſion, for their beautie, of admiration, for their excellent vertue to be Monarkes of the world, ſhall we not be content with our owne bliſſe? ſhall we put out our eyes becauſe another man can not ſee? or rather like ſome men, when too much good happens vnto them, they thinke themſelues in a dreame, and haue not ſpirits to taſte their owne goods? No, no, my friends, beleeue me, I am ſo vnpartiall, that I know not their names, but ſo ouercome with their vertue, that I ſhall then thinke, the deſtinies haue ordained a perpetuall flouriſhing to *Arcadia*, when they ſhall allot ſuch a gouernour vnto it. This ſpoken by a man graue in yeares, great in authoritie, neare allyed to the Prince, & known honeſt, preuailed ſo with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voyce they ran to deliuer the two Princes. But *Philanax* came in time to withſtand thē, both ſides yet ſtanding in armes, & rather wanting a beginning, then minds to enter into a blouddie conflict. Which *Philanax* foreſeeing, thought beſt to remoue the priſoners ſecretlie, and if neede were, rather without forme of iuſtice to kill them, then againſt iuſtice (as he thought) to haue them vſurpe the ſtate. But there againe aroſe a new trouble. For *Sympathus* (the noble man that kept them) was ſo ſtricken in compaſſion with their excellent preſence, that as he wold not falſifie his promiſe to *Philanax*, to giue them libertie, ſo yet would he not yeeld them to himſelfe, fearing he would do them violence. Thus tumult vpon tumult ariſing, the Sun (I thinke) awearie to ſee their diſcordes, had already gone downe to his Weſterne lodging. But yet to know what the poore ſhepheards did, who were the firſt deſcryers of theſe matters, will not to ſome eares perchance be a tedious digreſſion.

*Here ends the fourth Booke or Act.*

## The fourth Eclogues.

THE ſhepherds finding no place for thē in theſe garboyles, to which their quiet hearts (whoſe higheſt ambition was in keeping thēſelues vp in goodneſſe) had at all no aptneſſe, retired themſelues from among the clamorous multitude: and as ſorow deſires companie, went vp together to the Weſterne ſide of a hill, whoſe proſpect extended it ſo far, as they might well diſcerne many of *Arcadias* beauties. And there looking vpon the ſunnes as then declining race, the poore men ſate penſiue of their preſent miſeries, as if they found a wearineſſe of their wofull words: till at laſt good old *Geron* (who as he had longeſt taſted the benefits of *Baſilius* gouernmēt ſo ſeemed to haue a ſpeciall feeling of the preſent loſſe) wiping his eyes and long white beard bedeawed with great drops of teares, began in this ſort to complaine.

Alas poore ſheepe (ſaid he) which hitherto haue enioyed your fruitfull paſture, in ſuch quietneſſe as your wooll amōgſt other things hath made this countrie famous, your beſt dayes are now paſt: now you muſt become the victuall of an armie, and perchaunce an armie of forraine enemies: you are now not onely to feare home-Wolues, but alien Lyons; now (I ſay) now that our right *Baſilius* is deceaſed. Alas, ſweet paſtures, ſhal ſouldiers that know not how to vſe you, poſſeſſe you? Shall they that can not ſpeake Arcadian language be Lords ouer your ſhepheards? For alas with good cauſe may we looke for any euill, ſince *Baſilius* our onely ſtrength is taken from vs. To that all the other ſhepheards preſent vttered pitifull voyces, eſpeciallie the verie borne Arcadians. For as for the other, though humanitie moued them to pitie humane caſes, eſpeciallie in a Prince, vnder whom they had found a refuge of their miſeries, and iuſtice equally adminiſtred: yet could they not ſo naturally feele the liuely touch of ſorow. Neuertheleſſe, of that number one *Agelaſtus* notably noted among them, aſwell for his skill in poetrie, as for an auſterely maintained ſorowfulneſſe, wherewith he ſeemed to deſpiſe the works of nature, framing an vniuerſall complaint in that vniuerſall miſchiefe, vttered it in this Seſtine:

*Since vvayling is a bud of cauſefull ſorow,*
*Since ſorow is the follower of euill fortune,*
*Since no euill fortune equals publike damage:*
*Now Princes loſſe hath made our damage publike;*
*Sorow pay we to thee the rights of Nature,*
*And inward griefe ſeale vp without ward wailing.*

*VVhy ſhould we ſpare our voice from endleſſe wailing,*
*VVho iuſtly make our harts the ſeate of ſorow?*
*In ſuch a caſe where it appeares that nature*
*Doth adde her force vnto the ſting of fortune:*
*Chooſing alas! this our threatre publike,*
*VVhere they would leaue trophees of cruell damage.*

*Then ſince ſuch pow'rs conſpir'd vnto our damage*
*(VVhich may be knowne, but neuer helpt with wayling)*
*Yet let vs leaue a monument in publike*
*Of willing teares, torne haires, and cries of ſorow.*

*For*

*For loſt, loſt is by blowe of cruell fortune*
*Arcadias gemme, the nobleſt childe of nature.*

*O nature doting old, O blinded nature,*
*How haſt thou torne thy ſelfe! ſought thine owne damage!*
*In graunting ſuch a ſcope to filthy fortune,*
*By thy impes loſſe to fill the world with wailing.*
*Caſt thy ſtepmother eyes vpon our ſorow,*
*Publique our loſſe: ſo, ſee, thy ſhame is publique.*

*O that we had, to make our woes more publique,*
*Seas in our eyes, & braſen tongues by nature,*
*A yelling voice, & hearts compoſ'd of ſorow,*
*Breath made of flames, wits knowing nought but damage,*
*Our ſports murdering our ſelues, our muſiques wailing,*
*Our ſtudies fixt vpon the falles of fortune.*

*No, no, our miſchiefe growes in this vile fortune,*
*That priuate paines can not breath out in publique*
*The furious inward griefs with hellish wailing:*
*But forced are to burthen feeble nature*
*VVith ſecret ſenſe of our eternall damage,*
*And ſorow feede, feeding our ſoules with ſorow.*

*Since ſorow then concludeth all our fortune*
*VVith all our deaths shew we this damage publique.*
*His nature feares to die who liues ſtill wailing.*

It ſeemed that this cõplaint of *Agelaſtus* had awaked the ſpirits of the *Arcadians*, aſtoniſhed before with exceedingneſſe of ſorow. For he had ſcarcely ended, when diuerſe of them offred to follow his example, in bewayling the general loſſe of that countrie which had bene aſwell a nurſe to ſtraungers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the reſt one accounted good in that kinde, and made the better by the true feeling of ſorowe, roared out a ſong of lamentation, which (as well as might be) was gathered vp in this forme:

*SInce that to death is gone the shepheard hie,*
*VVho moſt the ſilly shepheards pipe did pryſe,*
*Your doleſull tunes ſweet* Muſes *now applie.*

*And you ô trees (if any life there lies*
*In trees) now through your porous barkes receaue*
*The ſtrange reſound of theſe my cauſefull cries:*
*And let my breath vpon your braunches cleaue,*
*My breath diſtinguish'd into words of woe,*
*That ſo I may ſignes of my ſorrow leaue.*
*But if among your ſelues ſome one tree grow,*
*That apteſt is to figure miſerie,*
*Let it embaſſage beare your grieues to shew.*

*The weeping Mirrhe I thinke will not denie*
*Her help to this, this iuſteſt cauſe of plaint.*
*Your dolefull tunes ſweet* Muſes *now applie.*

*And thou poore Earth, whom fortune doth attaint,*
*In Natures name to ſuffer ſuch a harme,*
*As for to looſe thy gemme, and ſuch a Saincт,*
*Vpon thy face let coaly Rauens ſwarme:*
*Let all the Sea thy teares accounted be:*
*Thy bowels with all killing mettals arme.*
*Let gold now ruſt, let Diamonds waſt in thee:*
*Let pearls be wan with woe their damme doth beare:*
*Thy ſelfe henceforth the light doo neuer ſee.*
*And you, ô flowers, which ſometimes Princes were,*
*Till theſe ſtraunge altrings you did hap to trie,*
*Of Princes looſe your ſelues for tokens reare.*
Lilly *in mourning blacke thy whiteneſſe die:*
*O* Hyacinthe *let* Ai *be on thee ſtill.*
*Your dolefull tunes ſweet* Muſes *now applie.*

*O* Echo, *all theſe woods with roaring fill,*
*And do not onely marke the accents laſt,*
*But all, for all reach out my wailefull will:*
*One* Echo *to another* Echo *caſt*
*Sound of my griefes, and let it neuer end,*
*Till that it hath all woods and waters paſt,*
*Nay to the heau'ns your iuſt complaining ſend,*
*And ſtay the ſtarres inconſtant conſtant race,*
*Till that they do vnto our dolors bend:*
*And aske the reaſon of that ſpeciall grace,*
*That they, which haue no liues, ſhould liue ſo long,*
*And vertuous ſoules ſo ſoone ſhould looſe their place?*
*Aske, if in great men good men do ſo throng,*
*That he for want of elbow roome muſt die?*
*Or if that they be skant, if this be wrong?*
*Did VViſdome this our wretched time eſpie*
*In one true cheſt to rob all Vertues treaſure?*
*Your dolefull tunes ſweete* Muſes *now applie.*

*And if that any counſell you to meaſure*
*Your dolefull tunes, to them ſtill playning ſay,*
*To well felt griefe, plaint is the onely pleaſure.*
*O light of Sunne, which is entit'led day,*
*O well thou doeſt that thou no longer bideſt;*
*For mourning light her blacke weedes may diſplay*
*O* Phœbus *with good cauſe thy face thou hideſt,*
*Rather then haue thy all-beholding eye*
*Fowl'd with this ſight, while thou thy chariot guideſt.*

*And*

And well (me thinks) becomes this vaultie skie
A ſtately tombe to couer him deceaſed.
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now applie.

O Philomela with thy breſt oppreſſed
By shame and griefe, help, help me to lament
Such curſed harmes as cannot be redreſſed.
Or if thy mourning notes be fully ſpent,
Then giue a quiet eare vnto my plaining:
For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
You dimmy clowds, which well employ your ſtaining
This cheerefull aire with your obſcured cheere,
VVitneſſe your wofull teares with daily rayning.
And if, O Sunne, thou euer didſt appeare,
In shape, which by mans eye might be perceiued;
Vertue is dead, now ſet thy triumph here.
Now ſet thy triumph in this world, bereaued
Of what was good, where now no good doth lie:
And by thy pompe our loſſe will be conceiued.
O notes of mine your ſelues together tie:
VVith too much griefe me thinks you are diſſolued.
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now applie.

Time euer old, and yong is ſtill reuolued
VVithin it ſelfe, and neuer taſteth end:
But mankind is for aye to nought reſolued.
The filthy ſnake her aged coat can mend,
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish:
But vnto Man, age euer death doth ſend.
The verie trees with grafting we can cherish,
So that we can long time produce their time:
But man which helpeth them, helpleſſe muſt periſh.
Thus, thus the mindes, which ouer all do clime,
VVhen they by yeares experience get beſt graces,
Muſt finish then by deaths deteſted crime.
VVe laſt short while, and build long laſting places:
Ah let vs all againſt foule Nature crie:
VVe Natures workes do help, ſhe vs defaces.
For how can Nature vnto this reply?
That ſhe her child, I ſay, her beſt child killeth?
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now apply.

Alas, me thinks, my weakned voice but ſpilleth,
The vehement courſe of this iuſt lamentation:
Me thinks, my ſound no place with ſorrow filleth.
I know not I, but once in deteſtation
I haue my ſelfe, and all what life containeth,
Since Death on Vertues ſort hath made inuaſion.

*One word of woe another after traineth:*
*Ne do I care how rude be my inuention,*
*So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth.*
*O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,*
*Our bodies be in liuing power maintained,*
*VVas this mans death the fruit of your dissention?*
*O Phisicks power, which (some say) hath restrained*
*Approch of death, alas thou helpest meagerly,*
*VVhen once one is for* Atropos *distrained.*
*Great be Phisitions brags, but aid is beggerly,*
*VVhen rooted moisture failes, or groweth drie,*
*They leaue off all, and say, death comes too eagerly.*
*They are but words therefore that men do buy*
*Of any, since God* Æsculapius *ceased.*
*Your dolefull tunes sweete Muses now apply.*

*Iustice, iustice is now (alas) oppressed:*
*Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion:*
*Goodnesse for best attire in dust is dressed.*
*Shepheards bewaile your vttermost confusion;*
*And see by this picture to you presented,*
*Death is our home, life is but a delusion.*
*For see alas, who is from you absented?*
*Absented? nay I say for euer banished*
*From such as were to dye for him contented?*
*Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished*
*Shepheard of shepheards, whose well setled order*
*Priuate with wealth, publike with quiet garnished.*
*VVhile he did liue, farre, farre was all disorder;*
*Example more preuailing then direction,*
*Far was home strife, and far was foe from border.*
*His life a law, his looke a full correction:*
*As in his health we healthfull were preserued,*
*So in his sickenesse grow our sure infection.*
*His death our death. But ah; my Muse hath swarued,*
*From such deepe plaint as should such woes descrie,*
*VVhich he of vs for euer hath deserued.*
*The stile of heauie hart can neuer flie*
*So high, as should make such a paine notorious:*
*Cease Muse therefore: thy dart ô Death applie,*
*And farewell Prince, whom goodnesse hath made glorious.*

Many were readie to haue followed this course, but the day was so wasted, that onely this riming *Sestine* deliuered by one of great account among them, could obtaine fauour to be heard.

*FArewell O Sunne*, Arcadias *cleerest light:*
*Farewell O pearle, the poore mans plenteous treasure.*
*Farewell O golden staffe, the weake mans might:*
*Farewell O ioy, the ioyfulls onely pleasure.*

*VVisdome*

*VVisdome farewell, the skilleſſe mans direction:*
*Farewell with thee, farewell all our affection.*

*For what place now is left for our affection,*
*Now that of pureſt lampe is quench'd the light,*
*VVhich to our darkned mindes was beſt direction?*
*Now that the mine is loſt of all our treaſure?*
*Now death hath ſwallow'd vp our worldly pleaſure,*
*VVe Orphans made, void of all publique might?*

*Orphans in deede, depriu'd of fathers might:*
*For he our father was in all affection,*
*In our well-doing placing all his pleaſure,*
*Still ſtudying how to vs to be a light.*
*As well he was in peace a ſafeſt treaſure:*
*In warre his wit & word was our direction.*

*VVhence, whence alas, ſhall we ſeeke our direction?*
*VVhen that we feare our hatefull neighbors might,*
*VVho long haue gap't to get* Arcadians *treaſure.*
*Shall we now finde a guide of ſuch affection,*
*VVho for our ſakes will thinke all trauaile light,*
*And make his paine to keepe vs ſafe his pleaſure?*

*No, no, for euer gone is all our pleaſure;*
*For euer wandring from all good direction;*
*For euer blinded of our cleareſt light;*
*For euer lamed of our ſured might;*
*For euer banish'd from well plac'd affection;*
*For euer robd of all our royall treaſure.*

*Let teares for him therefore be all our treaſure,*
*And in our wailfull naming him our pleaſure:*
*Let hating of our ſelues be our affection,*
*And vnto death bend ſtill our thoughts direction:*
*Let vs againſt our ſelues employ our might,*
*And putting out our eyes ſeeke we our light.*

*Farewell our light, farewell our ſpoiled treaſure:*
*Farewell our might, farewell our daunted pleaſure:*
*Farewell direction: farewell all affection.*

The night began to caſt her darke Canopie ouer them, and they euen wearie with their woes bended homewards: hoping by ſleepe, forgetting them ſelues, to eaſe their preſent dolours: when they were met with a troupe of twentie horſe, the chiefe of which asking them for the King, and vnderſtanding the hard newes, thereupon ſtayed among them expecting the returne of a meſſenger whom with ſpeede he diſpached to *Philanax*.

The end of the fourth Booke.

# THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THE daungerous diuiſion of mens mindes, the ruinous renting of all eſtates, had nowe brought *Arcadia* to feele the pangs of vttermoſt perill (ſuch conuulſions neuer comming, but that the life of that gouernmēt drawes neere his neceſſarie period) when to the honeſt and wiſe *Philanax*, equally diſtracted betwixt deſire of his maiſters reuenge & care of the eſtates eſtabliſhment, there came (vnlooked for) a *Macedonian* Gentleman, who in ſhort, but pithy manner deliuered vnto him, that the renowmed *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, purpoſing to haue viſited his olde frend and confederate the King *Baſilius*, was now come within halfe a mile of the Lodges, where hauing vnderſtood by certaine Shepheards, the ſodain death of their Prince, had ſent vnto him, (of whoſe authoritie & faith he had good knowledge) deſiring him to aduertiſe him, in what ſecuritie he might reſt there for that night, where willingly he would (if ſafely he might) helpe to celebrate the funerals of his auncient companion & allie, adding he need not doubt, ſince he had brought but twenty in his company, he would be ſo vnwiſe as to enter into any forcible attempt with ſo ſmall force. *Philanax* hauing entertayned the Gentleman, aſwell as in the middeſt of ſo many tumults he could, pauſing awhile with himſelfe, conſidering how it ſhould not onely be vniuſt, and againſt the lawe of Nations, not well to receiue a Prince whom good will had brought among them, but (in reſpect of the greatneſſe of his might) very dangerous to giue him any cauſe of due offence; remembring withall the excellent trials of his equitie, which made him more famous then his victories, he thought he might be the fitteſt inſtrument to redreſſe the ruines they were in, ſince his goodneſſe put him without ſuſpition, and his greatneſſe beyond enuie. Yet weighing with him ſelfe how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monſtrous confuſion ſuch miſchiefe might be attempted, of which late repentaunce ſhould after be but a ſimple remedy: he iudged beſt firſt to knowe how the peoples mindes would ſway to this determination. Therefore deſiring the Gentleman to returne to the King his maiſter, and to beſeech him (though with his paynes) to ſtay for an houre or two, where he was, till he had ſet things in better order to receiue him: he himſelfe went firſt to the Noblemen, then to *Kalander* and the principall *Mantineans*, who were moſt oppoſite vnto him; deſiring them,

that

that as the night had moſt bleſſedly ſtayed them frō entring iuto ciuil bloud, ſo they would be contēt in the night to aſſemble the people together, to heare ſome newes, which he was to deliuer vnto them. There is nothing more deſirous of nouelties, then a man that feares his preſent fortune. Therefore they, whom mutuall diffidence made doubtfull of their vtter deſtruction, were quickly perſwaded to heare of any new matter, which might alter at leaſt, if not helpe the nature of their feare. Namely the chiefeſt men, who as they had moſt to loſe, ſo were moſt iealous of their owne caſe, and were already growne as weary to be followers of *Timautus* ambitiō, as before they were enuiers of *Philanax* worthineſſe. As for *Kalander* & *Sympathus*, as in the one a vertuous friendſhip had made him ſeeke to aduance, in the other a natural commiſeration had made him willing to protect the excellēt (though vnfortunate) priſoners, ſo were they not againſt this conuocation. For hauing nothing but iuſt deſires in them, they did not miſtruſt the iuſtifying of them. Onely *Timautus* laboured to haue withdrawne them from this aſſembly, ſaying, it was time to ſtop their eares from the ambitious charmes of *Philanax*. Let them firſt deliuer *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit perſons to heare, and then they might begin to ſpeake. That this was but *Philanax* comming, to linke broyle vpō broyle, becauſe he might auoyd the anſwering of his treſpaſſes, which as he had long intended, ſo had he prepared coloured ſpeeches to diſguiſe them. But as his wordes expreſſed rather a violence of rancour, then any iuſt ground of accuſation, ſo pierced they no further, thē to ſome partiall eares, the multitude yeelding good attētiō to what *Philanax* would propoſe vnto them: Who, like a man whoſe beſt building was a well-framed conſcience, neither with plauſible wordes, nor fawning countenance, but euen with the graue behauiour of a wiſe father, whom nothing but loue makes to chide, thus ſayd vnto them. I haue (ſayd he) a great matter to deliuer vnto you, and thereout am I to make a greater demaund of you: But truely ſuch hath this late proceeding bene of yours, that I know not what is not to be demaunded of you. Me thinkes I may haue reaſon to require of you, as men are wont among Pirates, that the life of him that neuer hurt you, may be ſafe. Me thinkes I am not without apparence of cauſe, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Cannibals*, to deſire that our Princes body, which hath thirtie yeares maintained vs in a flouriſhing peace, be not torne in peeces, or deuoured among you, but may be ſuffered to yeeld it ſelfe, which neuer was defiled with any of your blouds, to the naturall reſt of the earth. Me thinkes, not as to *Arcadians*, renowmed for your faith to Prince, and loue of countrey, but as to ſworne enemies of this ſweet ſoyle, I am to deſire you, that at leaſt, if you will haue ſtraungers to your Princes, yet you will not deliuer the ſeignorie of this goodly Kingdome to your noble Kings murtherers. Laſtly, I haue reaſon, as if I had to ſpeake to mad men, to deſire you to be good to your ſelues: For before God, what either barbarous violence, or vnnaturall follie, hath not this day had his ſeate in your mindes, and left his footſteps in your actions? But in troth I loue you too well, to ſtand long diſplaying your faults: I would you your ſelues did forget them, ſo you did not fall againe into them. For my part, I had much rather be an Orator of your prayſes. But now (if you will ſuffer attentiue iudgement, and not foreiudging paſſion, to be the waigher of my wordes) I will deliuer vnto you what a bleſſed meane the Gods haue ſent vnto you, if you liſt to embrace it. I thinke there is none amōg you ſo young, either in yeares, or vnderſtāding, but hath heard the true fame of that iuſt Prince *Euarchus* king of *Macedon*. A Prince with whom our late maiſter did euer hold moſt perfect alliance. He, euen he, is this day come, hauing but twentie horſe with him, within two myles of

this place, hoping to haue found the vertuous *Basilius* aliue, but now willing to do honour to his death. Surely, surely the heauenly powers haue in so full a time bestowed him on vs, to vnite our diuisions. For my part therefore I wish, that since among our selues we can not agree in so manifold partialities, we do put the ordering of all these things into his hands, aswell touching the obsequies of the King, the punishment of his death, as the mariage and crowning of our Princesse. He is both by experience and wisedome taught how to direct: his greatnesse such, as no man can disdaine to obey him: his equitie such, as no man neede to feare him. Lastly, as he hath all these qualities to helpe, so hath he (though he would) no force to hurt. If therefore you so thinke good, since our lawes beare that our Princes murther be chastised before his murthered body be buried, we may inuite him to sit to morow in the iudgement seate; which done, you may after proceede to the buriall. Whē *Philanax* first named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttring murmur among the people, as though in that euill ordered weaknes of theirs he had come to conquer their countrey. But when they vnderstood he had so small a retinue, whispring one with another, and looking who should begin to confirme *Philanax* proposition, at length *Sympathus* was the first that allowed it, then the rest of the Noblemen, neither did *Kalander* striue, hoping so excellent a Prince could not but deale graciously with two such young men, whose authoritie ioyned to *Philanax*, all the popular sort followed. *Timautus* still blinded with his owne ambitious hast (not remembring factions are no longer to be trusted, then the factious may be perswaded it is for their owne good) would needes striue against the streame, exclaiming against *Philanax*, that now he shewed who it was, that would betray his countrey to straungers. But well he found, that who is too busie in the foundation of an house, may pull the building about his eares. For the people alreadie tyred with their owne diuisions, (of which his clampring had bene a principall nurse) and beginning now to espye a hauen of rest, hated any thing that should hinder them from it: asked one another whether this were not he, whose euill toung no man could escape? whether it were not *Timautus* that made the first mutinous Oration, to strengthen the troubles? whether *Timautus*, without their consent, had not gone about to deliuer *Ginecia*? And thus inflaming one another against him, they threw him out of the assemblie, and after pursued him with stones and staues, so that with losse of one of his eyes, sore wounded and beaten, he was faine to flye to *Philanax* feete, for succour of his life: giuing a true lesson, that vice it selfe is forced to seeke the sanctuarie of vertue. For *Philanax* who hated his euill, but not his person, and knew that a iust punishment might by the maner be vniustly done; remembring withall, that although herein the peoples rage might haue hit rightly, yet if it were nourished in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend it selfe: with earnest dealing, and employing the vttermost of his authoritie, he did protect the trembling *Timautus*. And then hauing taken a generall oath, that they should in the nonage of the Princesse, or till these things were settled, yeeld full obedience to *Euarchus*, so farre as were not preiudiciall to the lawes, customes, and liberties of *Arcadia*: and hauing taken a particular bond of *Sympathus* (vnder whom he had a seruaunt of his owne) that the prisoners should be kept close, without conference with any man: he himself honorably accompanied with a great number of torches went to the king *Euarchus*, whose comming in this sort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The wofull Prince *Plangus* receiuing of *Basilius* no other succours but onely certaine

taine to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all possible speede towardes *Byzantium*, where he vnderstood the King, hauing concluded all his warres with the winning of that towne, had now for some good space made his abode. But being farre gone on his way, he receiued certaine intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not onely some dayes before returned into *Macedon*, but since was gone with some hast to visit that coast of his countrey that lay towards *Italy*. The occasion giuen by the *Latines*, who hauing alreadie gotten into their handes, partly by conquest, and partly by confederacie, the greatest part of *Italie*, and long gaped to deuoure *Greece* also (obseruing the present oportunitie of *Euarchus* absence, and *Basilius* solitarinesse, which two Princes they knew to be in effect the whole strength of *Greece*) were euen ready to lay an vniust gripe vpon it, which after they might beautifie with the noble name of conquest. Which purpose though they made not knowne by any solemne denouncing of warre, but contrariwise gaue many tokens of continuing still their former amitie: yet the staying of his subiectes shippes, trafficking as Marchants into those partes, together with the dayly preparation of shipping, and other warlike prouisions in Portes, most conuenient for the transporting of souldiers, occasioned *Euarchus* (not vnacquainted with such practises) first to suspect, then to discerne, lastly, to seeke to preuent the intended mischiefe. Yet thinking warre neuer to be accepted, vntill it be offered by the hand of necessitie, he determined so long openly to hold them his friends, as open hostilitie bewrayed them not his enemies; not ceasing in the meane time by letters and messages to moue the States of *Greece* by vniting their strength, to make timely prouision against this perill: by many reasons making them see, that, though in respect of place some of them might seeme further remoued from the first violence of the storme, yet being imbarked in the same ship, the finall wracke must needs be common to them all. And knowing the mighty force of example, with the weake effect of faire discourses not waited on with agreeable actions, what he perswaded them, himselfe performed, leauing in his owne realme nothing either vndone or vnprouided, which might be thought necessary for withstanding an inuasion. His first care was to put his people in a readinesse for warre, and by his experienced souldiers to traine the vnskilfull to martiall exercises. For the better effecting whereof, as also for meeting with other inconueniences in such doubtful times incident to the most setled states, making of the diuerse regions of his whole kingdome so many diuisions as he thought conuenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greatest, and of greatest trust he had about him: arming them with sufficient authoritie to leauie forces within their seuerall gouernements, both for resisting the inuading enemy, and punishing the disordered subiect. Hauing thus prepared the body, and assured the heart of his countrey against any mischiefe that might attaint it, he then tooke into his carefull consideration the externall partes, giuing order both for the repairing and increasing his nauy, and for the fortifying of such places, especially on the sea coast, as either commoditie of landing, weakenesse of the countrey, or any other respect of aduantage was likeliest to draw the enemy vnto. But being none of them who thinke all things done, for which they haue once giuen direction, he followed euery where his commandement with his presence, which witnesse of euery mans slackenesse or diligence, chastising the one, & encouraging the other, suffered not the fruite of any profitable counsell for want of timely taking to be lost. And thus making one place succeede another in the progresse of wisdome & vertue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principall port of his realme, when the poore *Plangus* extreamely wearied with his

long iourney (desire of succouring *Erona* no more relieuing, then feare of not succouring her in time aggrauating his trauell) by a lamentable narration of his childrens death, called home his cares from encountring forreine enemies, to suppresse the insurrection of inward passions. The matter so hainous, the maner so villanous, the losse of such persons, in so vnripe yeares, in a time so daungerous to the whole state of *Greece*, how vehemētly it moued to griefe and cōpassiō others, only not blind to the light of vertue, nor deafe to the voyce of their country, might perchance by a more cuuning workman in liuely colours be deliuered. But the face of *Euarchus* sorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection, a father, & iudging the world so much the more vnworthily depriued of those excellēcies, as himself was better iudge of so excellēt worthines, can no otherwise be shadowed out by the skilfullest pencell thē by couering it ouer with the vaile of silēce. And indeed that way himself tooke, with so patient a quietnes receiuing this pitifull relation, that all words of weakenes suppressed, magnanimitie seemed to triumph ouer misery. Only receiuing of *Plangus* perfit instruction of all things cōcerning *Plexirtus* & *Artaxia*, with promise not only to aide him in deliuering *Erona*, but also with vehemēt protestatiō, neuer to returne into *Macedon*, till he had pursued the murtherers to death: he dispatched with speed a ship for *Byzātium*, cōmāding the gouernour to prouide all necessaries for the war against his owne comming, which he purposed should be verie shortly. In this ship *Plangus* would needs go, impatient of stay, for that in many dayes before he had vnderstood nothing of his Ladies estate. Soone after whose departure, newes was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the ships detained in *Italie* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus* proceedings their intēt to be frustrate (as before by his sodaine returne they doubted it was discouered) deeming it no wisedome to shew the will, not hauing the abilitie to hurt, had not only in free & friendly maner dismissed them, but for the time wholly omitted their enterprise, attending the oportunitie of fitter occasion. By meanes wherof *Euarchus*, rid frō the cumber of that war (likely otherwise to haue stayed him longer) with so great a fleete as hast would suffer him to assemble, forthwith imbarqued for *Byzantium*. And now followed with fresh winds he had in short time run a long course, when on a night encountred with an extreame tempest, his ships were so scattered, that scarcely any two were left together. As for the Kings owne ship, depriued of all company, sore brused, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brooke the seas churlish entertainment, a litle before day it recouered the shore. The first light made thē see it was the vnhappy coast of *Laconia*: for no other country could haue shown the like euidēce of vnnaturall war. Which hauing long endured betweene the nobility and the *Helotes*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, vnder the name of *Daiphantus*, immediatly vpon his departure had broken out more violently then euer before. For the King taking the oportunitie of their Captaines absence, refused to performe the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were againe deepely entred into warre, with so notable an hatred towardes the very name of a King, that *Euarchus* (though a straunger vnto them) thought it not safe there to leaue his person, where neither his owne force could be a defence, nor the sacred name of Maiestie, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian* (one that comming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, desirous to see the warres) he demaunded of him for the next place of suretie, where he might make his stay, vntill he might heare somewhat of his fleete, or cause his ship to be repaired. The Gentleman glad to haue this occasion of doing seruice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Basilius* (to whom

he

he knew he ſhould bring a moſt welcome gueſt) told him, that if it pleaſed him to commit himſelfe to *Arcadia*, (a part whereof lay open to their vew) he would vndertake ere the next night were far ſpent to guide him ſafely to his maſter *Baſilius*. The preſent neceſſitie much preuailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certaine vertuous deſire to trie, whether by his authoritie he might withdraw *Baſilius* from burying himſelfe aliue, and to imploy the reſt of his old yeares in doing good, the onely happie action of mans life. For beſides the vniuerſall caſe of *Greece*, depriued by this meanes of a principall piller, he weighed and pitied the pitifull ſtate of the *Arcadian* people, who were in worſe caſe then if death had taken away their Prince. For ſo yet their neceſſitie would haue placed ſome one to the helme: now, a Prince being, and not doing like a Prince, keeping and not exerciſing the place, they were in ſo much more euill caſe, as they could not prouide for their euil. Theſe rightly wiſe & vertuous conſiderations eſpecially moued *Euarchus* to take his iourney towards the deſert, where arriuing within night, and vnderſtanding to his great griefe, the newes of the Princes death, he wayted for his ſafe conduct from *Philanax*: in the meane time taking his reſt vnder a tree, with no more affected pompes, then as a man that knew, howſoeuer he was exalted, the beginning and end of his body was earth. But *Philanax* as ſoone as he was in ſight of him, lighting from his horſe, preſented himſelfe vnto him in all thoſe humble behauiours, which not onely the great reuerẽce of the partie, but the conceit of ones owne miſerie, is wont to frame. *Euarchus* raſe vp vnto him with ſo gracious a countenaunce, as the goodneſſe of his minde had long exerciſed him vnto: carefull ſo much more to deſcend in all curteſies, as he ſaw him beare a low repreſentation of his afflicted ſtate. But to *Philanax*, aſſoone as by neare looking on him, he might perfectly behold him, the grauitie of his countenaunce, & yeares, not much vnlike to his late deceaſſed, but euer beloued maſter, brought his forme ſo liuely vnto his memorie, and reuiued ſo all the thoughts of his wonted ioyes within him, that in ſteede of ſpeaking to *Euarchus*, he ſtood a while like a man gone a farre iourney frõ himſelf, calling as it were with his minde an account of his loſſes: imagining that this paine needed not, if nature had not bin violently ſtopped of her owne courſe: & caſting more louing then wiſe conceits, what a world this would haue bin, if this ſudden accident had not interrupted it. And ſo far ſtrayed he into his rauing melancholie, that his eyes nimbler then his toung, let fall a floud of teares, his voyce being ſtopped with extremitie of ſobbing, ſo much had his friendſhip caried him to *Baſilius*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the occaſion of his owne weeping, he thus did ſpeake to *Euarchus*. Let not my teares moſt worthily renowmed Prince make my preſence vnpleaſant, or my ſpeech vnmarked of you. For the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe, takes away the blame of any weakeneſſe in me; and the affinitie that the ſame beareth to your greatneſſe, ſeemes euen lawfully to claime pitie in you: A Prince of a Princes fall, a louer of iuſtice, of a moſt vniuſt violéce. And giue me leaue excellẽt *Euarchus* to ſay, I am but the repreſenter of all the late floriſhing *Arcadia*, which now with mine eyes doth weepe, with my toung doth complaine, with my knees doth lay it ſelf at your feete, which neuer haue bin vnready to carie you to the vertuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine, moſt wiſe and good King, that here is before your eyes, the pitifull ſpectacle of a moſt dolorouſly ending tragedie: wherein I do but play the part of all the new miſerable prouince, which being ſpoiled of their guide, doth lye like a ſhip without a Pilot, tumbling vp and downe in the vncertaine waues, till it either runne it ſelfe vpon the rockes of ſelfe-diuiſion, or be ouerthrowne by the ſtormie winde of for-

reine force. *Arcadia* finding her ſelfe in theſe deſolate termes, doth ſpeake, and I ſpeake for her, to thee not vainly puiſſant Prince, that ſince now ſhe is not onely robbed of the naturall ſupport of her Lord, but ſo ſuddenly robbed, that ſhe hath not breathing time to ſtand for her ſafetie: ſo vnfortunately, that it doth apall their mindes, though they had leiſure: and ſo miſchieuouſly, that it doth exceede both the ſuddenneſſe and infortunateneſſe of it: thou wilt lend thine arme vnto her, and as a man, take compaſſion of mankind, as a vertuous man chaſtice moſt abhominable vice, and as a Prince protect a people, which all haue with one voyce called for thy goodneſſe: thinking, that as thou art onely able, ſo thou art fully able, to redreſſe their imminent ruines. They do therefore with as much confidence as neceſſitie, flie vnto you for ſuccour, they lay themſelues open to you: to you, I meane your ſelfe, ſuch as you haue euer bene: that is to ſay, one, that hath alwayes had his determinations bounded with equitie. They onely reſerue the right to *Baſilius* bloud; the maner to the auncient preſcribing of their lawes. For the reſt without exception, they yeeld ouer vnto you, as to the elected protectour of this kingdome, which name and office they beſeech you till you haue layd a ſufficient foundation of tranquilitie to take vpon you; the particularitie both of their ſtatutes and demaundes you ſhall preſently after vnderſtand. Now only I am to ſay vnto you, that this countrey falls to be a faire field, to prooue whether the goodlie tree of your vertue, will liue in all ſoiles. Here I ſay will be ſeene, whether either feare can make you ſhort, or the likerouſneſſe of dominion make you beyond iuſtice. And I can for concluſion ſay no more but this, you muſt thinke vpon my wordes and your anſwere, depend not only the quiet, but the liues of ſo many thouſands, which for their auncient confederacie, in this their extreame neceſſity, deſire neither the expence of your treaſure, nor hazard of your ſubiects, but onely the benefit of your wiſedome, whoſe both glory and encreaſe ſtandes in the exerciſing of it. The ſumme of this requeſt was vtterly vnlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his ſpeech, and after his ſpeech take the greater pauſe for a perfect reſolution. For as of the one ſide, he thought nature required nothing more of him then that he ſhould be a helpe to them of like creation, and had his heart no whit commaunded with feare, thinking his life well paſſed, hauing ſatisfied the tyrannie of time with the courſe of many yeares, the expectation of the world with more then expected honour, laſtly the tribute due to his owne minde with the dayly offering of moſt vertuous actions: ſo of the other he wayed the iuſt reproch that followed thoſe who eaſily enter into other folkes buſineſſe, with the opinion might be conceiued, loue of ſeignorie rather then of iuſtice, had made him embarke himſelfe thus, into a matter nothing pertaining to him, eſpecially in a time when earneſt occaſion of his owne buſineſſe ſo greatly required his preſence. But in the end wiſedome being an eſſentiall and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it ſelfe good, then what by euill mindes might be iudged not good. And therein did ſee, that though that people did not belong vnto him, yet doing good which is not incloſed within any termes of people did belõg vnto him, & if neceſſity forced him for ſome time to abide in *Arcadia*, the neceſſitie of *Arcadia* might iuſtly demaund ſome fruite of abiding. To this ſecret aſſurance of his owne worthineſſe (which although it be neuer ſo well cloathed in modeſtie, yet alwayes liues in the worthyeſt mindes) did much puſh him forward, ſaying vnto himſelfe, the treaſure of thoſe inward giftes he had, were beſtowed by the heauens vpon him, to be beneficiall and not idle. On which determination reſting and yet willing before he waded

ded any further, to examine well the depth of the others proffer; he thus with that well appeased gesture, vnpassionate nature bestoweth vpon mankind, made answere to *Philanax* most vrgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know, all men (and so Princes which be but men) to be subiect to infinite casualties, the very constitution of our liues remaining in continuall chaunge: yet the affaires of this countrey, or at least my meeting so iumply with them, makes me abashed with the straungenesse of it. With much paine I am come hither to see my long approued friend, and now I finde if I will see him, I must see him dead: after, for mine owne security, I seeke to be warranted mine owne life: and there suddenly am I appointed to be a iudge of other mens liues, though a friend to him, yet am I a straunger to the countrey, and now of a straunger you would suddenly make a director. I might obiect to your desire my weakenesse, which age perhaps hath wrought in minde and bodie: and iustly I may pretend the necessitie of mine owne affaires, which as I am by all true rules most nearely tyed, so can they not long beare the delay of my absence. But though I would and could dispence with these difficulties, what assurance can I haue of the peoples will? Which hauing so many circles of imaginations can hardly be inclosed in one point. Who knowes a people, that knowes not sudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if it be not answered, they fall in hate? Chusing and refusing, erecting, and ouerthrowing, according as the presentnesse of any fancie caries them. Euen this their hastie drawing to me, makes me thinke they wilbe as hastily withdrawen from me, for it is but one ground of inconstancie, soone to take or soone to leaue. It may be they haue heard of *Euarchus* more then cause: their own eyes wilbe perhaps more curious iudges, out of heare say they may haue builded many conceits, which I can not, perchaunce will not performe, then will vndeserued repentance be a greater shame and iniurie vnto me, then their vndeserued proffer is honour. And to conclude I must be fully informed, how the patient is minded, before I can promise to vndertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the moderne mindes, who make suters magistrates: but did euer thinke the vnwilling worthy man, was fitter then the vndeseruing desirer. Therefore the more *Euarchus* drew backe, the more hee found in him that the cunningest pilot doth most dread the rockes, the more earnestly he pursued his publique request vnto him. He desired him not to make any weake excuses of his weakenesse, since so many examples had well proued his minde was strong to ouerpasse the greatest troubles, and his bodie strong inough to obey his minde; and that so long as they were ioyned together, he knew *Euarchus* would thinke it no wearisome exercise, to make them vessels of vertuous actiõs. The dutie to his countrey, he acknowledged, which as he had so setled, as it was not to feare any sudden alteration, so since it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitfull as an idle absence. As for the doubt he conceiued of the peoples constancie in this their election, he sayd it was such a doubt as all humane actions are subiect vnto: yet as much as in politique matters, which receiue not Geometricall certainties, a man may assure himselfe there was euident likelyhood to be conceiued, of the continuance, both in their vnanimitie, and his worthinesse: whereof the one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, ioyned to the present necessitie, the firmest band of mortall mindes. In summe, he alledged so many reasons to *Euarchus* his minde, (alreadie inclined to enter into any vertuous action) that he yeelded to take vpon himselfe the iudgement of the present cause, so as he might finde in deede that such was the peoples desire out of iudgement and not faction. Therfore mounting on their horses, they hasted to the lodges, where they found, though late

in the night, the people wakefullie watching for the issue of *Philanax* Embassage. No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, and each deeming his owne eyes the best gardiens of his throate in that vnaccustomed tumult. But whē they saw *Philanax* returne, hauing on his right hand the king *Euarchus*, on whom they had now placed the greatest burthen of their feares, with ioyfull shoutes and applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know, that one mans sufficiencie is more auailable then ten thousands multitude. So euill ballanced be the extremities of popular mindes: and so much naturall imperiousnesse there restes in a well formed spirit. For as if *Euarchus* had bene borne of the Princelie bloud of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted proofe had ingrafted him in their country, so flocked they about this straunger, most of them alreadie, frō deiected feares, rising to ambitious considerations, who should catch the first hold of his fauour. And then from those crying welcomes to babling one with the other, some praysing *Philanax* for his succeeding paine, others liking *Euarchus* aspect, and as they iudged his age by his face, so iudging his wisedome by his age, *Euarchus* passed through them like a man that did neither disdaine a people not yet was anie thing tickled with their flatteries. But alwayes holding his owne, a man might reade a constant determination in his eyes. And in that sort dismounting among them, he forthwith demanded the cōuocation to be made, which accordinglie was done, with as much order and silence; as it might appeare, *Neptune* had not more force to appease the rebellious winde, then the admiration of an extraordinarie vertue hath, to temper a disordered multitude. He being raised vp vpon a place more high then the rest, where he might be best vnderstood, in this sort spake vnto them. I vnderstand said he, faithfull *Arcadians*, by my L. *Philanax*, that you haue with one consent, chosen me to be the iudge of the late euils hapned: orderer of the present disorders: and finallie protector of this countrie, till therein it be seene what the customes of *Arcadia* require. He could say no further, being stopped with a generall crie, that so it was; giuing him all the honorable titles, and happie wishes they could imagine. He beckned vnto them for silence, and then thus againe proceeded, well said he, how good choise you haue made, the attending must be in you, the proofe in me. But because it many times fals out, we are much deceiued in others, we being the first to deceiue our selues, I am to require you, not to haue an ouerhooting expectation of me, the most cruell aduersarie of all honourable doings. Nor promise your selues wonders out of a sudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to say, a creature, whose reason is often darkned with errour. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts voyde of foretaken opinions: else whatsoeuer I do or say, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them that haue the yellow laundise, euery thing seeming yellow vnto them. Thirdly, whatsoeuer debates haue risen among you, may be vtterly extinguished, knowing that euē among the best men are diuersities of opiniōs, which are no more in true reason to breed hatred, then one that loues black, should be angrie with him that is cloathed in white, for thoughts and conceits are the verie apparell of the minde. Lastly, that you do not easilie iudge of your iudge, but since you will haue me to commaund, thinke it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I wil promise and protest vnto you, that to the vttermost of my skill; both in the generall lawes of nature, especially of *Greece*, and particular of *Arcadia* (wherein I must confesse I am not vnacquainted) I will not onely see the passed euils duly punished, and your weale hereafter established; but for your defence in it, if neede shall require, I wil imploy the forces and treasures of mine owne countrey. In the meane

time,

time, this ſhalbe the firſt order I will take, that no man vnder paine of grieuous puniſhment, name me by any other name but Protectour of *Arcadia*. For I will not leaue any poſſible colour, to any of my naturall ſucceſſours, to make claime to this, which by free election you haue beſtowed vpon me. And ſo I vow vnto you, to depoſe my ſelfe of it aſſoone as the iudgement is paſſed, the King buried, and his lawfull ſucceſſour appointed. For the firſt whereof, I meane the trying which be guiltie of the Kings death, and theſe other haynous treſpaſſes, becauſe your cuſtomes require ſuch haſt I will no longer delay it, then till to morrow as ſoone as the Sunne ſhall giue vs fit oportunitie. You may therefore retire your ſelues to your reſt, that you may be readier to be preſent, at theſe ſo great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus* ſpeech heard, who now by *Philanax* (that tooke the principall care of doing all due ſeruices vnto him) was offered a lodging made readie for him, (the reſt of the people aſwell as the ſmall commoditie of that place would ſuffer, yeelding their weary heads to ſleepe) when loe the night throughly ſpent in theſe mixed matters, was for that time baniſhed the face of the earth, and *Euarchus* ſeeing the day begin to diſcloſe his cõfortable beauties, deſiring nothing more, then to ioyne ſpeed with iuſtice, willed *Philanax* preſently to make the iudgement place be put in order: & aſſoone as the people (who yet were not fully diſperſed) might be brought together, to bring forth the priſoners and the Kings bodie. Which the maner was, ſhould in ſuch caſes be held in ſight, though couered with blacke veluet, vntill they that were accuſed to be the murtherers were quitted or condemned, whether the reaſon of the law were to ſhew the more gratefull loue to their Prince, or by that ſpectacle, the more to remember the iudge of his dutie. *Philanax* who now thought in himſelfe, he approched by the iuſt reuenge he ſo much deſired, went with all care & diligence to performe his charge. But firſt it ſhalbe well to know, how the poore and Princely priſoners, paſſed this tedious night. There was neuer tyrant exerciſed his rage with more grieuous torments, vpon any he moſt hated, thẽ afflicted *Gynecia* did crucifie her owne ſoule, after the guiltineſſe of her heart was ſurcharged with the ſuddenneſſe of her husbãds death, for although that effect came not from her minde, yet her minde being euil, and the effect euill, ſhe thought the iuſtice of God had for the beginning of her paines coupled them together. This inceſſantly boyled in her breſt, but moſt of all, when *Philanax* hauing cloſely impriſoned her, ſhe was left more freely to ſuffer the firebrands of her owne thoughts, eſpecially when it grew darke, and had nothing left by her but a little lampe, whoſe ſmall light to a perplexed minde, might rather yeeld fearefull ſhadowes, then any aſſured ſight. Then began the heapes of her miſeries, to weygh down the platforme of her iudgement, then began deſpaire to lay his ougly clawes vpon her, ſhe began then, to feare the heauenly powers (ſhe was wont to reuerence) not like a child, but like an enemie, neither kept ſhe her ſelfe from blaſphemous repyning againſt her creation. O Gods would ſhe cry out, why did you make me to deſtruction? If you loue goodneſſe, why did you not giue me a good minde? Or if I cannot haue it without your gift, why do you plague me? Is it in me to reſiſt the mightineſſe of your power? Then would ſhe imagine ſhe ſaw ſtrange ſights, and that ſhe heard the cries of helliſh ghoſts, then would ſhe skritch out for ſuccour, but no man comming vnto her ſhe would faine haue killed her ſelf, but knew not how. At ſometimes againe, the very heauineſſe of her imaginations would cloſe vp her ſenſes to a little ſleepe: but then did her dreames become her tormentours. One time it would ſeeme vnto her, *Philanax* was haling her by the haire of the head, and hauing put out her eyes,

was ready to throw her into a burning fornace. Another time she would thinke she saw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the magistrates of that infernall region, contending in great debate, to what eternall punishment they should allother. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fall vpon *Zelmane*, to whom she would thinke she was crying for mercy, and that she did passe away by her in silence without any shew of pitying her mischiefe. Then waking out of a broken sleepe, and yet wishing she might euer haue slept, new formes, but of the same miseries, would seaze her minde, she feared death, and yet desired death, she had passed the vttermost of shame, & yet shame was one of her cruellest assaulters, she hated *Pyrocles* as the originall of her mortall ouerthrow: & yet the loue she had conceiued to him, had still a high authoritie of her passions. O *Zelmane*, would she say (not knowing how neare he himselfe was to as great daunger) now shalt thou glut thy eyes, with the dishonoured death of thy enemie! Enemie alas enemy, since so thou hast well shewed, thou wilt haue me account thee, couldest thou not aswell haue giuen me a determinate deniall, as to disguise thy first diguising, with a double dissembling? Perchaunce if I had bene vtterly hopelesse, the vertue was once in me, might haue called together his forces, and not haue bene led captiue to this monstrous thraldome of punished wickednesse. Then would her owne knowing of good inflame anew the rage of despaire: which becomming an vnresisted Lord in her breast, she had no other comfort but in death, which yet she had in horrour, when she thought of. But the wearisome detesting of her self, made her long for the dayes approch, at which time she determined to continue her former course, in acknowledging any thing which might haste her end: Wherein although she did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell agonies; yet according to the nature of paine, the present being most intollerable, she desired to change that, and put to aduenture the ensuing. And thus rested the restlesse *Gynecia*, no lesse sorrowfull, though lesse ragefull were the mindes of the Princesse *Pamela*, & the Lady *Philoclea*, whose onely aduantages were, that they had not consented to so much euill, and so were at greater peace with themselues: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually beare part of each others woes. For when *Philanax* not regarding *Pamelas* Princely protestations, had by force left her vnder gard with her sister, and that the two sisters were matched, aswell in the disgraces of fortune, as they had bene in the best beauties of nature: those things that till then, bashfulnesse and mistrust had made them hold reserued one from the other, now feare, the vnderminer of all determinations, and necessitie the victorious rebell of all lawes, forced them enterchangeably to lay open. Their passions then so swelling in them, as they would haue made Auditors of stones, rather then haue swallowed vp in silence, the choking aduentures were fallen vnto them. Truely the hardest hearts, which haue at any time thought womans teares to be a matter of sleight compassiō (imagining that faire weather will quickly after follow) would now haue bene mollified: and bene compelled to confesse, that the fairer a Diamond it, the more pitie it is it should receiue a blemish: Although no doubt, their faces did rather beautifie sorrow, then sorrow could darken that, which euen in darknesse did shine. But after they had so long, as their other afflictions would suffer them, with dolefull ceremonies bemoned their fathers death: they sate downe together apparrelled as their misaduentures had found them. *Pamela* in her iourneying weedes now conuerted to another vse: *Philoclea* onely in her night gowne, which she thought should be the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures, had after much

panting

panting (with their inward trauell) gotten ſo much breathing power, as to make a pitifull diſcourſe one to the other, what had befallen them, & that by the plaine cõparing the caſe they were in, they throughly foũd, that their grieues were not more like in regard of themſelues, then like in reſpect of the ſubiect (the two Princes (as *Pamela* had learned of *Muſidorus*) being ſo minded, as they would euer make both their fortunes one) it did more vnite, & ſo ſtrengthen their lamentation: ſeeing the one could not be miſerable, but that it muſt neceſſarily make the other miſerable alſo. That therefore was the firſt matter their ſweet mouthes deliuered, the declaring the paſſionate beginning, troubleſome proceeding, and daungerous ending, their neuer ending loues had paſſed. And when at any time they entred into the prayſes of the yong Princes, too long it would haue exerciſed their toungs, but that their memory forthwith warned them, the more prayſeworthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then againe to crying and wringing of hands; & then a new, as vnquiet griefe ſought each corner, to new diſcourſes, frõ diſcourſes to wiſhes, from wiſhes to prayers. Eſpecially the tender *Philoclea*, who as ſhe was in yeares younger, and had neuer lifted vp her minde to any opinion of ſoueraignetie, ſo was ſhe the apter to yeeld to her misfortune; hauing no ſtronger debates in her minde, then a man may ſay a moſt wittie childhood is wont to nouriſh: as to imagine with her ſelfe, why *Philanax* and the other noble men, ſhould deale ſo cruelly by her, that had neuer deſerued euill of any of them. And how they could finde in their hearts, to impriſon ſuch a perſonage, as ſhe did figure *Pyrocles*, whom ſhe thought all the world was boũd to loue, as well as ſhe did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a vertuous mildneſſe, yet the knowledge of her ſelfe, and what was due vnto her, made her heart full of a ſtronger diſdaine, againſt her aduerſitie.

So that ſhe ioyned the vexation for her friend, with the ſpite to ſee her ſelfe as ſhe thought rebelliouſly detained, and mixed deſirous thoughts to helpe, with reuengefull thoughts if ſhe could not helpe. And as in pangs of death, the ſtronger heart feeles the greater torment, becauſe it doth the more reſiſt to his oppreſſour; ſo her minde, the nobler it was ſet, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, ſo much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helpleſſe wounds it gaue vnto it ſelfe. But when great part of the night was paſſed ouer the dolefull Muſicke of theſe ſweete Ladyes complaints, and that leaſure though with ſome ſtrife, had brought *Pamela* to know, that an Eagle when ſhe is in a Cage, muſt not thinke to do like an Eagle, remembring with themſelues, that it was likely the next day, the Lords would proceede againſt thoſe they had impriſoned. They imployed the reſt of the night, in writing vnto them, with ſuch earneſtneſſe as the matter required, but in ſuch ſtiles as the ſtate of their thoughts was apt to faſhion. In the meane time, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, were recommended to ſo ſtrong a guard, as they might well ſee it was meant, they ſhould pay no leſſe price then their liues, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeede, (fortifying courage with the true Rampier of patience) did ſo endure, as they did rather appeare gouernours of neceſſitie, then ſeruaunts to fortune. The whole ſumme of their thoughts reſting vpon the ſafetie of their Ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein (if at all) their hearts did ſeeme to receiue ſome ſoftneſſe. For ſometimes *Muſidorus* would feele ſuch a motion to his friend, and his vnworthy caſe, that he would fall into ſuch kinde ſpeeches. My *Pyrocles* would he ſay, how vnhappy may I thinke *Theſſalia*, that hath bene as it were, the middle way to this euill eſtate of yours? For if you had not bene there brought vp, the Sea ſhould not haue had

this power, thus to seuer you from your deare father. I haue therefore, (if complaints do at any time become a mans heart) most cause to complaine, since my countrey, which receiued the honour of *Pyrocles* education, should be a step to his ouerthrow, if humane chaunces can be counted an ouerthrow to him, that standes vpon vertue. Oh excellent *Musidorus* answered *Pyrocles*, how do you teach me rather, to fall out with my selfe, and my fortune, since by you I haue receiued all good, you onely by me this affliction? to you and your vertuous mother, I in my tendrest yeares, and fathers greatest troubles, was sent for succour. There did I learne the sweete mysteries of Philosophie; there had I your liuely example, to confirme that which I learned; there lastly had I your friendship, which no vnhappinesse can euer make you say, but that hath made me happy. Now see how my destinie (the Gods know) not my will, hath rewarded you: my father sendes for you away out of your land, whence but for me you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my loue not yours, which first stayed you here; and therefore if the heauens euer held a iust proportion, it were I and not you, that should feele the smart. O blame not the heauens, sweete *Pyrocles* sayd *Musidorus*, as their course neuer alters, so is there nothing done by the vnreachable ruler of them, but hath an euerlasting reason for it. And to say the truth of these things, we should deale vngratefully with nature, if we should be forgetfull receiuers of her giftes, and diligent Auditors of the chaunces we like not. We haue liued, and haue liued to be good to our selues, and others: our soules which are put into the stirring earth of our bodies, haue atchieued the causes of their hither comming: They haue knowne, and honored with knowledge, the cause of their creation, and to many men (for in this time, place, and fortune, it is lawfull for vs to speake gloriously) it hath bene behouefull, that we should liue. Since then eternitie is not to be had in this coniunction, what is to be lost by the separation, but time? which since it hath his end, when that is once come, all what is past is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Do not me therefore that wrong, (who somthing in yeares, but much in all other desertes, am fitter to dye then you) as to say, you haue brought me to any euill: since the loue of you, doth ouerballance all bodily mischiefes, and those mischiefes be but mischiefes to the baser mindes, too much delighted with the kennell of this life. Neither will I any more yeeld to my passiō of lamenting you, which howsoeuer it might agree to my exceeding friendship, surely it would nothing to your exceeding vertue. Adde this to your noble speech my deare Cosin, sayd *Pyrocles*, that if we complaine of this our fortune, or seeme to our selues faultie, in hauing one hurt the other, we shewe a repentaunce of the loue we beare to these matchlesse creatures, or at least a doubt, it should be ouer dearely bought, which for my part (and so dare I answere for you) I call all the Gods to witnesse, I am so farre from, that no shame, no torment, no death, would make me forgo the least part of the inward honour, essentiall pleasure, and liuing life, I haue enioyed in the presence of the faultlesse *Philocles*. Take the preheminence in all things, but in true louing, answered *Musidorus*, for the confession of that no death shall get of me. Of that answered *Pyrocles* soberly smiling, I perceiue we shall haue a debate in the other world, if at least there remaine any thing of remembraunce in that place. I do not thinke the contrarie sayd *Musidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of bodie and sences (which are not onely the beginning, but dwelling and nourishing of passions, thoughts and imaginations) they fayling, memorie likewise failes, which riseth onely out of them: & then is there

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left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which voide of all morall vertues, which ſtand in the meane of perturbations, doth only liue in the contemplatiue vertue, and power of the omnipotent good, the ſoule of ſoules, and vniuerſall life of this great worke, & therefore is vtterly void, from the poſſibility of drawing to it ſelfe, theſe ſenſible conſiderations. Certainly anſwered *Pyrocles*, I eaſily yeeld, that we ſhall not know one another, and much leſſe theſe paſſed things, with a ſenſible or paſſionate knowledge. For the cauſe being taken away, the effects followe. Neither do I thinke, we ſhall haue ſuch a memory, as now we haue, which is but a relicke of the ſēſes, or rather a print the ſēſes haue left of things paſſed in our thoughts, but it ſhall be a vitall power of that very intelligence; which as while it was here, it held the chiefe ſeate of our life, and was as it were the laſt reſort, to which of all our knowledges, the higheſt appeale came, and ſo by that meanes was neuer ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliouſly reſiſted, alwayes with this priſon darkened: ſo, much more being free of that priſon, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but be a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both preſent and paſſed, though voide of imagining to it ſelfe any thing, but euen growne like to his Creator, hath all things, with a ſpirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for vs to conceiue, as it had for vs, when we were in our mothers wombes, to comprehend (if any body would haue tolde vs) what kind of light we now in this life ſee, what kind of knowledge we now haue, yet now we do not only feele our preſent being, but we conceiue what we were before we were borne, though remembrance make vs not do it, but knowledge, and though we are vtterly without any remorſe of any miſery we might then ſuffer. Euen ſuch and much more ods, ſhall there be at that ſecond deliuery of ours; when voide of ſenſible memory, or memoratiue paſſion, we ſhall not ſee the colours, but lifes of all things that haue bene or can be: and ſhall (as I hope) knowe our friendſhip, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendſhip, hauing both vnited it, and our ſelues, in that high and heauenly loue of the vnquencheable light.

As hee had ended his ſpeech, *Muſidorus* looking with a heauenly ioy vpon him, ſang this ſong vnto him, hee had made before loue turned his muſe to another ſubiect.

*Since natures workes be good, and death doth ſerue*
*As natures worke: why ſhould we feare to die?*
*Since feare is vaine, but when it may preſerue,*
*Why ſhould we feare, that which we cannot flie?*

*Feare is more paine, then is the paine it feares,*
*Diſarming humane minds, of natiue might:*
*While each conceite, an ougly figure beares,*
*Which were not euill, well vew'd in reaſons light.*

*Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with paſſions be,*
*And ſcarce diſcerne the dawne of comming day,*
*Let them be clearde, and now begin to ſee,*
*Our life is but a ſtep, in duſtie way.*
*Then let vs hold, the bliſſe of peacefull mind,*
*Since this we feele, great loſſe we cannot find.*

Thus did they like quiet Swannes, ſing their owne obſequies, and vertuouſly enable their minds againſt all extremities, which they did thinke would fall vpon them, eſpecially reſoluing, that the firſt care they would haue, ſhould be by taking the fault vpon themſelues, to cleare the two Ladies, of whoſe caſe (as of nothing elſe that had happened) they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoſte, the honeſt gentleman *Kalander*, ſeeking all meanes how to helpe them, had endeuored to ſpeake with them, and to make them know who ſhould be their iudge. But the curious ſeruant of *Philanax* forbad him the entry, vpon paine of death. For ſo it was agreed vpon, that no man ſhould haue any conference with them, for feare of new tumults. Inſomuch that *Kalander* was conſtrayned to retire himſelfe, hauing yet obtained thus much, that he would deliuer vnto the two Princes, their apparell and iewels, which being left with him at *Mantinea* (wiſely conſidering that their diſguiſed weedes, which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in the ſight of the iudges) he had that night ſent for, and now brought vnto them. They accepted their owne, with great thankfulneſſe, knowing from whence it came, and attired themſelues in it againſt the next day, which being indeed rich and Princely, they accordingly determined to maintaine the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gaue they themſelues to conſider, in what ſort they might defend their cauſes, for they thought it no leſſe vaine to wiſh death, then cowardly to feare it, till ſomething before morning, a ſmall ſlumber taking them, they were by and by after called vp to come to the aunſwere, of no leſſe then their liues imported. But in this ſort was the iudgement ordered. As ſoone as the morning had taken a full poſſeſſion of the Element, *Euarchus* called vnto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the middeſt of the greene (before the chiefe lodge) the throne of iudgement ſeate, in which *Baſilius* was wont to ſit, and according to their cuſtomes, was euer carried with the Prince. For *Euarchus* did wiſely conſider, the people to be naturally taken with exterior ſhewes, farre more then with inward conſideration of the materiall points. And therefore in this new entrie into ſo entangled a matter, hee would leaue nothing which might be either an armour or ornament vnto him, and in theſe pompous ceremonies he well knew a ſecret of gouernment much to conſiſt. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did ſet himſelfe all cloathed in blacke, with the principall men, who could in that ſuddenneſſe prouide themſelues of ſuch mourning rayments. The whole people commaunded to keepe an orderly ſilence of each ſide, which was duly obſerued of them, partly for the deſire they had to ſee a good concluſion of theſe matters, and partly ſtriken with admiration, aſwell at the graue and Princely preſence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatneſſe of the cauſe, which was then to come in queſtion. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would haue done him the honour to ſit by him, but hee excuſed himſelfe, deſiring to be the accuſer of the priſoners in his maiſters behalfe; and therefore ſince hee made himſelfe a partie, it was not conuenient for him to ſit in the iudiciall place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two young Ladies, ſhould be brought forth in open preſence, but that was ſtopped by *Philanax*, whoſe loue and faith, did diſcend from his maiſter to his children, and only deſired, the ſmart ſhould light vpon the others, whom hee thought guiltie of his death and diſhonour, alleaging for this, that neither wiſedome would, they ſhould bee brought in preſence of the people, which might hereupon grow to new vprores: nor iuſtice required, they ſhould be drawne to any ſhame, till ſome body accuſed them. And as for *Pamela*,

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he proteſted the lawes of *Arcadia*, would not allow any iudgement of her, although ſhe her ſelfe were to determine nothing till age or marriage enabled her. Then the Kings body being layd vpon a Table, iuſt before *Euarchus*, and all couered ouer with blacke, the priſoners, namely the Queene, and two young Princes, were ſent for to appeare in the Protectors name: which name was the cauſe they came not to knowledge, how neare a kinſemā was to iudge of them, but thought him to be ſome Nobleman, choſen by the Country, in this extremity. So extraordinary courſe, had the order of the heauens produced at this time, that both nephew and ſon, were not only priſoners, but vnknowne, to their vncle and father, who of many yeares had not ſeene thē. And *Pyrocles* was to pleade for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had ſaued the Kings life. But firſt was *Gynecia* led forth, in the ſame weeds that the day and night before ſhe had worne, ſauing that inſtead of *Zelmanes* garment in which ſhe was found, ſhe had caſt on a long cloak, which reached to the ground of ruſſed courſe cloath, with a poore felt hat, which almoſt couered all her face, moſt part of her goodly haire (on which her hands had layd many a ſpitefull hold) ſo lying vpon her ſhoulders, as a man might well ſee, had no artificiall careleſneſſe. Her eyes downe on the ground, of purpoſe not to looke on *Pyrocles* face, which ſhe did not ſo much ſhun, for the vnkindneſſe ſhe conceiued of her owne ouerthrow, as for the feare, thoſe motions in this ſhort time of her life, ſhould be reuiued, which ſhe had with the paſſage of infinit ſorowes mortified. Great was the compaſſion the people felt, to ſee their Princeſſe ſtate, and beauty, ſo deformed by fortune and her owne deſert, whom they had euer found a Lady moſt worthy of all honour. But by and by the ſight of the other two priſoners, drew moſt of the eyes to that ſpectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, cloathed after the Greeke maner, in a long coate of white veluet, reaching to the ſmall of his legge, with great buttons of Diamonds all along vpon it: His neck without any coller, not ſo much as hidde with a ruffe, did paſſe the whiteneſſe of his garments, which was not much in faſhiō vnlike to the crimſon rayment, our Knights of the order firſt put on. On his feet he had nothing but ſlippers, which after the auncient maner, were tied vp with certaine laces, which were faſtened vnder his knee, hauing wrapped about (with many prety knots) his naked legs. His faire auberne haire (which hee ware in great length, and gaue at that time a delightfull ſhew, with being ſturd vp & downe with the breath of a gentle wind) had nothing vpon it, but a white Ribbin, in thoſe dayes vſed for a Diademe. Which rolled once or twice about the vppermoſt part of his forehead, fell downe vpon his backe, cloaſed vp at each end with the richeſt pearle were to be ſeene in the world. After him followed another Nobleman, guiding the noble *Muſidorus*, who had vpon him a long cloake, after the faſhion of that which we call the Apoſtles mantle, made of purple Satten; not that purple which we now haue, and is but a counterfet of the *Getulian* purple (which yet was farre the meaner in price and eſtimation) but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was neareſt to a colour betwixt our murry and ſcarlet. On his head, which was blacke and curled, he ware a *Perſian Tiara*, all ſet downe with rowes of ſo rich Rubies, as they were inough to ſpeake for him, that they had to iudge of no meane perſonage.

In this ſort with erected countenances, did theſe vnfortunate Princes ſuffer themſelues to be ledde, ſhewing aright by the compariſon of them and *Gynecia*, how to diuers perſons, compaſſion is diuerſly to be ſtirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a

Lady knowne of great eſtate, and greatly eſteemed, the more miſerable repreſentation was made of her ſudden ruine, the more mens hearts were forced to bewaile ſuch an euident witneſſe of weake humanity: ſo to theſe men, not regarded becauſe vnknowne, but rather (beſides the deteſtation of their fact) hated as ſtrangers, the more they ſhould haue fallen downe in an abiect ſemblance, the more in ſteed of compaſſion they ſhould haue gotten contempt: but therefore, were to vſe (as I may terme it) the more violence of magnanimitie, and ſo to conquer the expectation of the lookers, with an extraordinarie vertue. And ſuch effect indeede it wrought in the whole aſſemblie, their eyes yet ſtanding as it were in ballance, to whether of them they ſhould moſt direct their ſight. *Muſidorus* was in ſtature ſo much higher then *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one yeares growth. His face now beginning to haue ſome tokens of a beard, was compoſed to a kinde of manlike beautie. His colour was of a well pleaſing browneneſſe, and the features of it ſuch, as they caried both delight and maieſtie: his countenaunce ſeuere, and promiſing a minde much giuen to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of ſuch a chearefull fauour, as might ſeeme either a womans face on a boy, or an excellent boyes face in a woman. His looke gentle and baſhfull, which bred the more admiration, hauing ſhewed ſuch notable proofes of courage. Laſtly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, *Muſidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more louely. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* ſaw himſelfe ſo farre forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voyce ſhould be heard, miſdoubting their intention to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, (of which he was more carefull then of his owne life,) euen as he went (though his leader ſought to interrupt him) he thus with a lowde voyce ſpake vnto them. And is it poſſible ô *Arcadians*, ſayd he, that you can forget the naturall dutie you owe to your Princeſſe *Pamela*? hath this ſoyle bene ſo little beholding to her noble Auncеſters? hath ſo long a time rooted no ſurer loue in your hearts to that line? Where is that faith to your Princes bloud, which hath not onely preſerued you from all daungers heretofore, but hath ſpread your fame to all the nations in the world? Where is that iuſtice the *Arcadians* were wont to flouriſh in, whoſe nature is to render to euery one his owne? Will you now keepe the right from your Prince, who is the onely giuer of iudgement, the key of iuſtice, and life of your lawes? Do you hope in a few yeares, to ſet vp ſuch another race, which nothing but length of time can eſtabliſh? Will you reward *Baſilius* children with vngratefulneſſe, the verie poyſon of manhood? Will you betray your long ſetled reputation, with the fowle name of traytours? Is this your mourning for your Kings death, to encreaſe his loſſe with his daughters miſerie? Imagine your Prince do looke out of the heauens vnto you, what do you thinke he could wiſh more at your handes then that you do well by his children? And what more honour I pray you can you do to his obſequies, then to ſatiſfie his ſoule with a louing memorie, as you do his body with an vnfelt ſolemnitie? What haue you done with the Princeſſe *Pamela*? *Pamela* the iuſt inheretrix of this Countrey, *Pamela* whom this earth may be happie, that it ſhall be hereafter ſayd, ſhe was borne in *Arcadia*, *Pamela* in her ſelfe your ornament, in her education your foſter child, and euery way your onely Princeſſe, what account can you render to your ſelues of her? Truly I do not thinke that you all know what is become of her: ſo ſoone may a Diamond be loſt? ſo ſoone may the fayreſt light in the world be put out? But looke, looke vnto it, ô *Arcadians*, be not ſo wilfully robbed of your greateſt treaſure, make not your ſelues miniſters to priuate ambitions, who do but vſe your ſelues to put on

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your owne yokes. Whatsoeuer you determine of vs (who I must confesse are but straungers) yet let not *Basilius* daughters be strangers vnto you. Lastly, howsoeuer you barre her from her publike soueraignte, (which if you do, little may we hope of equitie where rebellion raignes) yet deny not that childs right vnto her, that she may come and do the last duties to her fathers body. Deny not that happines (if in such a case there be any happinesse) to your late King, that his body may haue his last touch of his dearest child. With such like broken maner of questions and speeches, was *Musidorus* desirous as much as in passing by them he could, to moue the people to tender *Pamelas* fortune. But at length, by that they came to the iudgement place, both *Sympathus* and his guider had greatly satisfied him, with the assurance they gaue him, this assembly of people had neither meaning nor power, to do any hurt to the Princesse, whom they all acknowledged as their soueraigne Lady. But that the custome of *Arcadia* was such, till she had more yeares, the state of the countrey to be guided by a Protector, vnder whom, he and his fellow were to receiue their iudgement. That eased *Musidorus* hart of his most vehement care, when he found his beloued Ladie to be out of daunger. But *Pyrocles* assoone as the Queene of the one side, he and *Musidorus* of the other, were stayed before the face of their iudge, (hauing onely for their barre the Table on which the Kings bodie lay) being nothing lesse vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, then *Musidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this sort with a lowly behauiour, and onely then like a suppliant, he spake to the Protector. Pardon me most honoured Iudge, saith he, that vncommaunded I begin my speech vnto you, since both to you and me, these wordes of mine shall be most necessary. To you hauing the sacred exercise of iustice in your hand, nothing appertaines more properly, then truth nakedly and freely set downe. To me, being enuironed round about with many daungerous calamities, what can be more conuenient, then at least, to be at peace with my selfe, in hauing discharged my conscience, in a most behouefull veritie. Vnderstand therefore, and truly vnderstand, that the Lady *Philoclea* (to whose vnstained vertue it hath bene my vnspeakeable miserie, that my name should become a blot) if she be accused, is most vniustly accused of any dishonorable fact, which by my meanes she may be thought to haue yeelded vnto. Whatsoeuer hath bene done, hath bene my only attempt, which notwithstanding was neuer intended against her chastitie. But whatsoeuer hath bene informed, was my fault. And I attest the heauens, to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune, that so much as my comming into her chamber, was wholly vnwitting vnto her. This your wisedome may withall consider, if I would lye, I would lye for mine owne behoofe, I am not so olde, as to be wearie of my selfe; but the verie sting of my inward knowledge ioyned with the consideration I must needes haue, what an infinite losse it should be to all those who loue goodnesse in good folkes, if so pure a child of vertue should wrongfully be destroyed, compels me to vse my tongue against my selfe, and receiue the burden of what euill was, vpon mine owne doing. Looke therefore with pittifull eyes vppon so faire beames, and that misfortune which by me hath fallen vppon her, helpe to repayre it with your publike iudgement, since whosoeuer deales cruelly with such a creature, shewes himselfe a hater of mankind, and an enuier of the worlds blisse. And this petition I make, euen in the name of iustice, that before you proceed further against vs, I may know how you conceiue of her noble, though vnfortunate action, and what iudgement you will make of it. He had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people both of great and low estate, con-

firmed with an vnited murmure *Pyrocles* demaund, longing (for the loue generally was borne *Philoclea*) to know what they might hope of her. *Euarchus* though neither regarding a prisoners passionate prayer, nor bearing ouerplausible eares to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to winne their liking with things in themselues indifferent, he was content: first, to seeke as much as might be of *Philocleas* behauiour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, & but weakly gainsayd by *Philanax* (who had framed both his owne and *Dametas* euidence most for her fauour, and in truth could haue gone no further then coniecture,) yet finding by his wisedome, that she was not altogether faultlesse, he pronounced, she should all her life long, be kept prisoner among certaine women of religion like the *Vestall* Nunnes, so to repay the touched honour of her house, with well obseruing a strict profession of chastitie. Although this were a great preiudicating of *Pyrocles* case, yet was he exceedingly ioyous of it, being assured of his Ladies life; and in the depth of his mind not sorie, that what end soeuer he had, none should obtaine the after enioying that Iewell, whereon he had set his liues happines. After it was by publike sentence deliuered, what should be done with the sweete *Philoclea*, the lawes of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the Magistrates in the nonage of the Prince, could not afterwards be repealed) *Euarchus* still vsing to himselfe no other name but protector of *Arcadia*, commaunded those that had to say against the Queene *Gynecia* to proceed, because both her estate required she should be first heard, and also for that she was taken to be the principall, in the greatest matter they were to iudge of. *Philanax* incontinently stepped foorth, and shewing in his greedie eyes, that he did thirst for her bloud, began a well thought on discourse of her (in his iudgement) execrable wickednesse. But *Gynecia* standing vp before the iudge, casting abroad her armes, with her eyes hidde vnder the bredth of her vnseemely hat, laying open in all her gestures the despairefull affliction, to which all the might of her reason was conuerted, with such like words stopped *Philanax*, as he was entring into his inuective oration. Stay, stay *Philanax*, said she, do not defile thy honest mouth, with those dishonorable speeches thou art about to vtter, against a woman, now most wretched, lately thy Mistresse. Let either the remembrance how great she was, moue thy hart to some reuerence; or the seeing how low she is, stirre in thee some pitie. It may be truth doth make thee deale vntruly; and loue of iustice frames vniustice in thee, do not therefore (neither shalt thou needs tread vpon my desolate ruines. Thou shalt haue that thou seekest; and yet shalt not be oppressour of her, who cannot choose but loue thee, for thy singular faith to thy maister. I do not speake this to procure mercie, or to prolong my life, no no, I say vnto you I will not liue, but I am onely loth, my death should be engreeued with any wrong thou shouldest do vnto me. I haue bene too painefull a iudge ouer my selfe, to desire pardon in others iudgement. I haue bene too cruell an executioner of mine owne soule, to desire that execution of iustice should be staied for me. Alas, they that know how sorow can rent the spirits, they that know what fiery hels are cõtained in a self condemning mind, need not feare that feare can keepe such a one, from desiring to be separated from that, which nothing but death can separate. I therfore say to thee (ô iust Iudge) that I and only I, was the worker of *Basilius* death. They were these hands that gaue vnto him that poisonous potion, that hath brought death to him, and losse to *Arcadia*, it was I and none but I, that hastened his aged yeares, to an vnnaturall end, and that haue made all his people orphans of their royall father. I am the subiect that haue killed my Prince, I am

the wife that haue murdered my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an vndoer of this countrey, a shame of my children. What wouldst thou haue sayd more, oh *Philanax*? and all this I graunt, there resteth then nothing else to say, but that I desire you, you will appoint quickly some to rid me of my life, rather then these hands, which else are destenied vnto it, and that indeed it may be done with such speed as I may not long die in this life, which I haue in so great horrour: with that she crossed her armes, and sate downe vpon the ground, attending the Iudges answer. But a great while it was, before anie bodie could be heard speake, the whole people concurring in a lamentable crie, so much had *Gynecias* words and behauiour stirred their hearts to a dolefull compassion, neither in troath could most of them in their iudgements tell, whether they should be more sorie for her fault or her miserie: for the losse of her estate, or losse of her vertue. But most were most moued, with that which was vnder their eyes: the sense most subiect to pitie. But at length the reuerent awe they stood in of *Euarchus*, brought them to a silent wayting his determination, who hauing well considered the abhomination of the fact, attending more the manifest proofe of so horrible a trespasse; confessed by her selfe, and proued by others; then any thing relenting to those tragicall phrases of hers (apter to stirre a vulgar pitie, then his mind, which hated euil, in what colours so euer he found it) hauing considered a while with the principall men of the countrey, and demaunded their allowance, he definitinely gaue this sentence. That whereas both in priuate and publike respects, this woman had most hainously offended, (in priuate, because mariage being the most holy coniunction that fals to mankind, out of which all families, and so consequently all societies do proceede, which not onely by communitie of goods, but communitie of children, is to knit the minds in a most perfect vnion, which who so breakes, dissolues all humanitie, no man liuing free from the daunger of so neare a neighbour, she had not onely broken it, but broken it with death, and the most pretended death that might be: In publike respect, the Princes persons; being in all monarchall gouernements the very knot of the peoples welfare, and light of all their doings, to which they are not only in conscience, but in necessitie bound to be loyal, she had traiterously empoisoned him, neither regarding her countreys profite, her owne dutie, nor the rigor of the lawes.) That therefore, as well for the due satisfaction to eternal iustice, and accomplishment of the *Arcadian* statutes, as for the euerlasting example to all wiues and subiects, she should presently be conueyed to close prison, and there be kept with such food as might serue to sustaine her aliue, vntill the day of her husbands buriall, at which time, she should be buried quicke, in the same tombe with him: that so his murder might be a murder to her selfe, and she forced to keepe companie with the body from which she had made so detestable a seuerance; and lastly death might redresse their disioyned coniunction of marriage. His iudgement was receiued of the whole assembly, as not with disliking, so with great astonishmēt, the greatnesse of the matter and person as it were ouerpressing the might of their conceits. But when they did set it to the beame, with the monstrousnesse of her ongly misdeed, they could not but yeeld in their harts, there was no ouerballancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already setled her thoughts, not onely to looke but long for this euent, hauing in this time of her vexation, found a sweetnes in the rest she hoped by death, (with a countenance witnessing she had beforehand so passed through all the degrees of sorow, that she had no newe looke to figure forth any more) raise vp, and offered forth her faire hands to be bound or led

as they would, being indeed troubled with no part of this iudgement, but that her death was as she thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it conueyed her to the place she was in before, where the guard was releeued, and the number encreased to keepe her more sure for the time of her execution: None of them all that led her, though most of them were such, whose harts had bene long hardened with the often exercising such offices, being able to barre teares frō their eyes, and other manifest tokens of compassionate sorrow. So goodly a vertue is a resolute constancie, that euen in euill deseruers, it seemes that partie might haue bene notably well deseruing. Thus the excellent Lady *Gynecia*, hauing passed fiue and thirtie yeares of her age, euen to admiration of her beautifull mind and bodie, and hauing not in her owne knowledge, euer spotted her soule with any wilfull vice, but her immoderat loue of *Zelmane*, was brought, first by the violence of that ill answered passion, and then by the dispairing conceit she tooke of the iudgement of God in her husbands death and her owne fortune, purposely to ouerthrow her selfe, and confirme by a wrong confession, that abhominable shame, which with her wisedome, ioyned to the truth, perhaps she might haue resisted. Then did *Euarchus* aske *Philanax*, whether it were he that would charge the two yong prisoners, or that some other should do it, and he sit according to his estate, as an assistant in the iudgement. *Philanax* told him as before he had done, that he thought no man could lay manifest the naughtinesse of those two yong men, with so much either truth or zeale as himselfe, and therfore he desired he might do this last seruice to his faithfully beloued master, as to prosecute the traiterous causers of his death and dishonour; which being done, for his part he meant to giue vp all dealing in publike affaires, since that man was gone who had made him loue them. *Philanax* thus being readie to speake, the two Princes were commanded to tell their names, who answered according to their agreements, that they were *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*, and *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had said, they demanded to know by what authoritie they could iudge of them, since they were not onely forreiners and so not borne vnder their lawes, but absolute Princes, and therefore not to be touched by lawes. But aunswer was presently made them, that *Arcadia* lawes, were to haue their force vpon any were found in *Arcadia*: since straungers haue scope to know the customes of a countrey, before they put themselues in it: & when they once are entred, they must know, that what by many was made, must not for one be broken. And so much lesse for a straunger, as he is to looke for no priuiledge in that place, to which in time of neede, his seruice is not to be expected. As for their being Princes, whether they were so or no, the beleefe stood in their own words, which they had so diuersely falsified, as they did not deserue beleefe. But what so euer they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as priuate men, since they were neither by magistracy nor alliance to the princely bloud, to claime any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended, (which now by the plainesse and their defence was to be iudged) against the lawes of nations; by the lawes of nations they were to be chastised: if against the peculiar ordinances of the prouince, those peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The Princes stood awhile vpon that, demaunding leasure to giue perfect knowledge of their greatnes; but when they were answered, that in a case of a Princes death, the lawe of that countrey had euer bene, that immediate triall should be had: they were forced to yeeld; resolued that in those names, they would as much as they could, couer the shame of their royall parentage, and keepe as long as might be (if euill were determined

mined againſt them) the euill newes from their carefull kinsfolke, wherein the chiefe man they conſidered was *Euarchus*: whom the ſtraunge and ſecret working of iuſtice had brought to be the iudge ouer them, in ſuch a ſhadow, or rather pit of darkeneſſe, the wormiſh mankind liues, that neither they know how to foreſee, nor what to feare: and are but like tenisbals, toſſed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both ſides ready, it was determined, becauſe their caſes were ſeparated. Firſt *Philanax* ſhould be heard againſt *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Daiphantus*, and that heard, the others cauſe ſhould follow, and ſo receiue together ſuch iudgement, as they ſhould be found to haue deſerued. But *Philanax* that was euen ſhort breathed at the firſt, with the extreame vehemencie he had to ſpeake againſt them, ſtroking once or twiſe his forehead, and wiping his eyes, (which either wept, or he would at that time haue them ſeeme to weepe,) looking firſt vpon *Pyrocles*, as if he had proclaimed all hatefulneſſe againſt him, humbly turning to *Euarchus*, (who with quiet grauitie, ſhewed great attention) he thus began his oration. That which all men, who take vpon them to accuſe another, are wont to deſire (moſt worthy Protector) to haue many proofes of faultes in them they ſeeke to haue condemned: that is to me in this preſent action, my greateſt comber, and annoyance. For the number is ſo great, and the qualitie ſo monſtrous, of the enormities thi wretched young man hath committed, that neither I in my ſelfe, can tell where to begin (my thoughts being confuſed with the horrible multitude of them) neither do I thinke your vertuous eares will be able to endure the report: but will rather imagine, you heare ſome tragedy inuented of the extremitie of wickedneſſe, then a iuſt recitall of a wickednes indeed committed, for ſuch is the diſpoſitiō of the moſt ſincere iudgements, that as they can beleeue meane faults, and ſuch as mans nature may ſlide into, ſo when they paſſe to a certaine degree, nay when they paſſe all degrees of vnſpeakeable naughtineſſe, then finde they in themſelues a hardneſſe to giue credit, that humane creatures can ſo from all humanitie be transformed. But in my ſelf, the ſtrength of my faith to my dead maſter will helpe the weakeneſſe of my memorie; in you, your excellent loue of iuſtice will force you to vouchſafe attention: and as for the matter, it is ſo manifeſt, ſo pitifull euidences lye before your eyes of it, that I ſhall neede to be but a briefe recounter, and no rhetoricall enlarger of this moſt harmefull miſchiefe. I will therefore, in as few wordes, as ſo huge a treſpaſſe can be cōteined, deliuer vnto you the ſumme of this miſerable fact: leauing out a great nūber of particular tokens of his naughtines, and only touching the eſſentiall points of this dolefull caſe. This man, whom to begin withall I know not how to name, ſince being come into this countrey, vnaccompanied like a loſt pilgrime, from a mā grew a woman, from a woman a rauiſher of women, thence a priſoner, and now a Prince. But this *Zelmane*, this *Daiphātus*, this what you will, (for any ſhape or title he can take vpon him, that hath no reſtraint of ſhame) hauing vnderſtood the ſolitarie life my late maſter liued, and conſidering how open he had laid himſelfe to any traiterous attempt, for the firſt maske of his falſehood, diſguiſed himſelfe like a woman: which being the more ſimple & hurtleſſe ſexe, might eaſier hide his ſubtle harmefulneſſe. And preſenting himſelf to my maſter, the moſt curteous Prince that liued, was receiued of him with ſo great graciouſneſſe, as might haue bound not only any gratefull minde, but might haue mollified any enemies rancour. But this venimous ſerpent, admitted thus into his boſome, as contagion will eaſily finde a fit body for it, ſo had he quickly fallē into ſo neare acquaintance with this naughty womā, whō euē now you haue moſt iuſtly condēned, that this was her right hand, ſhe ſaw with

no eyes but his, nor seemed to haue any life but in him, so glad she was to find one more cunning then her selfe, in couering wickednesse with a modest vaile. What is to be thought passed betwixt two such vertuous creatures, whereof the one hath confessed murder, and the other rape, I leaue to your wise consideration. For my hart hastes to the miserable point of *Basilius* murder, for the executing of which with more facilitie, this yong nimph of *Dianas* bringing vp, fained certaine rites she had to performe, so furious an impiety had caried him from all remembrance of goodnes, that he did not only not feare the Gods, as the beholders and punishers of so vngodly a villany, but did blasphemously vse their sacred holy name, as a minister vnto it. And forsooth a Caue hereby was chosen, for the temple of his deuotions, a Caue of such darkenesse, as did prognosticate, he meant to please the infernall powers, for there this accursed caytife, vpon the altar of falshood, sacrificed the life of the vertuous *Basilius*. By what meanes he trayned him thither, alas I know not, for if I might haue knowne it, either my life had accompanied my maister, or this fellowes death had preserued him. But this may suffice, that in the mouth of this Caue, where this traytor had his lodging and chappell, when already maister sheepeheard his companion, had conueyed away the vndoubted enheritrix of this cuntry, was *Gynecia*. found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empoysoned, apparelled in the garments of the young Lady, and ready no question to haue fled to some place, according to their consort, but that she was by certaine honest shepheards arrested: while in the meane time, because there should be left no reuenger of this bloudy mischiefe, this noble *Amazon*, was violently gottē into the chāber of the Lady *Philoclea*, whereby the mingling (as much as in him lay) of her shame with his misdeede, he might enforce her to be the accessary to her fathers death, & vnder the countenance of her and her sister (against whom they knew we would not rebell) seaze as it were with one gripe into their treacherous hands, the regiment of the mightie prouince. But the almighty eye preuented him of the end of his mischiefe, by vsing a villaine *Dametas* hand, to inclose him in there, where with as much fortification as in a house could be made, he thought himselfe in most securitie. Thus see you most iust iudge, a short & simple story of the infamous misery, falne vpon this country. Indeed infamous, since by an effeminate man, we should suffer a greater ouerthrow, then our mightiest enemies haue bin euer able to lay vpon vs. And that all this, which I haue sayd is most manifest, aswell of the murdering of *Basilius*, as the rauishing of *Philoclea* (for those two parts I establish of my accusation) who is of so incredulous a mind, or rather who will so stoppe his eyes from seeing a thing clearer then the light, as not to hold for assured so palpable a matter. For to begin with his most cruell misdeed, is it to be imagined, that *Gynecia* (a woman though wicked, yet witty) wold haue attempted and atchieued an enterprise, no lesse hazardous then horrible, without hauing some counsellor in the beginning, and some comforter in the performing? Had she, who shewed her thoughts were so ouerruled with some strange desire, as in despite of God, nature and womanhood, to execute that in deedes, which in words we cannot heare without trembling? had she I say no practise to leade her vnto it? Or had she a practise without conspiracy? Or could she conspire without some body to conspire with? And if one were; who so likely as this, to whom she communicated I am sure her mind, the world thinkes her bodie? Neither let her words taking the whole fault vpon her selfe, bee herein any thing availeable. For to those persons who haue vomited out of their soules all remnants of goodnesse, there restes a certaine pride in euill, and hauing else no

shadow

ſhadow of glorie left them, they glorie to be conſtant in iniquitie, and that God knowes muſt be held out to the laſt gaſpe, without reuealing their accomplices. As thinking great courage is declared, in being neither affeard of the heauens, nor aſhamed of the world. But let *Gynecias* action die with her ſelfe, what can all the earth aunſwere for his comming hither? Why alone, if he be a Prince? How ſo richly Iewelled if he be not a Prince? Why then a woman if now a man? Why now *Daiphantus*, if then *Zelmane*? Was all this play for nothing, or if it had an ende, what ende but the ende of my deare maiſter? Shall we doubt ſo many ſecrete conferences with *Gynecia*, ſuch fained fauour to the ouer-ſoone beguiled *Baſilius*, a Caue made a lodging, and the ſame lodging made a temple of his religion, laſtly ſuch changes and trauerſes, as a quiet Poet could ſcarſe fill a poeme withall, were directed to any leſſe ſcope, then to this monſtrous murder? O ſnakie ambition, which can wind thy ſelfe in ſo many figures, to ſlide thither thou deſireſt to come! O corrupted reaſon of mankind, that can yeeld to deforme thy ſelfe with ſo filthie deſires! And ô hopeleſſe be thoſe minds, whom ſo vnnaturall deſires do not, with their owne ouglineſſe ſufficiently terrifie! But yet euen of fauour let vs graunt him thus much more, as to fancie that in theſe foretold things, fortune might be a great Actor, perchance to an euill end, yet to a leſſe euill ende all theſe entangled deuiſes were entended. But I beſeech your Ladiſhippe, my Lady *Daiphantus* tell me, what excuſe can you find for the chaunging your lodging with the Queene, that very inſtant ſhee was to finiſh her execrable practiſe? How can you cloake the lending of our cloake vnto her, was all that by chance too? Had the ſtarres ſent ſuch an influence vnto you, as you ſhould bee iuſt wearie of your lodging and garments, when your Prince was deſtenied to the ſlaughter? What ſay you to this, ô ſhamefull and ſhameleſſe creature? fit indeede to bee the diſhonour of both ſexes. But alas, I ſpend too many words in ſo manifeſt and ſo miſerable a matter. They muſt be foure wild horſes (which according to our lawes are the executioners of men which murder our Prince) which muſt decide this queſtion with you. Yet ſee ſo farre had my zeale to my beloued Prince tranſported me, that I had almoſt forgotten my ſecond part, and his ſecond abhomination, I meane his violence offred to the Lady *Philoclea*: wherewith as if it had well become his womanhood, he came brauing to the iudgement ſeat, indeed our lawes appoint not ſo cruell a death (although death too) for this fact as for the other. But whoſoeuer well wayes it, ſhall find it ſprong out of the ſame fountaine of miſchieuous naughtineſſe, the killing of the father, diſhonouring the mother, and rauiſhing the child. Alas could not ſo many benifits receiued of my Prince, the iuſtice of nature, the right of hoſpitalitie, be a bridle to thy luſt, if not to thy cruelty? Or if thou hadſt as ſurely thou haſt) a heart recompenſing goodneſſe with hatred, could not his death, which is the laſt of reuenges, ſatisfie thy malice, but thou muſt heape vpon it the ſhame of his daughter? Were thy eyes ſo ſtonie, thy breaſt ſo tygriſh, as the ſweete and beautifull ſhewes of *Philocleas* vertue, did not aſtoniſh thee? O wofull *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind curtiſan, ſhall euer be remembred as a procurer of thy greateſt loſſe! But too farre I find my paſſion, yet honeſt paſſion hath guided mee; the caſe is euery way too too much vnanſwerable. It reſteth in you ô excellent protector to pronounce iudgement, which if there bee hope that ſuch a young man may proue profitable to the world, who in the firſt exerciſe of his owne determination, farre paſſed the arranteſt ſtrumpet in luxurioufneſſe, the cunningeſt forger in falſehood, a player in diſguiſing, a Tyger in crueltie,

a Dragon in ingratefulnes; let him be preſerued like a iewell, to do greater miſchiefe. If his youth be not more defiled with trecherie, then the eldeſt mans age, let I ſay his youth, be ſome cauſe of compaſſion. It he haue not euery way ſought the ouerthrow of hum aine ſociety, if he haue done any thing like a Prince, let his naming himſelfe a Prince, breede a reuerence of his baſe wickedneſſe. If he haue not broken all lawes of hoſpitalitie, and broken them in the moſt deteſtable degree that can be, let his being a gueſt, be a ſacred protection of his more then ſauage doings: or if his whoriſh beauty, haue not bene as the hie way of his wickedneſſe, let the picture drawne vpon ſo poyſonous a wood, be reſerued to ſhew how greatly colours can pleaſe vs. But if it is as it is, what ſhould I ſay more, a very ſpirit of helliſh naughtineſſe, if his act be to be puniſhed, and his defiled perſon not to be pitied, then reſtore vnto vs our Prince, by duly puniſhing his murderers, for then we ſhall thinke him and his name to liue, when we ſhall ſee his killers to die. Reſtore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her diſhonour, and thinke that at this day, in this matter are the eyes of the world vpon you, whether any thing can ſway your mind from a true adminiſtration of iuſtice. Alas though I haue much more to ſay, I can ſay no more, for my teares and ſighes interrupt my ſpeech, and force me to giue my ſelfe ouer to my priuate ſorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had vttered the vttermoſt of his malice, he made ſorrow the cauſe of his concluſion. But while *Philanax* was in the courſe of his ſpeech, and did with ſuch bitter reproches defame the Princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to be ſeene, his heart was vnuſed to beare ſuch iniuries, and his thoughts ſuch, as could arme themſelues better againſt any thing then ſhame. For ſometimes bluſhing, his bloud with diuerſe motions comming and going, ſometimes cloaſing his eyes, and laying his hand ouer them, ſometimes giuing ſuch a looke to *Philanax*, as might ſhew he aſſured himſelfe, he durſt not ſo haue ſpoken if they had bene in indifferent place: with ſome impatiencie he bare the length of his Oration: which being ended, with as much modeſt humbleneſſe to the Iudge, as deſpitefull ſcorne to the accuſer, with words to this purpoſe, he defended his honour.

My accuſers tale, may well beare witneſſe with me, moſt rightfull Iudge, in how hard a caſe, and inuironed with how many troubles, I may eſteeme my ſelfe. For if he, who ſhewes his tongue is not vnacquainted with rayling, was in an agony in the beginning of his ſpeech, with the multitude of matters he had to lay vnto me, wherein notwithſtanding the moſt euill could fall vnto him, was, that he ſhould not do ſo much euill as he would; how combred do you thinke may I acknowledge my ſelfe, who in things no leſſe importing then my life, muſt be mine owne aduocate, without leaſure to anſwer, or foreknowledge what ſhould be obiected? In things I ſay promoted with ſo cunning confuſion, as hauing mingled truths with falſehoods, ſurmiſes with certainties, cauſes of no moment with matters capitall, ſcolding with complayning, I can abſolute neither graunt nor denie, neither can I tell, whether I come hither to be iudged, or before iudgement to be puniſhed, being compelled to beare ſuch vnworthy words, farre more grieuous then any death vnto me. But ſince the forme of this gouernment, allowes ſuch tongue liberty vnto him, I will picke aſwell as I can out of his inuectiue thoſe few points, which may ſeeme of ſome purpoſe in the touching of me, hoping that by your eaſie hearing of me, you will ſhew, that though you hate euill, yet you wiſh men may proue themſelues not euill; ſo in that he hath ſayd, you will not way ſo much what he hath ſayd, as what he hath proued, remembring, that truth is ſimple and naked, and that if he had

had guided himselfe vnder that banner, he needed not out of the way haue sought so vilde and false disgracings of mee, enough to make the vntrueſt accusation beleeued. I wil therefore, vsing truth as my beſt eloquence, repeate vnto you as much as I know in this matter, and then by the only cleereneſſe of the diſcourſe, your wiſedome I know will find, the difference betwixt cauilling ſuppoſition, and direct declaration. This Prince *Paladius* and I being enflamed with loue, (a paſſion farre more eaſily reprehended then refrained) to the two peereleſſe daughters of *Baſilius*, and vnderſtanding, how he had ſecluded himſelfe from the world, that like Princes, there was no acceſſe vnto him, we diſguiſed our ſelues, in ſuch forms, as might ſooneſt bring vs to the reuealing of our affections. The Prince *Palladius*, had ſuch euent of his doings, that with *Pamelas* conſent he was to conuey her out of the thraldome ſhe liued in, to receiue the ſubiection of a greater people then her owne, vntill her fathers conſent might be obtayned. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more loue to the chaſte *Philoclea*, then *Baſilius* deceiued in my ſexe, ſhewed to me, inſomuch that by his importunacy, I could haue no time to obtayne the like fauour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policie I found, taking vnder colour of ſome deuotions, my lodging, to drawe *Baſilius* thither, with hope to enioy me, which likewiſe I reuealed to the Queene, that ſhe might keepe my place, and ſo make her husband ſee his error. While I in the meane time, being deliuered of them both, & hauing lockt ſo the dores as I hoped if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condiſcend to go with me, there ſhould be none to hinder our going. I was made priſoner there, I know not by what meanes, when being repelled by her diuine vertue, I would faineſt haue eſcaped. Here haue you the thread to guide you in the Labyrinth, this man of his toung, had made ſo monſtrous. Here ſee you the true diſcourſe, which he mountebanke faſhion doth make ſo wide a mouth ouer. Here may you conceiue the reaſon, why the Queene had my garment, becauſe in her going to the caue, in the Moone-ſhine night, ſhe might be taken for me, which he vſeth as the knot of all his wiſe aſſertions: ſo that as this double minded fellowes accuſation was double, double likewiſe my anſwer muſt perforce be, to the murther of *Baſilius*, & violence offred to the inuiolate *Philoclea*. For the firſt, O heauenly gods, who would haue thought any mouth could haue bene found ſo mercenarie, as to haue opened ſo ſleight proofes of ſo horible matters? his firſt argument is a queſtion who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accompliſh ſuch an Acte, without ſome acceſſaryes? and if any, who but I? Truely I am ſo farre from imagining any thing, that till I ſawe theſe mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecias* confeſſion, I neuer imagined the King was deade. And for my part ſo vehemently, and more like the manner of paſſionate, then guiltie folks, I ſee the Queene perſecute her ſelfe, that I thinke condemnation may goe too haſtily ouer her, conſidering the vnlikelyhood, if not impoſſibilitie, her wiſedome, and vertue ſo long nouriſhed, ſhould in one moment throw downe it ſelfe to the vttermoſt end of wickedneſſe. But whatſoeuer ſhe hath done (which as I ſay, I neuer beleeued) yet how vniuſtly ſhould that aggrauate my fault. She found abroad, I within dores, (for as for the wearing my garment I haue tolde you the cauſe) ſhe ſeeking as you ſay to eſcape, I locking my ſelfe in a houſe: without perchaunce the conſpiracie of one poore ſtraunger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the Lodge (as the trimme man alleaged) might make me hope to reſiſt all *Arcadia*. And ſee how trecherouſly he ſeekes to draw from me, my chiefeſt clearing, by preuenting the credit of her words, wherewith

ſhe had wholie taken the fault vpon her ſelfe. An honeſt and vnpartiall examiner, her words may condemne her, but may not abſolue me. Thus voide of all probable allegation, the crauen crowes vpon my affliction, not leauing out any euill, that euer he hath felt in his owne ſoule, to charge my youth withall. But who can looke for a ſweeter breath out of ſuch a ſtomacke? or for honny from ſo filthie a Spyder? What ſhould I ſay more? if, in ſo inhumane a matter, which he himſelfe confeſſeth, ſincereſt iudgements are loatheſt to beleeue, & in the ſeuereſt lawes prooſes clearer then the Sunne are required, his reaſons are onely the skumme of a baſe malice, my aunſwers moſt manifeſt, ſhining in their owne truth, there remaine any doubt of it, becauſe it ſtands betwixt his affirming and my denyall, I offer, nay I deſire, and humbly deſire I may be graunted the tryall by combat, wherein let him be armed and me in my ſhirt, I doubt not Iuſtice will be my ſhield, & his hart will ſhew it ſelfe as faint as it is falſe.

Now come I to the ſecond part of my offence towards the young Lady, which howſoeuer you tearme it, ſo farre forth as I haue told you, I confeſſe, and for her ſake hartily lament. But if herein I offred force to her, loue offred more force to me. Let her beautie be compared to my yeares, and ſuch effects will be found no miracles. But ſince it is thus as it is, and that iuſtice teacheth vs not to loue puniſhment, but to fly to it for neceſſitie: the ſalue of her honour (I meane as the world will take it, for elſe in truth it is moſt vntouched) muſt be my mariage, and not my death, ſince the one ſtoppes all mouthes, the other becomes a doubtfull fable. This matter requires no more words, and your experience I hope in theſe caſes ſhall neede no more, for my ſelfe me thinks I haue ſhewed alreadie too much loue of my life to beſtow ſo manie. But certainly, it hath bene loue of truth, which could not beare ſo vnworthie falſhood, and loue of iuſtice, that would brooke no wrong to my ſelfe nor other, and makes me now, euen in that reſpect to deſire you, to be moued rather with pittie at a iuſt cauſe of teares, then with the bloudie teares this Crocodile ſpends, who weepes to procure death, and not to lament death. It will be no honour to *Baſilius* tombe, to haue guiltleſſe bloud ſprinckled vpon it, and much more may a Iudge ouer-weigh himſelfe in crueltie, then in clemencie. It is hard, but it is excellent, where it is found, a right knowledge, when correction is neceſſarie, when grace doth more auaile. For mine owne reſpect, if I thought in wiſedome I had deſerued death, I would not deſire life: for I know nature will condemne me to dye, though you do not; and longer I would not wiſh to draw this breath, then I may keepe my ſelfe vnſpotted of any horrible crime; onely I cannot, nor euer will deny the loue of *Philoclea*, whoſe violence wrought violent effects in me: with that he finiſhed his ſpeech, caſting vp his eyes to the Iudge, & croſſing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a reſolute patience in whatſoeuer ſhould be done with him. *Philanax* like a watchfull aduerſarie curiouſly marked all that he ſaid, ſauing that in the beginning he was interrupted by two Letters were brought him from the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*: who hauing all that night conſidered and bewailed their eſtate, carefull for their mother likewiſe, of whome they could neuer thinke ſo much euill, but conſidering with themſelues that ſhe aſſuredly ſhould haue ſo due tryall by the lawes, as either ſhe ſhould not neede their help, or ſhould be paſt their help, They looked to that which neereſt touched them, and each wrate in this ſort for him, in whome their liues ioy conſiſted,

*The humble hearted* Philoclea *wrate much after this maner.*

MY Lords, what you will determine of me, it is to me vncertaine, but what I haue determined of my ſelfe I am moſt certaine, which is no longer to enioy my life, then I may enioy him for my husband, whom the heauens for my higheſt glorie, haue beſtowed vpon me. Thoſe that iudge him, let them execute me. Let my throate ſatisfie their hunger of murder. For alas what hath he done, that had not his originall in me? Looke vpon him I beſeech you with indifferencie, and ſee whether in thoſe eyes all vertue ſhines not. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leaſure to know him, and then your ſelues will ſay, it hath bene too great an inhumanitie, to ſuſpect ſuch excellencie. Are the gods thinke you deceiued in their workemanſhip? Artificers will not vſe Marble but to noble vſes. Should thoſe powers be ſo ouerſhot, as to frame ſo precious an Image of their owne, but to honorable purpoſes? O ſpeake with him, ô heare him, ô know him, and become not the putters out of the worlds light. Hope you to ioy my fathers ſoule with hurting him he loued aboue all the world? Shall a wrong ſuſpicion make you forget the certaine knowledge of thoſe benefits, this houſe hath receiued by him? Alas, alas, let not *Arcadia* for his loſſe, be accurſed of the whole earth and of all poſteritie. He is a great Prince, I ſpeake vnto you that which I know, for I haue ſeene moſt euident teſtimonies. Why ſhould you hinder my aduauncement? who if I haue paſt my childhood hurtleſſe to any of you, if I haue refuſed no bodie to do what good I could, if I haue often mitigated my fathers anger, euer ſought to maintaine his fauour towards you, nay if I haue held you all as fathers and brothers vnto me, rob me not of more then my life comes vnto. Teare not that which is inſeparably ioyned to my ſoule; but if he reſt miſliked of you, (which ô God, how can it be) yet geue him to me, let me haue him, you knowe I pretend no right to your ſtate. Therefore is it but a priuate petition I make vnto you. Or if you be hard hartedly bent, to appoint otherwiſe (which oh ſooner let me dye, then know) then to end as I began, let me by you be ordered to the ſame end: without for more crueltie, you meane to force *philoclea* to vſe her owne hands to kill one of your Kings children.

Pamelas *Letter (which she meant to ſend to the generall aſſembly of the Arcadian Nobilitie,) (for ſo cloſely they were kept, as they were vtterly ignorant of the new taken orders) was thus framed.*

IN ſuch a ſtate my Lords you haue placed me, as I can neither write nor be ſilent; for how can I be ſilent, ſince you haue left me nothing but my ſolitarie words to teſtifie my miſerie? and how ſhould I write (for as for ſpeech I haue none but my Iaylor, that can heare me) who neither can reſolue what to write, nor to whom to write? What to write is as hard for me to ſay, as what I may not write, ſo little hope haue I of any ſucceſſe, and ſo much hath no iniurie bene left vndone to me-wards. To whom to write, where may I learne, ſince yet I wot not how to entitle you? Shall I call you my Soueraignes? ſet downe your lawes that I may do you homage. Shall I fall lower, and name you my fellowes? ſhew me I beſeech you the Lord and maiſter ouer vs. But ſhall *Baſilius* heire, name her ſelfe your Princeſſe? Alas I am your priſoner. But whatſoeuer I be, or whatſoeuer you be, ô all you

» beholders of theſe dolefull lines, this do I ſignifie vnto you, and ſignifie it with a » hart, that ſhall euer remaine in that opinion. The good or euill you do to the excel- » lent Prince was taken with me, and after by force from me, I would euer impute it as » either way done to mine owne perſon. He is a Prince, and worthie to be my huſ- » band, and ſo is he my husband by me worthily choſen. Beleeue it, beleeue it, either » you ſhall be traytors for murdering of me, or if you let me liue, the murderers of » him ſhall ſmart as traytors. For what do you thinke I can thinke? Am I ſo childiſh, » as not to ſee, wherein you touch him you condemne me? Can his ſhame be with- » out my reproach? no, nor ſhall be, ſince nothing he hath done, that I will not a- » uowe. Is this the comfort you bring me in my fathers death, to make me fuller of » ſhame then ſorrow? Would you do this, if it were not with full intention to preuent » my power with ſlaughter? And ſo do I pray you, it is hye time for me, to be weary » of my life too long led, ſince you are weary of me, before you haue me? I ſay again, » I ſay it infinitely vnto you, I will not liue without him, if it be not to reuenge him: » either do iuſtly in ſauing both, or wiſely in killing both. If I be your Princeſſe, I » commaund his preſeruation; if but a priuate perſon, then are we both to ſuffer. » I take all truth to witneſſe, he hath done no fault but in going with me. Therefore » to conclude, in iudging him you iudge me, neither conceiue with your ſelues, the » matter you treate, is the life of a ſtranger, though euen in that name he deſerued » pitie, nor of a ſhepheard, to which eſtate loue of me made ſuch a Prince deſcēd, but » determine moſt aſſuredly, the life that is in queſtion is of *Pamela*, *Baſilius* daughter.

Many blots had the teares of the ſweet Ladies made in their letters, which many times they had altred, many times torne and written anewe, euer thinking ſome thing either wanted, or were too much, or would offend, or which was worſt, would breede denyall: but at laſt, the daye warned them to diſpatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guard (for no body els was ſuffered to come neere them) with great entreaty, they requeſted him, that he would preſent them to the principall Noblemen and Gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers fauour, then in any one, vpon whom they would not laye the liues they held ſo precious. But the fellow truſtie to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, deliuered them both to him, (what time *Pyrocles* began to ſpeake) which he ſodainly opened, and ſeeing to what they tended, by the firſt words, was ſo farre from publiſhing them (whereby he feared in *Euarchus* iuſt minde, either the Princeſſes might be endangered, or the priſoners preſerued, of which choiſe he knew not which to thinke the worſt) that he would not himſelfe reade them ouer, doubting his owne hart might be mollified, ſo bent vpon reuenge. Therefore vtterly ſuppreſſing them, he lent a ſpitefull eare to *Pyrocles*, and aſſoone as he had ended, with a verie willing heart deſired *Euarchus* he might accept the combat: although it would haue framed but euill with him. *Pyrocles* hauing neuer found any match neere him, beſides *Muſidorus*. But *Euarchus* made aunſwere, ſince bodily ſtrength is but a ſeruant to the minde, it were verie barbarous and prepoſterous, that force ſhould be made iudge ouer reaſon. Then would he alſo haue replied in words vnto him, but *Euarchus* who knew what they could ſay, was alreadie ſaid, taking their arguments into his minde, commaunded him to proceede againſt the other priſoner, and that then he would ſentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles* purging himſelfe, but rather (according to the nature of arguing, eſpecially when it is bitter) ſo much the more vehemēt, entred thus into his ſpeech againſt *Muſidorus*, being ſo ouergone with rage, that he forgate in this

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oration his preciſe methode of oratorie. Behold moſt noble protector, to what a ſtate *Arcadia* is come, ſince ſuch manner of men, may chalenge in combat the faithfulleſt of the nobilitie, and hauing merited the ſhamefulleſt of all deaths, dare name in marriage the Princeſſes of this countrie. Certainly my maiſters, I muſt ſay, you were much out of taſte, if you had not rather enioy ſuch Ladies, then be hangd. But the one you haue as much deſerued, as you haue diſhonoured the other. But now my ſpeech muſt be directed to you good maiſter *Dorus*, who with *Pallas* help pardie, are lately growne *Palladius*. Too much this ſacred ſeate of iuſtice graunts vnto ſuch a fugitiue bondſlaue, who in ſteede of theſe examinatiõs, ſhould be made confeſſe with a whippe, that which a halter ſhould puniſh. Are not you he Sir, whoſe ſheepehooke was prepared to be our Scepter? In whom lay the knot of all this tragedie? or els perchaunce, they that ſhould gaine little by it were dealers in the murder, you onely that had prouided the fruits for your ſelfe, knewe nothing of it, knewe nothing: hath thy companiõ here infected thee with ſuch impudencie, as euen in the face of the world to denie that which al the world perceiueth? The other pleads ignorance, & you I doubt not will alleage abſence. But he was ignorant, when he was hard by, and you had framed your abſence, iuſt againe the time the acte ſhould be committed, ſo fit a lieutenant he knew he had left of his wickedneſſe, that for himſelfe his ſafeſt meane, was to cõuey away the Lady of vs all, who once out of the countrie, he knew we wold come with oliue brãches of interceſſion vnto her, and fall at his feete to beſeech him to leaue keeping of ſheepe, and vouchſafe the tyrannizing ouer vs, for to think they are Princes, as they ſay (although in our lawes it behooues them nothing) I ſee at all no reaſon. Theſe iewels certainly with their diſguiſing ſleights, they haue pilfred in their vagabonding race. And thinke you ſuch Princes ſhould be ſo long without ſome followers after them? Truly if they be Princes, it manifeſtly ſhewes their vertues ſuch, as all their ſubiects are glad to be rid of them. But be they as they are, for we are to cõſider the matter, and not the men. *Baſilius* murder hath bin the cauſe of their comming, *Baſilius* murder they haue moſt trecherouſly brought to paſſe; yet that I doubt not, you will deny as well as your fellow. But how will you denie the ſtealing away the Princeſſe of this Prouince, which is no leſſe then treaſon? So notably hath the iuſtice of the gods prouided for the puniſhing of theſe malefactors, as if it were poſſible, men would not beleue the certaine euidences of their principall miſchiefe, yet haue they diſcouered them ſelues ſufficiently for their moſt iuſt ouerthrow. I ſay therefore (to omit my chiefe matter of the Kings death) this wooluiſh ſheepheard, this counterfeit Prince hath trayterouſly contrary to his alleageance (hauing made himſelfe a ſeruant & ſubiect) attempted the depriuing this cuntry of our naturall Princeſſe: and therefore by all right muſt receiue the puniſhment of traytors. This matter is ſo aſſured as he himſelfe will not deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This matter is ſo odious in nature, ſo ſhameful to the world, ſo cõtrarie to all lawes, ſo hurtfull to vs, ſo falſe in him, as if I ſhould ſtand further in declaring or defacing it, I ſhould either ſhewe great doubts in your wiſedome, or in your iuſtice. Therefore I will transferre my care vpon you, & attend to my learning and comfort) the eternall example you will leaue to all mankind of diſguiſers, falſifiers, adulterers, rauiſhers, murderers, and traitors. *Muſidorus* while *Philanax* was ſpeaking againſt his coſin and him, had looked round about him, to ſee whether by any meanes he might come to haue caught him in his armes, and haue killed him; ſo much had his diſgracing words filled his breaſt with rage. But perceiuing himſelf

ſo garded as he ſhould rather ſhewe a paſſionate act, then performe his reuenge, his hand trembling with deſire to ſtrike, & all the veines in his face ſwelling, caſting his eyes ouer the iudgement ſeat: O Gods ſaid he, and haue you ſpared my life to beare theſe iniuries of ſuch a driuel? Is this the iuſtice of this place, to haue ſuch men as we are, ſubmitted not only to apparent falſehood, but moſt ſhameful reuiling? But marke I pray you the vngratefulneſſe of the wretch, how vtterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he & all this countrey hath receiued of vs. For if euer men may remember their own noble deeds, it is then when their iuſt defence, and other vniuſt vnkindneſſe doth require it. I omit our ſeruices done to *Baſilius* in the late warre with *Amphialus*, importing no leſſe then his daughters liues, & his ſtates preſeruatiõ: were not we the men that killed the wilde beaſts which otherwiſe had killed the Princeſſes, if we had not ſuccoured them? Cõſider if it pleaſe you, where had bene *Daiphantus* rape, or my treaſon, if the ſweete beauties of the earth, had then bin deuoured? Either thinke them now dead, or remẽber they liue by vs. And yet full often this teitale can acknowledge the loſſe they ſhould haue by their taking away, while maliciouſly he ouerpaſſeth who were their preſeruers, neither let this be ſpoken of me, as if I meant to ballance this euill with that good, for I muſt confeſſe that ſauing of ſuch creatures was rewarded in the acte it ſelfe: but onely to manifeſt the partial iangling of this vile pickthanke. But if we be the traytors, where was your fidelitie, O onely toung-valiant Gentleman, when not onely the young Princeſſe, but the King himſelfe was defended from vttermoſt perill, partly by me, but principally by this excellent yong mans both wiſdome and valure? Were we that made our ſelues againſt hundreds of armed men, openly the ſhields of his life, like ſecretly to be his impoyſoners? Did we then ſhewe his life to be dearer to vs then our owne, becauſe we might after robbe him of his life, to dye ſhamefully? Truely, truely maiſter orator, whoſoeuer hath hyred you to be ſo buſie in their matters, who keepe honeſter ſeruaunts then your ſelfe, he ſhould haue bid you in ſo manie raylings, bring ſome excuſe for your ſelfe, why in the greateſt neede of your Prince, to whome you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then as forward to do like a man your ſelfe, or at leaſt to accuſe them that were ſlacke in that ſeruice, but commonly they vſe their ſeete for their defence, whoſe toung is their weapon. Certainly a verie ſimple ſubtiltie it had beene in vs, to repoſe our liues in the daughters, when we had killed the father. But as this Gentleman thinkes to winne the reputation of a copious talker by leauing nothing vnſaide which a filthie minde can imagine, ſo thinke I (or els all words are vaine) that to wiſe mens iudgement, our cleereneſſe in the Kings death is ſufficiently notorious. But at length when the marchant hath ſet out his guilded baggage, laſtly he comes to ſome ſtuffe of importance, & ſaith, I conueyed away the Princeſſe of this countrie. And is ſhe in deede your Princeſſe? I pray you then whom ſhould I wait of els, but her that was my miſtres by my profeſſed vow, & Princeſſe ouer me while I liued in this ſoile? Aske her why ſhe went; aske not me why I ſerued her. Since accounting me as a Prince, you haue not to do with me, taking me as her ſeruant, then take withall that I muſt obey her. But you will ſay, I perſwaded her to flie away. Certainly I wil for no death deny it, knowing to what honor I ſhould bring her frõ the thraldome by ſuch fellowes counſell as you, ſhe was kept in. Shall perſwaſion to a Prince grow treaſon to a Prince? It might be error in me, but falſhood it could not be, ſince I made my ſelfe partaker of whatſoeuer I wiſhed her vnto. Who will euer counſell his King, if his counſell be iudged by the euent, and if it be not found

wiſe,

wise, shall therefore be thought wicked? But if I be a traitor, I hope you will grant me a correlatiue, to whom I shall be the traitor. For the Princesse against whom the treasons are considered, I am sure will auow my faithfulnesse, without you will say that I am a traitor to her, because I left the countrie; & a traitor to the countrie, because I went with her. Here do I leaue out my iust excuses of loues force, which as thy narrow hart hath neuer had noble roome enough in it to receiue, so yet to those manlike courages, that by experience know how subiect the vertuous minds are to loue a most vertuous creature, (witnessed to be such by the most excellent giftes of nature) will deeme it a veniall trespasse, to seeke the satisfaction of honourable desires. Honourable euen in the curiousest points of honour, wherout there can no disgrace nor disparagement come vnto her. Therefore ô Iudge, who I hope doest know what it is to be a Iudge, that your end is to preserue, and nót to destroy mankind, that lawes are not made like lime-twigges or nets, to catch euerie thing that toucheth them, but rather like sea-markes, to auoid the shipwracke of ignorant passengers, since that our doing in the extreamest interpretation is but a humane error, and that of it you may make a profitable euent (we being of such estate, as their parents would not haue misliked the affinitie) you will not I trust at the perswasion of this brabler, burne your house to make it cleane, but like a wise father, turne euē the fault of your children to anie good that may come of it: since that is the fruit of wisdome, and end of all iudgements. While this matter was thus handling, a silent and as it were astonished attention, possest all the people. A kindlie compassion moued the noble Gentleman *Simpathus*, but as for *Kalander*, euerie thing was spoken either by or for his owne deare guests, moued an affect in him: sometimes teares, sometimes hopefull lookes, sometimes whispering perswasions in their eares, that stood by him, to seeke the sauing the two yong Princes. But the generall multitude waited the iudgement of *Euarchus*, who shewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others speech, letting passe the flowers of rhetorike, and onlie marking whither their reasons tended, hauing made the question to be asked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault vpon her selfe, and hauing caused *Dametas*, with *Miso* and *Mopsa* (who by *Philanax* order had bene held in most cruell prison) to make a full declaration, how much they knew of these passed matters, and then gathering as assured satisfaction to his owne mind as in that case he could, not needing to take leasure for that, whereof a long practise had bred a well grounded habite in him, with a voice and gesture directed to the vniuersall assemblie, in this forme pronounced sentence. This waightie matter, wherof presentlie we are to determine, doth at the first consideration yeeld two important doubts. The first, whether these men be to be iudged: the secōd, how they are to be iudged. The first doubt ariseth, because they giue themselues out for Princes absolute: a sacred name vnto which anie violence seemes to be an impietie. For how can any lawes, which are the bonds of all humane societie, be obserued, if the law-giuers, and law-rulers be not held in an vntouched admiration? But hereto although alreadie they haue bene sufficientlie answered, yet thus much againe I will repeat vnto you. That whatsoeuer they be or be not, here they be no Princes, since betwixt Prince and subiect there is as necessarie a relation as betweene father and sonne, and as there is no man a father, but to his child, so is not a Prince a Prince, but to his owne subiect. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them anie principalitie, without it should at the same time by a secret consent confesse subiection. Yet this may be obiected, that the vniuersall ciuilitie, the law of nations (all mankind being as it were

coinhabitors or world-citizens together) hath euer required publike persons should be of all parties especially regarded, since not only in peace, but in warre, not only princes, but heralds and trumpets, are with great reason exempted from iniuries. This point is true, but yet so true, as they that will receiue the benefit of a custome, must not be the first to breake it. For then can they not complaine, if they bee not helpt by that which they themselues hurt. If a Prince do actes of hostilitie, without denouncing warre, if he breake his oath of amitie, or innumerable such other things contrary to the law of armes, he must take heed how he fall into their hands whom he so wrongeth, for then is curtesie the best custome he can claime; much more these men, who haue not only left to do like Princes, but to be like Princes, not onely entred into *Arcadia*, and so into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domesticall seruices, and so by making themselues priuate, depriued themselues of respect due to their publike calling. For no proportion it were of iustice, that a man might make himselfe no Prince when he would do euill, and might anew create himselfe a Prince, when he would not suffer euill. Thus therefore by all lawes of nature and nations, and especiallie by their owne putting themselues out of the sanctuarie of them, these young men cannot in iustice auoide the iudgement: but like priuate men must haue their doings either cleared, excused, or condemned. There resteth then the second point, how to iudge well. And that must vndoubtedly be done, not by a free discourse of reason and skill of philosophie: but must be tied to the lawes of *Greece*, and municipall statutes of this kingdome. For although out of them these came, and to them must indeed referre their off-spring, yet because philosophicall discourses stand in the generall consideration of things, they leaue to euerie man a scope of his owne interpretation. Where the lawes applying themselues to the necessarie vse, folde vs within assured bounds, which once broken, mans nature infinitely rangeth. Iudged therefore they must be, and by your lawes iudged. Now the action offereth it selfe to due ballance, betwixt the accusers twofold accusation and their answere accordinglie applied. The questions being the one of a fact simplie, the other of the qualitie of a fact. To the first they vse direct deniall, to the second qualification and excuse. They deny the murther of the king; and mighty against presumptions bring forth some probable answers, which they do principally fortifie with the Queenes acknowledging her selfe only culpable. Certainly as in equalitie of coniectures, we are not to take hold of the worse, but rather to bee glad we may find any hope that mankind is not growne monstrous (being vndoubtedly lesse euill a guiltie man should escape, then a guiltlesse perish) so if in the rest they be spotlesse, then is no farther to be remembred. But if they haue aggrauated these suspitions with new euils, then are those suspitions so farre to shew themselues, as to cause the other points to be throughly examined, and with lesse fauour wayed, since this no man can denie, they haue bene accidentall, if not principall causes of the kings death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are laid to them, wherein they do not denie the fact, but denie, or at least diminish the fault, but first I may remember (though it were not first alleaged by them) the seruices they had before done, truly honorable, and worthie of great reward, but not worthy to counteruaile with a following wickednesse. Reward is proper to well doing, punishment to euill doing, which must not be confounded, no more then good and euill are to be mingled. Therfore hath bene determined in all wisdomes, that no man because he hath done well before, should haue his present euils spared, but rather so much the more punished, as hauing shewed he knew how to be

good

good, would againſt his knowledge be naught. The fact then is nakedly without paſſion, or partiality to be viewed: wherin without all queſtion they are equally culpable. For though he that tearmes himſelfe *Daiphantus*, were ſooner diſappointed of his purpoſe of conueying away the Lady *Philoclea*, then he that perſwaded the Princeſſe *Pamela* to flie her countrie, and accompanied her in it: yet ſeeing in cauſes of this nature, the will by the rules of iuſtice ſtandeth for the deed, they are both alike to be found guiltie, and guiltie of hainous rauiſhment. For though they rauiſhed them not from themſelues, yet they rauiſhed thē from him that owed them, which was their father. An act puniſhed by all the Grecian lawes, by the loſſe of the head, as a moſt execrable theft. For if they muſt die, who ſteale from vs our goods, how much more they, who ſteale from vs that, for which we gather our goods, and if our lawes haue it ſo in the priuate perſons, much more forcible are they to be in Princes children, where one ſteals as it were the whole ſtate and well being of that people, being tied by the ſecret of a long vſe, to be gouerned by none but the next of that bloud. Neither let any man maruell, our anceſtors haue bene ſo ſeuere in theſe caſes, ſince the example of the *Phenician Europa*, but eſpecially of Grecian *Helene*, hath taught them, what deſtroying fires haue growne of ſuch ſparkles. And although *Helene* was a wife, & this but a child, that booteth not, ſince the principall cauſe of marying wiues is, that we may haue childrē of our own. But now let vs ſee how theſe yong men (truly for their perſons worthie of pitie, if they haue rightlie pitied themſelues) do go about to mitigate the vehemencie of their errours. Some of their excuſes are common to both, ſome peculiar onely to him that was the ſhepheard. Both remember the force of loue, and as it were the mending vp of the matter by their mariage: if that vnbrideled deſire which is intituled loue, might purge ſuch a ſickneſſe as this, ſurely we ſhould haue many louing excuſes of hateſull miſchiefe. Nay rather no miſchiefe ſhould be committed, that ſhould not be vailed vnder the name of loue. For as well he that ſteales might alleage the loue of mony; he that murders the loue of reuenge, he that rebels, the loue of greatneſſe, as the adulterer the loue of a woman. Since they do in all ſpeeches affirme they loue that, which an ill gouerned paſſion maketh them to follow: but loue may haue no ſuch priuiledge. That ſweet and heauenly vniting of the minds, which properly is called loue, hath no other knot but vertue, and therefore if it be a right loue, it can neuer ſlide into any action that is not vertuous. The other, and indeed more effectuall reaſon is, that they may be maried vnto them, & ſo honorably redreſſe the diſhonor of them, whō this matter ſeemeth moſt to touch. Surely if the queſtiō were, what were conuenient for the parties, and not what is iuſt in the neuer changing iuſtice, there might much be ſaid in it. But herein we muſt conſider, that the lawes looke how to preuent by due examples, that ſuch things be not done: and not how to ſalue ſuch things whē they are done. For if the gouernors of iuſtice ſhall take ſuch aſcope, as to meaſure the foote of the law by a ſhew of conueniency, and meaſure that conueniency not by the publike ſocietie, but by that which is fitteſt for them which offend: young men, ſtrong men, and rich men, ſhall euer find priuate conueniences how to palliate ſuch committed diſorders, as to the publike ſhall not only be inconuenient, but peſtilent. The mariage perchance might be fit for them, but verie vnfit were it to the ſtate, to allow a patterne of ſuch procurations of mariage. And thus much do they both alleage. Further goes hee that went with the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a Counſeller, who hath place of free perſwaſion; & the reaſonable excuſe of a ſeruant, that did but wait of his miſtreſſe.

Without all queſtion, as counſellours haue great cauſe to take heed how they aduiſe any thing, directly oppoſit to the forme of that preſent gouernement, eſpecially when they do it ſinglie without publike allowance, ſo yet is the caſe much more apparant: ſince neither ſhe was an effectuall Princeſſe, her father being then aliue, and though he had bene dead, ſhe not come to the yeares of authoritie, nor he her ſeruant in ſuch maner to obey her, but by his own preferment firſt belonging to *Dametas*, and then to the king, and therefore if not by *Arcadia* lawes, yet by houſhold orders, bound to haue done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore ſince the deeds accompliſhed by theſe two, are both abhominable and inexcuſable, I do in the behalfe of iuſtice, and by the force of *Arcadia* lawes pronounce, that *Daiphantus* ſhall be throwne out of a high tower to receiue his death by his fall. *Palladius* ſhall be beheaded, the time before the ſunne ſet: the place, in *Mantinea*: the executioner, *Dametas*: which office he ſhall execute all the dayes of his life, for his beaſtly forgetting the carefull duty he owed to his charge. This ſaid, he turned himſelfe to *Philanax*, and two of the other Noblemen, commanding them to ſee the iudgement preſently performed. *Philanax* more greedie then any hunter of his praie, went ſtraight to lay hold of the excellent priſoners, who caſting a farewell looke one vpon the other, repreſented in their faces as much vnappalled conſtancy, as the moſt excellent courage can deliuer in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any ſhew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was ſomewhat nearer to baſhfulneſſe, and *Muſidorus* to anger; both ouer-ruled by reaſon & reſolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was deſcending vnto them, and that *Muſidorus* was beginning to ſay ſomething in *Pyrocles* behalfe, behold *Kalander*, that with armes caſt abroad, and open mouth came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a ſtranger in his hand that cryed much more then he, deſiring they might be heard ſpeake before the priſoners were remoued, euen the noble Gentleman *Simpathus* aided them in it, and taking ſuch as he could commaund, ſtopped *Philanax* betwixt entreaty and force, from carying away the Princes, vntill it were heard what new matters theſe men did bring. So againe mounting to the Tribunall, they hearkened to the ſtrangers vehement ſpeech, or rather appaſſionate exclaiming. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithfull ſeruant of *Muſidorus*, to whom his maiſter, when in deſpite of his beſt grounded determinations he firſt became a ſlaue to affection, had ſent the ſhepheard *Menalcas* to be arreſted: by the help of whoſe rayment in the meane time he aduanced himſelfe to that eſtate, which he accompted moſt high, becauſe it might be ſeruiceable to that fancie, which he had placed moſt high in his mind. For *Menalcas* hauing faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully impriſoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* perfourmed the firſt part of his dutie in doing the commandement of his Prince: ſo was he with abundance of ſincere loyaltie extreamely perplexed when he vnderſtood of *Menalcas* the ſtraunge diſguiſing of his beloued maiſter. For as the acts he and his couſin *Pyrocles* had done in *Aſia*, had filled all the eares of the *Theſſalians* and *Macedonians* with no leſſe ioy then admiration: ſo was the feare of their loſſe no leſſe grieuous vnto them, when by the noiſe of report they vnderſtood of their lonely committing themſelues to the ſea, the iſſue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* he perceiued where he was, geſſing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the vnuſedneſſe of this act with the vnripeneſſe of their age, ſeeing in generall coniecture they could do it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: he was ſomewhile troubled with himſelfe, what to do, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their diſpleaſure. Often

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he was minded (as his safest and honestest way) to reueale it to the king *Euarchus*: that both his authoritie might preuent anie domage to them, and vnder his wings he himselfe might remaine safe. But considering a iourney to *Byzantium* (where as yet he supposed *Euarchus* lay) would require more time, then he was willing to remaine doubtfull of his Princes estate, he resolued at length to write the matter to *Euarchus*, and himselfe the while to go into *Arcadia*: vncertaine what to do when he came thither, but determined to do his best seruice to his deare maister, if by anie good fortune he might finde him. And so it happened, that being euen this day come to *Mantinea*, and as warily and attentiuelie as he could, giuing eare to all reports, in hope to heare something of them he sought, he straight receiued a strange rumour of these things: but so vncertainlie, as popular reports carie so rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to seeke out *Kalander* a great Gentleman of that countrie, who wold soonest satisfie him of all these occurrents. Thus instructed he came euen about the midst of *Euarchus* iudgement to the desert: where seeing great multitudes, and hearing vnknowne names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, and not able to presse to the place where *Euarchus* sate, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was soone brought vnto him, partly becausse he was generally knowne vnto all men, and partlie becausse he had withdrawne himselfe from the preasse, when he perceiued by *Euarchus* words whither they tended, being not able to endure his guests condemnation. He enquired forthwith of *Kalander* the cause of the assemblie; and whether the fame were true of *Euarchus* presence: who with manie teares made a dolefull recitall vnto him, both of the *Amazon* and shepheard, setting forth their naturall graces, and lamenting their pitifull vndoing. But his description made *Kalodulus* immediately know the shepheard was his Duke, and so iudging the other to be *Pyrocles*, and speedilie communicating it to *Kalander*, who he saw did fauour their case, they brake the preasse with astonishing euerie man with their cries. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feet, telling him those he had iudged, were his owne Sonne and Nephew; the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the only stay of *Thessalia*. With many such like words, but as from a man that assured himselfe in that matter he should need small speech. While *Kalander* made it knowne to all men, what the prisoners were to whom he cried they should salute their father, and ioy in the good hap the gods had sent them; who were no lesse glad, then all the people amazed at the strange euent of these matters. Euen *Philanax* owne reuengefull heart was mollified, when he saw frō diuerse parts of the world so neare kinsmen should meete in such a necessitie. And withall the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, greatly drew him to a compassionate conceit, and had already vnclothed his face of all shew of malice. But *Euarchus* staid a good while vpon himselfe, like a valiant man that should receiue a notable encounter, being vehementlie stricken with the fatherlie loue of so excellent children, and studying with his best reason, what his office required: at length with such a kind of grauitie, as was neare to sorow, he thus vttered his mind: I take witnesse of the immortall gods (said he) ô *Arcadians*, that what this day I haue said, hath bene out of my assured perswasion, what iustice it selfe and your iust lawes require. Though strangers then to me, I had no desire to hurt them, but leauing aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my most vnpartiall and farthest reach of reason. And thereout haue condemned them to lose their liues, contaminated with so manie foule breaches of hospitality, ciuility & vertue. Now contrary to all expectations,

I find them to be my onely ſonne and nephew, ſuch vpon whom you ſee what gifts nature hath beſtowed: ſuch who haue ſo to the wonder of the world heretofore behaued themſelues, as might giue iuſt cauſe to the greateſt hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceiued. Laſtly, in few words, ſuch, in whom I placed all my mortall ioyes, and thought my ſelfe now neare my graue, to recouer a new life. But alas, ſhall iuſtice halte? Or ſhall ſhe winke in ones cauſe, which had *Lynces* eyes in anothers? Or rather ſhall all priuate reſpects giue place to that holy name? Be it ſo, be it ſo, let my gray haires be laid in the duſt with ſorow, let the ſmall remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward deſolation, and to the world a gazing ſtocke of wretched miſery: but neuer, neuer let ſacred rightfulneſſe fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to be preſerued. If rightly I haue iudged, then rightly I haue iudged mine owne children: vnleſſe the name of a child ſhould haue force to change the neuer changing iuſtice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre iuſtice as farre before you, while you did like your ſelues, my body ſhould willingly haue bene your ſhield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your one doing: nay, I cannot in this caſe acknowledge you for mine: for neuer had I ſhepheard to my nephew, nor euer had woman to my ſon, your vices haue degraded you from being Princes, and haue diſanuld your birthright. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of Princely vertue, ſhew it in cõſtant ſuffering, that your vnprincely dealing hath purchaſed vnto you. For my part I muſt tell you, you haue forced a father to rob himſelfe of his children. Do you therefore, ô *Philanax*, and you my other Lords of this countrie, ſee the iudgement be rightly perfourmed in time, place and maner, as before appointed. With that, though he would haue refrained them, a man might perceiue the teares drop downe his long white beard. Which moued not only *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roring lamentations, but all the aſſembly dolefully to record that pitifull ſpectacle, *Philanax* himſelfe could not abſtaine from great ſhewes of pitying ſorow, and manifeſt withdrawing from performing the kings commandement. But *Muſidorus* hauing the hope of his ſafety, and recouering of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, which made him moſt deſirous to liue, ſo ſodainly daſhed; but eſpecially moued for his deare *Pyrocles*, for whom he was euer reſolued his laſt ſpeech ſhould be, and ſtirred vp with the rage of vnkindneſſe, he thus ſpake: Enioy thy bloudy cõqueſt tyrannicall *Euarchus*, ſaid he; for neither is conuenient the title of a king to a murtherer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a deſtroyer of his kindred. Go home and glory, that it hath bene in thy power, ſhamefully to kill *Muſidorus*. Let thy flattering Orators dedicate Crownes of Lawrell vnto thee, that the firſt of thy race, thou haſt ouerthrowne a Prince of *Theſſalia*. But for me I hope the *Theſſalians* are not ſo degenerate from their anceſtors, but that they will reuenge my iniurie, and their loſſe vpon thee. I hope my death is no more vniuſt to me, thẽ it ſhall be bitter to thee; howſoeuer it be, my death ſhall triumph ouer thy cruelty, neither as now would I liue, to make my life beholding vnto thee. But if thy cruelty hath not ſo blinded thine eyes, that thou canſt not ſee thine owne hurt, if thy heart be not ſo diuelliſh, as thou haſt no power but to torment thy ſelfe; then looke vpon this young *Pyrocles* with a manlike eye, if not with a pitifull: Giue not occaſion to the whole earth to ſay, ſee how the Gods haue made the tyrant teare his owne bowels! Examine the eyes and voyces of all this people, and what all men ſee, be not blind in thine owne cauſe. Looke, I ſay, looke vpon him, in whom the moſt curious ſearcher is able to find no fault: but that he is thy ſonne. Beleeue it, thy owne ſubiects will deteſt thee, for robbing

robbing thē of ſuch a Prince, in whō they haue right as well as thy ſelf. Some more words to that purpoſe he wold haue ſpokē, but *Pyrocles* who often had cald to him, did now fully interrupt him, deſiring him not to do him the wrōg to giue his father ill words before him, willing him to conſider it was their owne fault, & not his vniuſtice, and withal, to remēber their reſolution of well ſuffering all accidents, which this impatiencie did ſeeme to varie frō: & then kneeling downe with all humblenes, he took the ſpeech in this order to *Euarchus* If my dayly praiers to the almighty Gods, had ſo far preuailed, as to haue granted me the end whereto I haue directed my actions; I ſhould rather haue bene now a comfort to your mind, then an example of your iuſtice; rather a preſeruer of your memorie by my life, then a monumēt of your iudgemēt by my death. But ſince it hath pleaſed their vnſearchable wiſdōs to ouerthrow all the deſires I had to ſerue you, & make me become a ſhame vnto you; ſince the laſt obedience I can ſhew you is to die: vouchſafe yet ô father (if my fault haue not made me altogether vnworthy ſo to tearme you) vouchſafe I ſay to let the few and laſt words your ſonne ſhall euer ſpeake, not be tedious vnto you. And if the remembrance of my vertuous mother, who once was deare vnto you, may beare any ſway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* haue at any time bin pleaſant, let one requeſt of mine, which ſhal not be for mine own life, be graciouſly accepted of you. What you owe to iuſtice is performed in my death: a father to haue executed his only ſon, will leaue a ſufficiēt exāple for a greater crime then this. My bloud will ſatisfie the higheſt point of equitie, my bloud will ſatisfie the hardeſt hearted in this countrie. O ſaue the life of this Prince; that is the only all I will with my laſt breath demand of you. With what face will you looke vpon your ſiſter, when in reward of nouriſhing me in your greateſt need, you take away, and in ſuch ſort take away that which is more deare to her then all the world, and is the onely comfort wherewith ſhe nouriſheth her old age? O giue not ſuch an occaſion to the noble *Theſſalians*, for euer to curſe the match that their Prince did make with the *Macedon* bloud. By my loſſe there follows no publike loſſe, for you are to hold the ſeate, and to prouide your ſelfe perchance of a worthier ſucceſſour. But how can you or all the earth recompence that domage that poore *Theſſalia* ſhall ſuſtaine? who ſending out (whom otherwiſe they would no more haue ſpared then their owne eyes) their Prince to you, and you requeſting to haue him, by you he ſhould thus diſhonorably be extinguiſhed. Set before you I beſeech you, the face of that miſerable people, when no ſooner ſhall the newes come that you haue met your Nephew, but withall they ſhall heare that you haue beheaded him. How many teares they ſhall ſpend, how many complaints they ſhall make, ſo many iuſt execrations will light vpon you. And take heed ô father, (for ſince my death anſwers my fault, while I liue I will call vpon that deare name) leaſt ſeeking too preciſe a courſe of iuſtice, you be not thought moſt vniuſt in weakning your neighbours mightie eſtate, by taking away their only piller. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receiue his ending. Aſſure your ſelf no man will doubt your ſeuere obſeruing the lawes, when it ſhall be knowne *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my euer farewell approcheth, if you do thinke my death ſufficient for my fault, and do not deſire to make my death more miſerable then death: let theſe dying words of him, that was once your ſonne, pierce your eares. Let *Muſidorus* liue, and *Pyrocles* ſhall liue in him, and you ſhall not want a child. A child, cried out *Muſidorus*, to him that killes *Pyrocles*? with that he fel againe to intreate for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as faſt for *Muſidorus*, each imploying his wit how to ſhew himſelfe moſt worthie to die, to

such an admiration of all the beholders, that most of thē examining the matter by their owne passions, thought *Euarchus* (as often extraordinary excellencies, not being rightly conceiued, do rather offend then please) an obstinate hearted man, and such an one, who being pitilesse, his dominion must needs be insupportable. But *Euarchus* that felt his owne miserie more then they, and yet loued goodnesse more then himselfe, with such a sad assured behauiour as *Cato* killed himselfe withall, when he had heard the vttermost of that their speech tended vnto: he commaunded againe they should be caried away, rising vp from the seate (which he would much rather haue wished should haue bene his graue) and looking who would take the charge, whereto euerie one was exceeding backward. But as this pitifull matter was entring into, those that were next the Dukes bodie, might heare from vnder the veluet wherewith he was couered, a great voice of groning. Whereat euerie man astonished (and their spirits appalled with these former miseries, apt to take any strange conceit) when they might perfectly perceiue the bodie stirre. Then some began to feare spirits, some to looke for a miracle, most to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalander*, whose eyes honest loue (though to diuerse parties) held most attentiue, leapt to the table, and putting off the veluet couer, might plainely discerne, with as much wonder as gladnesse, that the Duke liued. For so it was, that the drinke he had receiued, was neither as *Gynecia* first imagined, a loue potion, nor as it was after thought a deadly poison, but a drinke made by notable Arte, and as it was thought not without naturall magicke, to procure for thirtie houres such a deadly sleepe, as should oppresse all shew of life. The cause of the making of this drinke had first bene, that a Princesse of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notablie learned, (and yet not able with all her learning to answer the obiections of *Cupid*) did furiously loue a yong nobleman of her fathers Court. Who fearing the kings rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept so high a place, she made that sleeping drinke, and found meanes by a trusty seruant of hers (who of purpose inuited him to his chamber) to procure him, that suspected no such thing, to receiue it. Which done, he no way able to resist, was secretly caried by him into a pleasant chamber, in the midst of a garden she had of purpose prouided for this enterprise, where that space of time, pleasing her selfe with seeing and cherishing of him, when the time came of the drinkes end of working, and he more astonished then if he had falne from the cloudes, she bad him choose either then to marie her, and to promise to flie away with her in a barke she had made ready, or else she would presently crie out, and shew in what place he was, with oth he was come thither to ravish her. The Nobleman in these straights, her beautie preuailed, he maried her, and escaped the realme with her. And after many strange aduentures, were reconciled to the king her father, after whose death they raigned. But she gratefully remembring the seruice that drinke had done her, preserued in a bottle (made by singular Arte long to keepe it without perishing) great quantity of it, with the foretold inscription, which wrong interpreted by her daughter in law the Queene of *Cyprus*, was giuen by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her mariage; and the drinke finding an old bodie of *Basilius*, had kept him some houres longer in the trance, then it wold haue done a yōger But a good while it was, before good *Basilius* could come againe to himselfe: in which time *Euarchus* more glad thē of the whole worlds Monarchy, to be rid of his miserable magistracy, which euen in iustice he was now to surrender to the lawfull Prince of that country; came from the Throne vnto him, and there with much ado made him vnderstand

how

how theſe intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboyles paſſed through his fancie before he could be perſwaded *Zelmane* was other then a woman. At length remembring the Oracle which now indeed was accompliſhed (not as before he had imagined) cõſidering all had fallen out by the higheſt prouidence,& withall weighing in all theſe matters his owne fault had bene the greateſt. The firſt thing he did, was with all honorable pompe to ſend for *Gynecia*: who (poore Lady) thought ſhe was leading forth to her liuing buriall: and (when ſhe came) to recount before all the people, the excellẽt vertue was in her, which ſhe had not only maintained all her life moſt vnſpotted, but now was cõtẽted ſo miſerably to die, to follow her husband. He told thẽ how ſhe had warned him to take heed of that drinke: and ſo with all the exaltings of her that might be, he publikely deſired her pardon for thoſe errors he had cõmitted. And ſo kiſſing her, left her to receiue the moſt honorable fame of anie Princeſſe throughout the world, all men thinking (ſauing onely *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea*, who neuer bewrayed her) that ſhe was the perfect mirrour of all wifely loue. Which though in that point vndeſerued, ſhe did in the remnant of her life daylie purchaſe, with obſeruing all dutie and faith to the example and glorie of *Greece*: ſo vncertaine are mortall iudgements, the ſame perſon moſt infamous, and moſt famous, and neither iuſtly. Then with Princely entertainement to *Euarchus*, and manie kind words to *Pyrocles*, whõ ſtill he dearly loued though in a more vertuous kind, the mariage was concluded, to the ineſtimable ioy of *Euarchus*, (towards whom now *Muſidorus* acknowledged his fault) betwixt the peereleſſe Princes and Princeſſes *Philanax* for his ſingular faith euer held deare of *Baſilius* while he liued, and no leſſe of *Muſidorus*, who was to inherite that kingdome, and therein confirmed to him and his the ſecond place of that Prouince, with great increaſe of his liuing to maintaine it. Which like proportion he vſed to *Kalodulus* in *Theſſalia*: highlie honouring *Kalander* while he liued: and after his death continuing in the ſame meaſure to loue & aduãce his ſon *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympathus*, *Pyrocles* (to whom his father in his owne time gaue the whole kingdome of *Thrace*) held him alwaies about him, giuing him in pure gift, the great Citie of *Abdera*. But the ſolemnities of theſe mariages with the *Arcadian* paſtoralles, full of manie comicall aduentures hapning to thoſe rurall louers; the ſtrange ſtories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Helene* and *Amphialus*, with the wonderfull chances that befell them: The ſhepheardiſh loues of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus* daughter; the poore hopes of the poore *Philiſides* in the purſuit of his affections; the ſtrange cõtinuance of *Klaius* and *Strephons* deſire. Laſtly, the ſonne of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the faire daughter of *Pamela* by *Muſidorus*, who euen at their birth entred into admirable fortunes; may awake ſome other ſpirit to exerciſe his pen in that, wherewith mine is already dulled.

*The end of the fifth and laſt booke of* Arcadia.

# CERTAINE SONETS VVRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY:

Neuer before printed.

Since shunning paine, I ease can neuer find:
Since bashfull dread seekes where he knowes me harmed:
Since will is won, and stopped eares are charmed:
Since force doth faint, and sight doth make me blind.

Since loosing long, the faster still I bind:
Since naked sence can conquer reason armed:
Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed:
In fine, since strife of thought but marres the mind,

I yeeld, ô Loue, vnto thy loathed yoke,
Yet crauing law of armes, whose rule doth teach,
That hardly vsde, who euer prison broke,
In iustice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas if I a gratefull gardien haue,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed slaue.

---

VVHen Loue puft vp with rage of hy disdaine,
Resolu'd to make me patterne of his might,
Like foe, vvhose wits inclin'd to deadly spite,
Would often kill to breed more feeling paine.

He would not arm'd with beautie, only raigne
On those affectes which easily yeeld to sight,
But vertue sets so high, that reasons light,
For all his strife can onlie bondage gaine.

So that I line to pay a mortall fee,
Dead palsie sicke of all my chiefest parts:
Like those vvhom dreames make vglie monsters see,
And can crie helpe with nought but grones and starts:
Longing to haue, hauing no wit to wish,
To starueing minds such is God Cupids dish.

To

*To the tune of* Non credo gia che piu infelice amante.

THe fire to ſee my wrongs for anger burneth:
The aire in raine for my affliction weepeth:
The ſea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth:
The earth with pitie dull the center keepeth:
Fame is with wonder blazed:
Time runnes away for ſorow:
Place ſtandeth ſtill amazed
To ſee my night of euils, which hath no morow.
Alas, a louely she no pitie taketh,
To know my miſeries, but chaſte and cruell:
My fall her glorie maketh,
Yet ſtill her eyes giue to my flames their fuell.

Fire burne me quite, till ſenſe of burning leaue me:
Aire let me draw no more thy breath in anguish:
Sea drownd in thee, of tedious life bereaue me:
Earth take this earth, wherein my ſpirits languish.
Fame ſay I was not borne:
Time haſte my dying hower:
Place ſee my graue vptorne:
Fire, aire, ſea, earth, fame, time, place, ſhew your power.
Alas, from all their helpe I am exiled,
For hers am I, and death feares her diſpleaſure.
Fie death, thou art beguiled,
Though I be hers, she makes of me no treaſure.

To the ſame tune.

THe Nightingale as ſoone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her reſted ſenſe a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her ſong-booke making:
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throate in tunes expreſſeth
What griefe her breaſt oppreſſeth,
For Thereus force on her chaſte will preuailing.
O Philomela faire, ô take ſome gladneſſe,
That here is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth,
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart inuadeth.

Alas she hath no other cauſe of anguish
But Thereus loue, on her by ſtrong hand wrokne,
Wherein she ſuffring all her ſpirits languish,
Full womanlike complaines her will was brokne.

*But I who dayly craving,*
*Cannot haue to content me,*
*Haue more cauſe to lament me,*
*Since wanting is more woe then too much hauing.*
*O Philomela faire, ô take ſome gladneſſe,*
*That here is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:*
*Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth:*
*Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart inuadeth.*

*To the tune of* Baſciami vita mia.

*SLeepe Babie mine, Deſire nurſe Beautie ſingeth:*
*Thy cries, ô Babie, ſet mine head on aking:*
*The Babe cries way, thy loue doth keepe me waking.*

*Lully, lully, my babe, hope cradle bringeth*
*Vnto my children alway good reſt taking:*
*The babe cries way, thy loue doth keepe me waking.*

*Since babie mine, from me thy watching ſpringeth,*
*Sleepe then a litle, pap content is making:*
*The babe cries nay, for that abide I waking.*

*To the tune of the Spanish ſong,* Se tu ſeñora no dueles de mi.

*OFaire, ô ſweet, when I do looke on thee,*
*In vvhom all ioyes ſo well agree,*
*Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.*
*This you heare is not my tongue,*
*Which once ſaid what I conceaued,*
*For it was of vſe bereaued,*
*with a cruell anſwer ſtong.*
*No, though tongue to roofe be cleaued,*
*Fearing leaſt he chaſtiſde be,*
*Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.*

*O faire, O ſweete, &c.*
*Iuſt accord all muſike makes;*
*In thee iuſt accord excelleth,*
*Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,*
*One of other beautie takes.*
*Since then truth to all minds telleth,*
*That in thee liues harmonie,*
*Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.*

*O faire, O ſweet, &c.*
*They that heau'n haue knowne, do ſay*

That

That who ſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what faire ſight there raigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway;
So then ſince that heauen remaineth,
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweete, &c.
Sweete thinke not I am at eaſe,
For becauſe my cheefe part ſingeth,
This ſong from deathes ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swanne in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dumbneſſe nor death bringeth
Stay to true loues melody:
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

These foure following Sonnets were made when his Ladie had paine in her face.

THe ſcourge of life, and deaths extreame diſgrace,
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called paine,
Long sham'd to be accurſt in euery place,
By them who of his rude reſort complaine.
Lyke crafty wretch by time and trauell tought,
His vgly euill in others good to hide,
Late harbers in her face whom nature wrought,
As treaſure houſe where her beſt gifts do hide.
And ſo by priuiledge of ſacred ſeate,
A ſeate where beauty shines and vertue raignes,
He hopes for ſome ſmall praiſe ſince she hath great,
Within her beames wrapping his cruell ſtaines.
Ah ſaucy paine let not thy errour laſt,
More louing eyes she draws, more hate thou haſt.

VVO, wo, to me, on me returne the ſmart:
My burning tongue hath bred my miſtreſſe paine,
For oft in paine to paine my paineſull heart
With her due praiſe did of my ſtate complaine.
I praiſde her eyes whom neuer chance doth moue,
Her breath which makes a ſower anſwer ſweete,
Her milken breaſts the nurſe of child-like loue,
Her legges (O legges) her ay well ſtepping feete.
Paine heard her praiſe, and full of inward fire,
(First ſealing vp my heart as pray of his)
He flies to her, and boldned with deſire,
Her face (thus ages praiſe) the thiefe doth kiſſe.
O paine I now recant the praiſe I gaue,
And ſweare she is not worthy thee to haue.

*Thou paine the onely guest of loath'd constraint,*
*The child of curse, mans weakenesse foster-child,*
*Brother to woe, and father of complaint:*
*Thou paine, thou hated paine, from heau'n exilde,*
*How holdst thou her, whose eyes constraint doth feare,*
*VVhom curst do blesse, whose weakenesse vertues arme,*
*VVho others woes and plaints can chastly beare:*
*In whose sweete heau'n Angels of high thoughts swarme.*
*VVhat courage strange hath caught thy caitife hart,*
*Fear'st not a face that oft whole harts deuowres,*
*Or art thou from aboue bid play this part,*
*And so no helpe gainst enuy of those powers?*
*If thus alas: yet while those partes haue wo,*
*So stay her toung, that she no more say no.*

*And haue I heard her say? ô cruell paine!*
*And doth she know what mould her beautie beares?*
*Mournes she in truth, and thinks that others faine?*
*Feares she to feele, and feeles not others feares?*
*Or doth she thinke all paine the minde forbeares?*
*That heauie earth, not fierie sprites may plaine?*
*That eyes weepe worse then hart in bloodie teares?*
*That sense feeles more then what doth sense containe?*
*No no, she is too wise, she knowes her face*
*Hath not such paine as it makes others haue:*
*She knows the sicknesse of that perfect place*
*Hath yet such health, as it my life can saue.*
*But this she thinks, our paine hye cause excuseth,*
*VVhere her who should rule paine, false paine abuseth.*

Translated out of *Horace*, which beginnes
*Rectius vives.*

*YOu better sure shall liue, not euermore*
*Trying high seas, nor while seas rage you flee,*
*Pressing too much vpon ill harbourd shore.*

*The gõlden meane who loues, liues safely free*
*From filth of foreworne house, and quiet liues,*
*Releast from Court, where enuie needes must be.*

*The windes most oft the hugest Pine-tree greeues:*
*The stately towers come downe with greater fall:*
*The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleeues:*

*Euill happes do fill with hope, good happes appall*
*VVith feare of change, the courage well preparde:*
*Fowle VVinters as they come, away they shall.*

*Though*

*Though preſent times and paſt with euils be ſnarde,*
*They ſhall not laſt: with Citherne ſilent muſe,*
*Apollo wakes, and bow hath ſometime ſparde.*

*In hard eſtate with ſtowt shew valor vſe,*
*The ſame man ſtill in whom wiſe doome preuailes,*
*In too full winde draw in thy ſwelling ſailes.*

*Out of Catullus.*

Nulli ſe dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
Quam mihi non ſi ſe Iupiter ipſe petat,
Dicit ſed mulier Cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida ſcribere oportet aqua.

---

*VNto no body my woman ſaith ſhe had rather a wife be,*
*Then to my ſelfe not though Ioue grew a ſuter of hers.*
*Theſe be her words, but a womans words to a loue that is eager,*
*In wind or waters ſtreame do require to be writ.*

Qui ſceptra ſæuus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in Authorem redit.

*Faire ſeeke not to be feard, moſt louely beloued by thy ſeruants,*
*For true it is, that they feare many whom many feare.*

---

*LIke as the Doue which ſeeled vp doth flie,*
*Is neither freed, nor yet to ſeruice bound,*
*But hopes to gaine ſome helpe by mounting hie,*
*Till want of force do force her fall to ground.*

*Right ſo my minde caught by his guiding eye,*
*And thence caſt off, where his ſweete hurt he found,*
*Hath neuer leaue to liue nor doome to dye,*
*Nor held in euill, nor ſuffered to be ſound.*

*But with his wings of fancies vp he goes,*
*To hie conceits whoſe fruits are oft but ſmall,*
*Till wounded, blind, and wearied ſpirite, loſe*
*Both force to flie and knowledge where to fall.*
*O happie Doue if ſhe no bondage tried:*
*More happie I, might I in bondage bide.*

---

E. D.

*PRometheus when firſt from heauen hie,*
*He brought downe fire, ere then on earth not ſeene,*
*Fond of Delight, a Satyre ſtanding by,*
*Gaue it a kiſſe, as it like ſweete had beene.*

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
VVood with the ſmart with ſhowts and ſhryking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his griefe went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I with that vnwonted ſight
In humane shape an Angell from aboue,
Feeding mine eyes, the impreſſion there did light,
That ſince I runne and reſt as pleaſeth loue,
The difference is, the Satires lippes, my hart,
He for a while, I euermore haue ſmart.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
With ſound of horne, which he him ſelfe did blow,
Fearing and feared thus from himſelfe he fled,
Deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know.

Such cauſeleſſe feares when coward minds do take,
It makes them flie that which they faine would haue:
As this poore beaſt who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how himſelfe to ſaue.

Euen thus might I for doubts which I conceaue
Of mine owne wordes, my owne good hap betray,
And thus might I for feare of may be, leaue
The ſweete purſute of my deſired pray.
Better like I thy Satyre deereſt Dyer,
Who burnt his lips to kiſſe faire shining fire.

---

MY miſtreſſe lowers and ſaith I do not loue:
I do proteſt and ſeeke with ſeruice due,
In humble mind a conſtant faith to proue,
But for all this I can not her remoue
From deepe vaine thought that I may not be true.

If othes might ſerue, euen by the Stygian lake,
VVhich Poets ſay, the gods themſelues do feare,
I neuer did my vowed word forſake:
For why should I, whom free choiſe ſlaue doth make?
Elſe what in face, then in my fancie beare.

My Muſe therefore for onely thou canſt tell,
Tell me the cauſe of this my cauſeleſſe woe,
Tell how ill thought diſgrac'd my doing well:
Tell how my ioyes and hopes thus fowly fell
To ſo lowe ebbe that wonted were to flowe.

O this it is, the knotted ſtraw is found
In tender harts, ſmall things engender hate:
A horſes worth laid waſt the Troyan ground:
A three foote ſtoole in Greece, made Trumpets ſound,
An Aſſes shade ere now hath bred debate.

If Greekes themſelues were mou'd with ſo ſmall cauſe,
To twiſt thoſe broyles, which hardly would vntwine:
Should Ladies faire be tyed to ſuch hard lawes,
As in their moodes to take a lingring pawſe?
I would it not, their mettall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witneſſe with my hart,
She ſaith, becauſe I make no wofull laies,
To paint my liuing death, and endleſſe ſmart:
And ſo for one that felt god Cupids dart,
She thinks I leade and liue too merrie daies.

Are Poets then the onely louers true?
VVhoſe hearts are ſet on meaſuring a verſe:
Who thinke themſelues well bleſt, if they renew
Some good old dumpe, that Chaucers miſtreſſe knew,
And vſe but you for matters to rehearſe.

Then good Apollo do away thy bowe:
Take harp and ſing in this our verſing time:
And in my braine ſome ſacred humour flowe:
That all the earth my woes, ſighes, teares may know,
And ſee you not that I fall now to ryme.

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilſt that me thought I iuſtly made my boſt
That onely I the onely Miſtreſſe had:
But now, if ere my face with ioy be clad:
Thinke Hanniball did laugh when Carthage loſt.

Sweet Ladie, as for thoſe whoſe ſullen cheare,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightneſſe found:
Who Stoick-like in clowdie hew appeare:
Who ſilence force to make their words more deare:
Whoſe eyes ſeeme chaſte, becauſe they looke on ground:
Beleeue them not for Phiſicke true doth finde,
Choler aduſt is ioyed in woman-kinde.

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IN wonted walkes, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing wherto mine eye doth range,
Part of my paine me ſeemes engraued lyes.

*The Rockes which were of conſtant mind, the marke*
*In clyming ſteepe, now hard refuſall show:*
*The ſhading woods ſeeme now my Sunne to darke,*
*And ſtately hilles diſdaine to looke ſo low.*

*The reſtfull Caues now reſtleſſe viſions giue,*
*In Dales I ſee each way a hard aſſent:*
*Like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue.*
*Alas ſweete Brookes do in my teares augment:*
*Rockes, woods, hilles, caues, dales, meads, brookes, anſwere me,*
*Infected mindes infect each thing they ſee.*

---

*IF I could thinke how theſe my thoughts to leaue,*
*Or thinking ſtill my thoughts might haue good end:*
*If rebell ſence would reaſons law receaue;*
*Or reaſon foyld would not in vaine contend:*
*Then might I thinke what thoughts were beſt to thinke:*
*Then might I wiſely ſwimme or gladly ſinke.*

*If either you would change your cruell hart,*
*Or cruell (ſtill) time did your beautie ſtaine:*
*If from my ſoule this loue would once depart,*
*Or for my loue ſome loue I might obtaine,*
*Then might I hope a change or eaſe of minde,*
*By your good helpe, or in my ſelfe to finde.*

*But ſince my thoughts in thinkiug ſtill are ſpent,*
*With reaſons ſtrife, by ſenſes ouerthrowne,*
*You fairer ſtill, and ſtill more cruell bent,*
*I louing ſtill a loue that loueth none.*
*I yeeld and ſtriue, I kiſſe and curſe the paine:*
*Thought, reaſon, ſenſe, time, you, and I, maintaine.*

---

## A Farewell.

*OFT haue I muſde, but now at length I finde,*
*Why thoſe that die, men ſay they do depart:*
*Depart, a word ſo gentle to my minde,*
*Weakely did ſeeme to paint deaths ougly dart.*

*But now the ſtarres with their ſtrange courſe do binde*
*Me one to leaue, with whome I leaue my hart.*
*I heare a crye of ſpirits faint and blinde,*
*That parting thus my chiefeſt part I part.*

*Part of my life, the loathed part to me,*
*Liues to impart my wearie clay ſome breath.*

But

*But that good part, wherein all comforts be,*
*Now dead, doth ſhew departure is a death,*
*Yea worſe then death, death parts both woe and ioy,*
*From ioy I part ſtill liuing in annoy.*

---

*FInding thoſe beames, which I muſt euer loue,*
*To marre my minde, and with my hurt to pleaſe,*
*I deemd it beſt ſome abſence for to proue,*
*If further place might further me to eaſe.*

*My eyes thence drawne, where liued all their light,*
*Blinded forthwith in darke diſpaire did lye,*
*Like to the Molde with want of guiding ſight,*
*Deepe plunged in earth, depriued of the ſkie.*

*In abſence blind, and wearied with that woe,*
*To greater woes by preſence I returne,*
*Euen as the flye, which to the flame doth goe,*
*Pleaſed with the light, thas his ſmall corſe doth burne:*
*Faire choice I haue, either to liue or dye*
*A blinded Molde, or elſe a burned flye.*

---

## The 7. Wonders of *England*.

*NEere* VVilton *ſweete, huge heapes of ſtones are found,*
*But ſo confuſde, that neither any eye*
*Can count them iuſt, nor reaſon reaſon trye,*
*What force brought them to ſo vnlikely ground.*

*To ſtranger weights my mindes waſte ſoile is bound,*
*Of paſſion hilles reaching to reaſons skie,*
*From fancies earth paſſing all numbers bound,*
*Paſſing all gheſſe, whence into me ſhould fly*
*So mazde a maſſe, or if in me it growes,*
*A ſimple ſoule ſhould breed ſo mixed woes.*

*The* Bruertons *haue a Lake, which when the Sunne,*
*Approching warmes (not elſe) dead logges vp ſends,*
*From hideous depth, which tribute when it ends,*
*Sore ſigne it is, the Lords laſt thred is ſpun.*

*My lake is ſenſe whoſe ſtill ſtreames neuer runne,*
*But when my Sunne her ſhining twinnes there bends,*
*Then from his depth with force in her begunne,*
*Long drowned hopes to watrie eyes it lends:*
*But when that failes, my dead hopes vp to take,*
*Their maſter is faire warn'd his will to make.*

*we haue a fish, by ſtrangers much admirde,*
*Which caught, to cruell ſearch yeelds his chiefe part:*
*(with gall cut out) cloſde vp againe by art,*
*Yet liues vntill his life be new requirde.*

*A ſtranger fish, my ſelfe not yet expirde,*
*Though rapt with beauties hooke, I did impart*
*My ſelfe vnto th' Anatomy deſirde,*
*In ſteed of gall, leauing to her my hart:*
*Yet liue with thoughts cloſde vp, till that she will*
*By conqueſts right in ſteed of ſearching kill.*

Peake *hath a Caue, whoſe narrow entries finde,*
*Large roomes within, where droppes diſtill amaine:*
*Till knit with cold, though there vnknowne remaine,*
*Decke that poore place with Alablaſter linde.*

*Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomie caue, my minde,*
*VVhoſe clowdie thoughts, let fall an inward raine*
*Of ſorrowes droppes till colder reaſon binde*
*Their running fall into a conſtant vaine*
*Of trueth, farre more then Alablaſter pure,*
*VVhich though deſpiſde, yet ſtill doth truth endure.*

*A field there is, where if a ſtake be preſt,*
*Deepe in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,*
*Is chang'd to ſtone, in hardneſſe, cold, and weight,*
*The wood, aboue doth ſoone conſuming reſt.*

*The earth, her eares: the ſtake is my requeſt:*
*Of which, how much may pierce to that ſweet ſeate,*
*To honor turnd, doth dwell in honors neſt,*
*Keeping that forme, though void of wonted heate:*
*But all the reſt, which feare durſt not applie,*
*Failing themſelues, with withered conſcience dye.*

*Of ships, by shipwrack caſt on* Albion *coaſt,*
*which rotting on the rockes, their death do dye:*
*From wodden bones, and bloud of pitch doth flie*
*A bird which gets more life then ship had loſt.*

*My ship, deſire, with winde of luſt long toſt,*
*Brake on faire cleeues of conſtant chaſtitie:*
*where plagu'd for rash attempt, giues vp his ghoſt,*
*So deepe in ſeas of vertue beauties ly.*
*But of this death flies vp a pureſt loue,*
*Which ſeeming leſſe, yet nobler life doth moue.*

*Theſe*

*These wonders England breedes, the laſt remaines,*
*A Ladie in deſpite of nature chaſte.*
*On whome all loue, in whom no loue is plaſte,*
*Where faireneſſe yeelds to wiſdomes shorteſt raines.*

*An humble pride, a ſkorne that fauour ſtaines:*
*A womans mould, but like an Angell graſte,*
*An Angells mind, but in a woman caſte:*
*A heauen on earth, or earth that heauen containes:*
*Now thus this wonder to myſelfe I frame,*
*She is the cauſe that all the reſt I am.*

---

To the tune of *wilhemus* van *Naſſaw*, &c.

*WHo hath his fancie pleaſed,*
*With fruits of happie ſight,*
*Let here his eyes be raiſed*
*On natures ſweeteſt light.*
*A light which doth diſſeuer,*
*And yet vnite the eyes,*
*A light which dying neuer,*
*Is cauſe the looker dyes.*

*She neuer dies but laſteth*
*In life of louers hart,*
*He euer dies that waſteth*
*In loue, his chiefeſt part.*
*Thus is her life ſtill guarded,*
*In neuer dying faith:*
*Thus is his death rewarded,*
*Since she liues in his death.*

*Looke then and dye, the pleaſure*
*Doth anſwere well the paine:*
*Small loſſe of mortall treaſure,*
*Who may immortall gaine.*
*Immortall be her graces,*
*Immortall is her minde:*
*They fit for heauenly places,*
*This heauen in it doth binde.*

*But eyes theſe beauties ſee not,*
*Nor ſence that grace deſcryes:*
*Yet eyes depriued be not,*
*From ſight of her faire eyes:*
*Which as of inward glorie*
*They are the outward ſeale:*
*So may they liue ſtill ſorie*
*Which die not in that weale.*

*But who hath fancies pleased,*
*with fruits of happie sight,*
*Let here his eyes be rayſed*
*On natures ſweeteſt light.*

---

The ſmokes of Melancholy.

VVHo hath euer felt the change of loue,
*And knowne thoſe pangs that the looſers proue,*
*May paint my face without ſeeing mee,*
*And write the ſtate how my fancies bee,*
*The lothſome buds growne on ſorrowes tree.*

*But who by hearesay ſpeakes, and hath not fully felt*
*What kind of fires they be in which thoſe ſpirits melt,*
*Shall geſſe, and faile, what doth diſpleaſe,*
*Feeling my pulſe, miſſe my diſeaſe.*

*O no, O no, try all onely shewse*
*The bitter iuice of forſaken woes,*
*where former bliſſe preſent euils do ſtaine,*
*Nay former bliſſe addes to preſent paine,*
*While remembrance doth both ſtates containe.*

*Come learners then to me, the modell of mishappe,*
*Engulfed in deſpaire, ſlid downe from fortunes lappe:*
*And as you like my double lot,*
*Tread in my ſteppes, or follow not.*

*For me alas I am full reſolu'd,*
*Thoſe bands alas ſhall not be diſſolu'd,*
*Nor breake my word though reward come late,*
*Nor faile my faith in my failing fate,*
*Nor change in change, though change change my ſtate.*

*But alwayes one my ſelfe with eagle eyde trueth to flie,*
*vp to the ſunne, although the ſunne my wings do frie:*
*For if thoſe flames burne my deſire,*
*Yet ſhall I die in* Phœnix *fire.*

---

VVHen to my deadlie pleaſure,
*when to my liuelie torment,*
*Ladie mine eyes remained,*
*Ioyned alas to your beames.*

*With violence of heau'nly*
*Beautie tied, to vertue,*

*Reaſon abasht retyred,*
*Gladly my ſenſes yeelded.*

*Gladly my ſenſes yeelding,*
*Thus to betray my harts ſort,*
*Left me deuoid of all life.*

*They to the beamie Sunnes went,*
*Where by the death of all deaths,*
*Finde to what harme they haſtned.*

*Like to the ſilly* Syluan,
*Burn'd by the light he beſt liked,*
*When with a fire he firſt met.*

*Yet, yet, a life to their death,*
*Lady you haue reſerued,*
*Lady the life of all loue.*

*For though my ſenſe be from me,*
*And I be dead who want ſenſe,*
*Yet do we both liue in you.*

*Turned anew by your meanes,*
*Vnto the flowre that ay turnes,*
*As you, alas, my Sunne bends.*

*Thus do I fall to riſe thus,*
*Thus do I dye to liue thus,*
*Changed to a change, I change not.*

*Thus may I not be from you:*
*Thus be my ſenſes on you:*
*Thus what I thinke is of you:*
*Thus what I ſeeke is in you:*
*All what I am, it is you.*

---

To the tune of a *Neapolitan* ſong, which beginneth: *No, no, no, no.*

*NO, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,*
*Although with cruell fire,*
*Firſt throwne on my deſire,*
*She ſackes my rendred ſprite.*
*For ſo a faire, a flame embraces*
*All the places,*

*Where that heat of all heates ſpringeth,*
*That it bringeth*
*To my dying heart ſome pleaſure,*
*Since his treaſure*
*Burneth bright in faireſt light. No, no, no, no.*

*No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,*
*Although, &c.*
*Since our liues be not immortall,*
*But to mortall*
*Fetters tyed, do waite the hower*
*of deathes power.*
*They haue no cauſe to be ſorie,*
*who with glorie*
*End the way, where all men ſtay. No, no, no, no.*

*No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,*
*Although, &c.*
*No man doubts, whom beautie killeth,*
*Faire death feeleth,*
*And in whome faire death proceedeth,*
*Glorie breedeth:*
*So that I in her beames dying,*
*Glorie trying,*
*Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.*

---

To the tune of a *Neapolitan Villanell.*

*ALl my ſenſe thy ſweetneſſe gained,*
*Thy faire haire my heart enchained,*
*My poore reaſon thy words moued,*
*So that thee like heauen I loued.*

*Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan:*
*Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:*
*While to my minde the out ſide ſtood,*
*For meſſenger of inward good.*

*Now thy ſweetneſſe ſowre is deemed,*
*Thy haire not worth a haire eſteemed:*
*Reaſon hath thy words remoued,*
*Finding that but words they proued.*

*Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan,*
*Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei,*
*For no faire ſigne can credit winne,*
*If that the ſubſtance faile within.*

*No*

*No more in thy ſweetneſſe glorie,*
*For thy knitting haire be ſorie:*
*Vſe thy words but to bewaile thee.*
*That no more thy beames auaile thee.*
*Dan, dan,*
*Dan, dan,*
*Lay not thy colours more to view,*
*Without the picture be found true.*

*Wo to me, alas she weepeth!*
*Foole in me, what follie creepeth,*
*Was I to blaſpheme enraged,*
*Where my ſoule I haue engaged.*
*Dan, dan,*
*Dan, dan,*
*And wretched I muſt yeeld to this,*
*The fault I blame her chaſtneſſe is.*

*Sweetneſſe ſweetly pardon folly,*
*Ty me haire your captiue holly,*
*Words, ô vvords of heauenlie knowledge,*
*Know my words their faults acknowledge.*
*Dan, dan,*
*Dan, dan.*
*And all my life I will confeſſe,*
*The leſſe I loue, I liue the leſſe,*

---

Tranſlated out of the *Diana* of Montemaior in Spaniſh. VVhere *Sireno* a ſhepheard pulling out a litle of his Miſtreſſe *Dianas* haire, wrapt about with greene ſilke, who now had vtterlie forſaken him: to the haire he thus bewaild himſelfe.

VVHat changes here, ô haire,
*I ſee ſince I ſaw you:*
*How ill ſits you this greene to weare,*
*For hope the colour ane.*
*Indeed I well did hope,*
*Though hope were mixt with feare,*
*No other ſhepheard ſhould haue ſcope,*
*Once to approch this heare.*

*Ah haire, how many dayes,*
*My* Diane *made me ſhew,*
*VVith thouſand prety childiſh plaies,*
*If I ware you or no,*
*Alas how oft with teares,*
*O teares of guileſull breaſt,*



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*She ſeemed full of iealous feares,*
*Whereat I did but ieaſt.*

*Tell me ô haire of gold,*
*If I then faultie be,*
*That truſt thoſe killing eyes, I would,*
*Since they did warrant me.*
*Haue you not ſeene her mood,*
*What ſtreames of teares she ſpent,*
*Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſtood,*
*As her words had it bent?*

*Who hath ſuch beautie ſeene*
*In one that changeth ſo?*
*Or where ones loue ſo conſtant bene?*
*Who euer ſaw ſuch woe?*
*Ah haire are you not grieu'd,*
*To come from whence you be,*
*Seeing how once you ſaw I liu'd,*
*To ſee me as you ſee?*

*On ſandie banke of late,*
*I ſaw this woman ſit,*
*Where ſooner die then change my ſtate,*
*She with her finger writ:*
*Thus my beleefe vvas ſtaid,*
*Behold Loues mightie hand*
*On things, were by a woman ſaid,*
*And written in the ſand.*

---

The ſame *Sireno* in Montemaior holding his miſtreſſe glaſſe before her, looking vpon her while ſhe viewed her ſelfe, thus ſang:

*OF this high grace with bliſſe conioyn'd*
*No further debt on me is laid,*
*Since that in ſelfe ſame mettall coin'd,*
*Sweet Ladie you remaine well paid.*
*For if my place giue me great pleaſure,*
*Hauing before me Natures treaſure,*
*In face and eyes vnmatched being,*
*You haue the ſame in my hands ſeeing,*
*What in your face mine eyes do meaſure.*

*Nor thinke the match vneu'nly made,*
*That of thoſe beames in you do tarie:*
*The glaſſe to you but giues a ſhade,*
*To me mine eyes the true ſhape carie.*

For

*For ſuch a thought moſt highlie prized,*
*Which euer hath Loues yoke deſpiſed:*
*Better then one captiu'd perceiueth,*
*Though he the liuely forme receiueth:*
*The other ſees it but diſguiſed.*

---

*RIng out your belles, let mourning shewes be ſpread,*
*For loue is dead:*
*All Loue is dead, infected*
*With plague of deepe diſdaine:*
*Worth as nought worth reiected,*
*And Faith faire ſcorne doth gaine.*
*From ſo vngratefull fancie,*
*From ſuch a femall franzie,*
*From them that vſe men thus,*
*Good Lord deliuer vs.*

*Weepe neighbours, weepe, do you not heare it ſaid,*
*That Loue is dead:*
*His death-bed peacocks follie,*
*His winding sheete is shame,*
*His will falſe-ſeeming holie,*
*His ſole executour blame.*
*From ſo vngratefull, &c.*

*Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read,*
*For Loue is dead:*
*Sir vvrong his tombe ordaineth:*
*My miſtreſſe Marble-heart,*
*Which Epitaph containeth,*
*Her eyes were once his dart.*
*From ſo vngratefull, &c.*

*Alas, I lie: rage hath this errour bred,*
*Loue is not dead.*
*Loue is not dead, but ſleepeth*
*In her vnmatched mind:*
*Where she his counſell keepeth,*
*Till due deſert she find.*
*Therefore from ſo vile fancie,*
*To call ſuch wit a franzie,*
*Who loue can temper thus,*
*Good Lord deliuer vs.*

---

*THou blind mans marke, thou fooles ſelfe choſen ſnare,*
*Fond fancies ſcum, and dregs of ſcattred thought,*
*Band of all euils, cradle of cauſeleſſe care,*
*Thou vveb of will, whoſe end is neuer wrought.*

*Deſire, deſire I haue too dearely bought,*
*With priſe of mangled mind thy worthleſſe ware,*
*Too long, too long aſleepe thou haſt me brought,*
*Who ſhould my mind to higher things prepare.*

*But yet in vaine thou haſt my ruine ſought,*
*In vaine thou madeſt me to vaine things aſpire,*
*In vaine thou kindleſt all thy ſmokie fire.*

*For vertue hath this better leſſon taught,*
*Within my ſelfe to ſeeke my onelie hire:*
*Deſiring nought but how to kill deſire.*

---

*Leaue me ô Loue, which reacheſt but to duſt,*
*And thou my mind aſpire to higher things:*
*Grow rich in that which neuer taketh ruſt:*
*What euer fades, but fading pleaſure brings.*

*Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,*
*To that ſweet yoke, where laſting freedomes be:*
*Which breakes the clowdes and opens forth the light.*
*That doth both ſhine and giue vs ſight to ſee.*

*O take faſt hold, let that light be thy guide,*
*In this ſmall courſe which birth drawes out to death,*
*And thinke how euill becommeth him to ſlide,*
*Who ſeeketh heau'n, and comes of heau'nly breath.*
*Then farewell world, thy vttermoſt I ſee,*
*Eternall Loue maintaine thy life in me.*

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

is plaine to be ſeene: in all which they haue ſome feeling of Poetrie. In *Turkie*, beſides their Law-giuing Diuines, they haue no other writers but Poets. In our neighbour countrie *Ireland*, where truely learning goes verie bare, yet are their Poets held in a deuout reuerence. Euen among the moſt barbarous and ſimple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet haue they their Poets, who make and ſing ſongs, which they call *Arentos*, both of their Anceſtors deeds, and praiſes of their Gods. A ſufficient probabilitie, that if euer learning come among them, it muſt be by hauing their hard dull wittes ſoftened and ſharpened with the ſweete delights of Poetrie, for vntill they find a pleaſure in the exerciſe of the mind, great promiſes of much knowledge, will little perſwade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the ancient *Brittons*, as there are good authorities to ſhew, the long time they had Poets which they called *Bardes*: ſo thorough all the conqueſts of *Romanes*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, ſome of whome did ſeeke to ruine all memorie of learning from among them, yet do their Poets euen to this day laſt: ſo as it is not more notable in the ſoone beginning, then in long continuing. But ſince the Authours of moſt of our Sciences, were the *Romanes*, and before them the *Greekes*, let vs a little ſtand vppon their authorities, but euen ſo farre as to ſee what names they haue giuen vnto this now ſcorned skill. Among the *Romanes* a Poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a Diuiner, foreſeer, or Prophet, as by his conioyned words *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari*, is manifeſt, ſo heauenly a title did that excellent people beſtow vppon this heart-rauiſhing knowledge, and ſo farre were they caried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chaunceable hitting vppon of any ſuch verſes, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereuppon grew the word of *Sortes Virgilianæ*, when by ſodaine opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted vppon ſome verſe of his, as it is reported by manie, whereof the Hiſtories of the *Emperours* liues are full. As of *Albinus* the Gouernour of our Iland, who in his childhood met with this verſe:

*Arma amens capio, nec ſat rationis in armis.*

And in his age performed it, although it were a very vaine and godleſſe ſuperſtition as alſo it was, to thinke ſpirits were commanded by ſuch verſes, whereupon this word *Charmes* deriued of *Carmina*, commeth: ſo yet ſerueth it to ſhew the great reuerence thoſe wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, ſince both the Oracles of *Delphos* and *Sybillas* prophecies, were wholly deliuered in verſes, for that ſame exquiſite obſeruing of number and meaſure in the words, and that high flying libertie of conceit proper to the Poet, did ſeeme to haue ſome diuine force in it. And may not I preſume a little farther, to ſhew the reaſonableneſſe of this word *Vates*, and ſay that the holy *Dauids* Pſalmes are a diuine *Poeme*? If I do, I ſhall not do it without the teſtimonie of great learned men both ancient and moderne. But euen the name of Pſalmes will ſpeake for me, which being interpreted, is nothing but ſongs: then that it is fullie written in meeter, as all learned *Hebritians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Laſtly and principally, his handling his prophecie, which is meerely Poeticall. For what elſe is the awaking his muſicall Inſtruments, the often and free changing of perſons, his notable *Proſopopœias*, when he maketh you as it were ſee God comming in his maieſtie, his telling of the beaſts ioyfulneſſe, and hilles leaping, but a heauenly Poeſie, wherein almoſt he ſheweth himſelfe a paſſionate louer of that vnſpeakable

and euerlasting beautie, to be seene by the eyes of the mind, onely cleared by faith? But truly now hauing named him, I feare I seeme to prophane that holie name, applying it to Poetrie, which is among vs throwne downe to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet iudgements will looke a litle deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as being rightly applied, deserueth not to be scourged out of the Church of God. But now let vs see how the Greekes haue named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greekes named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages, it commeth of this word ποιεῖν, which is to make: wherein I know not whether by lucke or wisedome, wee Englishmen haue met with the Greekes in calling him a Maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were knowne by marking the scope of other sciences, then by any partiall allegation. There is no Arte deliuered vnto mankind, that hath not the workes of nature for his principall obiect, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become Actors and Players, as it were, of what Nature will haue set forth. So doth the *Astronomer* looke vppon the starres, and by that he seeth, set downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arethmetician* in their diuerse sorts of quantities. So doth the *Musitian* in times tell you, which by Nature agree, which not. The naturall *Philosopher* thereon hath his name, and the morall *Philosopher* standeth vpon the natural vertues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature saith he, therein, and thou shalt not erre. The *Lawyer* saith, what men haue determined. The *Historian*, what men haue done. The *Grammarian*, speaketh onely of the rules of speech, and the *Rhetoritian* and *Logitian*, considering what in nature will sooneste proue, and perswade thereon, giue artificiall rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The *Physitian* weigheth the nature of mans bodie, and the nature of things helpfull or hurtfull vnto it. And the *Metaphysicke* though it bee in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernaturall, yet doth he indeed build vpon the depth of Nature. Onely the *Poet* disdaining to be tied to anie such subiection, lifted vp with the vigour of his owne inuention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things either better then Nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, formes such as neuer were in nature: as the *Heroes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiacke of his owne wit. Nature neuer set forth the earth in so rich Tapistrie as diuerse Poets haue done, neither with so pleasant riuers, fruitfull trees, sweete-smelling flowers, nor whatsoeuer else may make the too much loued earth more louely: her world is brasen, the Poets onely deliuer a golden. But let those things alone, and go to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her vttermost cunning is imployed: and know whether shee haue brought forth so true a louer as *Theagenes*, so constant a friend as *Pylades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a Prince as *Xenophons Cyrus*, and so excellent a man euery way, as *Virgils Aeneas*. Neither let this be iestingly conceiued, because the works of the one be essentiall, the other in imitation or fiction: for euery vnderstanding knoweth the skill of each Artificer standeth in that *Idea*, or foreconceit of the worke, & not in the worke it selfe. And that the Poet hath that *Idea*, is manifest, by the deliuering thē forth in such excellency

as

as he had imagined them: which deliuering foorth, alſo is not whollie imaginatiue, as wee are wont to ſay by them that build Caſtles in the aire: but ſo farre ſubſtantiallie it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*, which had bene but a particular excellencie, as nature might haue done, but to beſtow a *Cyrus* vppon the world to make many *Cyruſſes*, if they will learne aright, why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too ſawcie a compariſon, to ballance the higheſt point of mans wit with the efficacie of nature: but rather giue right honour to the heauenly maker of that maker, who hauing made man to his owne likeneſſe, ſet him beyond, and ouer all the workes of that ſecond nature, which in nothing he ſheweth ſo much as in Poetrie; when with the force of a diuine breath, he bringeth things forth ſurpaſſing her doings: with no ſmall arguments to the incredulous of that firſt accurſed fall of *Adam*, ſince our erected wit maketh vs know what perfection is, and yet our infected wil keepeth vs from reaching vnto it. But theſe arguments will by few be vnderſtood, and by fewer graunted: thus much I hope will be giuen me, that the Greekes with ſome probabilitie of reaſon, gaue him the name aboue all names of learning. Now let vs go to a more ordinarie opening of him, that the truth may bee the more palpable: and ſo I hope, though wee get not ſo vnmatched a praiſe, as the *Etimologie* of his names will graunt, yet his verie deſcription, which no man will denie, ſhall not iuſtly be barred from a principall commendation. *Poeſie* therefore, is an Arte of *Imitation*: for ſo *Ariſtotle* tearmeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to ſay, a repreſenting, counterfeiting, or figuring forth to ſpeake metaphorically. A ſpeaking *Picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this haue bene three generall kinds, the chiefe both in antiquitie and excellencie, were they that did imitate the vnconceiuable excellencies of God, ſuch were *Dauid* in his Pſalmes, *Salomon* in his Song of Songs, in his *Eccleſiaſtes* and *Prouerbes*. *Moſes* and *Debora* in their Hymnes, and the writer of *Iob*. Which beſide other, the learned *Emanuell Tremelius*, and *Fr. Iunius* do entitle the Poeticall part of the Scripture: againſt theſe none will ſpeake that hath the holie Ghoſt in due holie reuerence. In this kind, though in a full wrong Diuinitie, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymnes, and manie other both *Greekes* and *Romanes*. And this *Poeſie* muſt be vſed by whoſoeuer will follow Saint *Paules* counſaile, in ſinging Pſalmes when they are merie, and I know is vſed with the fruit of comfort by ſome, when in ſorowfull pangs of their death-bringing ſinnes, they find the conſolation of the neuerleauing goodneſſe. The ſecond kind is of them that deale with matter Philoſophicall, either morall, as *Tirteus*, *Phocilides*, *Cato*: or naturall, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgils Georgikes*; or Aſtronomicall, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Hiſtoricall, as *Lucan*: which who miſlike, the fault is in their iudgement, quite out of taſte, and not in the ſweet food of ſweetly vttered knowledge. But becauſe this ſecond ſort is wrapped within the folde of the propoſed ſubiect, and takes not the free courſe of his owne inuention, whether they properly bee Poets or no, let *Grammarians* diſpute; and go to the third indeed right Poets, of whom chieflie this queſtion ariſeth: betwixt whom and theſe ſecond, is ſuch a kinde of difference, as betwixt the meaner ſort of Painters, who counterfeit onely ſuch faces as are ſet before them, and the more excellent, who hauing no law but wit, beſtow that in colours vpon you, which is fitteſt for the eye to ſee, as the conſtant, though lamenting looke of *Lucretia*, when ſhee puniſhed in her ſelfe

anothers fault: wherein he painteth not *Lucretia*, whom he neuer ſaw, but painteth the outward beautie of ſuch a vertue. For theſe third be they, which moſt properlie do imitate to teach and delight: and to imitate, borow nothing of what is, hath bene, or ſhall be, but range only, reyned with learned diſcretion, into the diuine conſideration of what may be & ſhould be. Theſe bee they that as the firſt and moſt noble ſort, may iuſtly bee termed *Vates*: ſo theſe are wayted on in the excellenteſt languages and beſt vnderſtandings, with the fore deſcribed name of *Poets*. For theſe indeed do meerely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to moue men to take that goodneſſe in hand, which without delight they would flie as from a ſtranger; and teach to make them know that goodneſſe whereunto they are mooued: which being the nobleſt ſcope to which euer any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to barke at them. Theſe be ſubdiuided into ſundry more ſpeciall denominations. The moſt notable be the *Heroicke*, *Lyricke*, *Tragicke*, *Comicke*, *Satyricke*, *Iambicke*, *Elegiacke*, *Paſtorall*, and certaine others: ſome of theſe being tearmed acording to the matter they deale with, ſome by the ſort of verſe they liked beſt to write in: for indeed the greateſt part of Poets, haue apparelled their Poeticall inuentions, in that numbrous kind of writing which is called *Verſe*. Indeed but apparelled Verſe, being but an ornament, and no cauſe to Poetrie, ſince there haue bene manie moſt excellent Poets that neuer verſified, and now ſwarme many verſifiers that need neuer anſwer to the name of Poets. For *Xenophon* who did imitate ſo excellentlie as to giue vs *Effigiem iuſti imperij*, the portraiture of a iuſt Empire, vnder the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* ſaith of him, made therein an abſolute heroicall Poeme. So did *Heliodorus* in his ſugred inuention of that picture of loue in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both theſe wrote in Proſe: which I ſpeake to ſhew, that it is not ryming and verſing that maketh a Poet, (no more then a long gowne maketh an Aduocate, who though hee pleaded in armour, ſhould bee an Aduocate and no Souldier:) but it is that faining notable images of vertues, vices, or what elſe, with that delightfull teaching, which muſt be the right deſcribing note to know a Poet by. Although indeed the Senate of Poets haue choſen verſe as their fitteſt rayment: meaning as in matter they paſſed all in all, ſo in manner to go beyond them: not ſpeaking table-talke faſhion, or like men in a dreame, wordes as they chanceable fall from the mouth, but peaſing each ſillable of each word by iuſt proportion, according to the dignity of the ſubiect. Now therefore it ſhall not be amiſſe, firſt to weigh this latter ſort of Poetrie by his workes, and then by his parts; and if in neither of theſe Anatomies hee be condemnable, I hope we ſhall receiue a more fauourable ſentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memorie, enabling of iudgement, and inlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, vnder what name ſo euer it come forth, or to what immediate end ſoeuer it be directed, the finall end is, to leade and draw vs to as high a perfection, as our degenerate ſoules, made worſe by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impreſſions: for ſome that thought this felicity principallie to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be ſo high or heauenly, as acquaintance with the ſtarres; gaue themſelues to *Aſtronomie*: others perſwading themſelues to be *Demi-gods*, if they knew the cauſes of things, became naturall and ſupernaturall *Philoſophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *Muſicke*: and ſome the certaintie of demon-

demonſtration to the *Mathematikes*: but all one and other hauing this ſcope to know, and by knowledge to lift vp the mind from the dungeon of the bodie, to the enioying his owne diuine eſſence. But when by the ballance of experience it was found, that the *Aſtronomer* looking to the ſtarres might fall in a ditch: that the enquiring *Philoſopher* might bee blind in himſelfe: and the *Mathematician* might draw forth a ſtraight line with a crooked heart. Then loe did Proofe, the ouer-ruler of opinions make manifeſt, that all theſe are but ſeruing ſciences; which as they haue a priuate end in themſelues, ſo yet are they all directed to the higheſt end of the miſtreſſe knowledge, by the Greekes ἀρχιτεκτονικὴ, which ſtands as I thinke, in the knowledge of a mans ſelfe, in the Ethicke and Politicke conſideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing onely. Euen as the Sadlers next end is to make a good ſaddle, but his further end, to ſerue a nobler faculty, which is horſmanſhip: ſo the horſmans to ſouldierie: and the ſouldier not onely to haue the skill, but to perfourme the practiſe of a ſouldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning, being vertuous action, thoſe skilles that moſt ſerue to bring forth that, haue a moſt iuſt title to be Princes ouer all the reſt: wherein if wee can ſhew, the Poet is worthy to haue it before any other competitors, among whom principallie to challenge it, ſtep forth the morall *Philoſophers*, whom me thinkes, I ſee comming towards me, with a ſullen grauitie, as though they could not abide vice by day-light, rudely cloathed, for to witneſſe outwardly their contempt of outward things, with bookes in their hands againſt glorie, whereto they ſet their names: ſophiſtically ſpeaking againſt ſubtiltie, and angrie with any man in whom they ſee the foule fault of anger. Theſe men caſting larges as they go of definitions, diuiſions, and diſtinctions, with a ſcornefull interrogatiue, do ſoberly aske, whether it be poſſible to finde any path ſo ready to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is, and teacheth it not onely by deliuering forth his verie being, his cauſes and effects, but alſo by making knowne his enemy vice, which muſt be deſtroyed: and his cumberſome ſeruant Paſſion, which muſt be maſtered: by ſhewing the generalities that containes it, and by the ſpecialities that are deriued from it. Laſtly, by plaine ſetting downe how it extends it ſelfe out of the limits of a mans owne little world, to the gouernment of families, and maintaining of publike ſocieties. The *Hiſtorian* ſcarcely giues leaſure to the *Moraliſt* to ſay ſo much, but that he loaden with old Mouſe-eaten Records, authoriſing himſelfe for the moſt part vpon other Hiſtories, whoſe greateſt authorities are built vppon the notable foundation *Heare-ſay*, hauing much ado to accord differing writers, and to picke truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thouſand yeares ago, then with the preſent age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, then how his owne wit runnes; curious for Antiquities, and inquiſitiue of Nouelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a Tyrant in table-talke; denyeth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue, and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Teſtis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magiſtra vitæ, nuncia vetuſtatis.* The *Philoſopher*, ſaith hee, teacheth a diſputatiue vertue, but I do an actiue. His vertue is excellent in the daunger-leſſe *Academie* of *Plato*: but mine ſheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon*, *Pharſalia*, *Poictiers*, and *Agincourt*. Hee teacheth vertue by certaine abſtract conſiderations: but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that haue gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine witted

*Philoſopher*: but I giue the experience of manie ages. Laſtly, if he make the ſong booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute, and if he be the guide, I am the light. Then would he alleage you innumerable examples, confirming ſtorie by ſtories, how much the wiſeſt Senators and Princes haue bene directed by the credite of Hiſtorie, as *Brutus*, *Alphonſus* of *Aragon*, (and who not if need be.) At length, the long line of their diſputation makes a point in this, that the one giueth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom ſhall we find, ſince the queſtion ſtandeth for the higheſt forme in the ſchoole of learning to be moderator? Trulie as me ſeemeth, the Poet, and if not a moderator, euen the man that ought to carie the title from them both: and much more from all other ſeruing ſciences. Therefore compare we the *Poet* with the *Hiſtorian*, and with the morall *Philoſopher*: and if he go beyond them both, no other humane skill can match him. For as for the *Diuine*, with all reuerence he is euer to be excepted, not onely for hauing his ſcope as farre beyond anie of theſe, as Eternitie exceedeth a Moment: but euen for paſſing each of theſe in themſelues. And for the *Lawyer*, though *Ius* be the daughter of *Iuſtice*, the chiefe of vertues; yet becauſe he ſeekes to make men good, rather *formidine pœnæ*, then *virtutis amore*: or to ſay righter, doth not endeuor to make men good, but that their euill hurt not others, hauing no care ſo he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be. Therefore as our wickedneſſe maketh him neceſſarie, and neceſſitie maketh him honourable, ſo is he not in the deepeſt truth to ſtand in ranke with theſe, who all endeuour to take naughtineſſe away, and plant goodneſſe euen in the ſecreteſt cabinet of our ſoules: & theſe foure are all that any way deale in the conſideration of mens manners, which being the ſupreame knowledge, they that beſt breed it, deſerue the beſt commendation. The *Philoſopher* therfore, and the *Hiſtorian*, are they which would win the goale, the one by precept, the other by example: but both, not hauing both, do both halte. For the *Philoſopher* ſetting downe with thornie arguments the bare rule, is ſo hard of vtterance, and ſo myſtie to be conceiued, that one that hath no other guide but him, ſhall wade in him till he be old, before he ſhall find ſufficient cauſe to be honeſt. For his knowledge ſtandeth ſo vpon the abſtract and generall, that happie is that man who may vnderſtand him, and more happy that can applie what he doth vnderſtand. On the other ſide, the *Hiſtorian* wanting the precept, is ſo tied not to what ſhould be, but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the generall reaſon of things, that his example draweth no neceſſary conſequence, and therefore a leſſe fruitfull doctrine. Now doth the peereleſſe Poet performe both: for whatſoeuer the Philoſopher ſaith ſhould be done, he giues a perfect picture of it by ſome one, by whom he preſuppoſeth it was done, ſo as hee coupleth the generall notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I ſay) for he yeeldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the Philoſopher beſtoweth but a wordiſh deſcription, which doth neither ſtrike, pierce, nor poſſeſſe the ſight of the ſoule ſo much, as that other doth. For as in outward things to a man that had neuer ſeene an *Elephant*, or a *Rinoceros*, who ſhould tell him moſt exquiſitely all their ſhape, colour, bigneſſe and particular markes, or of a gorgious pallace an *Architecture*, who declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeate as it were by roat all he had heard, yet ſhould neuer ſatisfie his inward conceit, with being witneſſe to it ſelfe of a true liuing knowledge: but the ſame man, aſſoone as he might ſee thoſe beaſts well painted, or that houſe well in modell,

ſhould

PAGINATION INCORRECT

ſhould ſtraightwaies grow without neede of any deſcription to a iudicial comprehending of them, ſo (no doubt) the *Philoſopher* with his learned definitions, be it of vertues or vices, matters of publike policie or priuate gouernement, repleniſheth the memorie with many infallible grounds of wiſedome, which notwithſtanding lye darke before the imaginatiue and iudging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the ſpeaking picture of *Poeſie*. *Tully* taketh much paines, and manie times not without Poeticall helps to make vs know the force, loue of our countrey hath in vs. Let vs but heare old *Anchiſes*, ſpeaking in the middeſt of *Troyes* flames, or ſee *Vliſſes* in the fulneſſe of all *Calipſoes* delights, bewaile his abſence from barraine and beggarly *Itheca*. Anger (the *Stoikes* ſaid) was a ſhort madneſſe: let but *Sophocles* bring you *Aiax* on a ſtage, killing or whipping ſheepe and oxen, thinking them the Armie of Greekes, with their chieftaines *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*: and tell me if you haue not a more familiar inſight into Anger, then finding in the ſchoolemen his *Genus* and *Difference*. See whether wiſdome & temperance in *Vliſſes* and *Diomedes*, valure in *Achilles*, friendſhip in *Niſus* and *Eurialus*, euen to an ignorant man carie not an apparant ſhining: and contrarily, the reomrſe of conſcience in *Oedipus*; the ſoone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the ſelfe deuouring crueltie in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the ſowre ſweetneſſe of reuenge in *Medea*; and to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnato*, and our *Chaucers Pander* ſo expreſt, that we now vſe their names, to ſignifie their Trades: And finally, all vertues, vices, and paſſions, ſo in their owne naturall ſtates, laid to the view, that we ſeeme not to heare of them, but clearely to ſee through them. But euen in the moſt excellent determination of goodneſſe, what *Philoſophers* counſell can ſo readily direct a Prince, as the faigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, or a vertuous man in all fortunes: as *Æneas* in *Virgill*, or a whole Commonwealth, as the Way of Sir Thomas Moores *Eutopia*. I ſay the Way, becauſe where Sir Thomas Moore erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the Poet: for that Way of patterning a Common-wealth, was moſt abſolute, though he perchaunce hath not ſo abſolutely performed it. For the queſtion is, whether the fained image of Poetrie, or the regular inſtruction of Philoſophie, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein if the *Philoſophers* haue more rightly ſhewed themſelues *Philoſophers*, then the *Poets* haue attained to the high toppe of their profeſſion (as in truth, *Mediocribus eſſe poetis non Dij, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ*,) it is (I ſay againe) not the fault of the Art, but that by fewe men that Art can be accompliſhed. Certainly, euen our Sauiour Chriſt could as well haue giuen the morall common places of vncharitableneſſe and humbleneſſe, as the diuine narration of *Diues* and *Lazarus*, or of diſobedience and mercie, as that heauenly diſcourſe of the loſt child and the gacious Father, but that his thorough ſearching wiſdome, knew the eſtate of *Diues* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* boſome, would more conſtantly as it were, inhabit both the memorie and iudgement. Truly for my ſelfe (me ſeemes) I ſee before mine eyes, the loſt childes diſdainfull prodigalitie turned to enuy a Swines dinner: which by the learned *Diuines* are thought not hiſtoricall acts, but inſtructing parables. For concluſion, I ſay the *Philoſopher* teacheth, but he teacheth obſcurely, ſo as the learned onely can vnderſtand him, that is to ſay, he teacheth them that are alreadie taught. But the Poet is the foode for the tendreſt ſtomacks, the Poet is indeed, the right popular *Philoſopher*. Wherof *Eſops* Tales giue good proofe, whoſe prettie Allegories ſtealing vnder the formall Tales of beaſtes, makes many more beaſtly then beaſtes: begin to heare the

found of vertue frō thoſe dumbe ſpeakers. But now may it be alleaged, that if this imagining of matters be ſo fit for the imagination, then muſt the *Hiſtorian* needes ſurpaſſe, who brings you images of true matters, ſuch as indeed were done, and not ſuch as fantaſtically or falſly may be ſuggeſted to haue bin done. Truly *Ariſtotle* him ſelf in his diſcourſe of *Poeſie*, plainly determineth this queſtiō, ſaying, that *Poetrie* is φιλοσοφώτερον & σπουδαιότερον, that is to ſay, it is more Philoſophical, & more then hiſtory. His reaſon is, becauſe *Poeſie* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to ſay, with the vniuerſall conſideratiō, & the Hiſtory with καθ' ἕκαστον the particular. Now ſaith he, the vniuerſall wayes what is fit to be ſaid or done, either in likelihood or neceſſitie, which the *Poeſie* cōſidereth in his impoſed names: & the particular only marketh whether *Alcibiades* did or ſuffered this or that. Thus far *Ariſtotle*. Which reaſon of his, as al his is moſt full of reaſon. For indeed if the queſtiō were, whether it were better to haue a particular act truly or falſly ſet downe, there is no doubt which is to be choſen, no more then whether you had rather haue *Veſpatians* Picture right as he was, or at the Painters pleaſure nothing reſēbling. But if the queſtiō be for your own vſe and learning, whether it be better to haue it ſet down as it ſhould be, or as it was; then certainly is more doctrinable, the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, then the true *Cyrus* in *Iuſtin*: & the fained *Æneas* in *Virgil*, then the right *Æneas* in *Dares Phrigius*: as to a Ladie that deſired to faſhion her countenāce to the beſt grace, a Painter ſhould more benefit her to portrait a moſt ſweet face, writing *Canidia* vpō it, then to paint *Canidia* as ſhe was, who *Horace* ſweareth was ful ill fauored. If the *Poet* do his part aright, he wil ſhew you in *Tantalus Atreus*, & ſuch like, nothing that is not to be ſhunned; in *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Vliſſes*, each thing to be followed: where the *Hiſtorian* boūd to tel things as things were, cannot be liberall, without he wil be Poeticall of a perfect patterne, but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himſelf, ſhew doings, ſome to be liked, ſome to be miſliked; & then how will you diſcerne what to follow, but by your owne diſcretion, which yau had without reading *Q. Curtius*. And whereas a man may ſay, though in vniuerſall conſideration of doctrine, the *Poet* preuaileth, yet that the Hiſtorie in his ſaying ſuch a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he ſhall follow. The anſwer is manifeſt, that if he ſtand vpon that was, as if he ſhould argue, becauſe it rained yeſterday, therefore it ſhould raine to day, then in deede hath it ſome aduantage to a groſſe conceit. But if he know an example onely enformes a coniectured likelihood, & ſo go by reaſon, the *Poet* doth ſo far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is moſt reaſonable, be it in warlike, politike, or priuate matters, where the *Hiſtorian* in his bare, was, hath many times that which we call fortune, to ouerrule the beſt wiſedome. Many times he muſt tell euents, whereof he can yeeld no cauſe, or if he do, it muſt be poetically. For that a fained example hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to moue, it is cleare, ſince the fained may be tuned to the higheſt key of paſſion) let vs take one exāple wherin an *Hiſtorian* & a *Poet* did concurre. *Herodotus* & *Iuſtin* do both teſtifie, that *Zopirus*, King *Darius* faithful ſeruant, ſeeing his maiſter long reſiſted by the rebellious *Babilonians*, fained himſelfe in extreame diſgrace of his King, for verifying of which, he cauſed his owne noſe & eares to be cut off, & ſo flying to the *Babylonians* was receiued, & for his known valure ſo farre credited, that he did find meanes to deliuer thē ouer to *Darius*. Much like matter doth *Liuy* record of *Tarquinius* & his ſonne. *Xenophon* excellently fained ſuch another ſtratagem, performed by *Abradates* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occaſion be preſented vnto you, to ſerue your Prince by ſuch an honeſt diſſimulatiō, why you do not as wel learne it of *Xenophons* fiction, as of the others veritie: and truely ſo much the better, as you ſhal ſaue your

noſe by the bargaine. For *Abradates* did not counterfet ſo far. So then the beſt of the *Hiſtorian* is ſubiect to the *Poet*, for whatſoeuer actiõ or factiõ, whatſoeuer counſell, pollicie, or warre ſtratagem the *Hiſtorian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet* if he liſt with his imitation make his owne; beautifying it both for further teaching, & more delighting as it pleaſe him: hauing all frõ *Dante* his heauẽ to his hell, vnder the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked what *Poets* haue done ſo? as I might wel name ſome, ſo yet ſay I, and ſay againe, I ſpeake of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praiſe of Hiſtorie, in reſpect of the notable learning is got by marking the ſucceſſe, as though therein a man ſhould ſee vertue exalted & vice puniſhed: truly that commendation is peculiar to Poetrie, and farre off from Hiſtorie; for indeed Poetrie euer ſets vertue ſo out in her beſt colours, making fortune her wel-waiting handmaid, that one muſt needes be enamoured of her. Well may you ſee *Vliſſes* in a ſtorme and in other hard plights, but they are but exerciſes of patience & magnanimity, to make thẽ ſhine the more in the neare following proſperitie. And of the contrary part, if euil men come to the ſtage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedie writer anſwered to one that miſliked the ſhew of ſuch perſons) ſo manicled, as they litle animate folkes to follow them. But the Hiſtorie being captiued to the truth of a fooliſh world, is many times a terror from wel-doing, & an encouragement to vnbridled wickedneſſe. For ſee we not valiant *Miltiades* rot in his fetters? The iuſt *Phocion* & the accompliſhed *Socrates* put to death like traytors? The cruell *Seuerus* liue proſperouſly? The excellent *Seuerus* miſerably murthered? *Sylla* & *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* & *Cicero* ſlaine then when they would haue thought exile a happineſſe? See we not vertuous *Cato* driuen to kill himſelfe, & Rebell *Cæſar* ſo aduaunced, that his name yet after 1600 yeares laſteth in the higheſt honor? And marke but euen *Cæſars* owne words of the forenamed *Sylla*, (who in that onely did honeſtly to put downe his diſhoneſt tyrannie) *Literas neſciuit*: as if want of learning cauſed him to do wel. He meant it not by Poetrie, which not content with earthly plagues, deuiſeth new punishments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philoſophy, which teacheth *Occidentes eſſe*, but no doubt by skil in Hiſtorie, for that indeed can afford you *Cipſelus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dioniſius*, & I know not how many more of the ſame kennel, that ſpeed wel inough in their abhominable iniuſtice of vſurpatiõ. I cõclude therfore that he excelleth hiſtorie, not only in furniſhing the mind with knowledge, but in ſetting it forward to that which deſerues to be called & accounted good: which ſetting forward & mouing to wel-doing, indeed ſetteth the Lawrel crown vpõ the *Poets* as victorious, not onely of the *Hiſtorian*, but ouer the *Philoſopher*, howſoeuer in teaching, it may be queſtionable. For ſuppoſe it be graunted, that which I ſuppoſe with great reaſon may be denied, that the *Philoſopher* in reſpect of his methodicall proceeding, teach more perfectly then the *Poet*, yet do I think, that no man is ſo much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the *Philoſopher* in mouing with the *Poet*. And that mouing is of a higher degree then teaching; it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cauſe and effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moued with deſire to be taught? And what ſo much good doth that teaching bring foorth, (I ſpeake ſtill of morall doctrine) as that it moueth one to do that which it doth teach. For as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις muſt be the frute: & how πρᾶξις can be without being moued to practiſe, it is no hard matter to conſider. The *Philoſopher* ſheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediouſneſſe of the way, as of the pleaſant lodging you ſhall haue when your iourney is ended, as of the manie by-turnings that may diuert you from your way.

But this is to no man but to him that will reade him, & reade him with attentiue ſtudious painfulneſſe, which conſtant deſire whoſoeuer hath in him, hath alreadie paſt halfe the hardneſſe of the way: and therefore is beholding to the *Philoſopher*, but for the other halfe. Nay truely learned men haue learnedly thought, that where once reaſon hath ſo much ouer-maſtered paſſion, as that the minde hath a free deſire to do well, the inward light each minde hath in it ſelfe, is as good as a *Philoſophers* booke, ſince in Nature we know it is well, to do well, and what is well, and what is euill, although not in the words of Art which *Philoſophers* beſtow vpon vs: for out of naturall conceit the *Philoſophers* drew it; but to be moued to do that which we know, or to be moued with deſire to know. *Hoc opus, hic labor eſt*. Now therein of all Sciences I ſpeake ſtill of humane (and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For he doth not onely ſhew the way, but giueth ſo ſweete a proſpect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay he doth as if your iourney ſhould lye thorough a faire vineyard, at the verie firſt, giue you a cluſter of grapes, that full of that taſte, you may long to paſſe further. He beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blurre the margent with interpretations, and load the memorie with doubtfulneſſe: but he commeth to you with words ſet in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchaunting skill of *Muſicke*, and with a tale forſooth he commeth vnto you, with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wickedneſſe to vertue; euen as the child is oftē brought to take moſt wholſome things by hyding them in ſuch other as haue a pleaſant taſte: which if one ſhould begin to tell them the nature of the *Alloes* or *Rhabarbarum* they ſhould receiue, would ſooner take their phiſicke at their eares then at their mouth, ſo is it in men (moſt of which are childiſh in the beſt things, till they be cradled in their graues) glad they will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, & hearing them, muſt needes heare the right deſcription of wiſdome, valure, and iuſtice; which if they had bene barely (that is to ſay Philoſophically) ſet out, they would ſweare they be brought to ſchoole againe; that imitation whereof *Poetrie* is, hath the moſt conueniencie to nature of all other: in ſo much that as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, thoſe things which in themſelues are horrible, as cruell battels, vnnaturall monſters, are made in poeticall imitation, delightfull. Truely I haue knowne men, that euen with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect *Poeſie*, haue found their hearts moued to the exerciſe of curteſie, liberalitie, and eſpecially courage. Who readeth *Æneas* carying old *Anchiſes* on his backe, that wiſheth not it were his fortune to performe ſo excellent an Act? Whom doth not thoſe words of *Turnus* moue, (the Tale of *Turnus* hauing planted his image in the imaginatiō) *fugientem hæc terra videbit? Vſque adeone mori miſerum eſt?* Where the *Philoſophers* (as they thinke) ſcorne to delight, ſo muſt they be content little to moue; ſauing wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chiefe or the only good; whether the contemplatiue or the actiue life do excell; which *Plato* & *Boetius* wel knew: and therefore made miſtreſſe *Philoſophie* verie often borrow the masking raiment of *Poeſie*. For euen thoſe hard harted euill men, who thinke vertue a ſchoole name, & know no other good but *indulgere genio*, & therefore deſpiſe the auſtere admonitions of the *Philoſopher*, & feele not the inward reaſon they ſtand vpon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good, fellow *Poet* ſeemes to promiſe; & ſo ſteale to ſee the forme of goodneſſe, (which ſeene, they cannot but loue) ere themſelues be

aware,

aware, as if they tooke a medicine of Cheries. Infinite prooſes of the ſtrange effects of this Poeticall inuention might be alleaged: onely two ſhall ſerue, which are ſo often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had reſolutely deuided themſelues from the *Senate*, with apparant ſhew of vtter ruine, though he were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them vpon truſt either of figuratiue ſpeeches, or cunning inſinuations, and much leſſe with far fet *Maximes* of *Philoſophie*, which eſpecially if they were *Platonike*, they muſt haue learned *Geometrie* before they could well haue conceiued: but forſooth, he behaueth himſelfe like a homely and familiar *Poet*. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the bodie made a mutinous conſpiracie againſt the belly, which they thought deuoured the frutes of each others labour: they concluded they would let ſo vnprofitable a ſpender ſtarue. In the end, to be ſhort, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with puniſhing the belly they plagued themſelues; this applied by him, wrought ſuch effect in the people, as I neuer read, that only words brought foorth: but then ſo ſudden and ſo good an alteration, for vpon reaſonable conditions, a perfect reconcilement enſued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holie *Dauid*, had ſo farre forſaken God, as to confirme adulterie with murther, when he was to do the tendreſt office of a friend, in laying his owne ſhame before his eyes; ſent by God to call againe ſo choſen a ſeruant, how doth he it? but by telling of a man whoſe beloued lambe was vngratefully taken from his boſome. The application moſt diuinely true, but the diſcourſe it ſelfe fained; which made *Dauid* (I ſpeake of the ſecond & inſtrumental cauſe) as in a glaſſe ſee his owne filthineſſe, as that heauenly Pſalme of mercie well teſtifieth. By theſe therefore examples and reaſons, I thinke it may be manifeſt, that the *Poet* with that ſame hand of delight, doth draw the minde more effectually then any other Arte doth. And ſo a concluſion, not vnfitly enſue, that as vertue is the moſt excellent reſting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, ſo *Poetry* being the moſt familiar to teach it, & moſt Princely to moue towards it, in the moſt excellent worke, is the moſt excellent workeman. But I am content not onely to decipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and diſpraiſe, muſt euer hold a high authoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, ſo that (as in a man) though altogether may carrie a preſence full of maieſtie & beauty, perchance in ſome one defectuous peece we may finde blemiſh: Now in his parts, kindes, or *ſpecies*, as you liſt to terme them, it is to be noted, that ſome *Poeſies* haue coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comicall*, whereupon is riſen the *Tragicomicall*, ſome in the maner haue mingled proſe and verſe, as *Sanazara* and *Boetius*; ſome haue mingled matters *Heroicall* and *Paſtorall*, but that commeth all to one in this queſtion, for if ſeuered they be good, the coniunctiō cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchaunce forgetting ſome, and leauing ſome as needeleſſe to be remembred. It ſhall not be amiſſe, in a word to cite the ſpeciall kindes, to ſee what faults may be found in the right vſe of them. Is it then the Paſtorall *Poeme* which is miſliked? (For perchaunce where the hedge is loweſt they wil ſooneſt leap ouer) is the poore pipe diſdained, which ſometimes out of *Melibeus* mouth, can ſhewe the miſerie of people, vnder hard Lords and rauening ſouldiers? And againe by *Titerus*, what bleſſedneſſe is deriued to them that lye loweſt, from the goodneſſe of them that ſit higheſt? Sometimes vnder the prettie tales of Wolues & ſheepe, can include the whole conſiderations of wrong doing, & patience; ſometimes ſhew

that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victorie, where perchaunce a man may see, that euen *Alexander* & *Darius*, when they straue who should be Cocke of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they got, was, that the after-liuers may say, *Hæc memini & victum frustrà contendere Thirsim. Ex illo Cordon, Coridon est tempore nobis.* Or is it the lamenting *Elegiack*, which in a kinde heart would moue rather pittie then blame, who bewaileth with the great Philosopher *Heraclitus*, the weakenesse of mankind, and the wretchednesse of the world: who surely is to be praised either for compassionate accompanying iust causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weake be the passions of wofulnesse? Is it the bitter but wholesome *Iambick*, who rubbes the galled minde, in making shame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out against naughtinesse? Or the *Satirick*, who *Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who sportingly neuer leaueth, til he make a man laugh at follie; and at length ashamed, to laugh at himselfe; which he cannot auoid, without auoiding the follie? who while *Circum præcordia ludit*, giueth vs to feele how many headaches a passionate life bringeth vs to? How when all is done, *Est Vlubris animus si nos non deficit æquus*. No perchaunce it is the *Comick*, whom naughtie Play-makers and stage-keepers, haue iustly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I will after answer, onely thus much now is to be said, that the *Comædy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornefull sort that may be: so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now as in *Geometrie*, the oblique must be knowne as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odde as well as the euen, so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthinesse of euill, wanteth a great foile to perceiue the beautie of vertue. This doth the Comœdie handle so in our priuate and domesticall matters, as with hearing it, we get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a craftie *Dauus*, of a flattering *Gnato*, of a vain-glorious *Thraso*: and not onely to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge giuen them by the *Comædient*. And litle reason hath any man to say, that men learne the euill by seeing it so set out, since as I said before; there is no man liuing, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in *Tistrinum*, although perchance the sack of his owne faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himselfe to dance the same measure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes, then to see his owne actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right vse of *Comædie*, will I thinke, by no bodie be blamed; and much lesse of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth foorth the *Vlcers* that are couered with *Tissue*, that maketh Kings feare to be Tyrants, and Tyrants manifest their tyrannicall humors, that with stirring the affects of *Admiration* & *Commiseration*, teacheth the vncertaintie of this world, & vpon how weake foundations guilden rooses are builded: that maketh vs know, *Qui sceptra sæuus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit*. But how much it can moue, *Plutarch* yeeldeth a notable testimony of the abhominable Tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whose eyes a *Tragedie* well made and represented, drew abundance of teares, who without all pittie had murthered infinite numbers, & some of his own bloud: so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet could not resist the sweete violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that he in despight of himselfe, withdrew himselfe from hearkening to that which might mollifie his hardened heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they do mislike,

for

for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoeuer is most worthie to be learned. Is it the *Lyricke* that most displeaseth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, and well accorded voice, giueth praise, the reward of vertue, to vertuous acts? who giueth morall precepts and natural Problemes, who sometime raiseth vp his voyce to the height of the heauens, in singing the laudes of the immortall God? Certainly I must confesse mine owne barbarousnesse, I neuer heard the old Song of *Percy* and *Douglas*, that I found not my heart moued more then with a Trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some blind Crowder, with no rougher voice, then rude stile: which being so euill apparelled in the dust and Cobweb of that vncouth age, what would it worke, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I haue seene it the manner at all Feastes and other such like meetings, to haue songs of their ancestors valure, which that right souldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefest kindlers of braue courage. The incōparable *Lacedemonians*, did not only carrie that kind of *Musicke* euer with them to the field, but euen at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them: when the lustie men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would do. And where a man may say, that *Pindare* many times praiseth highly Victories of small moment, rather matters of sport then vertue, as it may be answered, it was the fault of the *Poet*, and not of the *Poetrie*; so indeed the chiefe fault was, in the time and custome of the *Greekes*, who set those toyes at so high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckened a horse-race wonne at *Olympus*, among his three fearefull felicities. But as the vnimitable *Pindare* often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleepe of idlenesse, to embrace honourable enterprises. Their rests the *Heroicall*, whose verie name I thinke should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speake euil of that which draweth with him no lesse champions then *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Turnus*, *Tideus*, *Rinaldo*, who doeth not onely teach and moue to a truth, but teacheth and mooueth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimitie and iustice, shine through all mistie fearefulnesse and foggie desires. Who if the saying of *Plato* and *Tully* be true, that who could see vertue, would be wonderfully rauished with the loue of her beautie. This man setteth her out to make her more louely in her holliday apparell, to the eye of anie that will daine, not to disdaine vntill they vnderstand. But if any thing be alreadie said in the defence of sweete *Poetrie*, all concurreth to the maintaining the *Heroycall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the best and most accomplished kindes of *Poetrie*. For as the Image of each Action stirreth and instructeth the minde, so the loftie Image of such worthies, most enflameth the minde with desire to be worthie: and enformes with counsaile how to be worthie. Onely let *Aeneas* be worne in the Tablet of your memorie, how he gouerneth himselfe in the ruine of his Countrie, in the preseruing his olde Father, and carying away his religious Ceremonies, in obeying Gods Commandement, to leaue *Dido*, though not onely all passionate kindnesse, but euen the humane consideration of vertuous gratefulnesse, would haue craued other of him: how in stormes, how in sports, how in warre, how in peace, how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to straungers, how to Allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Lastly, how in his inward selfe, and how in his outward gouernment, and I thinke in a minde most preiudiced with a preiudicating humor, He will be found in excellencie

fruitfull. Yea as *Horace* ſaith, *Melius, Chriſippo, & Crantore*: but truely, I imagine it falleth out with theſe Poet-whippers, as with ſome good womē, who often are ſicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetrie* is odious to them, but neither his cauſe nor effects, neither the ſumme that containes him, nor the particularities deſcending from him, giue any faſt handle to their carping diſpraiſe. Since then *Poetrie* is of all humane learnings the moſt ancient, and of moſt fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings haue taken their beginnings; Since it is ſo vniuerſall, that no learned nation doth deſpiſe it, nor barbarous nation is without it: Since both *Romane* and *Greeke* gaue ſuch diuine names vnto it, the one of propheſying, the other of making; and that in deede that name of making is fit for him, conſidering, that where all other Arts retaine themſelues within their ſubiect, and receiue as it were their being from it. The *Poet* onely, onely bringeth his owne ſtuffe, and doth not learne a Conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his deſcription, nor end, containing any euill, the thing deſcribed cannot be euill; ſince his effects be ſo good as to teach goodneſſe, and delight the learners of it; ſince therein (namely in morall doctrine the chiefe of all knowledges) he doth not onely farre paſſe the *Hiſtorian*, but for inſtructing is well nigh comparable to the *Philoſopher*, for mouing, leaueth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no vncleanneſſe) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that euen our Sauiour Chriſt vouchſafed to vſe the flowers of it: ſince all his kindes are not onely in their vnited formes, but in their ſeuered diſſections fully commendable, I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for triumphant Captaines, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the *Poets* triumph. But becauſe we haue eares as well as toungs, and that the lighteſt reaſons that may be, will ſeeme to waigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counterbalance, let vs heare, and as well as we can, ponder what obiections be made againſt this Art, which may be worthie either of yeelding, or aunſwering. Firſt, truely I note, not onely in theſe *μυσομάστιγες* Poet-haters, but in all that kinde of people who ſeeke a praiſe, by diſpraiſing others, that they do prodigally ſpend a great many wandring words in quips and ſcoffes, carping and taunting at each thing, which by ſtirring the ſplene, may ſtay the braine from a through beholding the worthineſſe of the ſubiect. Thoſe kinde of obiections, as they are full of a verie idle eaſineſſe, ſince there is nothing of ſo ſacred a maieſtie, but that an itching tongue may rub it ſelfe vpon it, ſo deſerue they no other anſwer, but in ſteed of laughing at the ieaſt, to laugh at the ieaſter. We know a playing wit can praiſe the diſcretion of an Aſſe, the comfortableneſſe of being in debt, and the iolly commodities of being ſicke of the plague. So of the contrarie ſide, if we will turne *Ouids* verſe, *Vt lateat virtus, proximitate mali*, that good lye hid in nearneſſe of the euil *Agrippa* will be as mery in the ſhewing the vanitie of Sciēce, as *Eraſmus* was in the commending of folly: neither ſhall any man or matter, eſcape ſome touch of theſe ſmiling Raylers. But for *Eraſmus* and *Agrippa*, they had an other foundation then the ſuperficiall part would promiſe. Marry theſe other pleſaunt fault-finders, who will correct the *Verbe* before they vnderſtand the *Nowne*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirme their owne, I would haue them onely remember, that ſcoffing commeth not of wiſedome? ſo as the beſt title in true Engliſh they get with their meriments, is to be called good ſcoles: for ſo haue our graue fore-

forefathers euer termed that humorous kinde of iesters. But that which giueth greateſt ſcope to their ſcorning humour, is ryming and verſing. It is alreadie ſaid, (and as I thinke truly ſaid) it is not ryming and verſing that maketh *Poeſie*: One may be a *Poet* without verſing, and a verſifier without *Poetrie*. But yet preſuppoſe it were inſeparable, as indeed it ſeemeth *Scaliger* iudgeth truly, it were an inſeparable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reaſon, be the greateſt gift beſtowed vpon *Mortalitie*, that cannot be praiſeleſſe, which doth moſt polliſh that bleſſing of ſpeech; which conſidereth each worde, not onely as a man may ſay by his forcible qualitie, but by his beſt meaſured quantitie: carying euen in themſelues a *Harmonie*, without perchaunce number, meaſure, order, proportion, be in our time growne odious. But laie aſide the iuſt praiſe it hath, by being the onely fit ſpeech for *Muſicke*, (*Muſicke* I ſay, the moſt diuine ſtriker of the ſenſes.) Thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading be fooliſh without remembring, Memorie being the onely treaſure of knowledge, thoſe words which are fitteſt for memorie, are likewiſe moſt conuenient for knowledge. Now that Verſe farre exceedeth Proſe, in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reaſon is manifeſt, the wordes (beſides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memorie) being ſo ſet as one cannot be loſt, but the whole worke failes: which accuſing it ſelfe, calleth the remembrance back to it ſelfe, & ſo moſt ſtrongly confirmeth it. Beſides one word, ſo as it were begetting an other, as be it in rime or meaſured verſe, by the former a man ſhall haue a neere geſſe to the follower. Laſtly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memory, haue ſhewed nothing ſo apt for it, as a certaine roome deuided into many places, well & throughly knowne: Now that hath the verſe in effect perfectly, euery word hauing his naturall ſeat, which ſeat muſt needes make the word remembred. But what needes more in a thing ſo knowne to all men? Who is it that euer was ſcholler, that doth not carry away ſome verſes of *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth he learned, and euen to his old age ſerue him for hourely leſſons; as *Percontatorem fugito nam garrulus idem eſt*, *Dum tibi quiſq; placet credula turba ſumas*. But the fitneſſe it hath for memorie, is notably proued by all deliuery of Artes, wherein for the moſt part, from *Grammer*, to *Logike*, *Mathematikes*, *Phiſike*, and the reſt, the Rules chiefly neceſſarie to be borne away, are compiled in verſes. So that verſe being in it ſelfe ſweete and orderly, and being beſt for memorie, the onely handle of knowledge, it muſt be in ieſt that any man can ſpeake againſt it. Now then goe we to the moſt important imputations laid to the poore *Poets*, for ought I can yet learne, they are theſe. Firſt, that there being manie other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better ſpend his time in them, then in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurſe of abuſe, infecting vs with many peſtilent deſires, with a *Sirene* ſweetneſſe, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of ſinfull fanſies; and herein eſpecially *Comedies* giue the largeſt field to eare, as *Chaucer* ſaith, how both in other nations and in ours, before *Poets* did ſoften vs, we were full of courage, giuen to martiall exerciſes, the pillers of manlike libertie, and not lulled aſleepe in ſhadie idleneſſe with *Poets* paſtimes. And laſtly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had ouer-ſhot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* baniſhed them out of his Common wealth. Truely, this is much, if there be much trueth in it. Firſt to the firſt. That a man might better ſpend his time, is a reaſon in deede: but it doth as they ſay, but *petere principium*. For if it be, as I affirme, that no learning is ſo good, as that which teacheth & moueth to vertue, and that

none can both teach and moue thereto ſo much as *Poeſie*, then is the concluſion manifeſt; that inke and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpoſe imployed. And certainly though a man ſhould graunt their firſt aſſumption, it ſhould follow (me thinke) verie vnwillingly, that good is not good, becauſe better is better. But I ſtill and vtterly deny, that there is ſprung out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge. To the ſecond therefore, that they ſhould be the principall lyers, I anſwere *Paradoxically*, but truely, I thinke truely: that of all writers vnder the Sunne, the *Poet* is the leaſt lyer: and though he would, as a *Poet* can ſcarcely be a lyer. The *Aſtronomer* with his couſin the *Geometrician*, can hardly eſcape, when they take vpon them to meaſure the height of the ſtarres. How often thinke you do the *Phiſitians* lie, when they auerre things good for ſickneſſes, which afterwards ſend *Charon* a great number of ſoules drownd in a potion, before they come to his Ferrie? And no leſſe of the reſt, which take vpon them to affirme. Now for the *Poet*, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore neuer lieth: for as I take it, to lie, is to affirme that to be true, which is falſe. So as the other *Artiſtes*, and eſpecially the *Hiſtorian*, affirming many things, can in the clowdie knowledge of mankind, hardly eſcape from manie lies. But the *Poet* as I ſaid before, neuer affirmeth, the *Poet* neuer maketh any Circles about your imagination, to coniure you to beleeue for true, what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other hiſtories, but euen for his entrie, calleth the ſweete *Muſes* to inſpire vnto him a good inuention. In troth not labouring to tel you what is, or is not, but what ſhould, or ſhould not be. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet becauſe he telleth them not for true, he lieth not: without we will ſay, that *Nathan* lied in his ſpeach before alleaged to *Dauid*, which as a wicked man durſt ſcarce ſay, ſo think I none ſo ſimple, would ſay, that *Eſope* lied in the tales of his beaſts: for who thinketh that *Eſope* wrote it for actually true, were wel worthie to haue his name Chronicled among the beaſts he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to a play, and ſeeing *Thebes* written in great letters vpon an old doore, doth beleeue that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arriue to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* perſons and doings, are but pictures, what ſhould be, and not ſtories what haue bin, they will neuer giue the lie to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically and figuratiuely written; and therefore as in hiſtorie looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falſhood: So in *Poeſie*, looking but for fiction, they ſhall vſe the narration but as an imaginatiue groundplat of a profitable inuention. But hereto is replied, that the *Poets* giue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actuall truth, and ſo not being true, prooueth a falſhood. And doth the *Lawier* lye then, when vnder the names of *Iohn* of the *Stile*, & *Iohn* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his Caſe? But that is eaſily anſwered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more liuely, and not to build anie Hiſtorie. Painting men, they cannot leaue men nameleſſe: we ſee we cannot plaie at Cheſts, but that we muſt giue names to our Cheſſemen; and yet me thinkes he were a verie partiall Champion of truth, that would ſay we lyed, for giuing a peece of wood the reuerend title of a Biſhop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Æneas*, no other way, then to ſhew what men of their fames, fortunes, and eſtates, ſhould do. Their third is, how much it abuſeth mens wit, training it to wanton ſinfulneſſe, and luſtfull loue. For in deede that is the principall if not onely abuſe, I can heare alleaged. They ſay the *Comedies* rather teach then reprehend amorous conceits. They ſay the *Lirike* is larded with paſſionate *Sonets*, the *Elegiake* weepes the want of his miſtreſſe, and that euen to the *Heroicall*, *Cupid* hath ambitiouſly climed.

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climed. Alas Loue, I would thou couldeſt as well defend thy ſelfe, as thou canſt offend others: I would thoſe on whom thou doeſt attend, could either put thee away, or yeeld good reaſon why they keepe thee. But graunt loue of beautie to be a beaſtlie fault, although it be very hard, ſince onely man and no beaſt hath that gift to diſcerne beautie, graunt that lowely name of loue to deſerue all hatefull reproches, although euē ſome of my maiſters the *Philoſophers* ſpent a good deale of their Lampoyle in ſetting forth the excellencie of it, graunt I ſay, what they will haue graunted, that not onely loue, but luſt, but vanitie, but if they liſt ſcurrilitie, poſſeſſe many leaues of the *Poets* bookes, yet thinke I, when this is graunted, they will finde their ſentence may with good maners put the laſt wordes foremoſt; and not ſay, that *Poetrie* abuſeth mans wit, but that mans wit abuſeth *Poetrie*. For I will not denie, but that mans wit may make *Poeſie*, which ſhould be ποιητικὴ, which ſome learned haue defined figuring forth good things to be φανταστικὴ: which doth contrariwiſe infect the fancie with vnworthy obiectes, as the Painter ſhould giue to the eye either ſome excellent perſpectiue, or ſome fine Picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it ſome notable example, as *Abraham* ſacrificing his ſonne *Iſaack*, *Iudith* killing *Holofernes*, *Dauid* fighting with *Golias*, may leaue thoſe, & pleaſe an ill pleaſed eye with wanton ſhewes of better hidden matters. But what, ſhall the abuſe of a thing, make the right vſe odious? Nay truly though I yeeld that *Poeſie* may not onely be abuſed, but that being abuſed by the reaſon of his ſweete charming force, it can do more hurt then any other armie of words, yet ſhall it be ſo farre from concluding, that the abuſe ſhould giue reproch to the abuſed, that contrariwiſe, it is a good reaſon, that whatſoeuer being abuſed, doth moſt harme, being rightly vſed (and vpon the right vſe, each thing receiues his title) doth moſt good. Do we not ſee skill of Phiſicke the beſt rampier to our often aſſaulted bodies, being abuſed, teach poyſon the moſt violent deſtroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whoſe end is, to euen and right all things, being abuſed grow the crooked foſterer of horrible iniuries? Doth not (to go in the higheſt) Gods word abuſed, breede hereſie, and his name abuſed, become blaſphemie? Truely a Needle cannot do much hurt, and as truely (with leaue of Ladies be it ſpoken) it cannot do much good. With a ſword thou mayeſt kill thy Father, and with a ſword thou mayeſt defend thy Prince and Countrey: ſo that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they ſayd nothing, ſo in this their argument of abuſe, they proue the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* began to be in price, our Nation had ſet their hearts delight vpon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthie to be written, then writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I thinke ſcarcely *Sphinx* can tell: ſince no memorie is ſo auncient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetrie*. And certaine it is, that in our plaineſt homelineſſe, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Marry this Argument, though it be leuelled againſt *Poetrie*, yet is it indeed a chain-ſhot againſt all learning or bookiſhneſſe, as they commōly terme it. Of ſuch mind were certaine *Gothes*, of whom it is written, that hauing in the ſpoyle of a famous citie, taken a faire Librarie, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would haue ſet fire in it. No ſayd another very grauely, take heed what you do, for while they are buſie about thoſe toyes, we ſhall with more leiſure conquer their countries. This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many wordes ſometimes I haue heard ſpent in it: but becauſe this reaſon is generally againſt all learning, as well as *Poetrie*, or rather

all learning but *Poetrie*, becauſe it were too large a digreſſion to handle it, or at leaſt too ſuperfluous, ſince it is manifeſt that all gouernement of action is to be gotten by knowledge, & knowledge beſt, by gathering many knowledges, which is readings: I onely with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Iubeo ſtultum eſſe libenter*: for as for *Poetrie* it ſelf, it is the freeſt from this obiection, for *Poetrie* is the Companion of Camps. I dare vndertake, *Orlando Furioſo*, or honeſt king *Arthur*, will neuer diſpleaſe a ſouldier: but the quidditie of *Ens* and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corcelet. And therefore as I ſayd in the beginning, euen *Turkes* and *Tartars*, are delighted with *Poetes*. *Homer* a *Greeke*, flouriſhed, before *Greece* flouriſhed: and if to a ſlight coniecture, a coniecture may be appoſed, truly it may ſeeme, that as by him their learned men tooke almoſt their firſt light of knowledge, ſo their actiue men receiued their firſt motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may ſerue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of ſuch vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his footeſtoole, whoſe Actes ſpeake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeede the *Phœnix* of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schole-maiſter liuing, *Ariſtotle* behind him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. He put the Philoſopher *Calliſthenes* to death, for his ſeeming Philoſophicall, indeede mutinous ſtubburneſſe, but the chiefe thing he was euer heard to wiſh for, was, that *Homer* had bene aliue. He well found he receiued more brauerie of minde by the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* miſliked *Fuluius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may be anſwered, that if *Cato* miſliked it, the Noble *Fuluius* liked it, or elſe he had not done it, for it was not the excellent *Cato Vticenſis*, whoſe authoritie I would much more haue reuerenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter puniſher of faultes, but elſe a man that had neuer ſacrificed to the *Graces*. He miſliked and cried out againſt all Greeke learning, and yet being foureſcore yeares old, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Pluto* vnderſtood not Latine. Indeed the *Romane* lawes allowed no perſon to be carried to the warres, but he that was in the ſouldiers Role. And therefore though *Cato* miſliked his vnmuſtred perſon, he miſliked not his worke. And if he had, *Scipio Naſica* (iudged by common conſent the beſt *Romane*) loued him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no leſſe ſurnames then of *Aſia* and *Affricke*, ſo loued him, that they cauſed his bodie to be buried in their Sepulture. So as *Catoes* authoritie being but againſt his perſon, and that anſwered with ſo farre greater then himſelfe, is herein of no validitie. But now indeede my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is layd vpon me, whom I muſt confeſſe of all *Philoſophers*, I haue euer eſteemed moſt worthie of reuerence; and with good reaſon, ſince of all *Philoſophers* he is the moſt *Poeticall*: yet if he will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing ſtreames haue proceeded, let vs boldly examine with what reaſons he did it. Firſt truly a man might maliciouſly obiect, that *Plato* being a *Philoſopher*, was a naturall enemy of *Poets*. For indeede after the *Philoſophers* had picked out of the ſweete myſteries of *Poetrie*, the right diſcerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in methode, and making a Schoole Art of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a diuine delightfulneſſe, beginning to ſpurne at their guides, like vngratefull Prentices, were not content to ſet vp ſhop for themſelues, but ſought by all meanes to diſcredit their maiſters, which by the force of delight being barred them, the leſſe they could ouerthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed they found for *Homer*, ſeuen Cities ſtraue who ſhould haue him for their Citizen, where many Cities baniſhed *Philoſophers*,

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as not fit members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* Verſes, many *Athenians* had their liues ſaued of the *Syracuſans*, where the *Athenians* themſelues thought many *Philoſophers* vnworthie to liue. Certaine *Poets*, as *Simonides*, and *Pindarus*, had ſo preuailed with *Hiero* the firſt, that of a Tyrant they made him a iuſt King: where *Plato* could do ſo little with *Dioniſius*, that he himſelfe of a *Philoſopher*, was made a ſlaue. But who ſhould do thus, I confeſſe ſhould requite the obiections made againſt *Poets*, with like cauillations againſt *Philoſophers*: as likewiſe one ſhould do, that ſhould bid one reade *Phædrus* or *Simpoſium* in *Plato*, or the diſcourſe of loue in *Plutarch*, and ſee whether any *Poet* do authoriſe abhominable filthineſſe as they do. Againe, a man might aske, out of what Common-wealth *Plato* doth baniſh them, in ſooth, thence where he himſelfe alloweth communitie of women. So as belike this baniſhment grew not for effeminate wantonneſſe, ſince little ſhould Poeticall *Sonets* be hurtfull, when a man might haue what woman he liſted. But I honour Philoſophicall inſtructions, and bleſſe the wittes which bred them: ſo as they be not abuſed, which is likewiſe ſtretched to *Poetrie*. Saint *Paule* himſelfe ſets a watch-word vpon *Philoſophie*, indeede vpon the abuſe. So doth *Plato* vpon the abuſe, not vpon *Poetrie*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, filled the world with wrõg opiniõs of the Gods, making light tales of that vnſpotted eſſence; and therefore would not haue the youth depraued with ſuch opinions: herein may much be ſayd; let this ſuffice. The *Poets* did not induce ſuch opinions, but did imitate thoſe opinions alreadie induced. For all the *Greeke* ſtories can well teſtifie, that the verie religion of that time, ſtood vpon many, and many faſhioned Gods: not taught ſo by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who liſt may reade in *Plutarch*, the diſcourſes of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, of the cauſe why Oracles ceaſſed, of the diuine prouidence, and ſee whether the *Theologie* of that nation, ſtood not vpon ſuch dreames, which the *Poets* indeede ſuperſticiouſly obſerued. And truely ſince they had not the light of Chriſt, did much better in it then the *Philoſophers*, who ſhaking off ſuperſtition, brought in *Atheiſme*. *Plato* therefore, whoſe authoritie, I had much rather iuſtlie conſtrue then vniuſtlie reſiſt, meant not in generall of *Poets*, in thoſe words of which *Iulius Scaliger* ſayth; *Qui authoritate barbari quidam atque inſipidi abuti velint ad Poetas è Republica exigendos*. But onely meant to driue out thoſe wrong opinions of the Deitie: whereof now without further law, *Chriſtianitie* hath taken away all the hurtfull beliefe, perchaunce as he thought, nouriſhed by then eſteemed *Poets*. And a man neede go no further then to *Plato* himſelfe to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giueth high, and rightly, diuine commendation vnto *Poetrie*. So as *Plato* baniſhing the abuſe, not the thing, not baniſhing it, but giuing due honour to it, ſhall be our Patron, and not our aduerſarie. For indeede, I had much rather, ſince truely I may do it, ſhew their miſtaking of *Plato*, vnder whoſe Lyons skinne they would make an Aſſe-like braying againſt *Poeſie*, then go about to ouerthrow his authoritie; whom the wiſer a man is, the more iuſt cauſe he ſhall finde to haue in admiration: eſpecially ſince he attributeth vnto *Poeſie* more then my ſelfe do; namely, to be a verie inſpiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparant. Of the other ſide, who would ſhew the honours haue bene by the beſt ſort of iudgementes graunted them, a whole ſea of examples would preſent themſelues; *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Scipioes*, all fauourers of *Poets*: *Lælius*, called the Romane *Socrates* himſelfe a *Poet*; ſo as part of *Heautontimeroumenon* in *Terence*, was ſuppoſed to be made by him.

And euen the *Greeke Socrates*, whom *Appollo* confirmed to be the onely wise man, is sayd to haue spent part of his old time in putting *Esopes* Fables into Verses. And therefore full euill should it become his Scholler *Plato*, to put such wordes in his maisters mouth against *Poets*. But what needes more? *Aristotle* writes the Arte of *Poesie*, and why, if it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vse to be gathered of them, and how, if they should not be read? And who reades *Plutarches* either Historie or *Philosophie*, shall finde he trimmeth both their garmentes with gardes of *Poesie*. But I list not to defend *Poesie* with the helpe of his vnderling *Historiographie*. Let it suffice to haue shewed, it is a fit soyle for prayse to dwell vpon: & what dispraise may set vpō it, is either easily ouercome, or transformed into iust commendation. So that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so iustlie confirmed, and the low creeping obiections so soone trodden downe, it not being an Art of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateneſſe, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing mans wit, but of strengthening mans wit; not banished, but honored by *Plato*; let vs rather plant more Laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heades (which honour of being Laureate, as besides them onely triumphant Captaines were, is a sufficient authoritie to shew the price they ought to be held in) then suffer the ill fauoured breath of such wrong speakers once to blow vpon the cleare springs of *Poesie*. But since I haue runne so long a Carreir in this matter, me thinkes before I giue my penne a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time, to inquire why England the Mother of excellent mindes should be growne so hard a stepmother to *Poets*, who certainely in wit ought to passe all others, since all onely proceedes from their wit, being indeed makers of themselues, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Musa mihi causas memora quo numine laso.* Sweet *Poesie* that hath aunciently had Kings, Emperours, Senatours, great Captaines, such as besides a thousands others, *Dauid*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to fauour *Poets*, but to be *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can present for her Patrons, a *Robert* King of *Sicill*, the great King *Fraunces* of *Fraunce*, King *Iames* of *Scotland*; such Cardinals as *Bembus*, and *Bibiena*; such famous Preachers & Teachers, as *Beza* and *Melanchthon*; so learned *Philosophers*, as *Fracastorius*, and *Scaliger*; so great Orators, as *Pontanus*, & *Muretus*; so piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; so graue Counsellours, as besides many, but before all, that *Hospitall* of *Fraunce*; then whom I thinke that Realme neuer brought forth a more accōplished iudgemēt, more firmly builded vpō vertue: I say these with nūbers of others, not only to reade others *Poesies*, but to *Poetise* for others reading; that *Poesie* thus embraced in all other places, should onely finde in our time a hard welcome in England. I thinke the very earth laments it, & therfore deckes our soyle with fewer Laurels thē it was accustomed. For heretofore, *Poets* haue in England also flourished: & which is to be noted, euen in those times whē the Trūpet of *Mars* did sound lowdest. And now that an ouer faint quietneſſe should seeme to strow the house for *Poets*, they are almost in as good reputatiō, as the *Montebanckes* at *Venice*. Truly euen that, as of the one side it giueth great praise to *Poesie*, which like *Venus* (but to better purpose) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, thē enioy the homely quiet of *Vulcā*. So ſerueth it for a peece of a reason, why they are leſſe grateful to idle *Englād*, which now cā scarce endure the paine of a pen. Vpon this necessarily followeth, that base mē with seruile wits vndertake it, who thinke it enough if they can be rewarded of the Printer: and so as *Epaminondas* is sayd with the honour of his vertue to haue made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contēptible, to become highly respected: so these mē no more but

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ſetting their names to it, by their owne diſgracefulneſſe, diſgrace the moſt graceſull *Poeſie*. For now as if all the *Muſes* were got with child, to bring forth baſtard Poets: without any cõmiſſion, they do poſt ouer the banks of *Helicon*, til they make the Readers more wearie then poſt-horſes; while in the meane time, they *Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*, are better contẽt to ſuppreſſe the out-flowings of their wit, then by publiſhing them, to bẽ accounted Knights of the ſame order. But I that before euer I durſt aſpire vnto the dignitie, am admitted into the companie of the *Paper-blurrers*, do find the verie true cauſe of our wanting eſtimation, is want of deſert, taking vpon vs to be *Poets* in deſpite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want deſert, were a thank-worthy labour to expreſſe. But if I knew I ſhould haue mended my ſelfe, but as I neuer deſired the title, ſo haue I neglected the meanes to come by it, onely ouer-maſtered by ſome thoughts, I yeelded an inckie tribute vnto them. Marie they that delight in *Poeſie* it ſelfe, ſhould ſeeke to know what they do: & how they do eſpecially looke thẽſelues in an vnflattering glaſſe of reaſon, if they be inclinable vnto it. For *Poeſie* muſt not be drawn by the ears, it muſt be gẽtly led, or rather it muſt leade, which was partly the cauſe that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a diuine gift and no humane skill; ſince all other knowledges lie readie for anie that haue ſtrength of wit: A *Poet* no induſtrie can make, if his owne *Genius* be not caried into it. And therefore is an old prouerb, *Orator fit, Poeta naſcitur*. Yet confeſſe I alwayes, that as the fertileſt ground muſt be manured, ſo muſt the higheſt flying wit haue a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus* they ſay both in this and in other, hath three wings to beare it ſelfe vp into the aire of due commendation: that is, Arte, Imitation and Exerciſe. But theſe neither Artificiall Rules, nor imitatiue patternes, we much comber our ſelues withall. Exerciſe indeed wee do, but that verie fore-backwardly; for where we ſhould exerciſe to know, we exerciſe as hauing knowne: and ſo is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, Matter to be expreſſed by words, and words to expreſſe the matter: In neither, we vſe Arte or Imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeed though wrongly perfourming *Ouids* Verſe:

*Quicquid conabor dicere, Verſus erit.*

Neuer marſhalling it into any aſſured ranke, that almoſt the Readers cannot tell where to find themſelues. *Chaucer* vndoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Creſeid*: of whom truly I know not whether to maruell more, either that he in that myſtie time could ſee ſo clearely, or that we in this cleare age, go ſo ſtumblinglie after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiuen in ſo reuerent an Antiquitie. I account the Mirrour of Magiſtrates, meetly furniſhed of beautifull parts. And in the Earle of *Surreis Lirickes*, many things taſting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poetrie* in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading if I be not deceiued. That ſame framing of his ſtile to an old ruſticke language, I dare not allow: ſince neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* in Latine, nor *Sanazara* in Italian did affect it. Beſides theſe, I do not remember to haue ſeene but few (to ſpeake boldly) printed that haue Poeticall ſinewes in them. For proofe whereof, let but moſt of the Verſes be put in Proſe, and then aske the meaning, and it will be found, that one Verſe did but beget another, without ordering at the firſt, what ſhould be at the laſt, which becomes a confuſed maſſe of wordes, with a tingling ſound of rime, barely accompanied with reaſon. Our Tragedies and Comedies, not without cauſe cried out againſt, obſeruing rules

neither of honeſt ciuilitie, nor skilfull *Poetrie*. Excepting *Gorboduck* (againe I ſay of thoſe that I haue ſeene) which notwithſtanding, as it is full of ſtatelie ſpeeches, & well ſounding phraſes, climing to the height of *Seneca* his ſtile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth moſt delightfully teach, and ſo obtaine the verie end of *Poeſie*. Yet in truth, it is verie defectious in the circumſtances, which grieues me, becauſe it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two neceſſarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the Stage ſhould alway repreſent but one place; and the vttermoſt time preſuppoſed in it, ſhould be both by *Ariſtotles* precept, and common reaſon, but one day; there is both many dayes and many places, inartificiallie imagined. But if it be ſo in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the reſt, where you ſhall haue *Aſia* of the one ſide, and *Affricke* of the other, and ſo many other vnder-kingdomes, that the Player when he comes in, muſt euer begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceiued. Now you ſhall haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we muſt beleeue the ſtage to be a garden. By and by we heare newes of ſhipwracke in the ſame place, then we are too blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Vpon the backe of that comes out a hideous monſter with fire and ſmoke, and then the miſerable beholders are bound to take it for a caue: while in the meane time two armies flie in, repreſented with foure ſwords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receiue it for a pitched field. Now of time, they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two yong Princes fall in loue, after many trauerſes ſhe is got with child, deliuered of a faire boy: he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in loue, & is ready to get another child; & all this in 2 houres ſpace: which how abſurd it is in ſence, euen ſence may imagine: & Art hath taught, & all ancient exãples iuſtified, & at this day the ordinary players in *Italie* wil not erre in. Yet will ſome bring in an exãple of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of 2 dayes, yet far ſhort of twentie yeares. True it is, & ſo was it to be played in two dayes, and ſo fitted to the time it ſet forth. And though *Plautus* haue in one place done amiſſe, let vs hit it with him, and not miſſe with him. But they will ſay, how then ſhall we ſet forth a ſtorie which containes both many places, and many times? And do they not know that a Tragedie is tied to the lawes of Poeſie, and not of Hiſtorie: not bound to follow the ſtorie, but hauing libertie either to faine a quite new matter, or to frame the Hiſtorie to the moſt tragical conueniencie. Againe many things may be told, which cannot be ſhewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and repreſenting. As for example, I may ſpeake though I am here, of *Peru*, and in ſpeech digreſſe from that, to the deſcription of *Calecut*: but in action I cãnot repreſent it without *Pacolets* horſe. And ſo was the maner the anciẽts took, by ſome *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time or other place. Laſtly, if they will repreſent an Hiſtorie, they muſt not (as *Horace* ſaith) begin *ab ouo*, but they muſt come to the principal point of that one action which they will repreſent. By exãple this will be beſt expreſſed. I haue a ſtory of young *Polydorus*, deliuered for ſafeties ſake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polymneſtor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Troian* warre time. He after ſome yeares, hearing of the ouerthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treaſure his owne, murthereth the child, the body of the child is taken vp, *Hecuba*, ſhe the ſame day findeth a ſleight to bee reuenged moſt cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedy-writers begin, but with the deliuerie of the child? Then ſhould he ſaile ouer into *Thrace*, and ſo ſpend I know not how many yeares, and trauell numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? euen with the finding of the bodie,

the

the reſt leauing to be told by the ſpirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no further to be enlarged, the dulleſt wit may conceiue it. But beſides theſe groſſe abſurdities, how all their Playes be neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes, not becauſe the matter ſo carieth it, but thruſt in the Clowne by head and ſhoulders to play a part in Maieſticall matters, with neither decencie nor diſcretion: ſo as neither the admiration and commiſeration, nor the right ſportfulneſſe is by their mongrell Tragicomedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did ſomewhat ſo, but that is a thing recounted with ſpace of time, not repreſented in one moment: and I know the Ancients haue one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrio*. But if we marke them well, we ſhall find that they neuer or verie daintilie match horne-pipes and funeralles. So falleth it out, that hauing indeed no right Comedie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie we haue nothing but ſcurrilitie vnworthie of anie chaſte eares, or ſome extreme ſhew of doltiſhneſſe, indeed fit to lift vp a lowd laughter and nothing elſe: where the whole tract of a Comedie ſhould be full of delight, as the Tragedie, ſhould be ſtill maintained in a well raiſed admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, which is verie wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight ſhold be the cauſe of laughter: but well may one thing breed both together. Nay in themſelues, they haue as it were a kind of contrarietie: For delight we ſcarcely do, but in things that haue a conueniency to our ſelues, or to the generall nature. Laughter almoſt euer commeth of things moſt diſproportioned to our ſelues & nature. Delight hath a ioy in it either permanent or preſent. Laughter hath only a ſcornfull tickling. For example, we are rauiſhed with delight to ſee a faire woman, and yet are farre from being moued to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainely we cannot delight. We delight in good chaunces: we laugh at miſchaunces. We delight to heare the happineſſe of our friends and Countrie, at which he were worthie to be laughed at that wold laugh: we ſhall cõtrarily ſometimes laugh to find a matter quite miſtaken, & go downe the hill againſt the byas, in the mouth of ſome ſuch men, as for the reſpect of them, one ſhal be heartily ſorie, he cannot chooſe but laugh, and ſo is rather pained, then deelighted with laughter. Yet denie I not, but that they may go well together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well ſet out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad Antickes we laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attire, ſpinning at *Omphales* commandement, it breeds both delight and laughter: for the repreſenting of ſo ſtraunge a power in Loue, procures delight, and the ſcornfulnes of the action ſtirreth laughter. But I ſpeake to this purpoſe, that all the end of the Comical part, be not vpõ ſuch ſcornful matters as ſtir laughter only, but mixe with it that delightful teaching, which is the end of *Poeſie*. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Ariſtotle*, is, that they ſtir laughter in ſinfull things, which are rather execrable then ridiculous: or in miſerable, which are rather to be pitied then ſcorned. For what is it to make folkes gape at a wretched begger, and a beggerly Clowne: or againſt law of hoſpitality, to ieſt at ſtrangers, becauſe they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as we do? What do we learne, ſince it is certain, *Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in ſe, Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit*. But rather a buſie louing Courtier, and a hartleſſe threatning *Thraſo*; a ſelfe-wiſe ſeeming ſchoolemaiſter; a wrie transformed Traueller: theſe if we ſaw walke in ſtage names, which we play naturallie, therein were delightfull laughter,

*Ariſtotles Poeticks, his 8. Books*

and teaching delightfulneſſe, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* do iuſtly bring forth a diuine admiration. But I haue lauiſhed out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, becauſe as they are excelling parts of *Poeſie*, ſo is there none ſo much vſed in *England*, and none can be more pitifully abuſed: which like an vnmannerly daughter, ſhewing a bad education, cauſeth her mother *Poeſies* honeſty to be called in queſtion. Other ſort of *Poetrie* almoſt haue we none, but that *Lyrical* kind of Songs and Sonets; which Lord, if he gaue vs ſo good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heauenly fruits, both priuate & publike, in ſinging the praiſes of the immortall beauty, the immortall goodneſſe of that God, who giueth vs hands to write, and wits to conceiue: of which we might well want words, but neuer matter: of which we could turne our eyes to nothing, but we ſhould euer haue new budding occaſions. But trulie many of ſuch writings as come vnder the banner of vnreſiſtable loue, if I were a miſtreſſe, would neuer perſwade me they were in loue: ſo coldly they apply fiery ſpeeches, as men that had rather read louers writings, & ſo caught vp certaine ſwelling phraſes, which hang together, like a man that once told me the wind was at Northweſt and by South, becauſe he would bee ſure to name winds enough, then that in truth they feele thoſe paſſions, which eaſily as I thinke, may be bewrayed by that ſame forcibleneſſe or *Euergia* (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a ſufficient, though ſhort note, that we miſſe the right vſe of the materiall point of *Poeſie*. Now for the outſide of it, which is words, or (as I may tearme it) *Diction*, it is euen wel worſe: ſo is it that hony-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather diſguiſed in a Curtiſan-like painted affectatiō. One time with ſo farre-fetcht words, that many ſeeme monſters, but muſt ſeeme ſtrangers to any poore Engliſhman: another time with courſing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the methode of a Dictionarie: another time with figures & flowers, extreamely winter-ſtarued. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to Verſifiers, and had not as large poſſeſſion among Proſe-Printers: and which is to be maruelled among many Schollers, and which is to be pitied among ſome Preachers. Truly I could wiſh, if at leaſt I might be ſo bold to wiſh, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacitie, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*, moſt worthy to be imitated, did not ſo much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures & phraſes, as by attentiue tranſlation, as it were, deuour them whole, & make thē wholly theirs. For now they caſt ſuger and ſpice vpon euery diſh that is ſerued at the table: like thoſe *Indians*, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thruſt iewels through their noſe and lips, becauſe they will bee ſure to be fine. *Tully* whē he was to driue out *Catiline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often vſeth the figure of repetition, as *Viuit & vincit, imo in ſenatum venit, imo in ſenatum venit, &c.* Indeed inflamed, with a well grounded rage, he would haue his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, and ſo do that artificially, which we ſee men in choller do naturallie. And we hauing noted the grace of thoſe words hale them in ſometimes to a familiar Epiſtle, when it were too much choller to be chollerike. How well ſtore of *Similiter Cadenſes* doth ſound with the grauitie of the Pulpit, I would but inuoke *Demoſthenes* ſoule to tell, who with a rare daintineſſe vſeth them. Truly they haue made me thinke of the *Sophiſter*, that with too much ſubtilty would proue two Egges three, & though he might be counted a *Sophiſter*, had none for his labour. So theſe men bringing in ſuch a kind of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a ſeeming fineneſſe, but perſwade few, which ſhold be the end of their fineneſſe. Now for ſimilitudes in certain printed diſcourſes

I thinke

I think al Herberiſts, all ſtories of beaſts, foules & fiſhes are rifled vp, that they may come in multitudes to waite vpon any of our cõceits, which certainly is as abſurd a ſurfet to the eares as is poſſible. For the force of a ſimilitude not being to proue any thing to a contrarie diſputer, but only to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the reſt is a moſt tedious pratling, rather ouerſwaying the memorie from the purpoſe wherto they were applyed, then anie whit enforming the iudgement alreadie either ſatisfied, or by ſimilitudes not to be ſatisfied. For my part, I do not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Craſſus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* teſtifieth of them) pretended not to know Arte, the other not to ſet by it (becauſe with a plaine ſenſibleneſſe they might win credit of popular eares, which credite is the neareſt ſtep to perſwaſion, which perſwaſion is the chiefe marke of Oratorie) I do not doubt, I ſay, but that they vſed theſe knacks verie ſparingly, which who doth generally vſe, anie man may ſee, doth daunce to his owne muſike, and ſo to be noted by the audience, more carefull to ſpeake curiouſly then truly. Vndoubtedly (at leaſt to my opinion vndoubtedly) I haue found in diuerſe ſmall learned courtiers a more ſound ſtile, thẽ in ſome profeſſors of learning, of which I cã gueſſe no other cauſe, but that the courtier following that, which by practiſe he findeth fitteſt to nature, therin (though he know it not) doth according to Art, though not by Arte: where the other vſing Arte to ſhewe Art, & not hide Art (as in theſe caſes he ſhould do) flyeth from nature, and indeed abuſeth Arte. But what? me thinks I deſerue to be pounded for ſtraying from *Poetrie* to *Oratorie*: but both haue ſuch an affinitie in the wordiſh conſideration, that I thinke this digreſſion will make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderſtanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach *Poets* how they ſhould do, but only finding my ſelfe ſicke among the reſt, to ſhew ſome one or two ſpots of the common infection growne among the moſt part of writers; that acknowledging our ſelues ſomewhat awrie, we may bend to the right vſe both of matter and maner. Whereto our language giueth vs great occaſion, being indeed capable of any excellent exerciſing of it. I know ſome will ſay it is a mingled language: and why not ſo much the better, taking the beſt of both the other? Another will ſay, it wanteth Grãmer. Nay truly it hath that praiſe that it wants not Grãmer; for Grammer it might haue, but it needs it not, being ſo eaſie in it ſelfe, and ſo void of thoſe cumberſome differences of *Caſes*, *Genders*, *Moods* and *Tenſes*, which I thinke was a peece of the tower of *Babylons* curſe, that a mã ſhold be put to ſchoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the vttering ſweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of ſpeech, that hath it equally with anie other tongue in the world: and is particularly happie in compoſitions of two or three words together, neare the Greeke, farre beyond the Latine, which is one of the greatſt beauties can be in a language. Now of verſifying there are two ſorts, the one ancient, the other moderne: the ancient marked the quantitie of each ſillable, and according to that framed his verſe: the moderne, obſeruing only number, with ſome regard of the accent; the chiefe life of it ſtandeth in that like ſounding of the words, which we call Rime. Whether of theſe be the more excellent, would beare manie ſpeeches, the ancient no doubt more fit for Muſicke, both words and time obſeruing quantity, & more fit, liuely to expreſſe diuerſe paſſions by the low or loftie ſound of the weighed ſillable. The latter likewiſe with his rime ſtriketh a certaine muſicke to the eare: & in fine, ſince it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the ſame purpoſe, there being in either ſweetneſſe, & wanting in neither maieſty. Truly the Engliſh before any Vulgare lãguage, I know is fit for both ſorts: for, for the ancient,

the *Italian* is ſo full of vowels, that it muſt euer be cumbred with *Eliſions*. The *Dutch* ſo of the other ſide with Conſonants, that they cannot yeeld the ſweet ſliding, fit for a verſe. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the laſt ſillable ſauing two, called *Antepenultima*; and litle more hath the *Spanish*, and therefore verie graceleſly may they vſe *Dactiles*. The Engliſh is ſubiect to none of theſe deſects. Now for Rime, though we do not obſerue quātity, yet we obſerue the accent verie preciſely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do ſo abſolutely. That *Caſura*, or breathing place in the midſt of the verſe neither *Italian* nor *Spanish* haue: the *French* and we neuer almoſt faile of. Laſtly, euen the verie Rime it ſelfe the *Italian* cannot put it in the laſt ſillable, by the *French* named the *Maſculine* Rime, but ſtill in the next to the laſt, which the *French* call the *Female*; or the next before that, which the *Italian Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Euono*, *Suono*, of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina*, *Semina*. The *Frēch* of the other ſide hath both the Male, as *Bon*, *Son*; & the Female, as *Plaiſe*, *Taiſe*; but the *Sdrucciola* he hath not: where the *English* hath al three, as *Due*, *True*; *Father*, *Rather*; *Motiō*, *Potion*, with much more which might be ſaid, but that alredy I find the triflings of this diſcourſe is much too much inlarged. So that ſince the euer praiſe-worthy *Poeſie* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulneſſe, & voyd of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, ſince the blames laid againſt it are either falſe or feeble, ſince the cauſe why it is not eſteemed in *England*, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets. Since laſtly, our tongue is moſt fit to honour *Poeſie*, & to be honoured by *Poeſie*, I coniure you all that haue had the euill lucke to reade this inke-waſting toy of mine, euen in the name of the nine *Muſes*, no more to ſcorne the ſacred myſteries of *Poeſie*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fooles; no more to ieſt at the reuerent title of a Rimer, but to beleeue with *Ariſtotle*, that they were the ancient Treaſurers of the Grecians diuinity, to beleeue with *Bembus*, that they were firſt bringers in of all ciuility: to beleeue with *Scaliger*, that no *Philoſophers* precepts can ſooner make you an honeſt man, then the reading of *Virgill*; to beleeue with *Clauſerus*, the Trāſlator of *Cornutus*, that it pleaſed the heauēly deity by *Heſiod* & *Homer*, vnder the vaile of Fables to giue vs all knowledge, *Logicke*, *Rhetoricke*, *Philoſophy* naturall & morall, & *Quid non*? To beleeue with me, that there are many myſteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpoſe were written darklie, leaſt by prophane wits it ſhould be abuſed: to beleeue with *Landin*, that they are ſo beloued of the gods, that whatſoeuer they write, proceeds of a diuine fury. Laſtly, to beleeue themſelues when they tell you they will make you immortall by their verſes. Thus doing, your name ſhall flouriſh in the Printers ſhops: thus doing you ſhall be of kin to many a Poeticall Preface: thus doing, you ſhall be moſt faire, moſt rich, moſt wiſe, moſt all: you ſhall dwell vpon Superlatiues: thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you ſhall ſodainly grow *Herculea proles*, *Si quid mea Carmina poſſunt*. Thus doing, your ſoule ſhall be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchiſes*. But if (fie of ſuch a But) you be borne ſo neare the dul-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot heare the Planet-like muſike of *Poetry*, if you haue ſo earth-creeping a mind, that it cānot lift it ſelf vp to looke to the skie of *Poetry*, or rather by a certain ruſticall diſdaine will become ſuch a meme, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetrie*: thē though I wil not wiſh vnto you the Aſſes eares of *Midas*, nor to be driuē by a *Poets* verſes as *Bubonax* was to hang himſelf, nor to be rimed to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Irelād*, yet thus much curſe I muſt ſend you in the behalfe of all *Poets*, that while you liue, you liue in Ioue, and neuer get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonet, and when you die, your memorie die from the earth, for want of an Epitaph.

ASTRO-

# ASTROPHEL AND STELLA,

## VVRITTEN BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1

LOuing in truth, and faine in verſe my loue to ſhow,
That ſhe (deare ſhe) might take ſome pleaſure of my paine:
Pleaſure might cauſe her reade, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pitie winne, and pitie grace obtaine;

I ſought fit words to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inuentions fine, her wits to entertaine:
Oft turning others leaues, to ſee if thence would flow
Some freſh and fruitfull ſhowers vpon my ſunne-burn'd braine.

But words came halting forth, wanting Inuention ſtay,
Inuention Natures child, fled ſtep-dame Studies blowes,
And others feete ſtill ſeem'd but ſtrangers in my way.

Thus great with child to ſpeake, and helpleſſe in my throwes,
Biting my trewand pen, beating my ſelfe for ſpite,
Foole, ſaid my Muſe to me, looke in thy heart and write.

2

Not at the firſt ſight, nor with a dribbed ſhot
*Loue* gaue the wound, which while I breathe will bleed:
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conqueſt got.

I ſaw and liked, I liked but loued not,
I loued, but ſtraight did not what *Loue* decreed:
At length to *Loues* decrees, I forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at ſo partiall lot.

Now euen that footſtep of loſt libertie
Is gone, and now like ſlaue-borne *Muſcouite*,
I call it praiſe to ſuffer Tyrannie;

And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make me ſelfe beleeue, that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

3

Let daintie wits crie on the Sisters nine,
That brauely maskt, their fancies may be told:
Or *Pindares* Apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold:

Or else let them in statelier glorie shine,
Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:
Or with strange similies enrich each line,
Of herbes or beastes, which *Inde* or *Afrike* hold.

For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know:
Phrases and Problemes from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too deare for my poore sprites.

How then? euen thus: in *Stellas* face I reed,
What Loue and Beautie be, then all my deed
But Copying is, what in her Nature writes.

4

*Vertue* alas, now let me take some rest,
Thou setst a bate betweene my will and wit,
If vaine loue haue my simple soule opprest:
Leaue what thou likest not, deale not thou with it.

Thy scepter vse in some old *Catoes* brest;
Churches or schooles are for thy seate more fit:
I do confesse, pardon a fault confest:
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But if that needs thou wilt vsurping be,
The litle reason that is left in me,
And still th'effect of thy perswasions proue:

I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a Deitie,
That *Vertue*, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

5

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serue
The inward light: and that the heauenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerue,
Rebels to Nature striue for their owne smart.

It is most true, what we call *Cupids* dart,
An image is, which for our selues we carue;
And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart,
Till that good God make Church & Churchman starue.

True, that true Beautie Vertue is indeed,
Whereof this Beautie can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortall mixture breed:

True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soule vp to our countrey moue:
True, and yet true that I must *Stella* loue.

Some

6

Some Louers ſpeake when they their Muſes entertaine,
Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what deſires:
Of force of heau'nly beames, infuſing helliſh paine:
Of liuing deaths, deare wounds, faire ſtormes & freeſing fires:

Some one his ſong in *Ioue*, and *Ioues* ſtrange tales attires,
Bordred with buls & ſwans, powdred with golden raine
Another humbler wit to ſhepheards pipe retires,
Yet hiding royall bloud full oft in rurall vaine.

To ſome a ſweeteſt plaint, a ſweeteſt ſtile affords,
While teares powre out his inke, & ſighs breathe out his words:
His paper pale diſpaire, and paine his pen doth moue.

I can ſpeake what I feele, and feele as much as they,
But thinke that all the Map of my ſtate I diſplay,
When trembling voice brings forth that I do *Stella* loue.

7

When Nature made her chiefe worke, *Stellas* eyes,
In colour blacke, why wrapt ſhe beames ſo bright?
Would ſhe in beamie blacke, like painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre, mixt of ſhades and light?

Or did ſhe elſe that ſober hue deuiſe,
In obiect beſt to knit and ſtrength our ſight,
Leaſt if no vaile theſe braue gleames did diſguiſe,
They ſun-like ſhould more dazle then delight?

Or would ſhe her miraculous power ſhow,
That whereas blacke ſeemes Beauties contrary,
She euen in blacke doth make all beauties flow?

Both ſo and thus, ſhe minding loue ſhould be
Placed euer there, gaue him this mourning weed,
To honor all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

*Loue* borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his natiue place,
Forc'd by a tedious proofe, that Turkiſh hardned hart,
Is no fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:
And pleaſd with our ſoft peace, ſtaid here his flying race.

But finding theſe North clymes do coldly him embrace,
Not vſde to frozen clips, he ſtraue to find ſome part,
Where with moſt eaſe & warmth he might employ his art:
At length he perch'd himſelf in *Stellas* ioyfull face,

Whoſe faire skin, beamy eyes like morning ſun on ſnow,
Deceiu'd the quaking boy, who thought from ſo pure light,
Effects of liuely heat, muſt needs in nature grow.

But ſhe moſt faire, moſt cold, made him thence take his flight
To my cloſe heart, where while ſome firebrands he did lay,
He burnt vnwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

9

Queene *Vertues* court, which ſome call *Stellas* face,
Prepar'd by Natures choiſeſt furniture,
Hath his front built of Alablaſter pure;
Gold is the couering of that ſtately place.

The doore by which ſometimes comes forth her Grace,
Red Porphir is, which locke of pearle makes ſure:
Whoſe porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)
Marble mixt red and white do enterlace.

The windowes now through which this he au'nly gueſt
Looks ouer the world, and can find nothing ſuch,
Which dare claime from thoſe lights the name of beſt.

Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,
Which *Cupids* ſelfe from Beauties mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and poore I am their ſtraw.

10

Reaſon, in faith thou art well ſeru'd, that ſtill
Wouldſt brabling be with ſence and loue in me:
I rather wiſht thee clime the Muſes hill,
Or reach the fruite of Natures choiſeſt tree,

Or ſeeke heau'ns courſe, or heau'ns inſide to ſee:
Why ſhouldſt thou toyle our thornie ſoile to till?
Leaue ſenſe, and thoſe which ſenſes obiects be:
Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leaue loue to will.

But thou wouldſt needs fight both with loue and ſence,
With ſword of wit, giuing wounds of diſpraiſe,
Till downe-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence:

For ſoone as they ſtrake thee with *Stellas* rayes,
Reaſon thou kneel'dſt, and offeredſt ſtraight to proue
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to loue.

11

In truth, ô Loue, with what a boyiſh kind
Thou doeſt proceed in thy moſt ſerious wayes:
That when the heau'n to thee his beſt diſplayes,
Yet of that beſt thou leau'ſt the beſt behind.

For like a child that ſome faire booke doth find,
With guilded leaues or colourd Velume playes,
Or at the moſt on ſome fine picture ſtayes,
But neuer heeds the fruit of writers mind:

So when thou ſaw'ſt in Natures cabinet
*Stella*, thou ſtraight lookſt babies in her eyes,
In her cheekes pit thou didſt thy pitfould ſet:

And in her breaſt bopeepe or couching lyes,
Playing and ſhining in each outward part:
But, foole, ſeekſt not to get into her hart.

12

*Cupid*, becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stellas* eyes,
That from her lockes, thy daunces none ſcapes free,
That thoſe lips ſweld, ſo full of thee they bee,
That her ſweete breath makes oft thy flames to riſe,

That in her breaſt thy pap well ſugred lies,
That her Grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that ſhe
What words ſo ere ſhe ſpeake perſwades for thee,
That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies.

Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Hauing got vp a breach by fighting well,
Crie, Victorie, this faire day all is ours.

O no, her heart is ſuch a Cittadell,
So fortified with wit, ſtor'd with diſdaine,
That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

*Phœbus* was Iudge betweene *Ioue*, *Mars*, and *Loue*,
Of thoſe three gods, whoſe armes the faireſt were:
*Ioues* golden ſhield did Eagle ſables beare,
Whoſe talents held young *Ganimed* aboue:

But in Vert field *Mars* bare a golden ſpeare,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did ſhoue:
Each had his creaſt, *Mars* caried *Venus* gloue,
*Ioue* on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.

*Cupid* then ſmiles, for on his creſt there lies
*Stellas* faire haire, her face he makes his ſhield,
Where roſes gueuls are borne in ſiluer field.

*Phœbus* drew wide the curtaines of the skies,
To blaze theſe laſt, and ſware deuoutly then,
The firſt, thus matcht, were ſcantly Gentlemen.

14

Alas haue I not paine enough my friend,
Vpon whoſe breaſt a fiercer Gripe doth tire,
Then did on him who firſt ſtale downe the fire,
While *Loue* on me doth all his quiuer ſpend,

But with your Rubarb words ye muſt contend,
To grieue me worſe, in ſaying that Deſire
Doth plunge my wel-form'd ſoule euen in the mire
Of ſinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?

If that be ſinne which doth the maners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Readie of wit and fearing nought but ſhame:

If that be ſinne which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe vnchaſtitie,
Then Loue is ſinne, and let me ſinfull be.

15

You that do ſearch for euerie purling ſpring,
VVhich from the ribs of old *Parnaſſus* flowes,
And euerie floure not ſweet perhaps, which growes
Neare thereabouts, into your Poeſie wring.

You that do Dictionaries methode bring
Into your rimes, running in ratling rowes:
You that poore *Petrarchs* long deceaſed woes,
VVith new-borne ſighes and denifend wit do ſing.

You take wrong waies thoſe far-fet helpes be ſuch,
As do bewray a want of inward tuch:
And ſure at length ſtolne goods do come to light.

But if (both for your loue and skill) your name
You ſeeke to nurſe at fulleſt breaſts of Fame,
*Stella* behold, and then begin to endite.

16

In nature apt to like when I did ſee
Beauties, which were of manie Carrets fine,
My boiling ſprites did thither ſoone incline,
And, Loue, I thought that I was full of thee:

But finding not thoſe reſtleſſe flames in me,
Which others ſaid did make their ſoules to pine:
I thought thoſe babes of ſome pinnes hurt did whine,
By my ſoule iudging what Loues paine might be.

But while I thus with this Lyon plaid,
Mine eyes (ſhall I ſay curſt or bleſt) beheld
*Stella*; now ſhe is nam'd, need more be ſaid?

In her ſight I a leſſon new haue ſpeld,
I now haue learn'd Loue right, and learn'd euen ſo,
As who by being poiſond doth poiſon know.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,
Becauſe that *Mars* growne ſlacker in her loue,
With pricking ſhot he did not throughly moue,
To keepe the pace of their firſt louing ſtate.

The boy refuſde for feare of *Marſes* hate,
Who threatned ſtripes, if he his wrath did proue:
But ſhe in chafe him from her lap did ſhoue,
Brake bow, brake ſhafts, while *Cupid* weeping ſate:

Till that his grandame *Nature* pitying it,
Of *Stellas* browes made him two better bowes,
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how for ioy he leapes, ô how he crowes,
And ſtraight therewith like wags new got to play,
Fals to ſhrewd turnes, and I was in his way.

With

18

With what ſharpe checkes I in my ſelfe am ſhent,
When into Reaſons audite I do go:
And by iuſt counts my ſelfe a banckrout know
Of all thoſe goods, which heau'n to me haue lent:

Vnable quite to pay euen Natures rent,
Which vnto it by birthright I do ow:
And which is worſe, no good excuſe can ſhow,
But that my wealth I haue moſt idly ſpent.

My youth doth waſte, my knowledge brings forth toyes,
My wit doth ſtriue thoſe paſſions to defend,
Which for reward ſpoile it with vaine annoyes.

I ſee my courſe to looſe my ſelfe doth bend:
I ſee and yet no greater ſorow take,
Then that I looſe no more for *Stellas* ſake.

19

On *Cupids* bow how are my heart-ſtrings bent,
That ſee my wracke, and yet embrace the ſame?
When moſt I glorie, then I feele moſt ſhame:
I willing run, yet while I run, repent.

My beſt wits ſtill their owne diſgrace inuent:
My verie inke turnes ſtraight to *Stellas* name;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Auiſe themſelues that they are vainely ſpent.

For though ſhe paſſe all things, yet what is all
That vnto me, who fare like him that both
Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?

O let me prop my mind yet in his growth,
And not in Nature, for beſt fruits vnfit:
Scholler, ſaith *Loue*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Flie, fly, my friends, I haue my death wound; fly,
See there that boy, that murthring boy I ſay,
Who like a theefe, hid in darke buſh doth ly,
Till bloudie bullet get him wrongfull pray.

So Tyran he no fitter place could ſpie,
Nor ſo faire leuell in ſo ſecret ſtay,
As that ſweete blacke which vailes the heau'nly eye:
There himſelfe with his ſhot he cloſe doth lay.

Poore paſſenger, paſſe now thereby I did,
And ſtaid pleaſd with the proſpect of the place,
While that blacke hue from me the bad gueſt hid:

But ſtraight I ſaw motions of lightning grace,
And then deſcried the gliſtring of his dart:
But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

21

Your words my friend (right healthfull cauſtiks) blame
My young mind marde, whom *Loue* doth windlas ſo,
That mine owne writings like bad ſeruants ſhow
My wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame:

That *Plato* I read for nought, but if he tame
Such coltiſh yeeres, that to my birth I owe
Nobler deſires, leaſt elſe that friendly foe,
Great expectation, weare a traine of ſhame.

For ſince mad March great promiſe made of me,
If now the May of my yeares much decline,
What can be hoped my harueſt time will be?

Sure you ſay well, your wiſdomes golden mine,
Dig deepe with learnings ſpade, now tell me this,
Hath this world ought ſo faire as *Stella* is?

22

In higheſt way of heau'n the Sunne did ride,
Progreſſing then from faire twinnes gold'n place:
Hauing no ſcarfe of clowds before his face,
But ſhining forth of heate in his chiefe pride;

When ſome faire Ladies by hard promiſe tied,
On horſebacke met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fannes wel-ſhading grace,
From that foes wounds their tender skinnes to hide.

*Stella* alone with face vnarmed marcht,
Either to do like him which open ſhone,
Or careleſſe of the wealth becauſe her owne:

Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,
Her daintieſt bare went free; the cauſe was this,
The Sunne which others burn'd, did her but kiſſe.

23

The curious wits ſeeing dull penſiueneſſe
Bewray it ſelfe in my long ſetled eyes,
Whence thoſe ſame fumes of melancholy riſe,
With idle paines, and miſſing ayme, do gueſſe.

Some that know how my ſpring I did addreſſe,
Deeme that my Muſe ſome fruit of knowledge plies:
Others, becauſe the Prince my ſeruice tries,
Thinke that I thinke ſtate errours to redreſſe.

But harder Iudges iudge ambitions rage,
Scourge of it ſelfe, ſtill climing ſlipprie place,
Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.

O fooles, or ouer-wiſe, alas the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But only *Stellas* eyes and *Stellas* hart.

24

Rich fooles there be, whoſe baſe and filthy hart
Lies hatching ſtill the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their owne ſelues to *Tantals* ſmart,
Wealth breeding want, more bliſt, more wretched grow.

Yet to thoſe fooles heau'n ſuch wit doth impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
And knowing *Loue*, and louing lay apart,
As ſacred things, far from all daungers ſhow.

But that rich foole who by blind Fortunes lot,
The richeſt gemme of Loue and life enioyes,
And can with foule abuſe ſuch beauties blot;

Let him depriued of ſweet but vnfelt ioyes,
(Exil'd for ay from thoſe high treaſures, which
He knowes not) grow in only follie rich.

25

The wiſeſt ſcholler of the wight moſt wiſe,
By *Phœbus* doome, with ſugred ſentence ſayes,
That Vertue if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of *Loue* it in our ſoules would raiſe.

But for that man with paine this truth deſcries,
Whiles he each thing in ſenſes ballance wayes,
And ſo nor will, nor can behold thoſe skies,
Which inward ſunne to *Heroicke* minde diſplaies.

Vertue of late with vertuous care to ſter
*Loue* of her ſelfe, tooke *Stellas* ſhape, that ſhe
To mortall eyes might ſweetly ſhine in her.

It is moſt true, for ſince I her did ſee,
Vertues great beautie in that face I proue,
And find th'effect, for I do burne in loue.

26

Though duſtie wits dare ſcorne Aſtrologie,
And fooles can thinke thoſe Lampes of pureſt light,
Whoſe numbers weighs greatneſſe eternitie,
Promiſing wonders, wonder do inuite:

To haue for no cauſe birthright in the skie,
But for to ſpangle the blacke weeds of night:
Or for ſome brawle, which in that chamber hie,
They ſhould ſtill daunce to pleaſe a gazers ſight.

For me, I do Nature vnidle know,
And know great cauſes, great effects procure:
And know thoſe Bodies high raigne on the low.

And if theſe rules did faile, prooſe makes me ſure,
Who oft fore-iudge my after-following race,
By only thoſe two ſtarres in *Stellas* face.

27

Becauſe I oft in darke abſtracted guiſe,
Seeme moſt alone in greateſt companie:
With dearth of words, or anſwers quite awrie,
To them that would make ſpeech of ſpeech ariſe.

They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
That poiſon foule of bubling pride doth lie:
So in my ſwelling breaſt that only I
Fawne on me ſelfe, and others do deſpiſe:

Yet pride I thinke doth not my ſoule poſſeſſe,
Which lookes too oft in his vnflattring glaſſe:
But one worſe fault *Ambition* I confeſſe,

That makes me oft my beſt friends ouerpaſſe,
Vnſeene, vnheard, while thought to higheſt place
Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stellas* grace.

28

You that with allegories curious frame,
Of others children changelings vſe to make,
With me thoſe paines for Gods ſake do not take
I liſt not dig ſo deepe for braſen fame.

When I ſay, *Stella*, I do meane the ſame
Princeſſe of Beautie, for whoſe only ſake,
The raines of *Loue* I loue, though neuer ſlake,
And ioy therein, though Nations count it ſhame.

I beg no ſubiect to vſe eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes do guide Philoſophie:
Looke at my hands for no ſuch quinteſſence;

But know that I in pure ſimplicitie,
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,
*Loue* onely reading vnto me this art.

29

Like ſome weake Lords, neighbord by mighty kings,
To keepe themſelues and their chiefe cities free,
Do eaſly yeeld, that all their coaſts may be
Ready to ſtore their campes of needfull things:

So *Stellas* heart finding what power *Loue* brings,
To keepe it ſelfe in life and liberty,
Doth willing graunt, that in the frontiers he
Vſe all to helpe his other conquerings:

And thus her heart eſcapes, but thus her eyes
Serue him with ſhot, her lips his heralds arre:
Her breaſts his tents, legs his triumphall carre:

Her fleſh his food, her skin his armour braue,
And I, but for becauſe my proſpect lies
Vpon that coaſt, am giu'n vp for a ſlaue.

Whether

30.

Whether the Turkiſh new-moone minded be
To fill his hornes this yeare on Chriſtian coaſt:
How *Polen* right king meanes without leaue of hoaſt,
To warme with ill-made fire cold *Moſcouy*.

If French can yet three parts in one agree,
What now the Dutch in their full diets boaſt,
How *Holland* hearts, now ſo good townes be loſt,
Truſt in the ſhade of pleaſing *Orange* tree.

How *Vlſter* likes of that ſame golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame,
If in the *Scotch* Court be no weltring yet.

Theſe queſtions buſie wits to me do frame;
I cumbred with good maners, anſwer do,
But know not how, for ſtill I thinke of you.

31

With how ſad ſteps, ô Moone, thou climb'ſt the skies,
How ſilently, and with how wanne a face,
What may it be, that euen in heau'nly place
That buſie archer his ſharpe arrowes tries?

Sure if that long with *Loue* acquainted eyes
Can iudge of *Loue*, thou feel'ſt a Louers caſe;
I reade it in thy lookes, thy languiſht grace
To me that feele the like, thy ſtate deſcries.

Then eu'n of fellowſhip, ô Moone, tell me
Is conſtant *Loue* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they aboue loue to be lou'd, and yet
Thoſe Louers ſcorne whom that *Loue* doth poſſeſſe?
Do they call *Vertue* there vngratefulneſſe.

32

*Morpheus* the liuely ſonne of deadly ſleepe,
Witneſſe of life to them that liuing die:
A Prophet oft, and oft an hiſtorie,
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creepe,

Since thou in me ſo ſure a power doeſt keepe,
That neuer I with cloſe vp ſenſe do lie,
But by thy worke (my *Stella*) I deſcrie,
Teaching blind eyes both how to ſmile and weepe.

Vouchſafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
Whence haſt thou Iuorie, Rubies, pearle and gold,
To ſhew her skin, lips, teeth and head ſo well?

Foole, anſwers he, no *Indies* ſuch treaſures hold,
But from thy heart, while my ſire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stellas* image I do ſteale to mee.

33

I might, vnhappie word, ô me, I might,
And then would not, or could not see my blisse:
Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,
I find how heau'nly day wretch I did misse.

Hart rent thy selfe, thou dost thy selfe but right,
No louely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his:
No force, no fraud, robd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to my selfe my selfe did giue the blow,
While too much wit (forsooth) so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show:

And yet could not by rising Morne foresee
How faire a day was neare, ô punisht eyes,
That I had bene more foolish or more wise.

34

Come let me write, and to what end? to ease
A burthned hart, how can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy dayly vexing care?
Oft cruell fights well pictured forth do please.

Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare:
But will not wise men thinke thy words fond ware?
Then be they close, and so none shall displease.

What idler thing, then speake and not be hard?
What harder thing then smart, and not to speake?
Peace foolish wit, with wit my wit is mard.

Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes on Inks poore losse, perhaps some find
*Stellas* great powrs, that so confuse my mind.

35

What may words say, or what may words not say,
Where truth it selfe must speake like flatterie?
Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?

What *Nestors* counsell can my flames alay,
Since Reason selfe doth blow the cole in me?
And ah what hope, that hope should once see day,
Where *Cupid* is sworne page to Chastity?

Honour is honour'd, that thou dost possesse
Him as thy slaue, and now long needy Fame
Doth euen grow rich, naming my *Stellas* name.

Wit learnes in thee perfection to expresse,
Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raisde:
It is a praise to praise, when thou art praisde.

36

*Stella*, whence doth this new assault arise,
A conquerd golden ransackt heart to winne?
Whereto long since through my long battred eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.

And there long since, *Loue* thy Lieutenant lies,
My forces razde, thy banners raisd within:
Of conquest, do not these effects suffice,
But wilt now warre vpon thine owne begin?

With so sweete voice, and by sweete Nature so
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,
In all sweete stratagems, sweete Arte can show,

That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall,
Long since forc'd by thy beames, but stone nor tree
By Sences priuiledge, can scape from thee.

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen then Lordings with good eare to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.

Toward *Auroras* Court a Nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which mans eye can see:
Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise, saying she doth excell:

Rich in the treasure of deseru'd renowne,
Rich in the riches of a royall hart,
Rich in those gifts which giue th'eternall crowne;

Who though most rich in these and euerie part,
Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,
Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is.

38

This night while sleepe begins with heauy wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that vnbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powres are brought
To leaue the scepter of all subiect things.

The first that straight my fancies error brings
Vnto my mind, is *Stellas* image, wrought
By *Loues* owne selfe, but with so curious drought,
That she, me thinks, not onely shines but sings.

I start, looke, hearke, but what in closde vp-sence
Was held, in opend sense it flies away,
Leauing me nought but wailing eloquence:

I seeing better sights in sights decay,
Cald it anew, and wooed sleepe againe:
But him her host that vnkind guest had slaine.

39

Come sleepe, O sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore mans wealth, the prisoners release,
Th'indifferent Iudge betweene the high and low;

With shield of proose shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts, dispaire at me doth throw:
O make in me those ciuill warres to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe to noise, and blind to light:
A rosie garland, and a wearie hed:

And if these things, as being thine by right,
Moue not thy heauy grace, thou shalt in me
Liuelier then elsse-where *Stellas* image see.

40

As good to write as for to lie and grone,
O *Stella* deare, how much thy power hath wrought,
That hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
My still kept course, while other sleepe to mone.

Alas, if from the height of Vertues throne,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Vpon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought;
Weigh then how I by thee am ouerthrowne.

And then, thinke thus, although thy beautie be
Made manifest by such a victorie,
Yet noblest Conquerours do wreckes auoid.

Since then thou hast so farre subdued me,
That in my heart I offer still to thee,
O do not let thy temple be destroyd.

41

Hauing this day my horse, my hand, my launce
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the iudgement of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemie *Fraunce*,

Horsemen my skill in horsmanship aduaunce:
Towne-folkes my strength, a daintier iudge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good vse doth rise:
Some luckie wits impute it but to chaunce:

Others, because of both sides I do take
My bloud from them, who did excell in this,
Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.

How farre they shot awrie? the true cause is,
*Stella* lookt on, and from her hau'nly face
Sent forth the beames, which made so faire my race.

O eyes

42

O eyes, which do the Spheares of beautie moue,
Whose beames be ioyes, whose ioyes all vertues be,
Who while they make *Loue* conquer, conquer *Loue*,
The schooles where *Venus* hath learn'd Chastitie.

O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious proue,
Only lou'd Tyrants, iust in cruelty,
Do not, ô do not from poore me remoue,
Keepe still my Zenith, euer shine on me.

For though I neuer see them, but straight wayes
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites;
Yet still on me, ô eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Maiestie of sacred lights,
Oppressing mortall sense, my death proceed,
Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Loue* (high set) doth breed.

43

Faire eyes, sweet lips, deare heart, that foolish I
Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to pray;
Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, choise sport, and easefull stay.

For when he will see who dare him gainesay,
Then with those eyes he lookes, lo by and by
Each soule doth at *Loues* feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he giue them leaue to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where blushing red, that *Loues* selfe them doth loue,
With either lip he doth the other kisse:

But when he will for quiets sake remoue
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

44

My words I know do well set forth my mind,
My mind bemones his sense of inward smart;
Such smart may pitie claime of any hart,
Her heart, sweete heart, is of no Tygres kind:

And yet she heares, and yet no pitie I find;
But more I crie, lesse grace she doth impart,
Alas, what cause is there so ouerthwart,
That Nobleness it selfe makes thus vnkind?

I much do guesse, yet find no truth saue this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch
Those daintie dores vnto the Court of blisse,

The heau'nly nature of that place is such,
That once come there, the sobs of mine annoyes
Are metamorphosd straight to tunes of ioyes.

45

*Stella* oft ſees the verie face of wo
Painted in my beclowded ſtormie face:
But cannot skill to pitie my diſgrace,
Not though thereof the cauſe her ſelfe ſhe know:

Yet hearing late a fable, which did ſhow
Of Louers neuer knowne, a grieuous caſe,
Pitie thereof gate in her breaſt ſuch place,
That from that ſea deriu'd teares ſpring did flow.

Alas, if Fancy drawne by imag'd things,
Though falſe, yet with free ſcope more grace doth breed
Then ſeruants wracke, where new doubts honor brings;

Then thinke my deare, that you in me do reed
Of Louers ruine ſome ſad Tragedie:
I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

46

I curſt thee oft, I pitie now thy caſe,
Blind-hitting boy, ſince ſhe that thee and me
Rules with a becke, ſo tyrannizeth thee,
That thou muſt want or food, or dwelling place.

For ſhe proteſts to baniſh thee her face,
Her face? O *Loue*, a Rogue thou then ſhouldſt be!
If *Loue* learne not alone to loue and ſee,
Without deſire to feed of further grace.

Alas poore wag, that now a ſcholler art
To ſuch a ſchoole-miſtreſſe, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needs muſt miſſe, and ſo thou needs muſt ſmart.

Yet Deare, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (though he from booke my che to deſire)
Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

47

What haue I thus betrayed my libertie?
Can thoſe blacke beames ſuch burning markes engraue
In my free ſide? or am I borne a ſlaue,
Whoſe necke becomes ſuch yoke of tyranny?

Or want I ſenſe to feele my miſerie?
Or ſprite, diſdaine of ſuch diſdaine to haue?
Who for long faith, tho dayly helpe I craue,
May get no almes but ſcorne of beggerie.

Vertue awake, Beautie but beautie is,
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I do
Leaue following that, which it is gaine to miſſe.

Let her do: ſoft, but here ſhe comes, go to,
Vnkind, I loue you not: O me, that eye
Doth make my heart giue to my tongue the lie.

Soules

48

Soules ioy, bend not those morning starres from me,
Where Vertue is made strong by Beauties might,
Where *Loue* is chastnesse, Paine doth learne delight,
And Humblenesse growes one with Maiestie.

What euer may ensue, o let me be
Copartner of the riches of that sight:
Let not mine eyes be hel-driu'n from that light:
O looke, o shine, o let me die and see.

For though I oft my selfe of them bemone,
That through my heart their beamie darts be gone:
Whose cureless wounds euen now most freshly bleed:

Yet since my death-wound is already got,
Deare Killer, spare not thy sweet cruell shot:
A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

49

I on my horse, and *Loue* on me doth trie
Our horsmanships, while by strange worke I proue
A horsman to my horse, a horse to *Loue*;
And now mans wrongs in me poore beast descrie.

The raine wherewith my Rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of Reuerence moue,
Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt bosse aboue
Of Hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye.

The Wand is Will, thou Fancie Saddle art,
Girt fast by memorie, and while I spurre
My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart:

He sits me fast, how euer I do sturre:
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the Manage my selfe takes delight.

50

*Stella*, the fulnesse of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be staid within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be expresst.

And yet as soone as they so formed be,
According to my Lord *Loues* owne behest:
With sad eyes I their weake proportion see,
To portrait that which in this world is best.

So that I cannot chuse but write my mind,
And cannot chuse but put out what I write,
While these poore babes their death in birth do find:

And now my pen these lines had dashed quite,
But that they stopt his furie from the same,
Because their forefront bare sweet *Stellas* name.

51

Pardon mine eares, both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that do ſuch entertainment need,
So may you ſtill haue ſomewhat new to ſay.

On ſilly me do not the burthen lay,
Of all the graue conceits your braine doth breed;
But find ſome *Hercules* to beare, in ſteed
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wiſedomes heau'nly ſway.

For me, while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreames,
Of ſtraying wayes, when valiant errour guides:

Meane while my heart confers with *Stellas* beames,
And is euen irkt that ſo ſweet Comedie,
By ſuch vnſuted ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

52

A ſtrife is growne betweene *Vertue* and *Loue*,
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eyes, her lips, her all, ſaith *Loue* do this,
Since they do weare his badge, moſt firmely proue.

But *Vertue* thus that title doth diſproue,
That *Stella* (ô deare name) that *Stella* is
That vertuous ſoule, ſure heire of heau'nly bliſſe:
Not this faire outſide, which our hearts doth moue.

And therefore, though her beautie and her grace
Be *Loues* indeed, in *Stellas* ſelfe he may
By no pretence claime any maner place.

Well *Loue*, ſince this demurre our ſute doth ſtay,
Let *Vertue* haue that *Stellas* ſelfe; yet thus,
That *Vertue* but that body graunt to vs.

53

In Martiall ſports I had my cunning tride,
And yet to breake more ſtaues did me addreſſe:
While with the peoples ſhouts I muſt confeſſe,
Youth, lucke, and praiſe, euen fild my veines with pride.

When *Cupid* hauing me his ſlaue deſcride,
In *Marſes* liuerie, prauncing in the preſſe:
What now ſir foole, ſaid he, I would no leſſe,
Looke here, I ſay, I look'd and *Stella* ſpide:

Who hard by made a window ſend forth light,
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
One hand forgat to rule, th'other to fight.

Nor trumpets ſound I heard, nor friendly cries;
My Foe came on, and beat the aire for me,
Till that her bluſh taught me my ſhame to ſee.

Becauſe

54

Becauſe I breathe not loue to euerie one,
Nor do not vſe ſet colours for to weare,
Nor nouriſh ſpeciall lockes of vowed haire,
Nor giue each ſpeech a full point of a grone.

The courtly Nymphs, acquainted with the mone
Of them, who in their lips *Loues* ſtanderd beare;
What he? ſay they of me, now I dare ſweare,
He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.

And thinke ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* know my mind,
Profeſſe in deed I do not *Cupids* art;
But you faire maides, at length this true ſhall find,

That his right badge is but worne in the hart:
Dumbe Swannes, not chatring Pies, do Louers proue,
They loue indeed, who quake to ſay they loue.

55

Muſes, I oft inuoked your holy ayde,
With choiſeſt flowers my ſpeech to engarland ſo;
That it deſpiſde in true but naked ſhew,
Might winne ſome grace in your ſweet grace arraid.

And oft whole troupes of ſaddeſt words I ſtaid,
Striuing abroad a foraging to go;
Vntill by your inſpiring I might know,
How their blacke banner might be beſt diſplaid.

But now I meane no more your helpe to trie,
Nor other ſugring of my ſpeech to proue,
But on her name inceſſantly to crie:

For let me but name her whom I do loue,
So ſweete ſounds ſtraight mine eare and heart do hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

56

Fy ſchoole of Patience, Fy, your leſſon is
Far far too long to learne it without booke:
What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,
And thinke I ſhould not your large precepts miſſe?

When I might reade thoſe letters faire of bliſſe,
Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke,
Somewhat thy lead'n counſels, which I tooke,
As of a friend that meant not much amiſſe:

But now that I alas do want her ſight,
What, doſt thou thinke that I can euer take
In thy cold ſtuffe a flegmatike delight?

No Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and heare with patience my deſire,
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

57

Wo, hauing made with many fights his owne
Each fence of mine, each gift, each power of mind,
Growne now his ſlaues, he forſt them out to find
The thoroweſt words, fit for woes ſelfe to grone,

Hoping that when they might find *Stella* alone,
Before ſhe could prepare to be vnkind,
Her ſoule arm'd but with ſuch a dainty rind,
Should ſoone be pierc'd with ſharpneſſe of the mone.

She heard my plaints, and did not only heare,
But them (ſo ſweete is ſhe) moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that faire breaſt making woes darkneſſe cleare:

A prety caſe I hoped her to bring
To feele my griefes, and ſhe with face and voice,
So ſweets my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

58

Doubt there hath bene when with his golden chaine,
The Oratour ſo farre mens harts doth bind,
That no pace elſe their guided ſteps can find,
But as he them more ſhort or ſlacke doth raine.

Whether with words this ſoueraignty he gaine,
Cloth'd with fine tropes, with ſtrongeſt reaſons lin'd,
Or elſe pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his owne liuely forme in rudeſt braine:

Now iudge by this, in piercing phraſes late,
The anatomy of all my woes I wrate,
*Stellas* ſweete breath the ſame to me did reed.

O voice, ô face, maugre my ſpeeches might,
Which wooed wo, moſt rauiſhing delight,
Euen thoſe ſad words, euen in ſad me did breed.

59

Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?
If he do loue, I burne, I burne in loue:
If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue:
If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.

Litle he is, ſo litle worth is he;
He barks, my ſongs thine owne voyce oft doth proue:
Bid'n perhaps he fetcheth thee a gloue,
But I vnbid, fetch euen my ſoule to thee.

Yet while I languiſh, him that boſome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets in ſpite of ſpite,
This ſowre-breath'd mate taſt of thoſe ſugred lips.

Alas, if you graunt only ſuch delight
To witleſſe things, then *Loue*, I hope (ſince wit
Becomes a clog) will ſoone eaſe me of it.

When

PAGINATION INCORRECT

60

When my good Angell guides me to the place,
Where all my good I do in *Stella* ſee,
That heau'n of ioyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred diſdaines and lightnings of diſgrace:

But when the ruggedſt ſtep of Fortunes race
Makes me fall from her ſight, then ſweetly ſhe
With words, wherein the Muſes treaſures be,
Shewes loue and pitie to my abſent caſe.

Now I wit-beaten long by hardeſt Fate,
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce *Loue* and louely hate:

Then ſome good body tell me how I do,
Whoſe preſence, abſence, abſence preſence is;
Bliſt in my curſe, and curſed in my bliſſe.

61

Oft with true ſighes, oft with vncalled teares,
Now with ſlow words, now with dumbe eloquence
I *Stellas* eyes aſſaid, inuade her eares;
But this at laſt is her ſweet breath'd defence:

That who indeed infelt affection beares,
So captiues to his Saint both ſoule and ſence,
That wholly hers, all ſelfneſſe he forbeares;
Then his deſires he learnes his liues courſe thence.

Now ſince her chaſt mind hates this loue in me,
With chaſtned mind, I ſtraight muſt ſhew that ſhe
Shall quickly me from what ſhe hates remoue.

O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,
Driu'n elſe to graunt by Angels ſophiſtrie,
That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

62

Late tyr'd with wo, euen ready for to pine
With rage of *Loue*, I cald my Loue vnkind;
She in whoſe eyes *Loue* though vnfelt doth ſhine,
Sweet ſaid that I true loue in her ſhould find,

I ioyed, but ſtraight thus watred was my wine,
That loue ſhe did, but loued a Loue not blind,
Which would not let me, whom ſhe loued, decline
From nobler courſe, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore by her Loues authority,
Wild me theſe tempeſts of vaine loue to flie,
And anchor faſt my ſelfe on *Vertues* ſhore.

Alas, if this the only mettall be
Of *Loue*, new-coind to helpe my beggery,
Deare, loue me not, that ye may loue me more.

O Grammer rules, ô now your vertues show;
So children still reade you with awfull eyes,
As my young Doue may in your precepts wise
Her graunt to me, by her owne vertue know.

For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I crau'd the thing which euer she denies:
She lightning *Loue*, displaying *Venus* skies,
Least once should not be heard, twise said, No, No.

Sing then my Muse, now *Io Pean* sing,
Heau'ns enuy not at my high triumphing:
But Grammers force with sweet successe confirme:

For Grammer sayes (ô this deare *Stella* nay,)
For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)
That in one speech two Negatiues affirme.

## First song.

*Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,*
*which now my breast orecharg'd to Musicke lendeth:*
*To you, to you, all song of praise is due,*
*Only in you my song begins and endeth.*

*Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,*
*who keepes the key of Natures chiefest treasure:*
*To you, to you, all song of praise is due,*
*Only for you the heau'n forgate all measure.*

*Who hath the lips, where wit in faireneſſe raigneth,*
*who womankind at once both deckes and stayneth:*
*To you, to you, all song of praise is due,*
*Onely by you* Cupid *his crowne maintaineth.*

*Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetneſſe planteth,*
*who else for whom* Fame *worthy trumpets wanteth:*
*To you, to you, all song of praise is due,*
*Onely to you her Scepter* Venus *granteth.*

*Who hath the breast, whose milke doth passions nourish,*
*whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish,*
*To you, to you all song of praise is due,*
*Onelie through you the tree of life doth flourish.*

*Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth,*
*who long dead beautie with increase reneweth:*
*To you, to you, all song of praise is due,*
*Onely at you all enuie hopeleſſe rueth.*

*Who hath the haire which looſeſt faſteſt tieth,*
*Who makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:*
*To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:*
*Only of you the flatterer neuer lieth.*

*Who hath the voyce, which ſoule from ſences ſunders,*
*Whoſe force but yours the bolts of beauties thunders:*
*To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:*
*Only with you not miracles are wonders.*

*Doubt you to whom my Muſe theſe notes intendeth,*
*Which now my breaſt orecharg'd to Muſicke lendeth:*
*To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:*
*Only in you my ſong begins and endeth.*

64

No more, my deare, no more theſe counſels trie,
O giue my paſſions leaue to run their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace,
Let folke orecharg'd with braine againſt me crie.

Let clouds bedimme my face, breake in mine eye,
Let me no ſteps but of loſt labour trace:
Let all the earth with ſcorne recount my caſe,
But do not will me from my *Loue* to flie.

I do not enuie *Ariſtotles* wit,
Nor do aſpire to *Cæſars* bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though ſome aboue me ſit:

Nor hope, nor with another courſe to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruell hart
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Vertue art.

65

Loue by ſure proofe I may call thee vnkind,
That giu'ſt no better eare to my iuſt cries:
Thou whom to me ſuch my good turnes ſhould bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:

For when nak'd boy thou couldſt no harbour find
In this old world, growne now ſo too too wiſe:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
By Nature borne, I gaue to thee mine eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,
If ſo great ſeruices may ſcorned be:
Yet let this thought thy Tygriſh courage paſſe:

That I perhaps am ſomewhat kinne to thee;
Since in thine armes, if learnd fame truth hath ſpread,
Thou bear'ſt the arrow, I the arrow head.

66

And do I ſee ſome cauſe a hope to feede,
Or doth the tedious burd'n of long wo
In weakened minds, quicke apprehending breed,
Of euerie image, which may comfort ſhow?

I cannot brag of word, much leſſe of deed,
Fortunes wheeles ſtill with me in one ſort flow,
My wealth no more, and no whit leſſe my need,
Deſire ſtill on the ſtilts of feare doth go.

And yet a mid all feares a hope there is,
Stolne to my heart ſince laſt faire night, nay day,
*Stellas* eyes ſent to me the beames of bliſſe,

Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes backe to their heau'n did moue,
They fled with bluſh, which guiltie ſeem'd of loue.

67

Hope, art thou true, or doeſt thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with piteous eye,
The ruines of her conqueſt to eſpie:
Will ſhe take time, before all wracked be?

Her eyes-ſpeech is tranſlated thus by thee:
But failſt thou not in phraſe ſo heau'nly hie?
Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:
What bluſhing notes doeſt thou in margine ſee?

What ſighes ſtolne out, or kild before full borne?
Haſt thou found ſuch and ſuch like arguments?
Or art thou elſe to comfort me forſworne?

Well, how ſo thou interpret the contents,
I am reſolu'd thy errour to maintaine,
Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

68

*Stella*, the onely Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my deſire,
Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth only aſpire,
World of my wealth, and heau'n of my delight.

Why doeſt thou ſpend the treaſures of thy ſprite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy ſight?

And all in vaine, for while thy breath moſt ſweet,
With choiſeſt words, thy words with reaſons rare,
Thy reaſons firmly ſet on *Vertues feet*,

Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O thinke I then, what paradiſe of ioy
It is, ſo faire a Vertue to enioy.

69

O ioy, too high for my low ſtile to ſhow:
O bliſſe, fit for a nobler ſtate then me:
Enuie, put out thine eyes, leaſt thou do ſee
What Oceans of delight in me do flow.

My friend, that oft ſaw through all maskes my wo,
Come, come, and let me powre my ſelfe on thee;
Gone is the winter of my miſerie,
My ſpring appeares, ô ſee what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth ſhine,
Of her high heart giu'n me the monarchie:
I, I, ô I may ſay, that ſhe is mine.

And though ſhe giue but thus conditionly
This realme of bliſſe, while vertuous courſe I take,
No kings be crown'd, but they ſome couenants make,

70

My Muſe may well grudge at my heau'nly ioy,
If ſtill I force her in ſad rimes to creepe:
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes to enioy
Nectar of Mirth, ſince I *Ioues* cup do keepe.

Sonets be not bound prentiſe to annoy:
Trebles ſing high, as well as baſes deepe:
Griefe but *Loues* winter liuerie is, the Boy
Hath cheekes to ſmile, as well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muſe, ſhew thou height of delight
In well raiſde notes, my pen the beſt it may
Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.

Ceaſe eager Muſe, peace pen, for my ſake ſtay,
I giue you here my hand for truth of this,
Wiſe ſilence is beſt muſicke vnto bliſſe.

71

Who will in faireſt booke of Nature know,
How Vertue may beſt lodg'd in beautie be,
Let him but learne of *Loue* to reade in thee
*Stella*, thoſe faire lines, which true goodneſſe ſhow.

There ſhall he find all vices ouerthrow,
Not by rude force, but ſweeteſt ſoueraigntie
Of reaſon, from whoſe light thoſe night-birds flie;
That inward ſunne in thine eyes ſhineth ſo.

And not content to be Perfections heire
Thy ſelfe, doeſt ſtriue all minds that way to moue:
Who marke in thee what is in thee moſt faire.

So while thy beautie drawes the heart to loue,
As faſt thy Vertue bends that loue to good:
But ah, Deſire ſtill cries, giue me ſome food.

72

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure Loue, that I
One from the other scarcely can descrie,
While each doth blow the fier of my hart;

Now from thy fellowship I needs must part,
*Venus* is taught with *Dians* wings to flie:
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
*Vertues* gold now must head my *Cupids* dart.

Seruice and Honor, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite.

These things are left me by my only Deare;
But thou Desire, because thou wouldst haue all,
Now banisht art, but yet alas how shall?

## Second song.

*Haue I caught my heau'nly iewell,*
*Teaching sleepe most faire to be?*
*Now will I teach her that she,*
*When she wakes, is too too cruell.*

*Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,*
*The two only darts of* Loue:
*Now will I with that boy proue*
*Some play, while he is disarmed.*

*Her tongue waking still refuseth,*
*Giuing frankly niggard No:*
*Now will I attempt to know,*
*What No her tongue sleeping vseth.*

*See the hand which waking gardeth,*
*Sleeping, grants a free resort:*
*Now will I inuade the fort;*
*Cowards* Loue *with losse rewardeth.*

*But ô foole, thinke of the danger,*
*Of her iust and high disdaine:*
*Now will I alas refraine,*
Loue *feares nothing else but anger.*

*Yet those lips so sweetly swelling,*
*Do inuite a stealing kisse:*
*Now will I but venture this,*
*Who will read must first learne spelling.*

*Oh sweet kisse, but ah she is waking,*
*Lowring beautie chastens me:*
*Now will I away hence flee:*
*Foole, more foole, for no more taking.*

73

*Loue* ſtill a boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:
What wonder then if he his leſſon miſſe,
When for ſo ſoft a rod deare play he trie?

And yet my Starre, becauſe a ſugred kiſſe
In ſport I ſuckt, while ſhe aſleepe did lie,
Doth lowre, nay, chide; nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was ſaucie *Loue*, not humble I.

But no ſcuſe ſerues, ſhe makes her wrath appeare
In Beauties throne, ſee now who dares come neare
Thoſe ſcarlet iudges, threatning bloudy paine?

O heau'nly foole, thy moſt kiſſe-worthie face,
Anger inueſts with ſuch a louely grace,
That Anger ſelfe I needs muſt kiſſe againe.

74

I neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,
Nor euer did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Layman I, for ſacred rites vnfit.

Some do I heare of Poets furie tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they meane by it:
And this I ſweare by blackeſt brooke of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of anothers wit.

How falles it then, that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeake, and what I ſpeake doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?

Gueſſe we the cauſe, what is it thus? fie no:
Or ſo? much leſſe: how then? ſure thus it is:
My lips are ſweet, inſpired with *Stellas* kiſſe.

75

Of all the kings that euer here did raigne,
*Edward* named fourth, as firſt in praiſe I name,
Not for his faire outſide, nor well lined braine;
Although leſſe gifts impe feathers oft on Fame

Nor that he could young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant frame
His Sires reuenge, ioyn'd with a kingdomes gaine:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* ſo tame,
That Ballance weigh'd what ſword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the Flouredeluce ſo fraid,
Though ſtrongly hedg'd of bloudy Lyons pawes,
That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But only for this worthy knight durſt proue
To looſe his Crowne, rather then faile his Loue.

76

She comes, and ſtreight therewith her ſhining twins do moue,
Their rayes to me, who in her tedious abſence lay
Benighted in cold wo, but now appeares my day,
The onely light of ioy, the onely warmth of *Loue*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue
Of gentle force, ſo that mine eyes dare gladly play
With ſuch a roſie morne, whoſe beames moſt freſhly gay
Scortch not, but onely do darke chilling ſprites remoue.

But lo, while I do ſpeake, it groweth noone with me,
Her flamie gliſtring lights increaſe with time and place;
My heart cries ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No wind, no ſhade can coole, what helpe then in my caſe,
But with ſhort breath, long lookes, ſtaid feet and walking hed,
Pray that my ſunne go downe with meeker beames to bed.

77

Thoſe lookes, whoſe beames be ioy, whoſe motion is delight,
That face, whoſe lecture ſhewes what perfect beautie is:
That preſence, which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light:
That grace, which *Venus* weepes that ſhe her ſelfe doth miſſe:

That hand, which without touch holds more then *Atlas* might;
Thoſe lips, which make deaths pay a meane price for a kiſſe:
That skin, whoſe paſſe-praiſe hue ſcorns this poore terme of white:
Thoſe words, which do ſublime the quinteſſence of bliſſe:

That voyce, which makes the ſoule plant himſelfe in the eares:
That conuerſation ſweet, where ſuch high comforts be,
As conſterd in true ſpeech, the name of heau'n it beares,

Makes me in my beſt thoughts and quietſt iudgement ſee,
That in no more but theſe I might be fully bleſt:
Yet ah, my Mayd'n Muſe doth bluſh to tell the beſt.

78

O how the pleaſant aires of true loue be
Infected by thoſe vapours, which ariſe
From out that noyſome gulfe, which gaping lies
Betweene the iawes of helliſh Ielouſie.

A monſter, others harme, ſelfe-miſerie,
Beauties plague, Vertues ſcourge, ſuccour of lies:
Who his owne ioy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cheriſh doth with iniurie.

Who ſince he hath, by Natures ſpeciall grace,
So piercing pawes, as ſpoyle when they embrace,
So nimble feet as ſtirre ſtill, though on thornes:

So manie eyes ay ſeeking their owne woe,
So ample eares as neuer good newes know:
Is it not euill that ſuch a Deuill wants hornes?

Sweet

79

Sweet kiſſe, thy ſweets I faine would ſweetly endite,
Which euen of ſweetneſſe ſweeteſt ſweetner art:
Pleaſingſt conſort, where each ſence holds a part,
Which coupling Doues guides *Venus* chariot right.

Beſt charge, and braueſt retrait in *Cupids* fight,
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Moſt rich, when moſt his riches it impart:
Neaſt of young ioyes, ſchoolmaſter of delight,

Teaching the meane, at once to take and giue
The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale,
The prettie death, while each in other liue.

Poore hopes firſt wealth, oſtage of promiſt weale,
Breakefaſt of *Loue*, but lo, lo, where ſhe is,
Ceaſe we to praiſe, now pray we for a kiſſe.

80

Sweet ſwelling lip, well maiſt thou ſwell in pride,
Since beſt wits thinke it wit thee to admire;
Natures praiſe, Vertues ſtall, *Cupids* cold fire,
Whence words, not words, but heau'nly graces ſlide.

The new *Pernaſſus*, where the Muſes bide,
Sweetner of muſicke, wiſedomes beautifier:
Breather of life, and faſtner of deſire,
Where Beauties bluſh in Honours graine is dide.

Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to ſay,
But now ſpite of my heart my mouth will ſtay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this Flatterie is:

And no ſpurre can his reſty race renew,
Without how farre this praiſe is ſhort of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one ſweet kiſſe.

81

O kiſſe, which doeſt thoſe ruddie gemmes impart,
Or gemmes, or frutes of new-found *Paradiſe*,
Breathing all bliſſe and ſweetning to the heart,
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exerciſe.

O kiſſe, which ſoules, euen ſoules together ties
By linkes of *Loue*, and only Natures art:
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,
Or of thy gifts at leaſt ſhade out ſome part.

But ſhe forbids, with bluſhing words, ſhe ſayes,
She builds her fame on higher ſeated praiſe:
But my heart burnes, I cannot ſilent be.

Then ſince (deare life) you faine would haue me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to ceaſe,
Stop you my mouth with ſtill ſtill kiſſing me.

82

Nymph of the gard'n, where all beauties be:
Beauties which do in excellencie paſſe:
His who till death lookt in a watrie glaſſe,
Or hers whom naked the *Trojan* boy did ſee.

Sweet gard'n Nymph, which keepes the Cherrie tree,
Whoſe fruit doth farre th'*Eſperian* taſt ſurpaſſe:
Moſt ſweet-faire, moſt faire-ſweet, do not alas,
From comming neare thoſe Cherries baniſh me:

For though full of deſire, emptie of wit,
Admitted late by your beſt-graced grace,
I caught at one of them a hungrie bit;

Pardon that fault, once more graunt me the place,
And I do ſweare euen by the ſame delight,
I will but kiſſe, I neuer more will bite.

83

Good brother *Philip*, I haue borne you long,
I was content you ſhould in fauour creepe,
While craftily you ſeem'd your cut to keepe,
As though that faire ſoft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with Enuie) yet I bare your ſong,
When in her necke you did *Loue* ditties peepe;
Nay, more foole I, oft ſuffered you to ſleepe
In Lillies neaſt, where *Loues* ſelfe lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is ſawcineſſe reward of curteſie?
Cannot ſuch grace your ſilly ſelfe content,

But you muſt needs with thoſe lips billing be?
And through thoſe lips drinke Nectar from that toong;
Leaue that ſir *Phip*, leaſt off your necke be wroong.

## Third ſong.

*If* Orpheus *voyce had force to breathe ſuch muſickes loue*
*Through pores of ſenceleſſe trees, as it could make them moue:*
*If ſtones good meaſure daunc'd, the* Theban *walles to build,*
*To cadence of the tunes, which* Amphyons *lyre did yeeld,*
*More cauſe a like effect at leaſt wiſe bringeth:*
*O ſtones, ô trees, learne hearing,* Stella *ſingeth.*

*If Loue might ſweet'n ſo a boy of ſhepheard brood,*
*To make a Lyzard dull to taſte Loues daintie food:*
*If Eagle fierce could ſo in* Grecian *Mayd delight,*
*As his light was her eyes, her death his endleſſe night:*
*Earth gaue that Loue, heau'n I trow Loue refineth:*
*O beaſts, ô birds looke, Loue, lo,* Stella *ſhineth.*

*The birds, beasts, stones and trees feele this, and feeling* Loue:
*And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue,*
*Nor beasts, nor birds do come vnto this blessed gaze,*
*Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze:*
*They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,*
*O eyes, ô eares of men, how are you charmed!*

84

High way since you my chiefe *Parnassus* be,
And that my Muse to some eares not vnsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,
More oft then to a chamber melodie.

Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safeleſt shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed,
By no encrochment wrongd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.

And that you know, I enuy you no lot
Of higheſt wish, I wish you so much blisse,
Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feet may kisse.

85

I see the house, my heart thy selfe containe,
Beware full sailes drowne not thy tottring barge:
Least ioy by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine.

Nor do like Lords, whose weake confused braine,
Not pointing to fit folkes each vndercharge,
While euerie office themselues will discharge,
With doing all, leaue nothing done but paine.

But giue apt seruants their due place, let eyes
See Beauties totall summe summ'd in her face:
Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties.

Let breath sucke vp those sweetes, let armes embrace
The globe of weale, lips *Loues* indentures make:
Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

## Fourth song.

*Onely ioy, now here you are,*
*Fit to heare and ease my care:*
*Let my whispering voyce obtaine,*
*Sweete reward for sharpeſt paine:*
*Take me to thee, and thee to me.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Night hath cloſd all in her cloke,*
*Twinckling ſtarres Loue-thoughts prouoke:*
*Danger hence good care doth keepe,*
*Iealouſie it ſelfe doth ſleepe:*
*Take me to thee, and thee to me.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Better place no wit can find,*
*Cupids yoke to looſe or bind:*
*Theſe ſweet flowers on fine bed too,*
*Vs in their beſt language woo:*
*Take me to thee, and thee to me.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*This ſmall light the Moone beſtowes,*
*Serues thy beames but to diſcloſe,*
*So to raiſe my hap more hie;*
*Feare not elſe, none can vs ſpie:*
*Take me to thee, and thee to me.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*That you heard was but a Mouſe,*
*Dumbe ſleepe holdeth all the houſe:*
*Yet a ſleepe, me thinkes they ſay,*
*Yong folkes, take time while you may:*
*Take me to thee, and thee to me.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Niggard Time threats, if we miſſe*
*This large offer of our bliſſe:*
*Long ſtay ere he graunt the ſame:*
*Sweet then, while each thing doth frame:*
*Take me to thee, and thee to me.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Your faire mother is a bed,*
*Candles out, and curtaines ſpread:*
*She thinkes you do letters write:*
*Write, but let me firſt endite:*
*Take me to thee, and thee to me.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Sweet alas, why ſtriue you thus?*
*Concord better fitteth vs:*
*Leaue to* Mars *the force of hands,*
*Your power in your beautie ſtands:*
*Take thee to me, and me to thee.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*VVo to me, and do you ſweare*
*Me to hate, but I forbeare,*
*Curſed be my deſtines all,*
*That brought me ſo high to fall:*
*Soone with my death I will pleaſe thee.*
*No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

86

Alas, whence came this change of lookes? if I
Haue chang'd deſert, let mine owne conſcience be
A ſtill felt plague, to ſelfe condemning me:
Let wo gripe on my heart, ſhame loade mine eye.

But if all faith, like ſpotleſſe Ermine ly
Safe in my ſoule, which only doth to thee
(As his ſole obiect of felicitie)
With wings of *Loue* in aire of wonder flie.

O eaſe your hand, treate not ſo hard your ſlaue:
In iuſtice paines come not till faults do call,
Or if I needs (ſweet Iudge) muſt torments haue,

Vſe ſomething elſe to chaſt'n me withall,
Then thoſe bleſt eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,
No doome ſhould make once heau'n become his hell.

## Fift ſong.

*While fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,*
*Thought waited on delight, and ſpeech did follow thought:*
*Then grew my tongue and pen records vnto thy glory:*
*I thought all words were loſt, that were not ſpent of thee:*
*I thought each place was darke but where thy lights would be,*
*And all eares worſe then deafe, that heard not out thy ſtorie.*

*I ſaid, thou wert moſt faire, and ſo indeed thou art:*
*I ſaid, thou art moſt ſweet, ſweet poiſon to my heart:*
*I ſaid, my ſoule was thine (o that I then had lyed)*
*I ſaid thine eyes were ſtarres, thy breaſts the milk'n way,*
*Thy fingers* Cupids *ſhafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:*
*And all I ſaid ſo well, as no man it denied.*

*But now that hope is loſt, vnkindneſſe kils delight,*
*Yet thought and ſpeech do liue, though metamorphoſd quite:*
*For rage now rules the raines, which guided were by Pleaſure.*
*I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praiſe,*
*That ſpeech falles now to blame, which did thy honour raiſe,*
*The ſame key op'n can, which can locke vp a treaſure.*

*Thou then whom partiall heauens conspir'd in one to frame,*
*The proofe of Beauties worth, th'enheritrix of fame,*
*The mansion seat of blisse, and iust excuse of Loue,*
*See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew'st most high:*
*See what clouds of reproch shall darke thy honours skie,*
*Whose owne fault casts him downe, hardly high seat recouers.*

*And ô my Muse, though oft you lulde her in your lap,*
*And then a heau'nly child gaue her Ambrosian pap:*
*And to that braine of hers your hidnest gifts infused,*
*Since she disdaining me, doth you in me disdaine:*
*Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer paine:*
*Princes in subiects wrongd, must deeme themselues abused.*

*Your Client poore my selfe, shall* Stella *handle so?*
*Reuenge, reuenge, my Muse. Defiance trumpet blow:*
*Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n.*
*Ah, my suite granted is, I feele my breast doth swell:*
*Now child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell:*
*Sweet babes must babies haue, but shrewd gyrles must be beat'n.*

*Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odourd snow,*
*Nor blushing Lillies, nor pearles ruby-hidden row,*
*Nor of that golden sea, whose waues in curles are brok'n:*
*But of thy soule, so fraught with such vngratefulnesse,*
*As where thou soone might'st helpe, most faith dost most oppresse,*
*Vngratefull who is cald, the worst of euils is spok'n:*

*Yet worse then worst, I say thou art a theefe, a theefe?*
*Now God forbid. A theefe, and of worst theeues the cheefe:*
*Theeues steal for need, & steale but goods, which paine recouers,*
*But thou rich in all ioyes, doest rob my ioyes from me,*
*Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industrie:*
*Of foes the spoile is euill, far worse of constant louers.*

*Yet gentle English theeues do rob, but will not slay;*
*Thou English murdring theefe, wilt haue harts for thy pray:*
*The name of murdrer now on thy faire forehead sitteth:*
*And euen while I do speake, my death wounds bleeding be:*
*Which (I protest) proceed from only Cruell thee,*
*Who may and will not saue, murder in truth committeth.*

*But murder priuate fault seemes but a toy to thee,*
*I lay then to thy charge vniust'st Tyrannie,*
*If Rule by force without all claime a Tyran showeth,*
*For thou doest lord my heart, who am not borne thy slaue,*
*And which is worse, makes me most guiltlesse torments haue,*
*A right full Prince by vnright deeds a Tyran groweth,*

*Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrans make folke bow:*
*Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now;*
*Rebell by Natures law, Rebell by law of reason,*
*Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the realme of Loue,*
*And yet against thy Prince thy force dost dayly proue:*
*No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.*

*But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouthes purchase fame:*
*I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,*
*Both Rebell to the Sunne, and Vagrant from the mother;*
*For wearing* Venus *badge, in euery part of thee,*
*Vnto* Dianaes *traine thou runaway didst flie:*
*Who faileth one, is false, though trusty to another.*

*What is not this enough? nay farre worse commeth here;*
*A witch I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare;*
*For I protest, my sight neuer thy face enioyeth,*
*But I in me am chang'd, I am aliue and dead:*
*My feete are turn'd to rootes, my hart becommeth lead,*
*No witchcraft is so euill, as which mans mind destroyeth.*

*Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse then they,*
*Alas, that I am forst such euill of thee to say,*
*I say thou art a Deuill though clothd in Angels shining:*
*For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heau'n for thee,*
*And thy words of refuse, do powre euen hell on mee:*
*Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Deuils in true defining.*

*You then vngratefull thiefe, you murdring Tyran you,*
*You Rebell run away, to Lord and Lady vntrue,*
*You witch, you Diuill (alas) you still of me beloued,*
*You see what I can say; mend yet your froward mind,*
*And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall find,*
*That all these cruell words your praises shall be proued.*

## Sixt song.

*O you that heare this voice,*
*O you that see this face,*
*Say whether of the choice*
*Deserues the former place:*
*Feare not to iudge this hate,*
*For it is void of hate.*

*This side doth beauty take,*
*For that doth Musike speake,*
*Fit oratours to make*
*The strongest iudgements weake:*
*The barre to plead their right,*
*Is only true delight.*

*Thus doth the voice and face,*
*These gentle Lawyers wage,*
*Like loving brothers ease,*
*For fathers heritage:*
*That each while each contends,*
*It selfe to other lends.*

*For beautie beautifies,*
*With heauenly hew and grace,*
*The heauenly harmonies;*
*And in this faultlesse face,*
*The perfect beauties be*
*A perfect harmony.*

*Musicke more loftly swels*
*In speeches nobly placed:*
*Beauty as farre excels,*
*In action aptly graced:*
*A friend each party drawes,*
*To countenance his cause.*

*Loue more affected seemes*
*To beauties lonely light,*
*And wonder more esteemes*
*Of Musike wondrous might:*
*But both to both so bent,*
*As both in both are spent.*

*Musike doth witnesse call*
*The eare, his truth to trie:*
*Beauty brings to the hall,*
*Eye-iudgement of the eye,*
*Both in their obiects such,*
*As no exceptions tutch.*

*The common sence, which might*
*Be Arbiter of this,*
*To be forsooth vpright,*
*To both sides partiall is:*
*He layes on this side chiefe praise,*
*Chiefe praise on that he laies.*

*The*

*Then reason Princesse by,*
*Whose throne is in the mind,*
*Which Musicke can in sky*
*And hidden beauties find,*
*Say whether thou wilt crowne,*
*With limitlesse renowne.*

## Seuenth song.

*Whose senses in so euill consort, their stepdame Nature laies,*
*That ravishing delight in them most sweete tunes do not raise,*
*Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closde with wit,*
*As with sententious lips to set a title vaine on it:*
*O let them heare these sacred tunes, & learne in wonders schooles,*
*To be in things past bounds of wit fooles, if they be not fooles.*

*Who haue so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauties show,*
*Or seeing, haue so wodden wits, as not that worth to know,*
*Or knowing, haue so muddy minds, as not to be in loue,*
*Or louing, haue so frothy thoughts, as easly thence to moue:*
*O let them see these heauenly beames, and in faire letters reede*
*A lesson fit, both sight and skill, loue and firme loue to breede.*

*Heare then, but then with wonder heare: see but adoring see,*
*No mortall gifts, no earthly fruites, now here descended be:*
*See, do you see this face? a face? nay image of the skies,*
*Of which the two life-giuing lights are figured in her eyes:*
*Heare you this soule-inuading voice, and count it but a voice?*
*The very essence of their tunes, when Angels do reioyce.*

## Eight song.

*In a groue most rich of shade,*
*Where birds wanton musicke made,*
*May then yong his pide weedes showing,*
*New perfumed with flowers fresh growing,*

Astrophel *with* Stella *sweete,*
*Did for mutuall comfort meete,*
*Both within themselues oppressed,*
*But each in the other blessed.*

*Him great harmes had taught much care,*
*Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,*
*But her sight his cares did banish,*
*In his sight her yoke did vanish.*

*Wept they had, alas the while,*
*But now teares themselues did smile,*
*While their eyes by loue directed,*
*Enterchangeably reflected.*

*Sigh they did, but now betwixt*
*Sighs of woes were glad sighs mixt,*
*With armes crost, yet testifying*
*Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.*

*Their eares hungry of each word,*
*Which the deere tongue would afford,*
*But their tongues restraind from walking,*
*Till their harts had ended talking.*

*But when their tongues could not speake,*
*Loue it selfe did silence breake,*
*Loue did set his lips a sunder,*
*Thus to speake in loue and wonder:*

Stella *soueraigne of my ioy,*
*Faire triumpher of annoy,*
Stella *starre of heauenly fier,*
Stella *loadstar of desier.*

Stella, *in whose shining eyes,*
*Are the lights of* Cupids *skies,*
*Whose beames where they once are darted,*
*Loue therewith is streight imparted.*

Stella, *whose voice when it speakes,*
*Senses all asunder breakes;*
Stella, *whose voice when it singeth,*
*Angels to acquaintance bringeth.*

Stella, *in whose body is*
*Writ each character of blisse,*
*Whose face all, all beauty passeth,*
*Saue thy mind which yet surpasseth.*

*Graunt, ô graunt, but speech alas,*
*Failes me, fearing on to passe,*
*Graunt, ô me, what am I saying?*
*But no fault there is in praying.*

*Graunt, ô deere, on knees I pray,*
*(Knees on ground he then did stay)*
*That not I, but since I loue you,*
*Time and place for me may moue you.*

*Neuer season was more fit,*
*Neuer roome more apt for it;*
*Smiling ayre allowes my reason,*
*These birds sing; now vse the season.*

This

*This small wind which so sweete is,*
*See how it the leaues doth kisse,*
*Eche tree in his best attiring,*
*Sense of loue to loue inspiring.*

*Loue makes earth the water drinek,*
*Loue to earth makes water sinke;*
*And if dumbe things be so witty,*
*Shall a heauenly grace want pitty?*

*There his hands in their speech, faine*
*Would haue made tongues language plaine;*
*But her hands his hands repelling,*
*Gaue repulse all grace excelling.*

*Then she spake; her speech was such,*
*As not eares but hart did tuch:*
*While such wise she loue denied,*
*As yet loue she signified.*

Astrophel *sayd she, my loue*
*Cease in these effects to proue:*
*Now be still, yet still beleeue me,*
*Thy griefe more then death would grieue me.*

*If that any thought in me,*
*Can taste comfort but of thee,*
*Let me fed with hellish anguish,*
*Ioylesse, hopelesse, endlesse languish.*

*If those eyes you praised, be*
*Half so deere as you to me,*
*Let me home returne, starke blinded*
*Of those eyes, and blinder minded.*

*If to secret of my hart,*
*I do any wish impart,*
*Where thou art not formost placed,*
*Be both wish and I defaced.*

*If more may be sayd, I say,*
*All my blisse in thee I lay;*
*If thou loue, my loue content thee,*
*For all loue, all faith is meant thee.*

*Trust me while I thee deny,*
*In my selfe the smart I try,*
*Tyran, honour doth thus vse thee,*
Stellas *selfe might not refuse thee.*

*Therefore, Deere, this no more mone,*
*Least though I leaue not thy lone,*
*Which too deep in me is framed,*
*I should blush when thou art named.*

*Therewithall away she went,*
*Leauing him to paſſion rent,*
*With what she had done and ſpoken,*
*That therewith my ſong is broken.*

## Ninth ſong.

*Go my flocke, go get you hence,*
*Seeke me better place of feeding,*
*Where you may haue ſome defence*
*From the ſtormes in my breaſt breeding,*
*And ſhowers from mine eyes proceeding.*

*Leaue a wretch, in whom all woe*
*Can abide to keepe no meaſure,*
*Merry flocke, ſuch one forgo,*
*Vnto whom mirth is diſpleaſure,*
*Only rich in miſchiefes treaſure.*

*Yet alas before you go,*
*Heare your wofull maiſters ſtory,*
*Which to ſtones I els would show:*
*Sorrow onely then hath glory,*
*When tis excellently ſory.*

Stella *fierceſt ſhepherdeſſe,*
*Fierceſt but yet faireſt euer;*
Stella *whom ô heauens do bleſſe,*
*Tho againſt me ſhee perſeuer,*
*Tho I bliſſe enherit neuer.*

Stella *hath refuſed me,*
Stella *who more loue hath proued,*
*In this caitife hart to be,*
*Then can in good eawes be moued*
*Toward* Lamkins *beſt beloued.*

Stella *hath refuſed me,*
Aſtrophel *that ſo wel ſerued,*
*In this pleaſant ſpring muſt ſee*
*While in pride flowers be preſerued,*
*Himſelfe onely winter-ſterued.*

*Why alas doth she then ſweare,*
*That she loueth me ſo dearely,*
*Seing me ſo long to beare*
*Coles of loue that burne ſo clearely;*
*And yet leaue me helpleſſe meerely?*

*Is that loue? forsooth I trow,*
*If I saw my good dog grieued,*
*And a helpe for him did know,*
*My loue should not be beleeued,*
*But he were by me releeued.*

*No, she hates me, wellaway,*
*Faining loue, somewhat to please me:*
*For she knowes, if she display*
*All her hate, death soone would seaze me,*
*And of hideous torments ease me.*

*Then adieu, deere flocke adieu:*
*But alas, if in your straying*
*Heauenly* Stella *meete with you,*
*Tell her in your piteous blaying,*
*Her poore slaues vniust decaying.*

87

When I was forst from *Stella* euer deere,
*Stella* food of my thoughts, hart of my hart,
*Stella* whose eyes make all my tempests cleere,
By iron lawes of duty to depart:

Alas I found, that she with me did smart,
I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare;
I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sence did heare.

For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so;
I sighd her sighes, and wailed for her wo,
Yet swam in ioy, such loue in her was seene.

Thus while the effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing then the cause more sweet could be,
I had bene vext, if vext I had not beene.

88

Out traytour absence, darest thou counsell me,
From my deare Captainesse to run away?
Because in braue array heere marcheth she,
That to win me, oft shewes a present pay?

Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?
When Sun is hid, can starres such beames display?
Cannot heau'ns food once felt, keepe stomakes free,
From base desire on earthly cates to pray.

Tush absence while thy mistes eclipse that light,
My Orphan sence flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets foorth the beames of loue.

That where before hart loued and eyes did ſee,
In hart both ſight and loue now coupled be;
Vnited powers make each the ſtronger proue.

89

Now that of abſence the moſt irkſome night,
With darkeſt ſhade doth ouercome my day;
Since *Stellas* eyes wont to giue me my day,
Leauing my Hemiſphere, leaue me in night,

Each day ſeemes long, and longs for long-ſtaid night,
The night as tedious, wooes th'approch of day;
Tired with the duſty toiles of buſie day,
Languiſht with horrors of the ſilent night;

Suffering the euils both of the day and night,
While no night is more darke then is my day,
Nor no day hath leſſe quiet then my night:

With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day;
That liuing thus in blackeſt winter night,
I feele the flames of hotteſt ſommer day.

90

*Stella* thinke not that I by verſe ſeeke fame,
Who ſeeke, who hope, who loue, who liue but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiſtory:
If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame.

Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my yong praiſe in Lawrell tree:
In truth I ſweare, I wiſh not there ſhould be
Graued in mine Epitaph a Poets name:

Ne if I would, I could iuſt title make,
That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow,
Without my plumes from others wings I take.

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
And loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

91

*Stella*, while now by honours cruell might,
I am from you, light of my life miſ-led,
And that faire you my Sunne, thus ouerſpred,
With abſence Vaile, I liue in Sorowes night.

If this darke place yet ſhew like candle light,
Some beauties peece as amber colourd hed,
Milke hands, roſe cheeks, or lips more ſweet, more red,
Or ſeeing gets blacke, but in blackneſſe bright.

They

They pleaſe I do confeſſe, they pleaſe mine eyes,
But why? becauſe of you they models be,
Models ſuch be wood-globes of gliſtring skies.

Deere, therefore be not iealous ouer me,
If you heare that they ſeeme my hart to moue,
Not them, ô no, but you in them I loue.

92

Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or do you cutted Spartanes imitate,
Or do you meane my tender eares to ſpare?

That to my queſtions you ſo totall are,
When I demaund of *Phenix Stellas* ſtate,
You ſay forſooth, you left her well of late,
O God, thinke you that ſatisfies my care?

I would know whether ſhe ſit or walke,
How cloth'd, how waited on, ſighd ſhe or ſmilde,
Whereof, with whom, how often did ſhe talke,

With what paſtime, times iourney ſhe beguilde,
If her lips daignd to ſweeten my poore name,
Say all, and all, well ſayd, ſtill ſay the ſame.

## Tenth ſong.

*O deare life, when ſhall it be,*
*That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee?*
*And in them thy mind diſcouer,*
*Whether abſence haue had force*
*Thy remembrance to diuorce,*
*From the image of the louer?*

*Or if I me ſelfe find not,*
*After parting ought forgot,*
*Nor debard from beauties treaſure,*
*Let no tongue aſpire to tell,*
*In what high ioyes I ſhall dwell,*
*Only thought aymes at the pleaſure.*

*Thought therefore I will ſend thee,*
*To take vp the place for me;*
*Long I will not after tary,*
*There vnſeene thou maiſt be bold,*
*Thoſe faire wonders to behold,*
*Which in them my hopes do cary.*

*Thought ſee thou no place forbeare,*
*Enter bravely euery where,*
*Seaze on all to her belonging;*
*But if thou wouldſt garded be,*
*Fearing her beames, take with thee*
*Strength of liking, rage of longing.*

*Thinke of that moſt gratefull time,*
*When my leaping hart will clime,*
*In my lips to haue his biding,*
*There thoſe roſes for to kiſſe,*
*Which do breath a ſugred bliſſe,*
*Opening rubies, pearles deuiding.*

*Thinke of my moſt Princely power,*
*When I bleſſed ſhall deuower,*
*With my greedy licorous ſences,*
*Beauty, muſicke, ſweetneſſe, loue*
*While ſhe doth againſt me proue*
*Her ſtrong arts, but weake defences.*

*Thinke, thinke of thoſe dalyings,*
*When with Doue like murmurings,*
*With glad moning paſſed anguish,*
*We change eyes, and hart for hart,*
*Each to other do depart,*
*Ioying till ioy make vs languish.*

*O my thought my thoughts ſurceaſe,*
*Thy delights my woes increaſe,*
*My life melts with too much thinking;*
*Thinke no more but die in me,*
*Till thou ſhalt reuiued be,*
*At her lips my Nectar drinking.*

93

O fate, ô fault, ô curſe, child of my bliſſe,
What ſobs can giue words grace my griefe to ſhow?
What inke is blacke inough to paint my wo?
Through me, wretch me, euen *Stella* vexed is.

Yet truth (if Caitifs breath may call thee) this
Witneſſe with me, that my foule ſtumbling ſo,
From careleſneſſe did in no maner grow,
But wit confuſ'd with too much care did miſſe.

And do I then my ſelfe this vaine ſcuſe giue?
I haue (liue I and know this) harmed thee,
Tho worlds quite me, ſhall I me ſelfe forgiue?

Onely

Only with paines my paines thus eaſed be,
That all thy hurts in my harts wracke I reede;
I cry thy ſighs;my deere,thy teares I bleede.

94

Griefe find the words,for thou haſt made my braine
So darke with miſty vapors, which ariſe
From out thy heauy mould, that inbent eyes
Can ſcarce diſcerne the ſhape of mine owne paine.

Do thou then (for thou canſt) do thou complaine,
For my poore ſoule,which now that ſickneſſe tries,
Which euen to ſence, ſence of it ſelfe denies,
Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine.

Or if thy loue of plaint yet mine forbeares,
As of a caitiſe worthy ſo to die,
Yet waile thy ſelfe,and waile with cauſefull teares,

That though in wretchedneſſe thy life doth lie,
Yet groweſt more wretched then thy nature beares,
By being placed in ſuch a wretch as I.

95

Yet ſighs,deere ſighs, indeede true friends you are,
That do not leaue your left friend at the wurſt,
But as you with my breaſt I oft haue nurſt,
So gratefull now you waite vpon my care.

Faint coward ioy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo ſtrake him furſt:
Delight proteſts he is not for the accurſt,
Though oft himſelfe my mate in arme he ſware.

Nay ſorrow comes with ſuch maine rage, that he
Kils his owne children, teares finding that they
By loue were made apt to conſort with me.

Only true ſighs,you do not go away,
Thanke may you haue for ſuch a thankfull part,
Thanke-worthieſt yet when you ſhall breake my hart.

96

Thought with good cauſe thou likeſt ſo well the night,
Since kind or chance giues both one liuerie,
Both ſadly blacke, both blackly darkned be,
Night bard from Sun,thou from thy owne Sun light;

Silence in both diſplaies his ſullen might,
Slow heauineſſe in both holds one degree,
That full of doubts,thou of perplexity;
Thy teares expreſſe nights natiue moiſture right.

In both a mazefull ſolitarineſſe:
In night of ſprites the gaſtly powers to ſtur,
In thee or ſprites or ſprited gaſtlineſſe:

But but (alas) nights ſide the ods hath tur,
For that at length yet doth inuite ſome reſt,
Thou though ſtill tired, yet ſtill dooſt it deteſt.

97

*Dian* that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
Shewes her oft at the full her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry Nimphs, whoſe chace
From heauenly ſtanding hits each mortall wight.

But ah poore Night in loue with *Phœbus* light,
And endleſly diſpairing of his grace,
Her ſelfe (to ſhew no other ioy hath place)
Silent and ſad in mourning weedes doth dight:

Euen ſo (alas) a Lady *Dian*'s peere,
With choiſe delights and rareſt company,
Would faine driue cloudes from out my heauy cheere.

But wo is me, though ioy it ſelfe were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind braine waies of ioy,
While I diſpaire my Sunnes ſight to enioy.

98

Ah bed, the field where ioyes peace ſome do ſee,
The field where all my thoughts to warre be traind,
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtaind!
How thy lee ſhores by my ſighes ſtormed be!

With ſweete ſoft ſhades thou oft inuiteſt me
To ſteale ſome reſt, but wretch I am conſtraind,
(Spurd with loues ſpur, though gold and ſhortly raind
With cares hard hand) to turne and toſſe in thee.

While the blacke horrors of the ſilent night,
Paint woes blacke face ſo liuely to my ſight,
That tedious leaſure makes each wrinckled line:

But when *Aurora* leades out *Phœbus* daunce,
Mine eyes then only winke, for ſpite perchance,
That wormes ſhould haue their Sun, and I want mine.

99

When far ſpent night perſwades each mortall eye,
To whom nor art nor nature graunteth light,
To lay his then marke wanting ſhafts of ſight,
Cloſ'd with their quiuers in ſleeps armory;

With

With windowes ope then moſt my mind doth lie,
Viewing the ſhape of darkneſſe and delight,
Takes in that ſad hue, which with th'inward night,
Of his mazde powers keepes perfit harmony:

But when birds charme, and that ſweete aire, which is
Mornes meſſenger, with roſe enameld skies
Cals each wight to ſalute the floure of bliſſe;

In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forſt by their Lord, who is aſham'd to find
Such light in ſenſe, with ſuch a darkned mind.

100

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,
Making thoſe Lillies and thoſe Roſes grow,
Which ay moſt faire, now more then moſt faire ſhow,
While gracefull pitty beauty beautifies.

O honied ſighs, which from that breaſt do riſe,
Whoſe pants do make vnſpilling creame to flow,
Wing'd with whoſe breath, ſo pleaſing *Zephires* blow,
As can refreſh the hell where my ſoule fries.

O plaints conſeru'd in ſuch a ſurged phraiſe,
That eloquence it ſelfe enuies your praiſe,
While ſobd out words a perfect Muſike giue.

Such teares, ſighs, plaints, no ſorrow is, but ioy:
Or if ſuch heauenly ſignes muſt proue annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in ſorrow liue.

101

*Stella* is ſicke, and in that ſicke bed lies
Sweetneſſe, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace ſicke too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickeneſſe brags it ſelfe beſt graced to be.

Beauty is ſicke, but ſicke in ſo faire guiſe,
That in that palaneſſe beauties white we ſee,
And ioy which is inſeperate from thoſe eyes:
*Stella* now learnes (ſtrange caſe) to weepe in thee.

Loue moues thy paine, and like a faithfull page
As thy lookes ſturre, comes vp and downe to make
All folkes preſt at thy will thy paine to aſſwage,

Nature with care ſweates for her darlings ſake,
Knowing worlds paſſe, ere ſhe enough can find
Of ſuch heauen ſtuffe, to cloath ſo heauenly amind.

102

Where be thoſe Roſes gone, which ſweetned ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheeks, which oft with faire encreaſe did frame
The height of honor in the kindly badge of ſhame?
Who hath the crimſon weeds ſtolne from my morning skies?

How doth the colour vade of thoſe vermillion dies,
Which Nature ſelfe did make, and ſelfe engraind the ſame?
I would know by what right this paleneſſe ouercame
That hue, whoſe force my hart ſtill vnto thraldome ties?

*Galleins* adoptiue ſonnes, who by a beaten way
Their iudgements hackney on, the fault on ſickneſſe lay,
But feeling proofe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it furre:

It is but loue which makes his paper perfit white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauties reddeſt inke *Venus* for him doth ſturre.

103

O happie Tems, that didſt my *Stella* beare,
I ſaw thy ſelfe with many a ſmiling line
Vpon thy cheerefull face, ioyes liuery weare:
While thoſe faire planets on thy ſtreames did ſhine.

The bote for ioy could not tô daunce forbeare,
While wanton winds with beauties ſo deuine
Rauiſht, ſtaid not, till in her golden haire
They did themſelues (ô ſweeteſt priſon) twine.

And faine thoſe *Æols* youth there would their ſtay
Haue made, but forſt by Nature ſtill to flie,
Firſt did with puffing kiſſe thoſe lockes diſplay:

She ſo diſcheueld, bluſht; from window I
With ſight thereof cride out; ô faire diſgrace,
Let honor ſelfe to thee graunt higheſt place.

104

Enuious wits what hath bene mine offence,
That with ſuch poyſonous care my lookes you marke,
That to each word, nay ſigh of mine you harke,
As grudging me my ſorrowes eloquence?

Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, ſo farre thence, that ſcarcely any ſparke
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
Where rigours exile lockes vp all my ſenſe?

But if I by a happy window paſſe,
If I but ſtars vpon mine armour beare,
Sicke, thirſty, glad (though but of empty glaſſe:)

Your morall notes ſtraight my hid meaning teare,
From out my ribs, and puffing proues that I
Do *Stella* loue, fooles who doth it deny?

Eleuenth

## Eeleuenth ſong.

*VVho is it that this darke night,*
*Vnderneath my window playneth?*
*It is one who from thy ſight,*
*Being (ah) exild, diſdayneth*
*Euery other vulgar light.*

*VVhy alas, and are you he?*
*Be not yet thoſe fancies changed?*
*Deere when you find change in me,*
*Though from me you be eſtranged,*
*Let my chaunge to ruine be.*

*Well in abſence this will dy,*
*Leaue to ſee, and leaue to wonder:*
*Abſence ſure will helpe, if I*
*Can learne, how my ſelfe to ſunder*
*From what in my hart doth ly.*

*But time will theſe thoughts remoue:*
*Time doth worke what no man knoweth,*
*Time doth as the ſubiect proue,*
*With time ſtill the affection groweth*
*In the faithfull Turtle doue.*

*What if you new beauties ſee,*
*Will not they ſtir new affection?*
*I will thinke thy pictures be,*
*(Image like of Saints perfection)*
*Poſtely counterfeting thee.*

*But your reaſons pureſt light,*
*Bids you leaue ſuch minds to nourish?*
*Deere, do reaſon no ſuch ſpite,*
*Neuer doth thy beauty florish*
*More, then in my reaſons ſight.*

*But the wrongs loue beares, will make*
*Loue at length leaue vndertaking,*
*No the more fooles it do ſhake,*
*In a ground of ſo firme making,*
*Deeper ſtill they driue the ſtake.*

*Peace, I thinke that ſome giue eare:*
*Come no more, leaſt I get anger.*
*Bliſſe, I will my bliſſe forbeare,*
*Fearing (ſweete) you to endanger,*
*But my ſoule ſhall harbour thee.*

*VVell, begone, begone I ſay,*
*Leſt that* Argus *eyes perceiue you,*
*O vniuſt fortunes ſway,*
*VVhich can make me thus to leaue you,*
*And from lowts to run away.*

105

Vnhappie ſight, and hath ſhe vaniſht by
So neere, in ſo good time ſo free a place?
Dead glaſſe dooſt thou thy obiect ſo imbrace,
As what my hart ſtill ſees thou canſt not ſpie?

I ſweare by her I loue and lacke, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling grace
Onely vnto the heau'n of *Stellas* face,
Counting but duſt what in the way did lie.

But ceaſe mine eyes, your teares do witneſſe well
That you guiltleſſe thereof, your Nectar miſt:
Curſt be the page from whence the bad torch fell,

Curſt be the night which did your ſtrife reſiſt,
Curſt be the Cochman which did driue ſo faſt,
With no worſe curſe then abſence makes me taſt.

106

O abſent preſence *Stella* is not here;
False flattering hope, that with ſo faire a face,
Bare me in hand, that in this Orphane place,
*Stella*, I ſay my *Stella*, ſhould appeare.

What ſaiſt thou now, where is that dainty cheere,
Thou toldſt mine eyes ſhould helpe their famiſt caſe?
But thou art gone now that ſelfe felt diſgrace,
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort neere.

But heere I do ſtore of faire Ladies meete,
Who may with charme of conuerſation ſweete,
Make in my heauy mould new thoughts to grow:

Sure they preuaile as much with me, as he
That bad his friend but then new maim'd, to be
Mery with him, and not thinke of his woe.

107

*Stella* ſince thou ſo right a Princeſſe art
Of all the powers which life beſtowes on me,
That ere by them ought vndertaken be,
They firſt reſort vnto that ſoueraigne part;

Sweet

Sweete for a while giue reſpite to my hart,
Which pants as though it ſtill ſhould leape to thee:
And on my thoughts giue thy Lieftenancy
To this great cauſe, which needs both vſe and art.

And as a Queene, who from her preſence ſends
Whom ſhe imployes, diſmiſſe from thee my wit,
Till it haue wrought what thy owne will attends.

On ſeruants ſhame oft Maiſters blame doth ſit;
O let not fooles in me thy workes reproue,
And ſcorning ſay, ſee what it is to loue.

108

When ſorrow (vſing mine owne fiers might)
Melts downe his lead into my boyling breſt,
Through that darke fornace to my hart oppreſt,
There ſhines a ioy from thee my only light;

But ſoone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my yong ſoule flutters to thee his neſt,
Moſt rude diſpaire my daily vnbidden gueſt,
Clips ſtreight my wings, ſtreight wraps me in his night,

And makes me then bow downe my head, and ſay,
Ah what doth *Phœbus* gold that wretch auaile,
Whom iron doores do keepe from vſe of day?

So ſtrangely (alas) thy works in me preuaile,
That in my woes for thee thou art my ioy,
And in my ioyes for thee my only annoy.

The end of Aſtrophel and Stella.

# HER MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE VVALKING IN VVANSTEED GARDEN, AS SHE PASSED DOWNE INTO THE

groue, there came ſuddenly among the traine, one apparelled like an honeſt mans wife of the countrey, where crying out for iuſtice, and deſiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to ſpeake a good word for her, ſhe was brought to the preſence of her Maieſtie, to whom vpon her knees ſhe offred a ſupplication, and vſed this ſpeech.

*The Suiter.*

MOſt faire Lady; for as for other your titles of ſtate ſtatelier perſons ſhall giue you, and thus much mine owne eies are witneſſes of, take here the complaint of my poore wretch, as deeplie plunged in miſerie, as I wiſh to you the higheſt point of happineſſe.

One onely daughter I haue, in whom I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, ſo well had ſhe with her good parts recompenced my paine of bearing of her, and care of bringing her vp: but now alas that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reape my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhe troubled with that notable matter, which we in countrey call matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but feare the loſſe of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſty. Other women thinke they may be vnhappily combred with one maiſter husband, my poore daughter is oppreſſed with two, both louing her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriuing to deſerue her. But now laſtly (as this iealouſie for ſooth is a vile matter) each haue brought their partakers with them, and are at this preſent, without your preſence redreſſe it, in ſome bloudy controuerſie; now ſweete Lady helpe, your owne way guides you to the place where they encomber her: I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the countrey, the ſight of you is infectious.

And with that ſhe went away a good pace, leauing the ſupplication with her Maieſtie, which very formallie contained this.

## Supplication.

*Moſt gracious Soueraigne,*

*To one whoſe ſtate is raiſed ouer all,*
*VVhoſe face doth oft the braueſt ſort enchaunt,*
*Whoſe mind is ſuch, as wiſeſt minds appall,*
*VVho in one ſelfe theſe diuerſe gifts can plant;*
*How dare I wretch ſeeke there my woes to reſt,*
*VVhere eares be burnt, eyes dazled, harts oppreſt?*

*Your ſtate is great, your greatneſſe is our shield,*
*Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight,*
*Your mind is wiſe, your wiſedome makes you mild,*
*Such planted gifts enrich euen beggers ſight:*
*So dare I wretch, my bashfull feare ſubdue,*
*And feede mine eares, mine eyes, my hart in you.*

Herewith

Herewith the woman-ſuiter being gone, there was heard in the woods a confuſed noyſe, and forthwith there came out ſix ſheapheards with as many ſoſters haling and pulling, to whether ſide they ſhould draw the Lady of May, who ſeemed to encline neither to the one nor other ſide. Among them was Maiſter *Rombus* a ſchoolemaiſter of a village thereby, who being fully perſwaded of his owne learned wiſedome, came thither, with his authority to part their fray; where for aunſwer he receiued many vnlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where ſhe was ſeene of them, though they knew not her eſtate, yet ſomething there was which made them ſtartle aſide and gaze vpon her: till old father *Lalus* ſtepped forth (one of the ſubſtantialleſt ſhepheards) and making a legge or two, ſaid theſe few words.

May it pleaſe your benignity to giue a litle ſuperfluous intelligence to that, which with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth ſhall deliuer vnto you. So it is right worſhipfull audience, that a certaine ſhe creature, which we ſhepheards call a woman, of a minſicall countenance, but by my white Lambe not three quarters ſo beautious as yore ſelfe, hath diſanulled the braine pan of two of our featiouſt yong men. And wil you wot how? by my mother *Kits* ſoule, with a certaine franſicall maladie they cal Loue, when I was a yong man they called it flat follie. But here is a ſubſtantiall ſchoole-maiſter can better diſnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in ſooth for all his loquence our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkeſhip; Come on, Come on Maiſter ſchoole-maiſter, be not ſo baſhleſſe, we ſay, that the faireſt are euer the gentleſt: tell the whole caſe, for you can much better vent the points of it then I. *Lalus the old ſhepheard.*

*Then came forward Maiſter Rombus, and with many ſpeciall graces made this learned oration.*

Now the thunderthumping *Ione* transfund his dotes into your excellent formoſitie, which haue with your reſplendent beames thus ſegregated the emnitie of theſe rurall animals: I am *Potentiſſima Domina*, a ſchoole-maiſter, that is to ſay, a Pedagogue, one not a litle verſed in the diſciplinating of the iuuentall frie, wherein (to my laud I ſay it) I vſe ſuch geometricall proportion, as neither wanted manſuetude nor correction, for ſo it is deſcribed.

*Parcere Subiectos & debellare ſuperbos.*

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating hands of theſe plebeians; for comming, *ſolummodo* to haue parted their ſanguinolent fray, they yeelded me no more reuerence, then if I had bin ſome *Pecorius Aſinus*. I, euen I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus ſapiento ſatum eſt*. But what ſayd that Troian *Æneas*, when he ſoiorned in the ſurging ſulkes of the ſandiferous ſeas, *Hæc olim memonaſſe iuuabit*. Well well, *Ad propoſitos reuertebo*, the puritie of the veritie is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella profecto* elected and conſtituted by the integrated determination of all this topographicall region, as the ſoueraigne Lady of this Dame Maias month, hath bene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would ſay, purſued by two, a brace, a couple, a caſt of yong men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had *inquam* deliuered his dire-dolorous dart.

*But here the May Lady interrupted his ſpeech, ſaying to him:*

Away away you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princelie ſight, much leſſe your fooliſh tongue to trouble her wiſe eares. *May Lady.*

*At which Maister Rombus in a great chafe cried out:*

Rombus. O *Tempori, ô Moribus!* in profession a childe, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a Lady, *in cateris* a maid, should thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the superscription of a foole, *ô Tempori, ô Moribus!*

*But here againe the May Ladie saying to him,*

May Lady. Leaue off good Latine foole, and let me satisfie the long desire I haue had to feede mine eyes with the only sight this age hath graunted to the world.

*The poore scholemaister went his way backe, and the Lady kneeling downe said in this maner:*

May Lady. Do not thinke (sweete and gallant Lady) that I do abase my selfe thus much vnto you becausse of your gay apparell, for what is so braue as the naturall beauty of the flowers, nor becausse a certaine Gentleman hereby seekes to do you all the honour he can in his houses; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and these be our owne groues, nor yet becausse of your great estate, since no estate can be cõpared to be the Lady of the whole moneth of May as I am. So that since both this place and this time are my seruants, you may be sure I wold looke for reuerence at your hands if I did not see something in your face which makes me yeeld to you; the troth is, you excell me in that wherein I desire most to excell, and that makes me giue this homage vnto you, as to the beautifullest Lady these woods haue euer receiued. But now as old father *Lalus* directed me, I wil tel you my fortune, that you may be iudge of my mishaps and others worthinesse. Indeed so it is, that I am a faire wench or else I am deceiued, and therefore by the consent of all our neighbours haue bene chosen for the absolute Lady of this mery moneth, with me haue bene (alas I am ashamed to tell it) two yong men, the one a forrester named *Therion*, the other *Espilus* a shepheard very long euen in loue forsooth, I like them both, and loue neither, *Espilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the liuelier: *Therion* doth me many pleasures, as stealing me venison out of these forrests, and many other such like prettie and prettier seruices, but withall he growes to such rages, that sometimes he strikes me, sometimes he railes at me. This shepheard *Espilus* of a mild disposition, as his fortune hath not bene to do me great seruice, so hath he neuer done me any wrong, but feeding his sheepe, sitting vnder some sweete bush, sometimes they say he records my name in doleful verses. Now the question I am to aske you faire Ladie, is, whether the many deserts and many faults of *Therion*, or the verie small deserts and no faults of *Espilus* be to be preferred. But before you giue your iudgement (most excellent Ladie) you shall heare what each of them can say for them selues in their rurall songs.

*Thereupon Therion chalenged Espilus to sing with him, speaking these fiue verses:*

Therion.

*Come* Espilus, *come now declare thy skill,*
*Shew how thou canst deserue so braue desire,*
*Warme well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,*
*For water cold did neuer promise fire:*
*Great sure is she, on whom our hopes do liue,*
*Greater is she who must the iudgement giue.*

But

But *Eſpilus* as if he had bene inſpired with the Muſes, began forthwith to ſing. whereto his fellow ſhepheards ſet in with their recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes, and ſo of *Therions* ſide did the foreſters, with the cornets they wore about their neckes like hunting hornes in baudrikes.

Eſpilus.

*Tune vp my voice, a higher note I yeeld,*
*To high conceipts the ſong muſt needes be high,*
*More high then ſtars, more firme then flintie field*
*Are all my thoughts, in which I liue or die:*
*Sweete ſoule, to whom I vowed am a ſlaue,*
*Let not wild woods ſo great a treaſure haue.*

Therion.

*The higheſt note comes of from baſeſt mind,*
*As ſhallow brookes do yeeld the greateſt ſound,*
*Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to find;*
*Thy ſtars be fal'n, plowed is thy flintie ground:*
*Sweete ſoule let not a wretch that ſerueth sheepe,*
*Among his flocke ſo ſweete a treaſure keepe.*

Eſpilus.

*Two thouſand sheepe I haue as white as milke,*
*Though not ſo white as is thy louely face,*
*The paſture rich, the wooll as ſoft as ſilke,*
*All this I giue, let me poſſeſſe thy grace,*
*But ſtill take heede leaſt thou thy ſelfe ſubmit*
*To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.*

Therion.

*Two thouſand deere in wildeſt woods I haue,*
*Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:*
*He is not poore who can his freedome ſaue,*
*Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:*
*But take this beaſt, if beaſts you feare to miſſe,*
*For of his beaſts the greateſt beaſt he is.*

*Eſpilus kneeling to the Queene.*

Iudge you to whom all beauties force is lent.

*Therion.*

Iudge you of Loue, to whom all Loue is bent.

But as they waited for the iudgement her Maieſtie ſhould giue of their deſerts, the ſhepheards and foreſters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellowes had ſung better, and ſo whether the eſtate of ſhepheards or forreſters were the more worſhipfull. The ſpeakers were *Dorcas* an olde ſhepheard, and *Rixus* a young foſter, betweene whom the ſchoole-maiſter *Rombus* came in as moderator.

*Dorcas the shepheard.*

Now al the bleſſings of mine old grandam (ſilly *Eſpilus*) light vpon thy ſhoulders for this honicombe ſinging of thine; now of my honeſtie all the bels in the towne

could not haue ſung better, if the proud heart of the harlotrie lie not downe to thee now, the ſheepes rot catch her, to teach her that a faire woman hath not her faire-neſſe to let it grow ruſtiſh.

*Rixus the foſter.*

O *Midas* why art thou not aliue now to lend thine eares to this drivle, by the precious bones of a hunts-man; he knowes not the bleaying of a calfe from the ſong of a nightingale, but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is faire, *Therion* thou ſhalt haue the prize, and thou old *Dorcas* with young maiſter *Eſpilus* ſhall remaine tame fooles, as you be.

*Dorcas.* And with cap and knee be it ſpoken, is it your pleaſure neighbor *Rixus* to be a wild foole?

*Rixus.* Rather then a ſleepiſh dolt.

*Dorcas.* It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you haue made your choiſe, for my ſhare I will beſtow your leauings vpon one of your fellowes.

*Rixus.* And art not thou aſhamed old foole, to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntſ-men, in the preſence of ſuch a one as euen with her eye only can giue the cruell punishment?

*Dorcas.* Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her nor her eyes, they ſayne in our towne they are daungerous both, neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a theeuiſh proller, and the other is as quiet as a lambe that new came from ſucking.

*Rombus the ſchoole-maiſter.*

*Heu, Ehem, hei, Inſipidum, Inſcitium vulgorum & populorum.* Why you brute Nebulons haue you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edifie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to me, for I am grauidated with child, till I haue endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebroſities. Firſt you muſt diuiſionate your point, *quaſi* you ſhould cut a cheeſe into two particles, for thus muſt I vniforme my ſpeech to your obtuſe conceptions; for *Prius diuidendum oratio antequam definiendum exemplum gratia*, either *Therion* muſt conquer this Dame *Maias* Nimphe, or *Eſpilus* muſt ouerthrow her, and that *ſecundum* their dignity, which muſt alſo be ſubdiuiſionated into three equall *ſpecies*, either according to the penetrancie of their ſinging, or the meliority of their functions, or laſtly the ſuperancy of their merits *De* ſinging *ſatis*. *Nunc* are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their eſtate firſt, and then whether hath more infernally, I meane deepely deſerued.

*Dorcas.* O poore *Dorcas*, poore *Dorcas*, that I was not ſet in my young dayes to ſchoole, that I might haue purchaſed the vnderſtāding of maſter *Rombus* miſterious ſpeeches. But yet thus much I concerne of them, that I muſt euen giue vp what my conſcience doth find in the behalfe of ſhepheards. O ſweete hony milken Lommes, and is there any ſo flintie a hart, that can find about him to ſpeake againſt them, that haue the charge of ſuch good ſoules as you be, among whom there is no enuy, and all obedience, where it is lawfull for a man to be good if he liſt, and hath no outward cauſe to withdraw him frō it, where the eye may be buſied in conſidering the works of nature, and the hart quietly reioyced in the honeſt vſing them. If templation as Clarks ſay, bē the moſt excellent, which is ſo fit a life for Templers as this is, neither ſubiect to violent oppreſſion, nor ſeruile flatterie, how many Courtiers thinke you I haue heard vnder our field in buſhes make their wofull complaints, ſome of the greatnes of their Miſtriſſe eſtate, which dazled their eyes and yet burned their harts;

ſome

ſome of the extremitie of her beauty mixed with extreame cruelty, ſome of her too much wit, which made all their louing labours folly. O how often haue I heard one name ſound in many mouthes, making our vales witneſſes of their dolefull agonies! So that with long loſt labour finding their thoughts bare no other wooll but diſpaire, of yong Courtiers they grew old ſhepheards. Well ſweete Lams I will ende with you as I began, he that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſoules, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox, let the taſt of him be worſe then muſtie cheeſe, the ſound of him more dradfull then the howling of a wolfe, his ſight more odible then a toade in ones porreage.

*Rixus.* Your life indeede hath ſome goodneſſe.

*Rombus the ſchoole-maiſter.*

O *tace, tace*, or all the fat wil be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſicall maribone of the matter. He doth vſe a certaine rhetoricall inuaſion into the point, as if in deed he had conference with his Lams, but the troth is he doth equitate you in the meane time maiſter *Rixus*, for thus he ſayth, that ſheepe are good, *ergo* the ſhepheard is good, An *Enthimeme à loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumbe are *Contingentes*: againe he ſayth, who liueth well is likewiſe good, but ſhepheards liue well, *Ergo* they are good; a *Sillogiſme* in *Darius* king of *Perſia* a *Coniugatis*; as you would ſay, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one ſoule: but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, and you ſhall extingniſh him. Tell him his maior is a knaue, his minor is a foole, and his concluſion both, *Et ecce homo blanzatus quaſi liliũ.*

*Rixus.* I was ſaying the ſhepheards life had ſome goodneſſe in it, becauſe it borrowed of the countrey quietneſſe ſomething like ours, but that is not all, for ours beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the body, and raiſe vp the mind with this gallant ſort of actiuity. O ſweet contentation to ſee the long life of the hurtleſſe trees, to ſee how in ſtreight growing vp, though neuer ſo high, they hinder not their fellowes, they only enuiouſly trouble, which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſſe? we haue no hopes, but we may quickly go about them, and going about them, we ſoone obtaine them; not like thoſe that haue long followed one (in troth) moſt excellent chace, do now at length perceiue ſhe could neuer be taken: but that if ſhe ſtayed at any time neare the purſuers, it was neuer meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to fly further from them. He therefore that doubts that our life doth not far excell all others, let him alſo doubt that the well deſeruing and painefull *Therion* is not to be preferred before the idle *Eſpilus*, which is euen as much to ſay, as that the Roes are not ſwifter then ſheepe, nor the Stags more goodly then Gotes.

*Rombus. Bene bene, nunc de queſtione prepoſitus*, that is as much to ſay, as well well, now of the propoſed queſtion, that was, whether the many great ſeruices and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few ſmall ſeruices and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

*The May Lady.*

No no, your ordinarie braines ſhall not deale in that matter, I haue already ſubmitted it to one, whoſe ſweete ſpirit hath paſſed thorough greater difficulties, neither will I that your blockheads lie in her way.

Therefore ô Lady worthy to ſee the accompliſhment of your deſires, ſince all your deſires be moſt worthy of you, vouchſafe our eares ſuch happineſſe, & me that particular fauor, as that you will iudge whether of theſe two be more worthy of me, or whether I be worthy of them: and this I will ſay, that in iudging me, you iudge more then me in it.

This being said, it pleased her Maiesty to iudge that *Essilus* did the better discharge his but what words, what reasons she vsed for it, this paper, which carieth so base manner, is not worthy to containe. Sufficeth it, that vpon the iudgement giuen, the shepheards and forresters made a full consort of their cornets and recorders, and then did *Essilus* sing this song, tending to the greatnesse of his owne ioy, and yet to the comfort of the other side, since they were ouerthrowne by a most worthy aduersarie. The song contained two short tales, and thus it was.

Siluanus *long in loue, and long in vaine,*
*At length obtaind the point of his desire,*
*When being askt, now that he did obtaine*
*His wished weale, what more he could require:*
*Nothing (sayd he) for most I ioy in this,*
*That Goddesse mine, my blessed being sees.*

*When wanton* Pan *deceiu'd with Lions skin,*
*Came to the bed, where wound for kisse he got,*
*Woe and shame the wretch did enter in,*
*Till this he tooke for comfort of his lot,*
*Poore* Pan (*he sayd*) *although thou beaten be,*
*It is no shame, since* Hercules *was he.*

*Thus ioyfully in chosen tunes reioyce,*
*That such a one is witnesse of my hart,*
*Whose cleerest eyes I blisse, and sweetest voyce,*
*That see my good, and iudge th my desert:*
*Thus wofully I in wo this salue do finde,*
*My foule mishap came yet from fairest mind.*

The musike fully ended, the May Lady tooke her leaue in this sort.

Lady your selfe, for other titles do rather diminish then adde vnto you. I and my litle companie must now leaue you, I should do you wrong to beseech you to take our follies well, since your bountie is such, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I willl wish you good night, praying to God according to the title I possesse, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, so hence forward the florishing of May, may long remaine in you and with you.

FINIS.